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CHRONICLE

The War.—Only meager results have been obtained by the military operations on the various battlefields. In Belgium, the Germans succeeded in recapturing a portion of the ground recently gained by British troops south of St. Eloi. Increased activity is reported at many points along the Italian frontier, but neither Austrians nor Italians claim any marked advance. The Russians have resumed their offensive in the Lake Narotch district, east of Vilna, but without notable success. In Armenia, the Turks have lost an important position in the Upper Tchoruk region, northwest of Erzerum. In Mesopotamia the British relief force, which is again advancing up the Tigris, has taken Umm-el-Hanna and Felahie. Elsewhere the situation remains unchanged.

Bulletin, April 4, p. m.-April 11, a. m.

In the fight for Verdun, the French and Germans have both had considerable success. West of the Meuse the Germans have pressed forward, but east of the river the substantial gains have been on the side of the French. In the latter section, the Germans, having captured Vaux and the northern portion of the Caillette woods, attempted to gain an important advantage by taking the heights that lie south of the village. The French not only prevented this, but drove the Germans out of some of the positions they gained last week, so that at present the western part of Vaux is again in French hands. Nor is this all. The French have retaken all of the Caillette woods and have forced the Germans to retire in a northeasterly direction to the Haudaumont woods. The latter, therefore, although they are still attacking the main northeastern defenses of Verdun, have been unable to penetrate them, and the French, in spite of a destructive fire directed against their line from Douaumont to Vaux, have the situation well in hand.

The Fight for Verdun

West of the Meuse the Germans were more successful. After the French had withdrawn to the south bank of the Forges Brook, the Germans attacked the village of Haucourt, surrounded it on three sides, and compelled its evacuation. Later they made a series of attacks on the French positions to the southwest of Haucourt, between the village and Hill 287, and they claim, although the claim is only partially admitted by the French, to have taken the entire ridge of Termiten Hill. This advance represented a gain on a front of a mile and a half, and seriously menaced Bethincourt. The town was accordingly abandoned by the French, and their line was reconstructed with the apex of the salient at Mort Homme Hill. The Germans proceeded at once to attack with great violence the new positions and took 500 yards of French trenches on Hill 295.

France.—The French Red Cross is not one single society. It is composed of these three independent, self-governing bodies: "The French Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers," the oldest and most aristocratic of the three; "The Union of the Women of France," in which are found more especially the women of the industrial and commercial world; "The Association of French Ladies," composed of ladies of the middle class. These bodies, however, though remaining distinct, have combined their action and worked together harmoniously.

The Red Cross Societies

At the beginning of the war, "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" had 300 hospitals with 16,000 beds; "The Women of France," 190 hospitals with 10,000 beds; "The French Ladies," 100 hospitals with 6,000 beds. But

this number proved inadequate to the needs, and the three Societies were obliged to increase their equipment and their staffs. In January, 1916, "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" had 796 hospitals, with more than 67,000 beds; "The Women of France," 353 hospitals with 29,000 beds; "The French Ladies," 350 hospitals with 22,000 beds. The service is ensured by nurses, all volunteers, equipping themselves, providing for their own upkeep and paying a subscription to their respective societies. At the present time, "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" has more than 15,000 certificated nurses; "The Women of France" more than 9,000, aided by 18,000 assistants; "The French Ladies" more than 16,000 field nurses. "The Society of Aid to Wounded Soldiers" has so far lost 22 nurses actually killed at the front or dying from diseases contracted in their work. Nurses have accompanied the French expeditionary corps to Lemnos and Salonika, and are tending the sick and the wounded on the hospital-ships returning from the East. The *Bulletin de l'Alliance Française* pays a well-deserved tribute to these generous women. It is to be hoped that this paper will not leave unacknowledged the services of the numerous Sisters who are working for the same noble cause.

Germany.—Questions of the greatest importance were freely discussed by the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg, in the Reichstag's session of April 5.

German Aims Described

It was the most comprehensive speech of the war-period. He began by reviewing the military situation, the failure of the Dardanelles enterprise, the victory of the Central Powers in Serbia, Montenegro, and Albania, the frustration of the English relief force, the Russian advance now checked by the Turks, the unbroken Austrian and German fronts, and the gains at Verdun, showing that "the enemy's reports that Germany's military forces have been exhausted are erroneous." The hope of starving Germany into submission, he said, "by making war upon the women and children of the country and violating the trade of neutrals" was fatuous. "The American note of November 5, 1915, gave an exact description of English violations of international law. But as far as I know it has not been answered up to this day." He explained, too, the Government's attitude toward the different small nationalities and races, Belgian, Lithuanian, Polish and Flemish. Germany could never consent that Belgium be turned into a military and economic fortress of the foe and be made a vassal of France or England. He gave the assurance that the Belgians would be free to develop according to their natural gifts, their language, and their racial character; but a future war must be averted. Germany's withdrawal from the "new Belgium" would be conditioned upon sufficient guarantees; moreover, the Flemish inhabitants must be assured an opportunity of developing upon the basis of "their Netherlandish language and characteristics." Poland must be freed forever from the hand of "a reactionary Russia." The Chancellor asserted that if the principle of nationalities is to be maintained, "which the English Premier says he labors to uphold, then he may believe that Germany will never of her own free hand deliver to the Russians the territory between the Baltic and the Volhynian swamps which was freed by her and her allies, no matter whether peopled by Poles, Lithuanians, Balts or Livonians." The peace of the world, he held, must be assured by giving all the various nationalities the chance of free development along the lines of racial characteristics. The report that at the end of the war Germany would "rush against the American continent," he described as "the silliest of all imputations invented against us. We fight for our existence and our future, for Germany and for no foot of foreign soil." The object of Germany's enemies, he said, was to destroy a united, free Germany, to weaken it and make it a prey to the domination of its neighbors, "Europe's scapegoat."

Of equal importance were the positive statements of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, von Jagow, as reported by a correspondent of the Associated Press. The story that Germany was planning to invade the American continent to demand the secession of Canada he characterized as utterly senseless. He then proceeded to say:

No Anti-American Policy

> Equally ridiculous, though unfortunately this phase has a serious side, are rumors which I understand are current here and there in the United States, that Germany after the war will take revenge on the United States by pursuing an anti-American policy. It is even reported to me that some apprehensive souls in America foresee from victorious Germany an attempt to break down the Monroe Doctrine, plant its flag in South or Central America, or even a design to leap upon the United States and crush them in order to attain mastery of both continents.

All such rumors, "set afloat from time to time by enemies of Germany in the evident intention of stirring feeling," he pronounced too absurd for denial, and declared that Germany, in spite of her extensive commercial interests, has given the United States a free hand in the Mexican crisis. He claimed that at times the attitude of the Washington Government has appeared somewhat forced. "We even think," he said, "that there might have been a basis for the stories about an understanding of some sort between Washington and the Allies." Yet, whatever jingoes in both countries might say, there was no thought of "taking revenge" in the mind of any responsible German official. "The permanent interests of Germany nowhere run counter to those of the United States. On the contrary they everywhere require the United States and Germany to be friends. For this reason reports attributing to the German Government an intention of pursuing an anti-American policy after the war are absurd."

Great Britain.—New light has been thrown on the condition of British finances by a recent address of the

editor of the *Statist*, Sir George Paish. In the first eight months of the war the expenditure was $2,985,000,000; in the last twelve months, $7,000,000,000; in the coming year the expenditure will reach the vast sum of $9,775,000,000. For the first twenty months of war the expenses were about $10,000,000,000; of this $1,650,000,000 was raised by taxation and $8,510,000,000 by loan. In the next fiscal year the revenue will probably amount to $1,650,000,000; there will be a deficit necessitating a loan of $8,125,000,000. Before the war the national income was $12,000,000,000, and the accumulated wealth was $85,000,000,000. Besides the wealth at home, $20,000,000,000 had been put into foreign investments. According to Paish the nation's income had risen since the war began from about $12,000,000,000 to some $15,000,000,000. Meanwhile the national debt is growing. Before the outbreak of hostilities it was $3,535,000,000; at the end of March, 1915, $6,640,000,000; at the end of March, 1916, $12,000,000,000. If the war continues another year the total debt will be about $20,000,000,000. In this connection it is interesting to note that, despite the call for economy in expenditure, the consumption of tobacco increased enormously during the year 1915. In 1914, 110,983,215 pounds were used; in 1915, 116,580,700 pounds, an increase of 5,597,485 pounds exclusive of the tobacco supplied "duty free" to the trenches, military hospitals, etc.

Finances

Ireland.—The Assizes have demonstrated that Ireland is probably the most crimeless country in the world. Almost everywhere the judges were presented with white gloves, the traditional symbol of a crimeless circuit. Only in one or two instances were the gloves withheld and that for cases of a trivial nature. "The criminal calendar of the country," says *The Weekly Freeman*, "is practically empty." This freedom from crime at a time of intense political excitement is an extraordinary fact in itself; yet it is no unusual phenomenon in Ireland. In view of this remarkable situation, *The Weekly Freeman* expresses the belief that the country is over-policed. Ireland swarms with "Inspectors-General," "County Inspectors," "District Inspectors," "Superintendents," etc., and policemen. In the "Royal Irish Constabulary" there are 11,000 men, and in the "Dublin Police" there are over 1,000, to keep an eye on crime in a crimeless country. The force could be easily reduced and thus decrease the burden of an over-taxed people.

A Crimeless Country

In a thoughtful article, "Ireland Waiting," written for *New Ireland*, Mr. J. Cleric Sheridan expresses the belief that at the end of the war a resolute Ireland with a reasonable and well-considered plan can have all she wants for the taking, but it should be as far as possible a plan formed and matured at an Irish national conference. He thus presents the four constituent parts of his plan: (1) The purpose and determination to have self-government. (2) Readiness to do or to concede everything reasonable to win northeast Ulster and so have a united Ireland. (3) If northeast Ulster refuses to be reconciled, determination to go on without her, but leaving an open door for her entry when she chooses. (4) Resolution to have fiscal independence as the essential part of self-government. The writer adds that there can be no claim for fiscal independence unless the nation is resolved to pay its own way, and he maintains that the revenues of Ireland are ample, if well used, for all the requirements of good and progressive government.

A Program

Mexico.—Religious conditions were never more chaotic than they are at present. Persecution is violent and persistent. No respect is shown to God, religion or the instruments of religion. A recent issue of *Democrata* contains a new and oppressive decree regulating "the conduct of Catholic priests" in the State of Hidalgo The document is like all the others issued by the bandit-chiefs, impudent, tyrannical and entirely destructive of all liberty of worship. The Sacraments are still mocked publicly, Sisters and priests are still sent into exile, church furniture, sacristies and even churches are undergoing destruction.

Religious Conditions

A short time since the following words were ceremoniously pronounced over a child, in Mexquiahala de Juarez: "I baptize thee in the name of the august Mexican trinity, Michael Hidalgo y Castillo, Joseph Mary Morelos, and the blessed apostle, Benito Juarez. . . ." Forty exiled nuns arrived in New York on Tuesday, April 4; they had been driven from Mexico by Carranza, as "dangerous to the State." They have made interesting affidavits which will be published as occasion demands. The Arizona *Daily Star* of March 28 relates that the priests expelled from Sonora are beginning to arrive at Tucson in a penniless condition. The paper says in part:

> Neither of the priests will talk of their experiences in Mexico, for they do not wish to say anything that will endanger the lives of hundreds of others of their co-religionists who have not yet reached the border. It is stated that the order of expulsion is sweeping and that all churches are being closed and the priests deported. The priest at the altar was ordered to leave, come to Tucson overland, and the church was turned into a public library. The church at Hermosillo is said to have been turned into a public school. . . .
>
> It is reported that the exodus is just starting, and that it will be several months before the edict can be enforced in Tepic, Sinaloa and other States further south.
>
> There are numerous priests at Nogales, but the arrivals Saturday and yesterday were the first in Tucson. Tucson Catholics, under the leadership of Bishop Granjon, are prepared to take care of all who arrive, and they will not be allowed to want on account of exile from the country where they have lived for so many years.

The last calendar of the Presbyterian church, Englewood, New Jersey, contains this item about this matter:

One of our workers, Dr. Robert McLean, is in the thick of things on the national border with Mexico. He says: "No one not on the spot can form an adequate idea of conditions in Mexico. The men are fighting like demons, and the women and children are practically homeless and suffering intensely. The man has not yet appeared who can bring order out of the war-torn chaos. I see priests, friars and nuns hurrying across the border. . . ."

Merida was recently *en fête* to celebrate the victory of Carranza. The Cathedral was thrown open for the first time in many months and impious harangues were delivered from the pulpit; statues were burned and the sacristy of the "Third Order," a noted church in the city, was demolished. The following extract from a letter written in Merida shows the anguish of soul suffered by the better class of people:

Yesterday, in the hall of the "Third Order," they finished burning the statues of the Saints, and they are now destroying the sacristy of the aforesaid church. This demon (Alvarado) is more than a tyrant, and is striving to starve us to death. The accursed "Regulatory Law" is building up a vicious monopoly. Is it possible that nothing can be done for us?

Recently *Our Sunday Visitor* published a letter written from Guadalajara by an American Protestant lady to her brother, who resides in Huntington, Indiana. Some citations follow:

But all else as to abuse, horrible mistreatment, persecution of priests and nuns, the looting of schools, monasteries, churches, cathedrals, archbishops' palaces, priests' domiciles, the destruction of buildings, outrages of a most dastardly character, he [the Editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*] will find to have been facts in every city since April 1, 1915, the date of the beginning of Obregon's victories for Carranza. . . . Take any history of Mexico and learn of the centuries-old magnificent Guadalajara Cathedral, improved, of course, from time to time. Well, it is now a comparatively dilapidated ruin that will require years to restore. High, splendid iron fence torn away, seats torn out, elegant tiled floors torn up and thrown away to enable digging to be done, in search of treasures! The same diabolical treatment was served the Archbishop's palace across the way. There are eighty-five churches in Guadalajara, and on one pretext or another, each one of them has been subjected to this kind of abuse. Some have been ordered abandoned and destroyed; others have been reduced in size. You will call to mind the location of Boyd and Smith's American grocery store, and right opposite a very large, costly church. To reach supposed treasures, that part of the church containing the altar, a much higher structure than any in Huntington, was ordered torn down, and the work has been done. . . . You will also remember the two old churches between which San Francisco Street passes . . . structures of ancient architecture, grand old buildings, toward whose preservation most men of whatever religion would gladly contribute . . . These buildings were also ordered destroyed, but have stood the storm. Women of the congregation, reinforced by thousands from all over the city, occupied streets in all directions, . . . the day the soldiers appeared to begin the destruction. The women stood firm, wouldn't give an inch. The result was that as the soldiers could not get within 500 feet of the churches, they withdrew . . . There are instances of this kind all over the city, but I do not know the names of parishes and churches. . . .

Such is the work of Carranza, protector of religious liberty. Meantime, disease and famine are doing deadly work. On March 28, there were serious food riots in Torreon. Nearly 1,000 women and children participated. There was general looting; soldiers were ordered to fire on the mob, but refused. Shortly after this incident became known in the United States, the wires thrilled with the message that the merciful Carranza would grant bonuses to the poor. Each bonus will probably be a bullet, but then something must be printed to offset a bad impression and to show "how well the Mexican bandits are managing a difficult situation."

The Fox Hunt

The pursuit of Villa has become a real fox hunt. According to actual count the fox has been surrounded nine times, killed twice, and wounded once after his first death. The situation of our troops, now cut off from the United States by a well-equipped army of Mexicans, is critical in the extreme. Speculations on the possible outcome give rise to unpleasant thoughts. There is at present much perplexity in the popular mind about the real object for which the American troops were sent into Mexico. In his letter to the American people, President Wilson said: "An adequate force will be sent at once in pursuit of Villa, with the single object of *capturing him* and putting a stop to his forays." The official orders sent to General Funston declare: "These troops will be withdrawn to American territory as soon as the *de facto* government of Mexico *is able to relieve them of this work. In any event, the work of these troops will be regarded as finished as soon as Villa's band or bands are known to be broken up.*"

Riots

Spain.—Some time ago Reuter's Agency announced riots in Madrid. The statement proved afterwards to be unfounded. But there have been serious labor troubles at Barcelona and recently the agitation has shifted to what is known as the "Levant" or "Eastern Coast." A food and wage problem faces the people and the authorities alike. The inhabitants of the district are naturally orderly and law-abiding, but they have been misled by paid agitators who see no other way to spread their anarchistic doctrines than by driving the people to extremes in their demands for redress of their just grievances. The storm-center was La Union, famous for its lead and copper mines, and only three miles distant from the historic town of Cartagena. An excited but, it must be said, a hungry and poorly paid mob stormed the provision and grain stores, and attacked the soldiers, who at last were ordered to fire. Seven persons were killed and over thirty wounded. The riot smouldered for a few days. The Captain-General of the district was finally chosen as arbiter to settle the differences between the employers and their workmen and his decision was accepted. But the labor conditions are far from satisfactory and the food and wage problem is decidedly alarming.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

An Irish Centenary

ON Good Friday, April 12, one hundred years ago, Charles Gavan Duffy, journalist, statesman and patriot, was born in the town of Monaghan, Ireland. On February 9, 1903, he died in France, at the age of eighty-seven.

We, who live in a free land, may well honor the memory of one whose whole life was inspired by ceaseless devotion to the cause of liberty, and to the freedom of his oppressed countrymen. The active animosity of the Orangemen toward his coreligionists, which he saw as a child, greatly influenced him in choosing his subsequent career. Born in Ulster, and in penal days, he could not but array himself on the side of the oppressed, who, he said, "learned their wrongs early."

On the religious side, he knew that the success of Catholic Emancipation, the great political movement of the day in Ireland, meant the freedom of his race from the domination of Orange ascendency. On the national side, he felt all that love of country natural to one in whose veins flowed the blood of the O'Duffys of Monaghan, and of those chiefs of Oriel and Truagh, McMahon and McKenna, leaders of the "Old Irish," who had never acknowledged the invaders' claims to their territories. It was logical that Gavan Duffy should embark on a career through which his ideas for his countrymen's welfare could best be advanced.

His first experience after his school days was in the office of the *Northern Herald* of Monaghan. At the age of twenty he made his way to Dublin, and after an apprenticeship in journalism of three years, he went to Belfast to become the editor of the newly-founded *Vindicator,* and was henceforth "called on to exercise authority instead of obeying it." All his spare time was spent in supplementing by lectures at Belfast College the rather fragmentary schooling of his early youth.

Among the Presbyterians of Ulster he found a group of men who, in spite of carefully-fostered religious prejudices, had a common source of interest with their Catholic neighbors in their love of Ireland and of the Celtic tongue and tradition. Encouraged by this fact, Duffy endeavored from the beginning of his editorship, through writing and argument, to bring together all who wished to advance the prosperity and liberty of Ireland. His interest in politics led him to the only profession which would help him to further such an aim. He determined to become a barrister. In Dublin for his first term, he met some young men with whom he was destined to be associated in the production of the *Nation,* a paper the plan of which had long been in his mind. He became its proprietor and editor.

O'Connell, the Liberator, had already won emancipation for Catholics and was the idol of the people. Following his lead, the youthful staff of the *Nation* made that journal's avowed object Repeal of the Union. From the start the *Nation* was a success, and its sentiments found approval in the hearts of a vast majority of the Irish, whose condition was desperate but whose religion bade them hope. Education had been denied for centuries to Catholic Ireland. The people might not learn their history or raise themselves by knowledge from a condition of serfdom. They, who had been the light-bearers to Western Europe, were compelled to live in the gloom of enforced illiteracy. The printed page being withheld from them, tradition alone was their guide. Around the turf fires of the "immemorial, holy land," the legends, the sorrows, and the glories of the race were recounted from generation to generation.

In the glowing pages of the *Nation* the people's hope found expression.

Davis, in song and essay, made known his idea of an historic nationality. John Dillon perpetually emphasized the impossible condition under which the peasantry lived. Gavan Duffy advocated the necessity of education for the people; that they should have an accurate knowledge of their history, their literature, their arts; and that they should know the resources and possibilities of their nation. The almost complete wreck of civilization, so far as the Irish in Ireland were concerned, had made a constructive policy of prime necessity. This the editors of the *Nation* keenly realized. Their success in reviving national spirit, and the enormous gatherings which had rallied to O'Connell's Repeal Movement so alarmed the Government that, in 1844, O'Connell and a number of his followers, including Gavan Duffy, were tried for sedition by a packed jury in Dublin, and condemned to imprisonment. Three months later they were released, the judicial members of the House of Lords determining that they had not been legally convicted.

A difference of opinion as to methods began to separate O'Connell and the Young Ireland Party. O'Connell, who had been considered well-nigh infallible by the people, felt deeply the setback which his arrest and imprisonment gave the movement of which he was the head. His intellectual vigor was beginning to be impaired by age, and he naturally, but unfortunately, became greatly dependent on the unsound advice of his son. Finally, his disbelief in the more active methods of the younger generation of Irishmen made a break inevitable, so the old and the new schools drifted apart.

But the Liberator's influence remained long in the minds of the people, and loyalty to his memory prevented their giving to the younger leaders that wholehearted devotion which might have achieved freedom for Ireland, the common end all had in view. Gavan Duffy and his friends were thus deprived of the power which acknowledged national leadership would have given them.

The Young Ireland paper had suffered a staggering blow by the death and illness of some of its original con-

tributors; but Gavan Duffy, who, as editor, had brought together the most diverse elements, and who was the confidant and adviser of all connected with the patriotic movement, remained undaunted. He found new and able contributors, and a second Young Ireland Party continued to represent national aspirations.

At this time a fearful calamity fell upon Ireland; and the famine, foreseen but unprovided for, came, bringing in its wake fever and pestilence. For a time political conflicts were eclipsed by this disaster, but not for long. Revolution was in the air. A republic had been proclaimed in France, and Italy was seething with rebellion. The moment seemed propitious for urging Irish claims to freedom. Conditions in Ireland were intolerable. Free speech was banned. In the face of this, protests were made, but then the treason-felony act was brought into operation, which suppressed freedom of speech and liberty of the press in controversies on the Irish question.

Gavan Duffy felt it was his duty to protest anew, and did so in a long well-considered article called "The Creed of the Nation." He, with others, was arrested, became again a political prisoner and was tried for his life; but the Government failed to obtain a conviction, and for the second time he escaped. His friend, Thomas Carlyle, wrote him that he was "a Providential Man saved by Heaven for doing a man's work yet."

Land settlement was then, as it was for thirty years after, the most pressing problem in Ireland, and the *Nation* urged a land reform which would give security of tenure to the peasants. Duffy used this land issue to form a union between the Catholics of Ireland and the Presbyterians of the North, who had substantially the same grievance; and he founded the League of the North and South. Upon this issue he entered the British Parliament. Dissensions came and ruined the League and the independent Irish party, which, under Gavan Duffy's leadership, had appeared for the first time in the British Parliament. It seemed to Gavan Duffy as though his life work had gone for naught. He resigned his seat in Parliament and resolved to make a career for himself in some land more hopeful than his country which still lay in the shadow of the famine.

Falling in with the views of his friend, Edward Whitty, he went to Australia, where at once a career opened out to him which led him from one conspicuous success to another until he became Prime Minister. He, who seemed to have failed in Ireland, proved in free Australia his fitness to hold the highest office of State. The Irishman, Catholic and Felon, that type which could neither rule nor be ruled, the English said, proved himself to be the ablest administrator Australia had ever had. Having shown what was possible to an Irishman when free to advance, having proved his thesis, he deliberately answered the call of Ireland. He left the new country where he had gained success and honor, he left his friends and the family he had established there, and, returning to Europe, devoted himself to a labor which he had always in his mind, the fostering of an Irish culture. He founded the Irish Literary Society in London, and he initiated the New Ireland Library containing a series of books valuable to Irish people. His own literary work is voluminous; but to know him, the times he lived in, and the men he knew, one must read "Four Years of Irish History," "Young Ireland," and "My Life in Two Hemispheres," those complete and vivid records in which are enshrined the memory of an epoch and the fame of those great and faithful spirits whose utterance is so justly called "The Voice of the Nation."

Thomas Hughes Kelly.

The Boys of Our City

THE boys of our city are in grave danger. Lurking in the highways and byways of the city are evils and temptations which are growing in proportions and threatening to undermine and destroy the morals and faith of our young men. These boys, especially those of the poor and so-called middle classes, must struggle for place and existence in the great work-a-day life. When their day's labor is over they naturally seek recreation and, being without sufficient means to pay the cost of diversion in the safer places of amusement, they seek relaxation in places which they can afford to patronize.

They leave their homes of an evening and drift to the nearest street corner. And what a breeder of petty crimes, filth and immorality these corners are. Here they are thrown into contact with those agents of the devil, bad companions, who are well placed by their crafty master to accomplish the ruin of the innocent. Beginning with mischief, egged on by their vicious leaders, the boys often end in crime. Thus is taken the first step in their downfall.

The pool-room, too, is a favorite gathering-place. The danger of these rooms cannot be exaggerated; for they are the very incubators of impurity and crime. These places are frequently the rendezvous of those soulless vipers who sustain themselves in sensual comfort by the illicit earnings of the fallen woman. They ply their trade largely in these pool-rooms and lure to destruction the victims coming into their clutches. Gambling, too, petty and otherwise, which is the bane of so many a boy's existence, flourishes here. In these places young men are taught how to recoup their losses and to satisfy their lust for the game by theft and embezzlement. Conversation is indecent and leads, Heaven knows where. Thus morals are ruined.

The concert hall, as we knew it, is no more; but a worthy successor to it has been found in the burlesque theater. These low-class houses offer each week plays reeking with immorality. Their chief attractions are coarse women in scanty garb, and coarse acting made up of suggestive situations and stories. More than half of the audience attending these iniquitous performances are boys under twenty-one years of age; a goodly num-

ber of these are not eighteen years old. Stand at the entrance of one of these houses after the play and you will be appalled at the number of youngsters still in knickerbockers pouring out of the gallery exits. For ten or fifteen cents these boys witness enough iniquity in a few hours to destroy an army of hardened souls, to say nothing of the weak soul of youth. The disaster wrought by these indecent plays cannot be fully appreciated. Add to all these dangers, improper surroundings at home, poor economic conditions, etc., and some idea of the boys' difficulties may be had. Besides the dangers which threaten to destroy the morals of the boy, there are other agencies which menace the salvation of his soul by luring him from his holy Faith.

The Y. M. C. A. is chief among these. Tempted by low dues and the athletic features, many of our boys enroll themselves as members in this Association. That associations of this kind are anti-Catholic in spirit is now beyond doubt. It may be that it is not the avowed intention of the Y. M. C. A. to undermine the faith of its Catholic members, but intentions cannot alter effects. The fact is that the atmosphere is not Catholic, and that unobtrusive proselyting is undertaken through social sessions and lecture courses. Furthermore, this is done very carefully so as not to offend, and here lies the danger, for when the boy is off his guard, the seed of unbelief takes ready root in his heart.

It may be argued that our boys should be well enough versed in their religion to counteract any influence that these agencies may exert. The sad fact is, though, that most of them are not well enough grounded in the principles of the Faith to recognize heresy when it is preached, and even if they were, who of them is skilful enough to play constantly with fire without being burnt?

Besides the Y. M. C. A., there are in our city two social organizations promoted by local Episcopalian congregations, which appeal directly to the young man of limited means. While accurate figures are not available, it is a well-known fact that a great number, if not a majority, of the members of these two societies are Catholics. Made attractive by pleasant surroundings and interesting social events, these clubs exert their insidious influence over the Catholic members. Non-Catholic environment induces easy toleration of the Protestant religion; out of this grows indifference and from that springs sympathy for the doctrines preached by non-Catholics. Moreover, informal dances and other functions which are so attractive to the young man bring him in close association with non-Catholic girls and this leads frequently to courtship and mixed marriages. We need not dwell upon the danger of the mixed marriage, for the Church through bitter experience knows well that the marriage of a man with a woman not of the Catholic Faith generally marks the departure of that man from the Church.

That these difficulties present a serious problem and that great evils are menacing the future welfare of a great number of our boys is apparent to him who will but open his mind to the seriousness of the situation. Something must be done to counteract these bad influences; earnest and prompt action must be taken to combat these forces for evil. But what shall be done to accomplish practical results? In Cincinnati several movements have been launched which promise to go a long way toward leading the boy from waywardness and removing the dangers threatening to rob him of his faith.

For the younger boy, whose age brings him within the jurisdiction of the juvenile court, there has been formed a volunteer probation officers' association. Two representatives from each parish have been invited to affiliate themselves with the association; the plan being to have the officers in each parish take care of the cases arising in their parish. The probation officer is more than a mere court officer, and when a case is placed in his hands it is his duty to take charge of the boy, not as a policeman, but as a helpmate to guide the boy's faltering footsteps until he acquires sufficient moral strength to blaze his own path of virtue through life.

There is also in Cincinnati an institution known as the "Boys' Home of Cincinnati," which was founded in the year 1885 by Miss Margaret McCabe. A short time ago the Home was taken over by the diocese and is now conducted by a board of directors under the supervision of the Archbishop. The Home receives boys from the ages of fourteen to twenty, and its object is to protect, educate and shelter newsboys, working boys and homeless boys generally. The scope of the institution can best be exemplified by quoting from the statement of the board of trustees:

> Every one must realize only too well the temptations that surround boys in a large city, and it is our aim to protect these waifs, to educate and assist them, in order that they may occupy positions of honor and trust in later life. They are our brethren in the Faith, poor, helpless little ones thrown upon the mercy of a cold world, oftentimes by unnatural parents, and if we fail to rescue them, perhaps they will wander upon the road that leads to destruction.

The Home cares for about fifty boys, who are accepted at the discretion of the board of trustees.

There is another splendid institution for homeless boys over seventeen years old. This is called the Fenwick Club. It was established by a group of zealous Catholic men to supply an abode for such boys. The Fenwick Club is not a charitable organization, but supplies room and board to worthy boys at the lowest possible rates, which range from about $4.00 to $7.00 per week, making it possible for worthy, industrious boys to get a good home amid wholesome Catholic surroundings. While there is nothing of the institutional air about the Club to make its inmates feel that they are in a boarding-school, yet there is a chaplain in charge of the building, who carefully watches over the boys and guides them aright. Entertainments are provided and the house made as cheerful and homelike as possible so that the boys are

induced to spend their evenings at home instead of away in the resorts of vice. At the present time the Home can lodge only about fifty boys, but there will be no cessation of the efforts of those behind the movement, until adequate facilities to care for all who are worthy are provided. The undertaking is not easy, but we feel that the people of Cincinnati must sooner or later appreciate what the Fenwick Club means to the boys of Cincinnati. Then they will give it their unstinted aid and support.

Steps have also been taken to meet the problem presented by the Y. M. C. A., and the sectarian parish clubs mentioned above. About eight years ago a group of young men, headed by a Franciscan Father, organized the "Friar Gymnasium." Humble in its beginning the Friars gradually flourished, until today the club claims over three hundred members and boasts of a gymnasium, swimming pool and social rooms second to none in the city. The Friars is not a parish club, but is an independent organization open to all Catholic boys of the city. Its dues are moderate and within the means of every boy who works. It is the ambition of the Friars to inaugurate lecture courses and eventually evening classes so that there will be absolutely no reason for Catholic boys joining anti-Catholic associations.

All these movements are virtually in their infancy, but each is noble and commendable. Their scope, however, must become broader, and more must be done to wage a winning war for the boys. To accomplish this, though, great financial support is needed. Here, indeed, is a wonderful field for Catholic charity, for what more meritorious act could a person perform than to write his name in the hearts of the boys by assisting to save their immortal souls? For some reason, however, many Catholics who could give assistance have not yet opened their eyes to the dangers that surround our boys. The leaders of these various activities, however, imbued with the fervent desire to promote the Catholic cause will continue to struggle with the problem untiringly and patiently until, by the grace of God, they receive the necessary aid to put every boy out of danger.

Cincinnati. ALFRED T. GEISLER.

The Age and Stage of Shakespeare

THE drama of Shakespeare's time is a child of the Middle Ages and also of the Renaissance; it is eloquent of an old England and of a new. Everywhere, but notably in the works of Shakespeare himself, we find the essential ideas, the underlying criticism of life, medieval in the best sense; Shakespeare is Christian and Catholic, though sometimes only negatively or inferentially so. But the themes, the types of character, the fine analysis, the brilliant garb of Elizabethan drama, are sprung of the classic and pagan, or semi-pagan, revival. In another way, too, the drama speaks to us of the clashing forces of that fervid sixteenth century. Whether Catholic or pagan, medieval or classical, it found itself confronted with the bitter hostility of Puritanism.

England had come late into the stream of the Renaissance. Italy, France, the Rhinelands, had been before her. Towards the printed books and manuscripts, the scholarship, the refinements of those countries, educated and patriotic Englishmen looked with envy during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward and Mary, and were eager to make good the national deficiencies by imitation of classic and modern models. It is not surprising that one of the most remarkable developments of the period was the school drama. At first cultivated chiefly for scholastic purposes, it gradually developed, especially in the universities, into a varied and elaborate entertainment. Sometimes ancient Latin or Greek plays were given,—"Seneca cannot be too heavy or Plautus too light," said Polonius of these efforts; sometimes modern plays appeared in Latin; sometimes there were vernacular pieces which usually strove hard to copy antique models. The artists and patrons of these plays regarded the theater of the rude populace with much contempt, nor did they relax this attitude even when a Ben Jonson and a Shakespeare lent luster to the opposite camp.

At the court of sovereigns who, like the Tudors, were familiar with classical lore, theatrical entertainments naturally borrowed much of their substance from the wits of the universities. But more and more did the glamor of material splendors eclipse the abstract charms of Seneca and Plautus, and the crowded brilliancy of the masque displace the tirades of tragedy and the repartee of comedy. "Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds." Such an item, torn from the account of a Twelfth-Night masque given before James I, sufficiently helps the imagination to picture what the total gorgeousness of these court-pageants must have been.

Among the masses the taste for stage-plays was no less marked than among their cultured superiors. But the surroundings amid which it was gratified were as different as possible from anything academic or courtly. In the popular theaters the rude simplicity of medieval manner remained, with an added note of dishonor. The crude horrors and exuberant rhetoric of Senecan tragedy came indeed into circulation, but hardly did any classical refinement slip in among the traditions of the miracle, mystery and morality plays, with their abundant comicalities. The performers were legally outcasts, ranked with common vagabonds, liable to be whipped from parish to parish. Their booths were not tolerated within city-walls, sober burgesses and women who valued their reputation kept aloof from their doors. No female appeared on the stage; if a respectable woman, drawn by irresistible curiosity, ventured into the gallery, she wore a mask. Under the hot sun or the pelting rain, the open pit seems to have presented an extraordinary spectacle of foulness and disorder, noise and horseplay, eating and drinking, smoking, card-playing and quarreling. It was amid

such unpropitious surroundings that Jacques philosophized, Wolsey bade farewell to his greatness, and Ferdinand wooed Miranda. Usually no doubt, the entertainment was more conformable to the surroundings.

These various contrasts are piquant enough. But the stage, in all its forms alike, knew one watchful and unrelenting foe. The ban of Puritanism fell equally upon the costly revelries of the court, the Senecan mouthings of the college, the tragi-comedies dear to the multitude. The Puritans inherited the old quarrel of the Church's asceticism with the abuses of the theater, but knew nothing of the Church's discrimination and tolerance. They were gradually swelling to that pitch of intolerance and power which at last succeeded in closing all theaters on British soil (1640) as well as in sending play-loving kings, bishops and aristocrats to the block or into exile.

When Shakespeare was but an infant, the comparatively moderate Ascham had denounced plays among "the inchantementes of Circe, brought out of Italie to marre men's maners in England." But this was nothing to the furious onslaughts of thirty or forty years later. "Do they not maintain bawdry, insinuate foolery, and renew the remembrance of heathen idolatry?" thundered Philip Stubbes.

> Truly, if you will learn falsehood, if you will learn cozenage, if you will learn to swear, tear and blaspheme both heaven and earth, if you will learn to murder, flay, pick, steal, rob, if you will learn to deride, scoff, mock and flout, if you will learn to become proud, haughty and arrogant, and finally, if you will learn to contemn God and all His laws, to care neither for heaven nor hell, and to commit all kinds of sin and mischief, you need go to no other school; for all these good examples may you see painted before your eyes in interludes and plays.

Inspired by such preachings, the "City Fathers" of London petitioned the Privy Council in 1597 for the entire suppression of stage-plays in and around the city, alleging as just and sufficient reason the evil character of the plays, of the actors and of the audiences.

Students of Elizabethan drama are aware how largely it justifies the Puritan denunciations. Violent brutality, coarse license, extravagant passions finding vent in language and actions equally unmeasured, these are its too common characteristics. But the wonder is that side by side with these things there grew up and flourished so much that is entirely different and seemingly of a higher world. The wonder is that in the atmosphere of an Elizabethan playhouse such figures should have shone forth as Portia, Imogen, Cordelia and Miranda. The wonder is that such a rabble as constituted the bulk of the audiences could have endured the graceful word-play of "As You Like It," the poetry of "The Tempest," the psychology and ethics of the great tragedies. This is no small problem, one of the many riddles wherewith Elizabethan and, above all, Shakespearean drama continue to puzzle us.

The best attempt at a solution is that put forward by Rümelin. There was, he insists, among the grossness of the multitude who listened, or did not listen, during the performance of a Shakespeare play a notable seasoning, a leaven of more capable and refined auditors. Thus an element of keen and competent criticism was found in the playwrights and actors, attached to opposition theaters or temporarily out of work. This class will not appear too insignificant in numbers, if we remember how each theater relied upon writers of its own, not on printed books, for its *repertoire*, and employed its own body of actors. Naturally sharp rivalry prevailed, and every nerve would be strained to compel the applause of such professional judges, for on that depended to a large extent the success of the production.

More numerous and important, however, were the scions of rank, young bloods, men about town, often petulant and turbulent, but often, too, well-educated, quick-witted, cultured. These occupied places on the stage itself, the long, narrow Elizabethan stage, projecting out among the audience; there they dominated the vulgar herd, and dominated also, to no small extent, the players themselves. Dekker, who knew them well, wrote in his "Gull's Hornbook":

> On the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yes, and under the state of Cambyses himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality. . . . By spreading your body on the stage and by being a justice in the examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority, that your poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely before your eyes. . . . You shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if in the middle of his play you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone.

This is irony and satire; but one can gather from it the other side of the truth. These "justices" were not always ostriches or gulls or geese. They included the Southamptons and Pembrokes, great lords who would seem to have associated familiarly with mere players. They included the gifted Sidneys and Dorsets, and many a golden youth who had conned or even acted his Sophocles and his Terence in home or foreign university. Few but influential, they prided themselves on maintaining a high critical standard against vulgar misjudgments; they listened with apprehension to the long oratorical tirades and the ingenious word-snapping, followed out the psychological developments and the cunning plot-entanglements, in a word they applauded in the plays all that modern criticism values in them, and the judicious censure of such men naturally had great weight with the players.

For such an auditory, then, for a coarse mass touched with a fine leaven, were the Shakespeare plays written; and its character helps us to understand their strange blends and inequalities.

George O'Neill,
National University, Dublin.

A Roman Holiday

NEW YORK was the center of the country's interest on Saturday evening, March 25, for a great "prize fight" was on. This was important not alone for New York, but for every town in the country. It so happened that on that night I passed through the streets of two large cities between half-past nine and eleven o'clock, and noting the crowds collected in front of the newspaper bulletin, I asked the reason for the gathering and was told with amused disdain that Willard and Moran were battling for the championship of the world at Madison Square Garden. I had known that the event was scheduled, but had forgotten the date, and foolishly thought for the moment that the crowds before the bulletins were reading the news of some great battle that was to settle the destiny of nations.

The next morning the only New York newspaper that I could get carried no European war news on the front page. In three papers, Mexico, as the climax of interest, occupied the right-hand column, but the left-hand first column had *the fight,* and not any mere European battles. Only once before since hostilities began, I believe, has the war news been pushed off the front page of the papers. That was the afternoon when "The New White Hope" whipped Jack Johnson. It so happened that some rather important engagements involving the lives of a multitude of men had taken place on both lines of battle, east and west, in Europe the night before. This news was released for the afternoon editions, but who cared to know about the death of a multitude in Europe, so long as this "twenty-four round go" between *Two Big Men* was being "pulled off" in Havana? The readers of the afternoon papers were sure to be so much more interested in every detail of the twenty-four rounds than in any mere human sacrifices for duty and principle, that editors gave them what they wanted and pushed the war news over to the next page.

The New York contest was not quite so absorbing, because after all it was "not to a finish." Some 12,000 people, however, were ready to spend $150,000, or was it $200,000?—I suppose we shall not know until the ten per cent is paid to the State—to see at more or less close range this contest of strength and science. The representative men of the city were all present, the judiciary well represented, the other professions had their places, and above all "wealth and beauty" were at the ring-side. The nearer the seats to the ring the better dressed were the occupants thereof, especially the women. For days the fight had been a topic of conversation in all circles, and I fancy it would be no exaggeration to say that ten million men spent several hours on Sunday reading the very detailed account in the morning papers of the contest of the night before.

Now there are people who find fault with this and who declare that it signifies that the animal in man unfortunately comes to the surface whenever it is not repressed. There are some who seem to think that man having reached a high stage of refinement, gentleness and care for others, should be above all such exhibitions of brutality. Such an exhibition, however, is apparently a most natural thing in an age of luxury. In this regard it is rather curiously interesting to note just what happened at Rome in the first and second centuries after Christ. When Rome became the capital of the civilized world and its citizens grew wealthy, a number of events occurred that are strangely anticipatory of events around us at the present time. The Romans became very much interested in art and architecture and in a certain kind of literature. They fêted litterateurs and artists and themselves lived a life of luxurious indolence. Perfumes and precious stones and fine silks were brought from the East and life became a succession of physical pleasures. The wealthy Romans usually had a villa on the sea, spent the severer months of the winter in the south of Italy, near Naples, and though citizens of Rome, lived where life would be the easiest and pleasure the readiest.

In Rome itself the men had their clubs—they called them baths—and every man who could went to his club for some exercise, massage at the hands of an attendant, a hot bath, a cool plunge, and then he was ready for his principal meal. Some of the men spent many hours each day at the club, discussing politics and other things, and "killing" time as best they could. The women had their clubs and they lionized the literary men and artists, wrote some poetry themselves, though none of it has lived, and were very much occupied with what they would have called culture, if that word had been invented at the time.

A succession of such pleasures, however, became very tame after a while and so the Romans had to have more exciting events. These were had in the amphitheater where gladiators fought with one another, and trained hunters fought with animals. There were dangers and blood and the zest of battle, and so life had some excitement in it. At first the gladiators only killed each other by accident, somewhat as happens occasionally in a prize fight, especially between "heavy-weights." After a time, however, death became almost the rule, for the audience demanded it. Nothing else would satisfy them, though refinement in the care of the body was constantly increasing at Rome at this time.

In the meantime as these exhibitions grew in popularity, art, literature and the drama declined. Art became mere imitation, while literature gradually dwindled in significance and the drama disappeared. The amphitheater eclipsed the theater, so that at the time when Rome was wealthy and refined and leisurely, and people had summer homes outside the city and sojourned in the south in winter, the theater as an intellectual institution, ceased to exist. Rome had had a native drama of considerable significance about two centuries before Christ when the city was little better than a collection of huts. Once wealth and refinement and luxury came,

then all theatrical performances that caused people to think, disappeared.

In the midst of this refinement physical interests were more and more cultivated. After a time the gladiatorial fights did not furnish enough thrills, and so the Emperors during the persecution satisfied the appetite of the Romans for blood by causing the Christians to be thrown to the lions. It was the wealthy, refined, educated, bathing Romans who flocked to see the Christians die, but keenly regretted that they made no resistance, for then it would have been more exciting. Seats in the boxes closest to the ring-side doubtless cost at least as much as in Madison Square Garden. The Imperial box, apparently for safety sake, was at a considerable distance, but according to a well-known tradition Nero possessed some sort of contrivance made of crystal by which the contestants were brought very close to him. So popular did these forms of amusement become that whenever a politician wanted to curry favor with the Roman populace, he supplied them with food on a gala day and then paid all the expenses at the amphitheater, so that at least the ordinary citizens might be admitted free of charge.

With all this before us, it is very clear that ironic references to the *culture* represented by our best people who go to prize fights and reflected by the newspapers, which pay so much attention to these fights, and by ten million men who spend hours of a Sunday reading about them, are entirely out of place. This development of events is the most natural thing in the world. And if interest in the drama and in things intellectual generally should continue to dwindle among us, as they did at Rome, we shall repeat other phases of Roman history. We have their frequent divorces, their small families, and even their great bathing establishments, for do not our athletic clubs correspond in a very striking way to the Roman baths?

The cult of the body finally led to the disappearance of the Romans. I wonder if our "Roman holiday" has that meaning. I am quite free to confess that I do not know, but I think that it is an interesting subject for speculation.

James J. Walsh, M.D.

Hilaire Belloc: a Little Appreciation

When I first met Belloc he remarked to the friend who introduced us that he was in low spirits. His low spirits were and are more uproarious and enlivening than anybody else's high spirits. He talked into the night and left behind in it a glowing track of good things. When I have said that, I mean things that are good, and certainly not merely *bons mots*, I have said all that can be said in the most serious aspect about the man who has made the greatest fight for good things of all the men of my time.

We met behind a little Soho paper shop and a little Soho restaurant; his arms and pockets were stuffed with French Nationalist and French atheist newspapers. He wore a straw hat shading his eyes, which are like a sailor's, and emphasizing his Napoleonic chin. He was talking about King John, who, he positively assured me, was *not*, as was often asserted, the best king that ever reigned in England. Still, there were allowances to make for him; I mean King John, not Belloc. "He had been Regent," said Belloc with forbearance, "and in all the Middle Ages there is no example of a successful Regent." I, for one, had not come provided with any successful Regents with whom to counter this generalization; and when I came to think of it, it was true. I have noticed the same thing about many other sweeping statements coming from the same source.

The little restaurant to which we went had already become a haunt for three or four of us who held strong but unfashionable views about the South African War which was then in its earliest prestige. Many of us were writing on the *Speaker*, edited by Mr. J. L. Hammond with an independence of idealism to which I shall always think that we owe much of the cleaner political criticism of today; and Belloc himself was writing in it studies of what proved to be the most baffling irony. To understand how his Latin mastery, especially of historic and foreign things, made him a leader, it is necessary to appreciate something of the peculiar position of that isolated group of "pro-Boers." We were a minority in a minority. Those who honestly disapproved of the Transvaal adventure were few in England; but even of those few a great number, probably the majority, opposed it for reasons not only different but almost contrary from ours. Many were pacifists, most were Cobdenites; the wisest were healthy but hazy Liberals who rightly felt the tradition of Gladstone to be a safer thing than the opportunism of the Liberal Imperialist. But we might, in one very real sense, be rightly described as pro-Boers. That is, we were much more insistent that the Boers were right in fighting than that the English were wrong in fighting. We disliked cosmopolitan peace almost as much as cosmopolitan war; and it was hard to say whether we despised more those who praised war for the gain of money, or those who blamed war for the loss of it. Not a few men then young were already predisposed to this attitude; Mr. F. Y. Eccles, a French scholar and critic of an authority perhaps too fine for fame, was in possession of the whole classical case against this sort of piratical imperialism; Mr. Hammond himself, with a careful magnanimity, always attacked imperialism as a false religion and not merely as a conscious fraud; and I myself had my own hobby of the romance of small things, including small commonwealths. But to all these Belloc entered like a man armed, and as a clang of iron. He brought with him news from the fronts of history; that French arts could again be rescued by French arms; that cynical imperialism not only should be fought, but could be fought and was being fought; that the street fighting which was for me a fairy-tale of the future was for him a fact of the past. There were many other uses of his genius, but I am speaking of this first effect of it upon our instinctive and sometimes groping ideals. What he brought into our dream was this Roman appetite for reality and for reason in action, and when he came through the doorway there entered with him the smell of danger.

There was in him another element of importance which clarified itself in this crisis. It was no small part of the irony in the man that different things strove against each other in him; and these not merely in the common human sense of good against evil, but one good thing against another. The unique attitude of the little group was summed up in him supremely in this; that he did and does humanly and heartily love England, not as a duty, but as a pleasure and almost as an indulgence; but that he hated as heartily what England was trying to become. Out of this appeared in his poetry a sort of fierce doubt or double-mindedness which cannot exist in vague or homogeneous Englishmen; something that occasionally amounted to a mixture of loving and loathing. It is marked, for instance, in the fine break in the middle of the happy song of *camaraderie* called "To the Balliol Men Still in South Africa."

I have said it before, and I say it again,
There was treason done and a false word spoken,
And England under the dregs of men,
And bribes about and a treaty broken.

It is supremely characteristic of the time that a weighty and respectable English weekly gravely offered to publish the poem if that central verse was omitted. This conflict of emotions has an even higher embodiment in that grand and mysterious poem called "The Leader," in which the ghost of the nobler militarism passes by to rebuke the lower,

And where had been the rout obscene
Was an army straight with pride,
A hundred thousand marching men,
Of squadrons twenty score,
And after them all the guns, the guns,
But She went on before.

Since that small riot of ours he may be said without exaggeration to have worked three revolutions; the first in all that was represented by his paper the *Eyewitness,* now the *New Witness* under a different editor, the repudiation of both Parliamentary parties for common and detailed corrupt practices; second, the alarum against the huge and silent approach of the servile State, using Socialists and anti-Socialists alike as its tools; and third, his recent campaign of public education in military affairs.

In all these he played the part that he had played for our little party of patriotic pro-Boers. He was a man of action in abstract things. There was supporting his audacity a great sobriety. It is in this sobriety, and perhaps in this only, that he is essentially French; that he belongs to the most individually prudent and the most collectively reckless of peoples. There is indeed a part of him that is romantic and, in a literal sense, erratic; but that is the English part. But the French people take care of the pence that the pounds may be careless of themselves. And Belloc is almost materialist in his details, that he may be what most Englishmen would call mystical, not to say monstrous, in his aim. In this he is quite in the tradition of the only country of successful revolutions. Precisely because France wishes to do wild things, the things must not be too wild. A wild Englishman like Blake or Shelley is content with dreaming them. How Latin is this combination between intellectual economy and energy can be seen by comparing Belloc with his great forerunner Cobbett, who made war on the same Whiggish wealth and secrecy and in defense of the same human dignity and domesticity. But Cobbett, being solely English, was extravagant in his language even about serious public things, and was wildly romantic even when he was merely right. But with Belloc the style is often restrained; it is the substance that is violent. There is many a paragraph of accusation he has written which might almost be called dull but for the dynamite of its meaning.

It is probable that I dealt too much with this phase of him, for it is the one in which he appears to me as something different and therefore dramatic. I have not spoken of those glorious and fantastic guide-books which are, as it were, the text-books of a whole science of erratics. In these he is borne beyond the world with those poets whom Keats conceived as supping at a celestial "Mermaid." But the "Mermaid" was English, and so was Keats. And though Hilaire Belloc may have a French name, I think that Peter Wanderwide was an Englishman!

I have said nothing of the most real thing about Belloc, his religion, because it is not within my purpose in this little appreciation, and nothing of the later attacks on him by the Newspaper Trust, because these are below my purpose. There are, of course, many other reasons for passing such matters over here, including the argument of space; but there is also a small reason of my own, which, if it is not exactly a secret, is at least a very natural ground of silence. It is that I entertain a very intimate confidence that in a very little while humanity will be saying, "Who was this So-and-So with whom Belloc seems to have debated?"

G. K. Chesterton.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Solecisms

To the Editor of America:

The very proper protest that Doctor Charles W. Heath makes in your last issue against your reviewer's rash correction of what was already right, emboldens me to offer a further protest against two solecisms that are fast becoming habitual. The first is the use of the word "archdiocese." Now, there is no such word. A bishop rules over a diocese, so does an archbishop; and his diocese no more becomes an "archdiocese" than his miter becomes an "arch-miter" or his hat an "arch-hat." This word, I believe, was first used in 1869 by Henry Edward Manning, a prelate who is responsible for more Catholic solecisms in the English language than any one in living memory. It was he who introduced the term against which my chief objection is directed. He used to refer to himself as "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," which, of course, he never was. Cardinal he was and Archbishop he was, but Cardinal-Archbishop he was not, because such a thing does not and never did exist. Cardinal-bishops are a definite rank in the Sacred College, so are Cardinal-priests and Cardinal-deacons; but because a Cardinal-priest happens at the same time to be an Archbishop, it does not make him, and it is a solecism to call him, a "Cardinal-Archbishop."

It is as easy to be right as wrong, and as easy to write "Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore," which is right, as it is to talk of "His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore," which is wrong.

Cardinal Henry Edward Manning was also responsible for the introduction into English of the term "Father" as applied to secular priests and this solecism is now so crystallized that it is hopeless to attempt to look for a return to the older and better way. It is a little odd that this has happened, for the "secular" priest, in ecclesiastical precedence, occupies a position superior to his "regular" brother, and I can remember venerable priests who insisted upon being called Mr. So-and-So, for this very reason. One might go on piling Pelion on Ossa, but may we venture to hope, Sir, that the "Cardinal-Archbishops" and the "archdioceses" will no longer mar the scholarly pages of America.

New York. A. P. F.

[The genial, if vigorous, "A. P. F." is wrong in his belief that the word "archdiocese" was first used by Cardinal Manning in the year 1869. The expression is found on page sixty-eight of the "United States Catholic Almanac" (now "The Catholic Directory") for 1837; it also occurs frequently in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Register" for 1846. Moreover it is hardly correct to say there is no such word as "archdiocese." Not only has this expression been current well-nigh ninety years at least, but it has, and has had for some time, the sanction of official usage. For instance, it occurs continually in the Papal decrees dividing or erecting dioceses. By way of example "A. P. F." may consult the decree on page eight of the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* for January 18, 1916, also the decree *De Limitibus Archidioecesis Hydrunteriæ* in the *Acta* for February 14, 1916. Some time since, "A. P. F.'s" objection against the word, "archdiocese," might have been urged with equal strength against the expression, "archbishop," to which he does not take exception. For the latter term was apparently first used by St. Athanasius in the fourth century, and it remained all but unknown in the West up to the ninth century. Just as "archbishop" gained

vogue, so too, has "archdiocese." As regards Cardinal Archbishop: Can it be that "A. P. F." of the "rollicking" style wishes America to forget that the beloved Horace sings of usage:

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi?

Moreover, America is not addicted to the hyphenated form, Cardinal-Archbishop. The limits of space forbid discussion of the responsibility of Cardinal Manning for the introduction of "Father" as applied to secular priests.—Ed. America.]

"Four Times Three Are Twelve"

To the Editor of America:

May I bother you to answer a question which is causing considerable annoyance among our teachers? I shall be very grateful for your decision. Which is accurate: "Four times three *is* twelve," or "Four times three *are* twelve"? "Four less three is one," "Four less two *is* two," or "Four less two *are* two"?

Villa Maria, Pa. S. M. C.

[Grammarians have been, and are still, so much at variance on this vexed question, and arithmeticians today, as in the past, are so much at variance in their practice in this matter, that it would be the height of rashness even to hazard anything like a certain decision on the rival claims of the singular and plural forms of the verb in expressions describing the operation of multiplication. Both expressions have the sanction of good usage and good authority. There is apparently a growing disinclination on the part of purists, formalists, and those who insist on grammatical correctness even at the sacrifice of idiom, to use anything but the plural, except where the multiplicand and minuend are the number "one." Their reluctance, however, is founded on personal prejudice rather than on any perfectly clear and decisive grammatical requirement. The usage one prefers depends largely on the theory adopted with regard to the subject of sentences like "Four times three is (are) twelve." Surprising as it may seem, Gould Brown, in his "Grammar of English Grammars," when discussing the matter, enumerates no less than seven different subjects that have been assigned by reputable grammarians to the verb in expressions that describe the operations of multiplication: (1) the multiplicand, used as an abstract noun implying unity; (2) the multiplier, i. e., the word "times"; (3) the entire expression, i. e., "four times three"; (4) the word "number," understood before the multiplicand; (5) the plural noun, "things" or "units," implied in the multiplicand, which is then regarded as a numeral adjective; (6) the product, taken substantively and implying plurality; (7) the word "things" or "units," implied in the product, which is regarded as a numeral adjective. Those who accept as correct the subject assigned in one or other of the explanations given under 1, 3, 4, will hold that the subject of the sentence is singular and that therefore the singular form of the verb is the proper one; those, on the other hand, who hold to one of the explanations given under 2, 5, 6, 7, will regard the subject as plural and employ the plural form of verb.

If the numeral alone, taken substantively, is held to be the subject, it may be regarded as a collective noun, in which case either a singular or a plural verb will be used according as the idea of a single whole or a number of individuals is more prominent in the mind of the speaker. Sixty years or more ago there was a rather general disposition to give greater prominence to the idea of a single whole, and as a consequence the singular form of verb was then more common; of late, however, there is a marked inclination to insist on the idea of plurality in the numeral which is used as the subject, and hence today the plural verb is more widely, if not exclusively, employed by careful speakers. But the matter is still an open question. Many people nowadays interpret the sentence to mean, "Four (units or things), taken three times, are twelve," but it would be pedantry to insist that this explanation is the only logical or correct interpretation.

Arguing from analogy, it would appear that the plural is the better form. Other languages use the plural, therefore English should use the plural. The argument from analogy, however, is never by itself absolutely conclusive; and there is the obvious answer that idiom, even if illogical, is to be preferred to rule. Thus the Latin says, "Bis bina quot *essent*" (Cicero); the French, "Deux fois deux *font* quatre"; the German, "Zweimal zwei *machen* vier"; the Italian, "Due via due *fanno* quattro"; and the Spanish, "Dos por dos *son* quatro." In all of the above cases the plural and not the singular is used, although the Italian sometimes employs the singular verb. As the principle involved is the same in every language, it would seem that in English the plural form of the verb is to be preferred. It would be a mistake, however, to pronounce the use of the singular incorrect.—Ed. America.]

The Need of a Mr. Sumner

To the Editor of America:

I was much interested in the letter, "A Friend of the Cause," which appeared in America for February 26. I agree with Mr. James V. Shields, when he says that Catholics do not appreciate the work done by Mr. Anthony Comstock, nor that which his successor, Mr. Sumner, is accomplishing. Other cities are in need of a Mr. Sumner to wake up a large Catholic population. Recently as I went through the Italian colony of Utica, I noticed the kind of book-stores that Mr. Shields speaks of, and I find it hard to understand how Catholics can allow these "foreign Italians" to insult them and their religion with the obscene books they are circulating. Why do we allow these book-sellers to revile the good women in the convents? We ought to clear these stores of such rubbish. Why don't we organize for this purpose?

Utica, N. Y. Arthur Durant.

The National Board of Censors

To the Editor of America:

Communications appearing in America and the utterances of Catholics, priests, editors and laymen, prove what a very large percentage of Catholics have been duped into the belief that there exists a National Board of Censors of Moving Pictures, by law established. Investigation by myself, following the appearance in America of a valuable communication from Mr. James V. Shields of Brooklyn, convinced me, over a year ago, that the self-appointed, self-styled "National Board of Censors" is a creature of the film interests, non-Christian in personnel, and apparently without extensive knowledge of the Christian code of morals. This "Board" has taken the lead in every fight made to prevent the establishment, by law, of Federal or State censors for moving pictures. Its approval is stamped upon practically all films that outrage the feelings of Catholics. Its own boast that it passes upon ninety-five per cent of all films exhibited, of which very many are frontal attacks on Christian decency and morality, is alone sufficient to condemn it. Every available unit of Christian power should be exercised to curb the existing wide-spread film attack on everything dear to the Catholic and Christian heart. Let us cease to look to the enemy to help us, and have enough of the fighting spirit of our glorious ancestors in the Faith to rush manfully to our standard and help ourselves. Let us no longer be duped by men whose effrontery is their most conspicuous quality.

New York. Marius Benoit Murray.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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In this issue is inserted the Index of America's *fourteenth volume.*

Just Seven!

With this number America modestly observes its seventh birthday, for we were born on April 17, 1909. The realization that the care-free, irresponsible years of our infancy are over and that we have now reached the age of reason is a very sobering thought. For perhaps some readers will now expect from us numerous indications of that deeper wisdom and keener discernment observable in those who have attained to years of discretion. But they will perhaps discover, to their great disappointment, that America is just as blind and obstinate as ever, persistently refusing to be "neutral" in the partisan sense in which pro-Ally or pro-German subscribers understand the term, and that the paper continues to maintain a fearless, uncompromising attitude toward every movement and every interest, that menaces public morals, threatens American liberties, or hampers the spread of Catholicism in this country.

To bring out every week a constructive, interesting, and "infallible" Catholic journal is no light task, but with the help of representative Catholic writers at home and abroad, we shall try to make each new issue of the paper, please God, better than the last, so that as a molder of Catholic opinion, as a chronicler of Catholic enterprise and as a teacher of Catholic principles, our subsubscribers will find the seven-year-old America more readable and indispensable than ever.

France Is Not Mad

Children are a nation's best asset: on them depends a country's greatness. If they are numerous and well-trained, their nation may look forward to a bright future, conscious that its prestige will be upheld by devoted sons and daughters. If on the other hand, they are few in number or ill-trained in morals their country is hastening to decay.

In view of this, the subjoined news item from one of our daily papers is bewildering, to say the least:

AMERICANS TO CARE FOR FRENCH WAR ORPHANS

Paris, March 27.—Societies formed to care for war orphans were notified today by Miss Florence Schofield that American families have expressed willingness to care for 150,000 homeless children. Miss Schofield has just returned from the United States, where she sought homes for the little war sufferers. Professor Laird, rector of the University of Paris, will have charge of the work of parceling the children out to the various American committees.

Can it be that chivalrous France is selling her children for a mess of pottage, sending them forth from beneath her sunny skies to an alien people, strange in language and custom? Surely the soul of *la belle France* revolts at such a thought. Her children, 150,000 of them, cast from her bosom across the sea to be parceled out like animals! Never. That would be worse than the worst horror of war, and would cause the world to point the finger of scorn at a nation that would even contemplate such an action. War-torn, starving Belgium refused to part with her little orphans; France will do likewise. That she would expatriate her children, is simply incredible. To do so, would be to inflict an injury on herself worse than any made by cannon and shell. Besides the loss of prestige entailed by such an action, the blood of the country would be drained in an appalling manner. The expatriation of 150,000 of today's children would normally result in a loss of at least 200,000 in the next generation, 300,000 in the following generation and so on, so that in the fifth generation an army would be lost to the country. Then indeed France's enemy would conquer her, and that enemy would be France itself. The country would war against itself, tear out its own heart and throw it to ravening beasts. Surely France is not mad; the public prints belie her. She will clasp her children to her breast and teach them to love her sunny skies, her vine-clad hills and her honored flag.

Good Friday for Peace

At the beginning of Lent the Holy Father addressed to his Catholic children throughout the world another of his ardent appeals for peace. With paternal solicitude he urges on the Church to unite with him in earnest efforts to effect a reconciliation among the nations that are desolating Europe with fratricidal strife. Exhortations sent to the belligerents, in which he implored them to settle their differences by pacific consultation, have failed, and as a consequence the tears of the Father of Christendom continue to flow. Sadly he realizes that the combatants are drunk with blood, so that hearing they will not hear. His sons are deaf to their Father's counsels. Only God can move their hearts.

In distress, therefore, he bids the Faithful unite in a common endeavor to appease the anger of the Lord of Hosts, and asks them to send up to Heaven a cry for mercy loud enough to drown the clamorous shock of battle. It is in the women of the world especially that the Holy Father places his hopes, in the "mothers, wives daughters, sisters of the combatants, whose gentle souls, more truly than those of any others, feel the extent and the calamity of the present terrific war."

This incense of prayer, almsgiving, and mortification, he wishes to be continuous, but he singles out one day above all others on which it should ascend to the throne of God:

It would be greatly pleasing to Us that such families among all the combatant nations should unite in this undertaking on the day that is held sacred to the Divine sacrifice of Him who was God and Man, and who by His own suffering drew together in brotherhood all the sons of Adam; that they should, in these hours, made eternally memorable by His infinite love, beseech of Him, through the intercession of the suffering, but unconquered Mother, Queen of Martyrs, the grace to endure with fortitude and Christian resignation the anguish of loss brought about by the war, and that they should implore of His mercy the end of this long and terrible trial.

Catholics, not only in Europe but throughout the world, will not refuse to accede to the wishes of the Pope. With hearts sanctified by benefactions to the poor, and purged of wickedness by self-inflicted penance, they will unite their own sighs to the sighs of the Crucified Saviour. Gathered beneath His Cross they will hear His insistent cry for souls, and will catch the infinitely precious drops of the Sacred Blood from the bleeding Heart of the gentle Christ and offer them in sorrow to the outraged dignity of the God of Love. Then, perhaps, the blood of human hearts will cease to flow and peace will return to a war-swept world.

Dr. Flexner's "Modern School"

IF Dr. Abraham Flexner, the Assistant Secretary of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's General Education Board, has his way, the children of New York's public schools will be in danger of being made the subjects of still further pedagogical experiments. For he has lately outlined plans for a very "modern school," which that singularly powerful, though strictly private, organization he serves will doubtless have but little difficulty in testing on helpless boys and girls. Some of the plan's features are these:

Formal grammar, ancient languages, theoretical studies in modern languages, and the bulk of history and of pure mathematics in the way they are now presented are the subjects Dr. Flexner would remove from the curriculum as useless and cumbersome. Aside from reading, writing, spelling, and figuring, he writes, the curriculum would be built out of actual activities in science, industry, esthetics, civics. These studies would be forwarded with the use of "the accessible world" as a laboratory to train children "with an eye to the realities of life and existence." The features of this accessible world which a school in New York, for instance, would employ, would be the harbor, the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, the Natural History Museum, the Zoölogical Gardens, the city government, the Weather Bureau, the transportation systems, lectures, concerts, plays. . . . Modern education will include nothing simply because tradition recommends it or because its inutility has not been conclusively established. It proceeds in precisely the opposite way: it includes nothing for which an affirmative case cannot now be made out. . . . It is evident that, while in some directions the modern school would have a fairly clear path, in others it would have to feel its way, and in all its attitude would be distinctly tentative and experimental. . . . Modern teaching, like modern medicine, should be controlled by positive indications. The schools should teach Latin and algebra, if at all, just as the intelligent physician prescribes quinine, because it serves a purpose that he knows and can state.

So we may picture the defenseless children, having been already subjected perhaps to the Gary Plan and to the Montessori System, being made in due time the *corpora vilia* of Dr. Flexner's experiments. As soon as the first session of the modern school begins, the teacher will diagnose like an "intelligent physician" the mental equipment of all her pupils. Then maybe Carlotta will be found to have had quite enough "traditional" grammar, so a visit to the Metropolitan Museum will be prescribed; Isaac is found suffering from an overdose of "traditional" history, so he is given a day at the Zoo; Michael has had a surfeit of "traditional" German, hence he goes to inspect the Weather Bureau; and Gretchen's useless enthusiasm for pure mathematics is corrected by dispatching her to the Natural History Museum. When all the victims of our time-worn system of mental discipline have thus been started on the road to recovery, the rest of the subjects in the laboratory will probably be awakened to "the realities of life and existence" by being sent to the morning papers on a feverish quest for "the accessible world," for Dr. Flexner believes that children should have "the courage not to read obsolete and uncongenial classics." Is it merely because the pupils in New York's public schools are so numerous that they are considered the natural prey of experimenters in novel pedagogical theories, or is the Rockefeller Institute reaching out for new conquests?

The American Indian

THE American Indian has had a sad history. For generations past he has been the prey of unscrupulous men who have murdered him or debauched him or robbed him or made him the victim of sectarian hatred or political bias. From a mighty host his race has been reduced to a few handfuls scattered in isolated places over the vast area of the United States. This is all that is left of numerous tribes that once possessed the land, a few men, women and children set down under surveillance in restricted districts, living witnesses to a policy that has disgraced us before the world. And the end is not yet. The poor Indian must still be made a sign of contradiction by legislators who neither under-

stand his nature nor respect his rights. To one he is a savage unworthy of the care bestowed upon him, to another he is a normal man longing for full liberty, and capable of discharging all the responsibilities of untrammeled citizenship. From these conflicting views have eventuated gross violations of natural rights on the one hand and dangerous privileges on the other.

In view of this, these words of the public-spirited Joseph H. Choate are worthy of attention:

> Specific reservations have properly been set apart for Indian tribes, but for almost half a century there has been a tendency to recognize and give responsibility to the individual. The Dawes Severalty Act, adopted in 1887, was the culmination of this theory. It provides for an allotment of lands to individual Indians, breaking up of tribal relations, and disintegration of communal ownership. The principal thought in this and subsequent legislation has been to place responsibility upon the individual, and at the same time protect him in his personal and property rights until the untutored child of nature is equipped to assume full responsibility of citizenship.
>
> The difficulty is that too much has been expected of the Indian. To some people it is hard to understand why you can't take an untutored, ignorant, full-blood Indian and make an educated citizen out of him in a fortnight. They expect the unreasonable and impossible. It is contrary to all human experience. Extremists have insisted that the process is too slow; that these wards should be released from Government supervision and suffer the results of their own improvidence, regardless of their qualifications for self-protection and regardless of the consequences to their property rights.

There is nothing new in this; it but expresses the policy that the Catholic Church has insisted on for years past. Nevertheless, now that Congress is once again debating the Indian's fate, the words are a timely warning to legislators who would throw the red man completely on his own resources. The Indian still possesses some earthly goods; he will not have them long, if guardianship fails him. History will repeat itself. Moreover, those who shout for "full liberty" for the red man that he may attain to the highest pitch of civilization, know not whereof they talk. Liberty is the full-blown flower of civilization; the latter comes first; the former follows only when man has subdued his passions, regulated his emotions, trained his intellect to discern right from wrong, cultivated his conscience, and sanctified his will so that it loves virtue and hates vice. In this consists civilization, and from this flows liberty. First civilization and then liberty, that is God's order and no legislature can change it.

A Catholic Business Man

MANY are the qualities that must combine to form the ideal Catholic business man. Seldom are they all found in their perfection in a single individual. Like the perfect knight of old, he should be a man without fear and without reproach. Faith should be the loadstone of his life. He should not in his own conceit exalt himself above others who may chance to be his inferiors in the commercial or industrial life, nor should he sway a finger's breadth from Christian principles to gain the favor and support of men of influence. Wealth should have for him no supreme attractiveness in itself, but should be welcomed as affording possibilities of greater service in the interests of Christ, as a trust for the poor, and in stewardship for God. He should ever place above all things the Divine approval expressed in the joyful greeting of his Lord: "Well done, good and faithful servant." In spite of wealth and power, his greatest commendation at life's close should be that he was ever numbered among "the poor in spirit."

Can this ideal be realized? It certainly can, or the Church would not propose it in her teaching. Its illustration is found in the unbiased tributes lately paid to a man whose loss to his city, to its public and private institutions, to its financial and industrial interests, was declared to be greater than had ever been caused by the death of any other man identified with the city's public welfare: Patrick T. Walsh, of Davenport, Iowa. From the hardships of extreme poverty he had worked his way, by merit and perseverance, to the pinnacle of success. His service in the constructive field was eagerly sought by every great railroad in the country. His contracts amounted to millions of dollars. Before it was decided that the Government itself should undertake the building of the Panama Canal, he had presented his bid for the enterprise. The recommendations in his favor, which at the time poured in from all sides, and from men of the greatest prominence, were so remarkable that by President Roosevelt's order they were bound and sent to him with the message that, "Any man living might be justly proud of this evidence of integrity."

As a stonecutter in early life, Mr. Walsh had fought for the eight-hour day, and though he won the fight as the representative at Washington of his fellow-workmen, he lost his own place. This misfortune, however, was the beginning of his success, nor did he in his turn forget the interests of the men who worked for him, but always retained their loyalty and respect. "He could have been as rich as Pierpont Morgan," said Monsignor Ryan, "but the amassing of wealth for wealth's sake had no meaning for him. His was too noble a mind for mere money-getting. He acquired money honorably, and as such acquisition was noble, he used noble means for noble ends." The poor, the schools, the Church and countless worthy causes were the recipients of his generosity. He was fond of the little crippled children, and he considered the children of the parish as his own. Such were a few of his noble traits upon which his fellow-citizens loved to dwell when he passed away at the height of his usefulness, mourned by the entire city as well as by his own cherished family. The reason for his greatness was all summed up in the simple words, "Religion made Patrick Walsh what he was." He was proud of his Church and the Church might well take a motherly pride in him.

LITERATURE

XXIV—Cervantes

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
A single laugh demolished the right arm
Of his own country; seldom since that day
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
The world gave ground before her bright array;
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
That all their glory as a composition
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

These are Lord Byron's oft-quoted views, unsustained, by the way, by anything in the history of the periods anterior to or later than the appearance of "Don Quixote." In 1605 the code of chivalry was well-nigh in abeyance; the fashion of the *picaresque* had already overcome its old rival, and romance itself had taken its last refuge in the religious life and letters of the time. Cervantes himself in his "Novelas Ejemplares" had shown his hand in characteristic touches in "Rinconete y Cortadillo" and "El Coloquio de los Perros," where the contrast between the actual state of the speakers and their pompous sentiments has all the salt of his greatest work. It was timely for Cervantes or some other of his race to produce an epoch-marking work that should portray conditions obtaining in Spain for the last three centuries during which, his British lordship to the contrary, the Spanish race has produced many great figures in life and letters.

More or less self-consciously Cervantes, according to Santayana, "would have told us that the moral of 'Don Quixote' was this: that the force of idealism is wasted when it does not recognize the reality of things." And we may look upon the work as a confession of its author's own failures in public and family life; it is the half-conscious jotting, for the most part, of a dreamer caught in the whirl of actual needs and demands of life; of a leader with the desire and capacities of conquest and the fact of defeat ever before him; of a literary man helpless in spite of all his ability before his immediate conditions and problems. It is his realization that his private circumstances were of a piece with those general in Spanish society; its laughter is his own laughter at himself for his long studies of "Amadis" and "Palmaryn," for the self-conscious labors he had expended on his "Galatea" and the learned and amorous princelings and shepherds of purely imaginative or Italian origin. To the end of his days he remained a romanticist at heart; we see this in the pages of his last work completed on the eve of his death, "Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda," which, in company with José Valdivielso, the author of the "Spiritual Romance," he declares the greatest of his works.

Today it is very hard to read these leisurely eclogues and endless discussions of the pastoral school, but at the time there seems to have been a public devoted to such literature, although indeed our old hero of Lepanto and Algiers got little save the praise of his fellow-craftsmen and the satisfaction of his own instinct in payment. His life was passed in poverty and obscurity, for all his love of romance; and only out of his sufferings have we obtained the grim humor and wisdom of the Knight of La Mancha and that voice from the very heart of Spain, Sancho Panza.

Bowles in his "Anotaciones" and Fray Martin Sarmiento have pointed out the thousands of passages in Don Quixote that should be marked in quotations: "They are very few indeed who possess the requisite means for understanding Cervantes," writes the latter; "for to do so, it is before all things necessary to read that which Cervantes gave himself so much trouble to read in order to write his Don Quixote. He frequently adopts their style and even avails himself of their verbal expressions, more especially those which may be found in the first four books of the 'Amadis de Gaul.' And as these books and those which in course of time sprang from them are now very rare, and very few people have read them, they must be very few who can read the Don Quixote with all the spirit Cervantes threw into it."

In spite of these considerations, together with the fact of Cervantes' very poor handwriting and the publication of Don Quixote without proper revision of the text, Spain and the rest of the civilized world have paid the last honors and entered with interest and gratification into the doings of Don Quixote and his squire, and shared their glories and sorrows, their journeys and combats and affairs in bower and field, in the courting of Dulcinea del Toboso, the knavery of the innkeepers, the madness of Cardenio and the ingratitude of the galley-slaves.

The character of Sancho Panza is as remarkable as that of his master; it was a work of the supreme art of Cervantes to reduce a man of the menial class to a practical belief in the purely ideal. The wealth of Sancho's proverbial philosophy is shown to be confusion beyond guidance, in fact Cervantes' satire is directed against the predominance of the proverb as well as the ascendency of the works of chivalry. Hence the interminable stringing of catch-phrases, not to display the author's familiarity with them but to match them against Don Quixote's more literary mania.

It has been shrewdly conjectured that the intimate relation of master and squire has been the inspiration of several later authors, notably of Dickens in his "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" where an humble servant follows an idealist master through a series of disconnected adventures. But Cervantes can claim even greater glories in English literature, for has not Walter Scott himself declared that: "But for the 'Novelas Ejemplares' of Miguel de Cervantes the Waverley Novels would never have been written"?

Cervantes was not at his happiest as a poet or dramatist; his plays have practically been lost, although the "Numancia" has had considerable praise. His lyric remains are for the most part contained in the fantastic poem, "Un Viaje del Parnaso," where

From keel to mainmast-top, O wonder rare,
A swarm of verses formed the whole array;
No single bit of prose did mingle there.

The flags and streamers were a sight to see,
That waved and fluttered with the moving air
Of varied rhymes a trifle loose and free.

On such a vessel Apollo plans to carry the Spanish poets to the heights of Parnassus, and Mercury resigns the command to Cervantes, giving him a list of the writers selected for the voyage, Quevedo, "the true son of Apollo and scourge of poet-asters," being allowed the greatest praise of all the Spanish singers. In a way it is Cervantes' literary testament, for it gives us his own intent in the list of his works and the general outlay of his mind upon Spanish literature up to his death.

I cut and fashioned by my wit the dress
With which fair "Galatea" sought the light
And left the region of forgetfulness:

I've comedies composed, whose style of play
To reason so conformed that on the stage
They showed fair mingling of the grave and gay.

I've given in "Don Quixote," to assuage
The melancholy and the coping breast,
Pastime for every mood in every age.

I've in my novels shown a way, the best
Whereby at last the language of Castile
May season fiction with becoming zest.

Thus spoke " the soul-Quixote and the body-Sancho Panza" at the end of his earthly career, and Spain and all the rest of

the world have fully assented with louder and louder plaudits as the centuries have rolled along. Already three have passed and there is no visible lessening of his hold upon human thought. Death chose an eventful date, April twenty-third, 1616, to lay the great Spanish master low; within the same fortnight in England he stretched the master Shakespeare for the tomb; both masters closed an imperial age in letters and are yet without peers in the respective literatures which they may be said to have founded; there is but one Shakespeare as there is but one Cervantes.

THOMAS WALSH.

REVIEWS

History of Dogmas. Vol. III. The End of the Patristic Age (430-800). By J. TIXERONT. Translated from the Fifth French Edition by H. L. B. $2.00; **Is Schism Lawful?** By EDWARD MAGUIRE. $1.80; **The New Pelagianism.** By J. HERBERT WILLIAMS. $1.00. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The last instalment of the "History of Dogmas" keeps up the high standard of excellence reached in the two preceding volumes. Solidity of doctrine, a thorough knowledge of Patristic literature, a critical perception of the exact point and status of the difficult controversies under discussion and of their historical bearing, an intimate acquaintance with the sources and the faculty of presenting a well-balanced verdict are the author's most prominent gifts. The second volume of his "History" had closed with St. Augustine's battle against Pelagianism. Here, after a general sketch of Greek theology, we get an admirable review of the historical growth of Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and Monophysitism. The Monothelite and Semi-Pelagian heresies are fully treated, while special chapters deal with the image controversy and the theology of St. John Damascene. The struggles, the trials and the final victory of the Church in her endeavor to safeguard the deposit entrusted to her are everywhere splendidly portrayed.

The subtitle to Father Maguire's book calls it a study in "ecclesiology," with a special reference to the question of schism. The author begins with an examination of historical Christianity. He then asks if the Gospel announced 2,000 years ago was only "a glad tiding" and nothing more? Did its hearers constitute a mere school or various societies? And, " if they formed societies, did these take shape as isolated and autonomous units, or was there an all-round federation, a society of all societies, a church of all churches?" Having made clear this social, ecclesiological character of the new "tendency," the author studies it in its antecedents and completely refutes those critics who find no trace of "ecclesiasticism," no sign of the Church as an organized social unit in the personal teaching of Our Lord, of St. Paul or the Ante-Nicene Fathers. His conclusion to his own query: "Is Schism Lawful?" is naturally and necessarily an emphatic "No." For historical Christianity is a perceptive and doctrinal Revelation to all men, a deposit of Divine truths and precepts entrusted by Christ to His Apostles and their successors for the salvation of all, an inheritance and a faith to be kept unchanged.

"The New Pelagianism" is quite as shifty as the old. It is an atmosphere rather than a clean-cut set of dogmas. It is the supernatural gradually fading away into the natural, or rather the natural evicting the supernatural from its proper territory. It is the steadily growing conviction that grace is not a reality and not a necessity for the attainment of salvation. Hence the belief that salvation is easily within the reach of not too strenuously exerted natural powers; hence the gradual extinction of a firm belief in the existence of an eternal hell and the steady growth of a dangerous "quasi-Universalism" leading to the view that the great majority of men will be saved. Such seems to be the thought which has led Mr. Williams to write his book. That the danger described by the author exists is evident. His purpose to warn us against it is every way commendable. But the subject is one of the most difficult in the whole range of theology and needs careful discrimination, a very just appreciation of the controverted issues and extensive theological knowledge. In his laudable design to combat Naturalism and Universalism, Mr. Williams goes to the other extreme and becomes something of a rigorist. He clearly exposes the severe but no longer accepted views of St. Augustine with regard to the relatively small number of the saved. He does not set forth equally well the more consoling and now generally accepted views of St. Thomas and Suarez on the same subject. Mr. Williams' general purpose and intention deserve approval. But inaccuracies of statement, vagueness in the indication of authorities, and an unnecessary rigorism impair the authority of the work.

J. C. R.

Songs of the Son of Isai: a Metrical Arrangement of the Psalms of David. By HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.50.

No attempt is here made to reproduce the original poems of the Psalter. The author has merely taken the Douai-Challoner translation of the Latin Vulgate and arranged it in poetic setting. A foreword modestly expresses the hope that these simple verses may waft to the reader a breath of the fragrance of the garden of roses in the Davidic Psalter. Much more than a breath will they waft. For the paraphrasing is done with reverence, dignity and accuracy, so far as accuracy was feasible. The substance of the thought is preserved, but the original flavor of its setting is, of course, lost. Such flavor could not withstand the ravages incidental upon the passing of the poem from Hebrew into Greek, from Greek into Latin, from Latin into the sixteenth-century English of Douai, thence into Challoner's middle-eighteenth-century English, and finally, after sundry revisions, into twentieth-century poetic diction. The marvel is that the original thought has been so substantially preserved. It is as if Shakespeare were to reach the French through the medium of a translation of a Slavic version of Schiller's "Hamlet." To illustrate this point, there follows a word-for-word and line-for-line translation of a portion of the beautiful lyric composed during the Babylonian exile of Juda (B. C. 586-536):

By Babel's streams, 'twas there we sat, yea, we wept,
While we remembered Sion;
On the poplars in the midst thereof,
We hung up our lyres.

For there our captors asked of us
Words of song;
Our spoilers, (words of) mirth:
"Sing us a song of the songs of Sion!"
How could we sing a song of Yahweh
In the land of the stranger?

And here is the author's paraphrase:

We sat by the rivers of Babylon
And our tears fell down like rain;
We wept, remembering Sion
And the far Judean plain.

We hung up our harps on the willows,
For our captors, pleasuring,
Asked for words of the songs of Sion,
And desired that we should sing.

How can we sing to strangers
Our words of praise to Thee? . . .

The Messianic interpretation of the last verses of the Psalm, indicated by *He* with a capital, is not correct. Apart

from this mistake, the Psalm is beautifully paraphrased. In fact, this American metrical Psalter is superior to that of Bishop Bagshawe. As the author is a Catholic, she should have seen to it that the publishers noted the diocesan imprimatur. W. F. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "Where the Path Breaks" (Century, $1.30), Capt. Charles de Créspigny has written a delicately beautiful story. The situation, which is the result of one of the tragedies of the war, though quite moral, is not altogether pleasing to Catholic sensibilities, nor is the mysticism quite unobjectionable, but the principal character is very attractive, and his self-sacrifice, on which the plot is built, is of a very high order, and meets in the end with the happiness it richly deserves. The development is well out of the ordinary lines, is direct, simple and strong, and is remarkable for its avoidance of the moral aberrations which so many of the modern novelists think essential to a successful story.——Eleanor Marvin portrays a very likable girl in "Mary Allen" (Doubleday, Page, $1.25). From the day she starts from her country home to spend a year at a New York art school till success crowns her efforts in her chosen field, her career and her friendships make an interesting theme. The loneliness of the girl and her mother in the busy metropolis, the people that come into their lives there, and the arrival of "Jim" just at the proper moment, round out the action of a well-told story that should appeal to all girl readers.

"Mechanism of Discourses" (D. B. Hansen & Son, Chicago, $1.00), by the Rev. Mark Moeslein, C.P., is a helpful book for preachers. It gives an outline of the parts of a sermon, and shows by object lessons and discussions how to fit them together so as to obtain the best results. It is these object lessons and the precious bits of sound advice that accompany them that make up the real excellence of the book. The terminology is somewhat stiff at times and even when explained is not very suggestive. One meets with such words as mannerisms, preachment, sermonize, to which present usage attaches a depreciatory sense, and there are a few instances of downright solecisms. However, no one will lay down the book without feeling better equipped for the sacred duty of preaching. Especially worthy of attention is the treatment of the subjects of "Balanced Personality," "Taste," "Scholarliness," "True Popularity." and "Egoism in the Pulpit."——The latest portion of the English Dominicans' excellent translation of the "Summa Theologica" (Benziger, $2.00) to appear comprises "Questions XLIX-LXXXIX" which treat of habits in general and of the virtues and vices in particular. The volume will enable those unfamiliar with Latin to learn what was taught by St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Doctor of the Church, regarding the nature and effects of sin and the character and the value of the virtues.

Father Aurelius Stehle, O.S.B., has out a second, revised edition of his excellent "Manual of Episcopal Ceremonies Based on the 'Cæremoniale Episcoporum,' Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, etc., and Approved Authors" (St. Vincent Archabbey Press, Beatty, Pa., $2.25). For the benefit of lay sacristans, to whom the bishop's visit is often a source of anxiety, the author gives clear directions about what is needed for episcopal functions of all kinds, and he offers priests and seminarians a complete guide to the ceremonies to be observed when a bishop is in the sanctuary, whether the occasion be an ordinary one or when special rubrics must be observed, as in Holy Week. Pastors will find particularly useful the chapters on the bishop's visitation and on Confirmation. The general plan of the book's first edition is retained, but minor changes have been made and recent decrees of the Congregation of Rites have been added. On a separate pamphlet are printed the ceremonies for the laying of a church's corner-stone.

"Stamboul Nights" (Doubleday, Page, $1.25) is the title of a good collection of short stories by H. G. Dwight. Being the son of a Protestant missionary, the author was brought up in the Levant and knows his Constantinople very well. Of the fourteen tales in the volume, "The Leopard of the Sea" is the best, but "Mortmain" and "The House of the Giraffe" are almost as good and the rest are well-told and interesting.——"Behold the Woman!" (Lippincott, $1.35) by T. Everett Harré is a novel which the publishers modestly call "one of the rare books that are landmarks in the history of literature," and predict that it may rival "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur." Little likelihood of that! The author, who is afflicted with an Asiatic style, undertakes to describe the life and times of Mary of Egypt, devoting about 350 pages to Mary the sinner and some fifty to Mary the penitent. His detailed accounts of pagan lewdness and his calumnies of the clergy make the book unfit to read. The author's cant about the need of telling "in all sincerity" "how evil people were" is like our theatrical managers' fondness for calling indecency "Art."

"The Ocean Sleuth" (Dutton, $1.35), by Maurice Drake, is a bracing bit of sea-adventure and romance, pleasantly told. Austin Voogdt happens to be on the scene of a wreck. Later reports have it that an absconding banker, together with his booty, has gone down with the ship. But, strange to say, the notes recovered from the wreck are forgeries, while the real notes are in circulation. Busying himself with the perplexing problem, he solves the mystery of the notes. Though the story's probabilities are sometimes strained, it holds together pretty well, and is solved naturally. The author's style is quite vivacious.——"Person! Mary, how dare you call yourself a person?" indignantly protested Gerald Mason when Mary Graeme," "The Heir of Duncarron" (Putnam, $1.35), entertained the suspicion that she was not worthy to be his wife. However, she finally recovered from being a person, and so they were married. This latest novel of Amy McLaren is gracefully written on familiar lines. The character of the old Scotch nurse is well-drawn and every page of the book is clean, which is high praise nowadays.

"High Tide: Songs of Joy and Vision from the Present-Day Poets of America and Great Britain" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25) and "Gregorian Poetry; 1913-1915" (Putnam, $1.50) are two anthologies of modern verse. Mrs. Waldo Richards, the compiler of the first volume, has made discriminating selections from the writings of more than a hundred poets, among them Thomas A. Daly, Louise Imogen Guiney, Joyce Kilmer, Alice Meynell, Father Tabb, Francis Thompson, Katharine Tynan and Thomas Walsh. W. M. Letts has two of her Irish poems in the volume and the following lines of Edwin Markham on "Victory in Defeat," well express an old truth:

> Defeat may serve as well as victory
> To shake the soul and let the glory out,
> When the great oak is straining in the wind,
> The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
> Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
> Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
> Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
> To stretch out spaces in the heart of joy.

The other book, which seems to have been prepared by a certain "E. M.," is filled with verses written within the past two years by fourteen English poets, but there appears to be little that is particularly "imperishable" in the book except Rupert

Brooke's now-famous sonnet, beginning: "If I should die, think only this of me."

A remarkably interesting autobiography is that of "Geraldine Farrar" (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00) "the best-known woman in America." She describes her successful career from the time when as a child of three, just after singing a ditty at a church concert, she stepped to the edge of the platform and asked, "Did I do it well, mamma?" up to the other day, when she became a popular "movie" queen. The gifted daughter of a Melrose grocer, this girl determined to be a great prima donna, and by hard work and sheer force of character achieved her ambition. Thirty thousand dollars advanced by a Boston woman paid for Miss Farrar's musical education. Her singing captivated Berlin and the Kaiser's court, and when a famous impresario bade her "come down and sing for him," she had her maid telephone: "Miss Farrar is at her home, and if Herr Conried wishes to call, she will be glad to see him." He came and eventually closed an astonishing contract with her. "Not that I really cared about such items of expense," the diva explains, "but I was determined to enter the Metropolitan *en dignité,* and I did."

The people of this country still have much to learn about Latin America. Even its earlier history will have to be rewritten before we shall be in a position to understand the conditions that prevail there. "Much sentimental ink," says John Fisk, "has been shed over the wickedness" displayed by the Spanish Conquistadores. Of this proof positive is furnished by Kate Stephens' "The Mastering of Mexico" (Macmillan, $1.50). Except for elisions made here and there, for the purpose of adapting the work to popular taste, the volume is little more than a translation of the "Conquista de la Neuva-España," by Bernel Diaz del Castillo; an "unsuspected historian," as Sir Arthur Helps calls him, and an eye-witness of the events he relates. The book will prove useful to those engaged in the teaching of American history in our high schools. Anyone particularly interested in the character of Cortes will find in the pages of the author's volume a good corrective for false notions about the greatest of the Conquistadores.

"English Grammar Simplified" (Funk and Wagnalls, $0.75), by James C. Fernald does not greatly differ from most manuals on this subject. Commendable for its choice of material, the book states decisively the rules of English grammar, purposely omitting the extended explanations and the discussion of disputed subjects, and is intended not only as a text-book, but for quick reference in the home and the office. For the latter purpose, the index has been made very complete and accurate. ——"A Second Reader" (Scribner's) by Hannah T. McManus and John T. Haaren, is a book which should delight the heart of every child entering the second school year. There is a varied selection of entertaining subjects to feed the imagination and a successful attempt to present them in a literary and simple manner.——Maude M. Frank's "High School Exercises in Grammar" (Longmans, $0.75) is a new and revised edition of a good text-book for first-year pupils. A clear presentation of precepts is found just before the lengthy exercises, and illustrative quotations abound.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn and Bacon, Boston:
Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by William D. Lewis, A.M. With Illustrations by Florence M. Herrick. $0.45; The New Chardenal French Course. By C. A. Chardenal. Revised and Written by Maro S. Brooks. With Illustrations. $1.25.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Mary Rose of Mifflin. By Frances R. Sterrett. Illustrated. $1.25.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Pastoral Letters. Addresses and Other Writings of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., LL.D. Bishop of Trenton. Edited by Rev. James J. Powers. Second Edition. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By Paul Thureau Dangin. Revised and Re-edited from a Translation by the late Wilfred Wilberforce. In two volumes. $11.00.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Learning to Earn: a Plea and a Plan for Vocational Education. By John A. Lapp and Carl H. Mote. With Introduction by Hon. William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:
We. A Confession of Faith for the American People during and after War. By Gerald Stanley Lee. $1.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Beggars on Horseback. By F. Tennyson Jesse. $1.25; Quinneys', a Comedy in Four Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. $1.00; Golden Glory. By F. Horace Rose. $1.25.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church. Sermons from the German. Adapted and Edited by Rev. Edward Jones. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D. Volumes IV and V. $1.50 each.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Geraldine Farrar. By Herself, $2.00; The Greater Tragedy and Other Things. By Benjamin Apthorp Gould. $1.00; The Gift of Immortality. A Study in Responsibility. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. $1.00; Instead of the Thorn. A Novel. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25; The Hills of Hingham. By Dallas Lore Sharp. $1.25.

Imp. de l'Action Sociale Limitee, Quebec:
Leçons de Psychologie et de Theodicee; Leçons de Morale; Leçons de Logique. Par l'Abbé Arthur Robert. $0.50 each.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
The Buffoon. By Louis U. Wilkinson. $1.50.

John Lane Co., New York:
Adventures in Common Sense. By Doctor Frank Crane. $1.00; The Fairy Bride. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. $1.00; Singing Fires of Erin. By Eleanor Rogers Cox. Designs by John P. Campbell. $1.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
East and West through Fifteen Centuries. Being a General History from B. C. 44 to A. D. 1453. By Br. Genl. G. F. Young, C.B. With Illustrations and Maps. In Four Volumes. Volumes I and II $12.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Nights: Rome, Venice in the Æsthetic Eighties; London, Paris in the Fighting Nineties. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. $3.00.

Little, Brown & Co., New York:
How to Know Your Child. By Miriam Finn Scott. $1.25.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. $1.50; The Rudder. By Mary S. Watts. $1.50; Abraham Lincoln. By Daniel E. Wheeler. Illustrated. $0.50; Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty. By Vachel Lindsay. $1.00.

The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.:
Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. $1.00.

Oxford University Press, New York:
Records of Social and Economic History. Vol II. The Black Book of St. Augustine. Part I. By G. J. Turner and Rev. H. E. Saler, M. A. $5.25; The Assumption of the Virgin. A Miracle Play from the N-Town Cycle. By W. W. Greg, Litt.D. $1.25.

Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago:
About Miss Mattie Morninglory. By Lilian Bell. $1.35; My Friend Phil. By Isabel M. Peacocke. $1.25; "I Conquered." By Harold Titus. $1.25.

Elihu S. Riley, Annapolis, Maryland:
An American Satyr. By Elihu S. Riley. $0.25; Cloth $0.75.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Portion of a Champion. By Francis oSullivan tighe. $1.35; Antwerp to Gallipoli. By Arthur Ruhl. $1.50; Father Damien. By Robert Louis Stevenson. $0.50; Nan of Music Mountain. By Frank H. Spearman. $1.35.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:
Gibby of Clamshell Alley. By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. $1.35.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
Heroes of all Time. Oliver Cromwell. By Estelle Ross. $0.75.

The Survey Committee of the Cleveland Foundation, Cleveland:
Department Store Occupations. By Iris Prouty O'Leary.

Typ. Laflamme & Proulx, Quebec:
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EDUCATION

II—The Boy and the Boarding School

THE Catholic parent does not, as a rule, demand that his son become a great statesman or a man of letters. He asks, first of all, that he shall pass to manhood strongly grounded in the principles and practices of the Faith and, secondly, that he be protected during the period of adolescence from those graver temptations that may mean his moral ruin. A Catholic boarding school is quite unequaled as a guardian of faith and virtue. The ideal home, it may be, surpasses the school in the power of supernatural character-development, but the "ideal home" is unfortunately becoming more and more rare in our busy modern life. Moreover, the Catholic boarding school has a source of supernatural strength incomparably more powerful than even a mother's love or a father's watchful care. The sun and center of the Catholic boarding school is Christ in the Sacrament of the Eucharist; the daily reception of the Bread of Life is the means employed to strengthen wayward boyhood in purity and faith. Daily Communion is preached in season and out of season; the good example of "real boys" so living as "to receive" daily is a powerful influence to those who are easily led in good or ill. Sturdy piety becomes the fashion; purity of life, an accepted standard, and evil influence is reduced to a minimum.

Moreover, daily Communion, the great ideal of Catholic life, becomes here a practical reality. Morning Mass has always been of rule; the morning reception of the Eucharist involves but little extra effort. Where one boy living at home will have the perseverance to continue the practice, ten will do so at school. Thus, in two excellent Catholic schools forty miles apart and enrolling more than 500 students, the average number of communicants in the day school is less than fifty; in the boarding school, more than 400.

Not that a Catholic boarding school is an Eden where sin and the serpent enter not. Even here, "it must needs be that scandals come," for we deal with boys and young men and not with a choir of angels. But no one who has dwelt for any time in such a place can doubt that in this distinctively religious atmosphere, faith and piety are of a high standard. The evil-minded are held in restraint by public opinion; and many grave sources of temptation are entirely absent.

Not a Substitute for the Home

"The boarding school can never take the place of the home." Of course it can't. And equally, of course, "the home cannot take the place of the school." It is not supposed to. The school supplements, not replaces, the training of the home. Any boy who has missed a mother's care or a sister's gentle tact in the refining atmosphere of home, can scarcely hope to have that omission supplied later in life. And the boy who comes to the age of fourteen, boorish, selfish or offensively loud, is very likely to retain these traits as a man. Habits are formed from seven to fourteen; ideals from fourteen to twenty-one, and the boarding school belongs to the second period rather than the first. School and home have their separate place in the formation of character. Boys are gregarious by instinct, whether those instincts lead them to associate with the "gang" on the corner or the "set" at the dancing academy. The normal boy simply will associate with his kind; if kept at home or in the company of elders, he is almost sure to develop into that unlovely monster of boyhood, the young prig. By watchful care and tact, he may be guarded in the choice of associates; in a Catholic boarding school these associations are far more likely to be thoroughly wholesome. In the democracy of school a natural instinct is so satisfied as to bring out most easily the best traits of manliness. We suspect that the Bourbons would have been wiser rulers and better men if, instead of their flock of wise instructors and special text-books *in usum Delphini,* their sacred persons had been thrust unceremoniously into the democracy of school, boarding school preferred. Modern royalty would seem to have learned this lesson, for the young princelings of England are educated today in her national public schools. Only the other day the world was impressed to hear that a posible heir to the crown of England had been worsted in an athletic event by a mere plebeian. And even the news of battle gave place for a moment to the significance of this friendly rivalry of peace.

The Democracy of School

"The democracy of school." There you have in a phrase the distinctive features of boarding-school life. It is in this democracy that bluff and brag, conceit and artificiality, selfishness and tactlessness are dealt with by an effectual and almost pitiless scorn. Brains and character and the athletic skill that comes of clean living, are the only titles to respect and admiration. Money cannot buy popularity, nor is poverty a bar to leadership. Here at least the healthy standard rules, "a man's a man for a' that." If a boy under this drastic training can be made to understand that pretense and vulgarity and selfishness are valueless as passports to leadership, he will carry into later life a lesson that could never have been learned save in the hard school of experience. If he has even the latent character to react to such environment, he will all his life be better for the training; if not, his stay in such a world will be brief and stormy. The malcontents in any boarding school are rarely those who have won by character the popularity of their fellows.

Scholarship

A true system of education has a twofold end: to develop character and to impart scholarship. The first is more important, the second is more exclusively the work of the school. Men have developed character without education, they rarely attain to learning, save under guidance and tuition. As aids to the attainment of scholarship, particularly for the young, we may consider these three as most important: intimate contact with men of scholarly ideals, the absence of distracting influences, and Vergil's *labor improbus,* unceasing, whole-hearted work. A little consideration will show that these are most readily found in the surroundings of boarding-school life.

Associations

A boy at school is, to a striking degree, a worshiper of talent; he is impressed by the display of learning; he is attracted by the evidence of broad and scholarly research; his eager spirit is fired to emulate what he finds so admirable. The contact between scholar and master cannot elsewhere be so easy and frequent as at a school where both live practically under the same roof. This association must, of course, be quite unforced; otherwise, it savors of patronizing, and a healthy boy is quick to resent and clever to defeat such unwelcome meddling. Mr. A. C. Benson tells of a young Oxford don by the name of Tupper who was over-eager to bring the undergraduates under what he supposed to be an elevating personal influence. He was rudely shocked one evening to hear through his open window, the remark of one undergraduate to another on the walk below: "Let's do a Tupper tonight, and get it over with for the year." And yet, many an "old boy" at commencement day recalls with grateful satisfaction his early association with his masters, the long talks, the kindly advice, the welcome that always awaited him in the intimacy of their studies and the ideals unconsciously absorbed for later life. And nowhere as in the boarding school, are such opportunities so readily afforded.

Absence of Distractions

"No man can serve two masters." Study and amusement fighting for the golden springtime of youth are deadly foes in an unequal struggle. The scholar of mature years may serve the one and use the other with wise discrimination, but not the intemperate soul of youth. "A boy's will is the wind's will." He will "hate the one and love the other"; he will vaunt the flippant boast that he is "getting an education in spite of the faculty"; and he will go forth into the world with a thin veneer of scholarship to make the judicious grieve. To this disinclination to serious mental work, the boarding school opposes an orderly succession of study, sport and amusement. No system can secure a perfect efficiency; it can only send away those who stubbornly refuse to profit by their opportunities. The first requisites of such a school is a kindly strictness and a wise restraint. How irksome are strictness and restraint to the ardent spirit of youth, none know better than those whose duty it is to enforce them. Many will never understand their purpose or see anything but petty tyranny and unwarranted interference with "natural rights." The school management which is too conscientious to put mere numbers before lasting results, must rest secure in the hope that in years to come those who have submitted perforce to the system will understand its wisdom. And yet after ten months of such freedom from distractions, the average student will look back in June with a sense of satisfaction over a fair measure of achievement, which would not otherwise have been his. And with the knowledge of these results, the school must rest content.

"Labor Improbus"

If there is one point on which those who have acquired a measure of success in life are in accord, it is the necessary connection between success and work. Work may not always bring success, but success is not possible without work. The business man, the professional man and the statesman agree in this, that the summits of life are gained by the long and stony path of unremitting toil. The statement is a commonplace in "Advice to Young Men" and a platitude of the commencement orator. Yet few young men under twenty realize its application to their lives. The habit of concentrated mental work is the most enduring result of a man's early training. The Latin and the Greek, the history and the science so laboriously acquired too often fade from the mind by the early thirties, but habits of industry, the joy of combating and conquering intellectual difficulties, is an enduring gain and the source of power and leadership. It is far from common in any class of students and in any school. But this may be said in all moderation of statement: that those who have the will to work have almost unlimited opportunities at boarding school to get the best out of these years of their life; while those who would otherwise idle their time away in welcome dissipation will acquire something of a vigorous mental spirit. The inevitable hindrances to study, both social and domestic are almost entirely absent, while opportunities and excuses to shirk are noticeably fewer than they are at home.

If this paper should seem a partisan presentation of the case for the boarding school, the writer can only repeat that it sets forth his honest convictions based on an experience with both systems. To sum it up: the average boy will progress farther at boarding school in piety, character and scholarship than he will elsewhere, not because of better teaching or better educational equipment, but because of the single fact that such a manner of life best meets the average problem of the average boy from fourteen to twenty-one.

Campion College. Claude J. Pernin, s.j.

SOCIOLOGY

On the East Side

JUST a block from the Bowery, where the city's life is mixed and free, you will find the Barat Settlement House. Not very pretentious, it is true, nor elaborately furnished, but real settlement work is done there, nobly and generously. And after all, that is what counts. The one thing necessary in a settlement house, at least as far as the children of Italian parents are concerned, is to make them know and love and practise their religion. This end is attained in Chrystie Street, a neighborhood in days not so long ago known as "Crime Block." The police-blotter in the nearby station-house gives the best explanation for the name. Many settlement houses succeed in supplying the physical needs of the children. The Barat Settlement does this, but it also looks after their souls and makes them realize that their Faith is the greatest of treasures, the pearl beyond price, the dearest thing to hold, the saddest thing to lose.

How the Work is Done

You might think you were in the poor quarter of Naples, if you strolled down Chrystie Street some afternoon, and mingled in the crowds that surge along past number 223, where true settlement work is done. But you are not; you are in old New York, amid conditions that may jar your notions of the social question and make you wonder less why the illiterate, underpaid workmen eagerly listen to the soap-box Socialist orator, painting the picture of what might be if society were only revolutionized. You know he is an idle dreamer, but the poor man in the street, coming home from long hours of hard work, thinks the picture wonderfully beautiful and firmly believes in the Socialist's Utopia. It is the children of this poor man that the workers in the Barat Settlement have to meet, in order to bring sunshine into young lives where there is much gloom and suffering. Two rooms in a rear tenement on the lower East Side rarely admit much sunshine. So the little ones gather at the Settlement, some at early morning, others when school is over, to learn that there is something more in life than low wages and dark tenements.

The Settlement is governed by a board of directors composed of the Children of Mary of the three Convents of the Sacred Heart in New York City. The ordinary management of the house is entrusted to a resident matron, and a resident worker and a janitress are there during the day, but it is the Children of Mary who devote their time to the various works of the Settlement. The open-hearted confidence of the little ones, their intelligent grasp of the fundamentals of Catholic doctrine, their love for the life-giving Sacraments, speak loudly and eloquently of the solid work accomplished by the devoted daughters of the great Heart of Christ, who give of their best when they devote themselves to the work of bringing the little ones nearer to the Lover of Children.

Phases of the Work

Christian Doctrine, the science, as Pope Pius X told the Roman clergy a month after he assumed the tiara, that is the great antidote to modern pseudo-science, is one of the chief works carried on in crowded Cherry Street. There are fourteen classes in all, from the prayer class to the perseverance class, the children coming voluntarily after the closing bell rings in the public school. For these little ones live east of the Bowery, a good distance from the school attached to the Mission of Loretto. A feature of catechetical instruction that appeals very strongly to the lively young minds is the

stereopticon lecture. Pictures appropriate to the different seasons of the ecclesiastical year are thrown upon the screen, and the story of the God-Man living among the children of men is retold in simple language.

The kindergarten is an important division of the Barat Settlement and proves an untold blessing to the overworked mothers of this congested tenement district. The opening hour is nine o'clock and the closing hour three. That is supposed to be the daily order, but the fact is eight o'clock often finds the place crowded to its limit, and long past four in the afternoon you will find the youngsters playing there, waiting for their mothers to take them safely home. And oh, what homes they have! It is Ruskin, I believe, who tells us that home is the place of peace, the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. Ruskin, probably, wrote that in the quiet of his study, looking out of his big window at some smiling patch of meadow-land bathed in summer sunlight. He never lived on New York's East Side, a block or two from the Bowery, where "home" spells something quite different.

Part of the Settlement's schedule comprises domestic science, and over fifty children make up the classes of cooking and sewing. They are taught up-to-date cooking methods, and due attention is given to food values. In the sewing classes the younger children begin on canvas work, their older sisters on small patches of cotton, learning running, hemming, overseam, back-stitch, etc. Little by little as they progress they are taught to make their own clothes, which, when properly finished, they are permitted to keep. Friday afternoon is sewing day at the Settlement, and the attendance is always large, for many of the children feel that, in the near future, the needle will be for them a means of livelihood.

Sodality Activity

The older girls, some of whom spend busy days in shop or factory, meet every Sunday morning at eleven, as members of the St. Agnes Sodality. They have their little acts of devotion and works of zeal, and their Communion Sunday each month when they approach the Holy Table in a body. Their weekly dues are one cent, the sum being used for an entertainment which the girls plan themselves. To miss a meeting is a rare event, and the spirit of piety in these sodalists is striking. If you would know the Sodality spirit, not on paper, but in real life, spend a few minutes listening to these children speaking of the interests dearest to their pure young hearts, the interests of their Immaculate Queen. Or if perchance you know of any group of sodalists in college or convent school, grown apathetic in sodality duties, send a few of them down to New York's East Side, and they will learn how the Queen of Heaven can hold her court on earth, yes, and not in a very beautiful part of earth at that.

There is a boys' club, too, down in the Barat Settlement, that meets three evenings a week, from seven till nine-thirty. The Junior Holy Name Society, as their club is called, gives the youngsters a chance to spend an enjoyable and interesting evening, and saves their money and their souls from falling into the maw of the "movies," that are as numerous as they are cheap, in every sense of the term, in this part of Manhattan. The Junior Holy Name combines the social with the spiritual, for it is really a sodality as well as a club. Games and debates, story-telling and instruction fill up the evening and keep the boys off the streets. Now to keep them off the streets sounds rather meaningless in print, and gives the impression of little accomplished in the way of boy-saving. You will grasp the force of the expression if you spend a few hours after sundown in these streets on and around the Bowery, when the night-life of this section is in full swing.

Methods and Figures

The little boys, ranging from seven to twelve years, have their own meeting hours, play their games, enjoy the graphophone or the stories told them by the devoted matron of the Barat Settlement. The big boys, who form the senior division of the club, hold meetings distinct from the youngsters, presided over by one of the teachers from the Loretto Mission School. As their school days are numbered, for most of them have to begin work early in life and contribute to the support of their families, they are warned against the grave dangers that confront the working lad in the present economic conditions that are common to all big American cities. They are given popular talks on social problems, and on their library table is placed sound literature that exposes modern social fallacies.

Cooking and sewing classes, catechetical instruction and illustrated lectures, games, amusements and mothers' meetings make up the activities of settlement work. The report of the Barat Settlement for the year just closing gives the following figures: Day nursery, average daily attendance, infants and toddlers, 50; kindergarten and after-school children, 58; boys' catechism classes, 124; girls' catechism classes, 129; Holy Name Society, 29; St. Agnes Sodality, 34; sewing society, 63; cooking class, 8. This report does not include the vacation months of July and August. During that time the house and yard are thrown open to the children, who are under the supervision of two paid workers. A shelter tent is in the yard, and the children have their games, their sand-pile and their swings.

Wanted: an Endowment

In these jottings you have only a pen-picture of the work going on in Chrystie Street. But no pen-picture can adequately portray it; to appreciate the good that is done you have to see with your own eyes what is going on. You might imagine, too, as you saw the Barat system in action that there was a substantial endowment back of all the energy that is pulsing through the house. The surprising fact is that there is no endowment at all. The annual sum of $6,000 is required to keep up the work, and the funds are raised mainly by subscriptions with an occasional bazaar when funds are low.

The Children of Mary who labor for the Barat Settlement are prominent Catholics of New York who believe in keeping their Catholicism alive and active. The work they are doing in Chrystie Street proves it. In a circular that was sent out some time ago were these words: "Will you help the Barat Settlement and Day Nursery to continue its work by sending one dollar for the enclosed tickets, as this amount will provide food for *one* child for *ten* days?" When you think over that sentence and then see the good being done on Chrystie Street, you can all but hear an echo of that piteous cry that rang out from Divine lips many centuries ago, on a hillside in old Judea: "Suffer the little children to come to me." The answer to that cry is sounded in deeds of love by true Catholic womanhood in Chrystie Street.

Gerald C. Treacy, s.j.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A special edition of the Wilmington *Morning News* announced on April 3 the loss sustained by the entire city in the death of Monsignor John A. Lyons, Vicar-General of the diocese of Wilmington, Delaware, and pastor of St. Peter's Cathedral. Catholics and Protestants mourned the loss of a man who was profoundly respected by all. Forty-six years of priestly service consecrated to the Church as a devoted pastor was the noble record of his life. During that time he had become a mighty power for good within his own community, and the zealous

loyalty with which he exercised his high calling won for him an influence far beyond the circle of his own Faithful. "He was a model priest," and in those few words is summed up the secret of his great success. He desired no honors, but wished to labor unto weariness and death for the flock committed to his care. "A prelate of firm and unswerving convictions," the secular press editorially said of him, "and free to express them in the pulpit and out of it, when he thought necessary, Monsignor Lyons exerted wide influence, which was not limited to Roman Catholic circles. He was a man of high ideals, which he did not fail to inculcate by his life and preaching." His charities were many and seldom were priest and people so intimately and affectionately united. His last words to his parishioners were likewise the keynote of his own life: "Live for God; live for eternity!" It is a motto that might well be carved in stone for his lasting memorial.

The idols are falling. In his recently published autobiography, Charles Francis Adams expresses as follows his opinion of Harvard College in the fifties and of Harvard University today:

> But as for giving direction to, in the sense of shaping, the individual minds of young men in their most plastic stage, so far as I know nothing of the kind was even dreamed of; it never entered into the professorial mind. This was what I needed, and all I needed—an intelligent, inspiring direction; and I never got it, nor a suggestion of it. I was left absolutely without guidance. I might blunder through, and, doubtless, somehow would blunder through, just as I did; but if I didn't work my problem out for myself, it would remain unsolved.
>
> And that was the Harvard system. It remains in essence the Harvard system still. An old, outgrown, pedagogic relation of the large class recitation room. The only variation has been through Eliot's effort to replace it by the yet more pernicious system of premature specialization. This is a confusion of the college and university functions, and constitutes a direct menace to all true higher education. The function of the college is an all-round development, as a basis for university specializations. Eliot never grasped that fundamental fact; and so he undertook to turn Harvard College into a German university, specializing the student at 18. He thus made still worse what was in my time bad enough. He instituted a system of one-sided contact in place of a system based on no contact at all. It is devoutly to be hoped that some day a glimmer of true light will effect an entrance into the professional educator's head.

Catholic educators, of course, have always insisted on the high importance of close relations between teachers and pupils and have sternly opposed, like Mr. Adams, all specializing until the student has laid, during his college course, a broad and solid groundwork of general culture.

The extreme need of Catholic schools in Texas has recently been brought to the notice of Catholics. "The easiest way for the Texas situation to be taken care of," *Our Sunday Visitor* suggested, "would be for some good-sized parish 'up north' to adopt one of the schools." By way of example *Our Sunday Visitor* has adopted six of these schools, making itself responsible for their regular support. It then recommends a list of other schools for adoption, the annual expenses of which vary from $150 to $500. The schools in question have been built to give assistance to priests laboring among the Mexicans who constitute from three-fourths to nine-tenths of the Texan population. "There is no large congregation where a parish sodality would not gladly undertake the sweet burden of supporting one of these schools," the editor adds. "In every city and town Catholics are acquainted with the activities among Protestant organizations for the furtherance of missionary work, and there is no cause for which our Catholic ladies would so cheerfully band themselves together." To support a hundred such schools, as he rightly says, should offer no difficulty where the cost is so comparatively small and the good to be accomplished so very great. Several of these schools have already been adopted by parishes or individual Catholics. Thus in the latest issue of *Our Sunday Visitor* a priest writes: "I am willing personally to defray the expenses of supporting one of the schools you have mentioned. Please let me know what school is most in need of support and I will send a check next week." Other generous contributions toward this purpose are likewise noted. A picture of the school and its children is sent by the priest in charge and daily prayers are said for the intentions of the donors. The schools themselves are usually built at a cost below $1,000 and employ from one to five teachers.

The latest edition of "The Official Catholic Directory," published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, has just been announced. It places the number of Catholics in the United States, as carefully compiled from the records of the various diocesan chancery offices, at 16,564,109. To this figure, says Joseph H. Meier, who has devoted more than ten years to the study of the subject, at least ten per cent must be added in order "to arrive at the real Catholic population figure of the United States." Such an addition would increase the total number of Catholics to over 18,000,000. We may consider this a rather fair estimate, in spite of the carping remarks recently made in many non-Catholic publications upon the question of Catholic population statistics. Should this year's gain of 254,799 seem to be comparatively small, Mr. Meier offers the explanation that it has not been possible for all the dioceses to take a new census during the past year. Many of the reports therefore remain unchanged. Twenty-six banner States are enumerated with a Catholic population of over 100,000, and four that exceed the million mark: New York with 2,899,223, Pennsylvania with 1,802,977, Illinois with 1,479,291 and Massachusetts with 1,400,834. The following are some other items of statistical interest to which the publishers call attention:

> Including the Catholics of the Island possessions of the United States it is found, according to the 1916 edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" that there are 24,922,062 Catholics under the United States flag. In the United States proper there are 16,564,109; in the Philippines there are 7,285,458. The additional 1,072,495 are in Alaska, the Canal Zone, in Guam, in American Samoa, in the Hawaiian Islands and in Porto Rico. The 1916 Directory shows, therefore, that there are almost twenty-five million Catholics under the protection of the stars and stripes.
>
> There are 19,572 Catholic Clergymen in the United States. Of these 14,318 are Secular Clergy while 5,254 are Regular Clergy, that is, members of Religious Orders. Death laid a heavy hand on American Prelates and Priests during the year 1915 and not in a score of years have so many changes taken place. One Archbishop and ten Bishops passed away and according to the necrology section of the present edition 321 priests went to their eternal reward.
>
> The publication also lists 10,058 Catholic churches with resident priests; 5,105 mission churches; eighty-five seminaries with 6,201 students studying for the priesthood; 112 homes for aged; 210 colleges for boys; 685 academies for girls and 5,588 parochial schools. In these parochial schools there are enrolled 1,497,949 children. Furthermore, there are 283 orphan asylums with 48,089 orphans.

An attempt was likewise made to secure figures showing the number of converts made during the past year. In the sixty-nine dioceses in which such records were kept they numbered 19,009. But from many of the most important centers no statistics could be obtained. "No convert figures were reported from New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Hartford, Newark and twenty-two other dioceses." It is certain, therefore, that the number of converts is vastly greater than the above figure indicates, although much more might doubtless be done in this direction by the zealous American Catholics.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The American Jewish Committee has received a remarkable letter written in the name of his Holiness by the Cardinal Secretary of State. The Committee had addressed the Pope, citing instances in which the Jews "have been marked for special persecution and have been subjected to oppressive measures not borne by their compatriots of other creeds." The petitioners wrote:

Papal Letter to the American Jews

With all due veneration we now approach the Supreme Pontiff for succor in this the bitter hour of our need, knowing the exemplary humanity for which your Holiness is justly distinguished. . . . We recall with admiration and gratitude that on many occasions in the past some of the revered predecessors of your Holiness have, under like conditions, extended protection to those of the Jewish faith in the interest of right and justice. Appreciating the transcendent importance which the entire civilized world attaches to any utterance from so exalted a source of morality and wisdom as that which your Holiness represents, we confidently express the hope that timely action be taken by the Vatican to the end that the suffering under which millions of our brethren in faith are weighed down may be terminated by an act of that humanity to which your Holiness is so passionately devoted, and that the cruel intolerance and the unjust prejudice which have been aroused against them may forever vanish before this glorious exercise of your supreme moral and spiritual power.

We beg your Holiness to believe us to be your most respectful petitioners: Louis Marshall, Jacob H. Schiff, Oscar S. Strauss, Mayer Sulzberger, Cyrus Adler, J. L. Magnes, Julian W. Mack, Julius Rosenwald, Isaac Bernheim, Harry Cutler, Jacob Hollander, Samuel Dorf, Cyrus Sulzberger, A. Leo Weil, Isador Sobel.

To this communication the Cardinal Secretary of State made the following reply:

The Supreme Pontiff has with interest taken notice of your letter bearing date of December 30, 1915, which you have been pleased to address him in the name of the 3,000,000 Jewish citizens of the United States of America, in order to communicate to him generally the treatment to which your coreligionists complain that they have been exposed in various regions, and at the same time you have requested him to interpose the weight of his supreme moral and spiritual power, in order that these sufferings may be terminated by an act of that humanity to which the Holy Father is so passionately devoted.

The Supreme Pontiff is unable to express himself concerning the special facts referred to in the memorandum submitted with your letter. But in principle, as the Head of the Catholic Church, which, faithful to its Divine doctrine and to its most glorious traditions, considers all men as brethren, and teaches them to love one another, he will not cease to inculcate the observance among individuals, as among nations, of the principles of natural right, and to reprove every violation of them. This right should be observed and respected in relation to the Children of Israel, as it should be to all men, for it would not conform to justice, and to religion itself, to derogate therefrom solely because of a difference of religious faith.

Moreover, in his paternal heart, pained by the spectacle of the existing horrible war, the Supreme Pontiff feels in this moment more deeply than ever the necessity that all men should recollect that they are brothers, and that their salvation lies in the return to the law of love which is the law of the Gospels. He also desires to interest to this end all who, especially by reason of the sacred attributes of their pastoral ministrations, are able to bring efficient aid to this important result.

In the meantime, his Holiness rejoices in the unity which in civil matters exists in the United States of America among the members of different faiths and which contributes so powerfully to the peaceful prosperity of your great country. He prays to God that peace may at length appear for the happiness of that humanity of which you truly say the Holy Father is the guardian.

This beautiful letter breathing the Christ-like spirit of peace and love, has been received with great satisfaction by those to whom it is addressed. Herman Bernstein thus comments on it in *The American Hebrew:*

Among all the Papal Bulls ever issued with regard to the

Jews throughout the history of the Vatican, there is no statement that equals this direct, unmistakeable plea for equality for the Jews and against prejudice on religious grounds. The Bull issued by Innocent IV, declaring the Jews innocent of the charge of using Christian blood for ritual purposes, while a remarkable document, was, after all, merely a statement of fact, whereas the present statement by Pope Benedict XV is a plea against religious prejudice and persecution.

It should be noted, however, that the communication of his Holiness, is not a papal Bull, but a letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State.

The War.—Although there has been considerable activity, especially on the part of the artillery, in Belgium and France, and along the Italian and Greek borders, no important change has taken place in any of these theaters of the war. The British and French have landed troops on the Greek island of Cephalonia, west of Greece, but they have disclaimed any intention of occupying the island, their single purpose being to establish a naval station at Argostoli. Along the Dvina, south of Dvinsk and near Lake Narotch, there have been numerous engagements between the Germans and Russians, but the general situation has undergone no serious modification. In Galicia the Russians have had more success, for they have forced the Austrians to fall back to Jaslowice, on the Strypa. The Turks have been making great efforts to check the advance of the Russians in Armenia, and especially toward Trebizond, but they have been defeated near Baiburt, and their offensive has failed. In Mesopotamia the British report an advance toward Kut-el-Amara along the right bank of the Tigris. The distance gained varies from one and one-half miles to three miles. Portugal has entered into active hostilities by occupying Kionga on the southern frontier of German East Africa.

Bulletin, April 11, p. m.-April 18, a. m.

Last week began with violent fighting in the region of Verdun. After securing their recent gains west of the Meuse, the Germans bombarded with heavy guns the French positions on the slopes and summits of Hills 287, 304, Mort Homme and 295, then according to their custom they launched a series of infantry assaults. The French everywhere held their ground. Later the Germans shifted their offensive to the other side of the river and concentrated their attack on the ridge west of Douaumont. The French remained on the defensive, and the battle, which has been described as one of the most violent and bloody that have taken place in this district, gradually extended until both artillery and infantry were engaged on the entire front from Malancourt Wood to the village of Vaux. The fighting, however, gave no permanent advantage to either side, except that the Germans succeeded in getting a foothold on the western slope of the Côte du Poivre, and made some progress in the Caillette Wood. After a day the German offensive slackened, and the rest of the week was marked by diminished artillery fire and intermittent efforts on the part of the Germans to penetrate the French line, especially east of Mort Homme Hill. Most of these attacks were made in the sector south of the Corbeaux and Cumières Woods, but up to the present they have resulted in no further progress by the Germans.

The Fight for Verdun

The note sent by Berlin to Washington in answer to the three communications addressed by the United States to the German Government on the subject of the recent sinking of five steamships has been given to the public. It admits that two of these ships, the Englishman and the Eagle Point, were sunk by German submarines, but only after they had attempted to escape and not until sufficient time had been given those on board to get away safely. The circumstances attending the loss of the Manchester Engineer and the Berwindale, it is claimed, are still in doubt, although the German Government concedes the possibility of the latter having been torpedoed by a German submarine. With regard to the Sussex, the note declares that it must be assumed that the injury to this vessel "is attributable to another cause than an attack by a German submarine." This assumption rests on the noticeable difference between the sketch made by the German submarine commander of the ship he attacked on March 24, between Folkestone and Dieppe, which seemed to him to be a war vessel, and the picture of the Sussex published by the *Daily Graphic*. The note suggests that the Sussex probably struck a floating mine. Berlin asks to be made acquainted with any evidence that the United States has secured, and professes willingness to have the facts established "through mixed commissions of investigations in accordance with the Hague agreement." The note is far from satisfactory to the Administration at Washington.

The German Note

France.—Almost every copy of *La Croix* of Paris complains of the unjust and heartless accusations made against the Catholic clergy. According to *Le Petit Troyen, La Dépêche de Toulouse, La Lanterne* and *Le Radical,* etc., priests are shirking their duty at the front. M. Paul Adam, a member of the French Academy, recently made a savage attack in *La Dépêche de Toulouse* on the soldier-priests and those ecclesiastics still engaged in parish-work at home. The censor allowed the slander to pass. Some time after, another Toulouse paper, the *Express du Midi,* tried to publish a list of ecclesiastics either decorated for gallantry or killed in action. The censor blue-penciled the list. This flagrant injustice impelled the well-known Academician, M. Maurice Barrès, to write a series of articles in the *Écho de Paris* in defense of the outraged priests. The articles were so convincing that M. Paul Adam publicly withdrew his charges and apologized. The Minister of War, moreover, formally reprimanded the Toulouse censor for having allowed the publication of the slander.

Slandered Priests

Germany.—On April 13 the German Emperor attended a High Mass celebrated by the Archbishop of Cologne, Cardinal Felix von Hartmann. The latter had recently returned from his pastoral tour of the west front, and the Mass was celebrated at the main army headquarters. After a sermon to the soldiers the Cardinal directly addressed the Emperor, thanking him for his presence and expressing his assurance that the prayers "for a glorious victory and an early peace" of so many soldiers gathered about their sovereign would not go unheard. He then vouched for the loyalty of Catholics:

The Emperor at Mass

> Should God demand still further heavy sacrifices from us, I act as the interpreter for the Catholic soldiers of the army in offering to your Majesty a vow of unswerving loyalty in all the battles, in all the sorrows, in all the sacrifices of the war. May God, all powerful and all merciful, before whose eyes we are assembled, protect and guard your Majesty and our dear Fatherland.

As the result of a collection taken up among the Prussian Catholics for the German wounded, the Cardinal presented the Emperor with 360,000 marks. It is edifying to note in this connection that a dispatch, bearing the same date, tells of a pilgrimage made to Mariazell under the direction of the Prince Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Piffl, in which sixteen members of the Austrian imperial family took part. The object was to ask Our Lady's intercession for a speedy peace.

Of far-reaching importance is the news of a commercial treaty between Rumania and Germany, which has now been confirmed. It provides for free exportation of domestic products, with the exception of war munitions, between the two nations. Rumania is believed to have promised Germany all the produce which she herself does not use. Russia has thus lost an enormous market which would have been open to the American farmer had he been free to export his wheat to Germany. The grain exports of Rumania are valued at between $100,000,000 and $125,000,000 and had hitherto been sent to the Western, as distinguished from the Central Powers. American farmers have been forced to forego one of their greatest opportunities, since the treaty, it is thought, will govern the relations of Rumania and Germany for many years. A Bucharest dispatch says.

Rumano-German Treaty

> The Rumanian newspapers point out that the Central Powers have proved that their economic position is firm and unshakeable, and that they are still able to take care of their old markets. Rumanian commerce and industry have been greatly relieved by the new treaty, since the lack of many necessary articles was sorely felt.

Since Rumania would by such a course lay herself open to retaliatory steps by the Entente Powers should they prove victorious, the conclusion is drawn that "Rumania has plainly intimated to the world its belief that Germany, if it is not victorious, certainly will not be defeated." The treaty is said to include *pourparlers* with Bulgaria and Turkey for a commercial agreement. News from German sources states that it reaches even deeper and at least precludes any possibility of a war between Rumania and Germany.

Great Britain.—The conscription of married men is continuing to be a debated question. A decision has not been reached, but it is generally "understood" that a majority of the Cabinet Ministers are opposed to compulsion. This is the decision of the special committee appointed to investigate the matter for the Cabinet, and is based, according to report, on a thorough study of the Military Service Act and of the results of Lord Derby's recruiting system. To avoid conscription of married men, three plans have been formulated. The first provides conscription for all youths as they reach the age of eighteen; the second urges drafting a larger number of single men from the reserved trades; and the third would retain the time-expired soldiers. It is claimed that these three recommendations, if adopted, will secure a larger number of men than the plan of conscripting all married men of military age.

Conscription and the Married Men

Ireland.—One of the Irish papers prints this interesting synopsis of a speech delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hackett, the new Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, in answer to addresses from various branches of the Gaelic League:

Interest in the Gaelic Language

> Was it not unworthy of some to think lightly of the tongue that entered into the nation's life? Unfortunately he could not speak it himself, but as bishop he should give it every help possible and strive to encourage as far as he could the learning of Irish in the schools over which he should have any authority. He made the statement not merely from a sentimental standpoint. He did so because his conclusion rested upon a higher motive, a spiritual one. Going through the country on missionary work, he often felt ashamed of himself, and he often felt that he could do more in certain districts if he had been able to speak to the people and instruct them in the tongue in which they had learned the mysteries of their religion in days gone by.

The Oireachtas will be held this year in Waterford, and its promoters are delighted to see that the national language has such a zealous friend and advocate in the new Bishop.

The awakening interest in Irish as a spoken language is everywhere evident. *The Leader* takes the opportunity, therefore, to recall the views of Father Fitzgerald, O.F.M., set forth a few years ago in his popular booklet, "Stepping Stones to Gaeldom." While the author of this book recognizes the good works done by the Gaelic League, yet he would like to see its tactics radically changed. The principal work of the League is now done in the winter months, and mainly from books. The time given to the work should be longer. Irish must come back as the spoken language of the people. Father Fitzgerald thus puts the case:

We must bring the language out of the catacombs and devote at least three times more attention to speaking it than we do to acquiring it out of books. Lectures, debates, and conversations in Irish should begin in real earnest when the classes are discontinued, all who can should visit one of the Irish Training Colleges, or an Irish-speaking district, and thus the stored-up wealth of words will be minted into the current coin of conversation. May we soon have many schools modeled after St. Enda's of Rathfarnham.

Our ancestors got compulsory English, and so we haven't the slightest scruple in bringing in Irish by legislation, and although some of the patients may make wry faces they will be soon rejuvenated by this elixir of nationhood. The spread of the language and of Irish history will lead to further conquests, and to an organized system of utilizing native speakers thus to enrich the rest of Ireland with the stored-up treasure of the Irish-speaking districts.

Without this, Father Fitzgerald concludes, the results of the revival of the national language in the University would be incomplete.

Mexico.—During the week the Mexicans gave unmistakable evidence of their disapproval of the American invasion. On April 12, unarmed American soldiers who had entered Parral to purchase supplies were fired upon. Our soldiers retreated toward their camp, and, as the fire continued, American troops moved out from that place and attacked the Mexicans. For some time no details of the incident were known to the public; but on April 15 Secretary Baker made the following announcement:

Attitude Toward Americans

Telegram from General Funston quotes a telegram from General Pershing to the effect that he has just received information of an unprovoked attack upon American soldiers who had entered Parral to buy supplies. His information is that two American soldiers and forty Mexicans were killed, but no further details had been reported at the time.

General Pershing also reports that he has given full information to General Herrera as to the position, direction, and general destination of our troops pursuing Villa. He has sent by aeroplane for full particulars.

The official report left much unexplained, and it appears that although our soldiers are in an unenviable position, Carranza is defiant, arrogant, and unreasonable; he will not permit the use of the wires for code messages and still refuses to allow the use of railroads for the transportation of necessary food. On April 13, immediately after the Parral incident, he repeated his demand that our troops be withdrawn from Mexican soil. Both in this country and in Mexico the statement was made that Carranza's wish would be granted, but on April 15, Secretary Baker announced that:

The status of the expedition into Mexico is as it was at the beginning, in cordial cooperation with the *de facto* Government of Mexico. That cooperation continues and the expedition continues. There has been no change either in the purpose or the orders. No change in the orders has been made and none is in contemplation. I had the hope that the incident at Parral was exaggerated. I still entertain that hope and I hope that it will turn out to be local and accidental.

Despite this, however, Carranza was informed from Washington that the United States would negotiate for a settlement of the difficulty along these lines:

The United States Government is willing to agree to fix a limit on the distance the American troops now in pursuit of Villa shall proceed into Mexico, and to make that limit not much further south than the troops already have proceeded. The United States Government is willing to give assurances that the American troops will be withdrawn within "a reasonable time," or as soon as it is definitely established that Villa has reached a point where he can be dealt with better by the Carranza forces.

The Parral trouble was aggravated by the fact that, after the fighting, Mexicans wantonly destroyed several million dollars' worth of American property in Chihuahua. Meantime Congress was silent, officially ignorant of conditions. On April 15, Congressman Rodenberg of Illinois stirred the House by this resolution:

Today's papers make the astounding announcement that as late as yesterday the State Department issued a permit to the *de facto* Government of Mexico to pass 1,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition from Douglas, Ariz., across the line to Agua Prieta, during the next few days, and that the ammunition is now en route to the border. I regard the granting of this permit as little short of criminal. Carranza has given abundant evidence of his treacherous character, and unless all signs fail this very ammunition which our bewildered and befuddled Administration is permitting him to import will be used to kill our soldiers in Mexico. The ammunition used by Villa in "shooting up" Columbus was secured from the United States under a permit of the Administration at a time when Villa was basking in the sunshine of Mr. Wilson's favor. It is high time that Congress should pass legislation to prevent a repetition of this fearful mistake, inasmuch as the Administration by its action of yesterday seems determined to continue in its stupid and blundering policy in Mexico.

The resolution was not acted on. On April 12, *El Democrata,* a Carranzista paper published in Chihuahua City, printed an absurd announcement that a new republic is to be formed from Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California, and Colorado. After the establishment, this republic, which has for its object the freedom of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, is to be annexed to Mexico. According to *El Democrata,* all jails in the aforesaid places are to be opened and the negroes and Indians "subjugated by Yankee gold" are to be set free so as to join an army of conquest. In the original plan Georgia and a number of the other Southern States were also to be torn from the Union and set up as a black republic. The author of the plan, Vergara, declares he intends to abolish race hatred, divide the land among the poor and destroy all jails. He pays this compliment to Americans: "Yankee pride has reached its utmost limits. Not content with daily lynchings of men, it now dedicates itself to lynching a whole people, a whole race, a whole continent. It is against this that we should struggle."

This is a fair example of the methods used to impress the peons with the strength and courage of the Carranzistas. Moreover, in the Magdalena district of Sonora, circulars have been distributed calling upon Mexicans to drive out the American invaders.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Paschal Message

THE Feast of Easter is the solemn anniversary of the greatest day in the history of the human race, preeminently "the day that the Lord hath made," the day of days, a day certainly on which to rejoice and be glad. Other days were steps in the development of God's bounty to man, but of none of them does the Church say, in the words of the Psalmist, "This is the day that the Lord hath made." This title is reserved for Easter alone, for the Resurrection is the crowning mercy of all God's mercies. Without it, the Passion would have left room for doubt. But the Resurrection following the Passion gives perfect surety and perfect confidence. It is the source of Christian joy, it is the ground of Christian hope, it is the foundation of Christian faith.

Easter is a day of joy. Over every other event in the life of the Saviour, the Cross cast its shadow, but Easter stands out in the unclouded sunshine of the beatific, risen life. Christ dies no more. He has conquered death. His Passion is over. Through endless ages He is assured of flawless life. Therefore it is that the Church, His Spouse, cannot but rejoice. What if her lot be the portion of suffering; He whom she loves is in glory.

But Christ's happiness is not for Himself alone. It overflows from the Sacred Heart into the hearts of His brethren. He has snatched us from hell, He has won for us a kingdom. We are no longer children of wrath. Our peace has been made. We can now look up to God's throne and ask for His love. Though our sins be as scarlet, we have no cause for despair. We have been restored, we have been given our ancient, yea a higher place in the affection of God. Adam was an adopted son; we are the brethren of Jesus Christ. Adam was the heir to heaven; we are co-heirs with the Eternal Word. Adam was the image and likeness of God; we are members of the mystical Body of the Saviour. Our motives are more appealing, our helps more abundant than before the Fall. In one way we have gained more than we lost.

The Resurrection is also the ground of our hope. After nineteen centuries, it still lights Christians through the dark way of life, it softens the terror of dying, it fills the tomb with flowers. It is not hard to go down into the silent grave, when we know that not even the body will lie there forever, but that soon, sooner perhaps than we expect, like Christ, we shall rise again. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," says Job, "and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes behold, and not another: this my hope is laid up in my bosom." Job's hope is the hope of every Christian. "Behold," says St. Paul, "I tell you a mystery. We shall all indeed rise again. . . . Thanks be to God, who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Each Easter the Church is reassured by the Apostle that its hope is well founded. "If the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again. . . . But now Christ is risen from the dead. . . . And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive." Let unbelievers say what they will, we are not the most miserable of men. We look for a mansion in Our Father's house, we know we shall see God face to face.

As our hope, so also our faith is built upon Christ's Resurrection. We are not like children, tossed about by every wind of doctrine; our belief is as strong as the rock, it is a reasonable faith, founded on a sign that cannot be gainsaid, that has not been contradicted. No one denies that if Christ be risen from the dead, our faith is not vain. Now Christ has risen from the dead, and by His Resurrection He has given us a supremely convincing and indubitable sign that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life, that the Father has approved of His words and works, in short that He Himself is Divine. Other signs might perhaps have been doubted, but the Resurrection excludes the possibility of doubt.

Over His manger the Angels sang of Him, "Glory to God in the highest; out of the cloud on Mt. Thabor the mysterious Voice proclaimed Him for what He is, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased"; St. Peter, inspired not by flesh and blood but by the Father in Heaven, declared, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God"; sickness and death, the winds and the waves, the very demons did His bidding and acknowledged Him their Lord and Master; the elements of nature, light and darkness, the earth, the rocks, the graves with their dead, even the veil of the Temple admitted the truth of His Godhead; He Himself said He was God, that He came down from heaven, that He existed from eternity, that He was consubstantial with the Father, and in evidence of the truth of His words, He spoke in prophecy, worked miracles, and lived an absolutely perfect life.

But His own people were obdurate, they would not see, they refused to believe, they still asked for a sign. They challenged Him for further credentials. "What sign dost thou show unto us, seeing thou dost these things?" Jesus accepted their challenge. "Destroy this temple," He said, "and in three days I will raise it up." They asked for a sign. He told them to look for the Resurrection. St. John says explicitly that He spoke of the temple of His body. Nor were the Jews in doubt as to His meaning. They accepted Christ's gage, they realized that the Resurrection was to be the final test of His Divinity and the final proof of His mission.

Easter Sunday dawned, and in spite of their precautions Christ rose from the dead as He had promised. For forty days He dwelt on earth, and He who had been undeniably dead, gave visible and palpable proof that He had undeniably come to life. So clear was the evidence of His Resurrection that St. Peter threw it into the very teeth of His enemies, and they, not being able to dis-

prove it, could only arrest the witnesses and bid them be silent. Later St. Paul saw Christ, and the apparition changed him from a bitter persecutor into the most enthusiastic preacher of the Resurrection. Nor did he ask for credence merely on the strength of his word, he told the Corinthians that on one occasion alone 500 persons had seen the risen Christ. Many of them, he added, were still alive. Therefore they could be questioned about the miracle. Indeed no fact in ancient history is better authenticated than the Resurrection. For the Apostles saw Christ frequently and in many places, and conversed and ate with Him after He rose from the dead, and they testified to the fact in the very face of death. The Evangelists all record it with most circumstantial detail. Two of them, St. Matthew and St. John, were certainly eye-witnesses; St. Mark was probably such; St. Luke, if he was not one of the disciples to whom Christ appeared on the road to Emmaus, undoubtedly heard of the Resurrection from Our Lady. Christians who learned of the wonder from the Apostles died by thousands to testify their belief in it. The tidings of the Resurrection made countless converts from paganism to Catholicism. And since the civilized world became Christian, hundreds and hundreds of millions have lived and are living by their faith in it. Only by stultifying all belief in human testimony can the Resurrection be denied to be a fact.

Had Christ not risen, the Apostles would have been dispersed, the fishers would have gone back to their nets, the Scribes and Pharisees would have pointed the finger of scorn at the ultimate failure of Jesus, and the Church would have remained unborn with a dead pretender in a lifeless tomb. But thanks be to God, Christ has risen as He said. He has made good His claims. He has confirmed our faith. He has founded the Church, which is to endure forever as the Kingdom of God.

J. Harding Fisher, S.J.

XLV—The Young Man and Fruit-Growing

THE young man who takes up fruit-growing as a profession should possess energy, patience and good judgment, in addition to a real love for trees and plants. The work is hard. Fruit-tree and small-fruit plantings require good care in order to produce profitable crops. Spraying, pruning, cultivating and fertilizing, must all be done at the proper time, no matter what the weather; and it requires a live man who is not afraid of cold and wet to meet the emergencies that arise on a fruit-farm.

Oftentimes one has to wait for years before the results of patient planning and long toil are obtained. A Northern Spy apple-orchard, for instance, will not bear a profitable crop till some eight or ten years after the date of planting. Peaches, the earliest-bearing fruit-trees, will not give a return till three years after planting. Even strawberries, the quickest of all fruits to give returns, require one season to get a start in the ground, before fruiting. In addition to this, the patience of the fruit-grower is often put to a severe test when with a fine crop ready to pick, he finds that the big markets are over-supplied and that, because of imperfect methods of distribution, the whole yield must perish on his hands. Then, too, hard-freezing weather at the time when the buds are tenderest, insect-pests and fatal fungous diseases, hail-storms, cyclones and heavy winds are apt to undo the work of months. Fruit-growing, therefore, is not a profession for the young man who cannot meet losses courageously, and look forward patiently to a future harvest.

Sound judgment comes into play in every phase of the business. A good site for the orchard or small-fruit planting must be selected. Varieties of fruit must be chosen that are adapted to the soil and climate of the section. Account must be taken, too, of the market to be exploited. For instance, it would be folly to plant Baldwin apple-trees in some parts of the South, although this apple is the leading market variety in New York. Or, again, an early-summer apple that cannot be shipped long distances might do very well at Ridgewood or Montvale, N. J., within a short ride of New York City, and the fruit bring a splendid profit, while at the same time, a similar orchard some 500 miles from market would be a complete failure. A man cannot be too visionary and survive in the fruit-growing profession, unless backed by ample capital; and yet, the very nature of the business requires that he should not be afraid to venture where there are more than ordinary business risks. Plans must be carefully laid and good judgment used in arranging the succession and diversity of crops so that a severe loss on one crop, or one season, may be met and overcome by a good, substantial profit on some other crop. If the peaches, for instance, spoil on the trees for want of a market, a profit of $200 an acre on the apples and strawberries will more than cover the loss.

A thorough knowledge of fruit-growing can best be obtained by a course in horticulture at some good university; this training should be supplemented by practical experience on an up-to-date fruit-farm. Where such a course is out of the question, study of books on fruit-growing, and of bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture and the State agricultural experiment stations should be made. Horticultural societies hold their sessions usually during the winter months and a fund of information and practical advice may be obtained by attending these conferences. The knowledge gained may be put to a practical test on the farm by making small plantings at first and increasing the acreage as one acquires a more intimate knowledge of the work.

There is a good profit in the fruit-business properly conducted. Many orchardists have grown rich in a few years out of the returns from their trees. In the first place, the demand for high-quality fruit, both preserved and fresh, is growing at an even greater rate than the increase in our population would seem to warrant. This is due, no doubt, both to the modern conviction that a

larger fruit-diet is very healthful, and to the coming of numerous immigrants to this country from the fruit-loving peoples of Southern Europe. Then, too, thousands of large orchard-trees are being neglected through the ignorance or shiftlessness of their owners, and every year many other trees are planted that are not cared for or that are not adapted to the soil and climate, and consequently will never produce fruit of much value. The natural conclusion from these facts is that there will be even greater profits during the coming years in well-kept fruit-plantings.

To the real lover of nature and of plant-life, fruit-growing is a most delightful occupation. The open country in which he works and the health and vigor imparted to the body; the mystery of bud and leaf and twig; the nature and properties of soils; the life-habits of destructive pests and the methods of controlling and exterminating the pests; the adaptability of varieties to different selections; the discoveries of Abbot Mendel concerning the laws of heredity and their application to budded and grafted fruit-trees; the study of markets and methods of distribution; the progressive education of men and women regarding the value of a more selected and extensive fruit-diet; the joy and wonder of taking the root of a natural crab-apple tree and grafting on it a branch from a select variety like Red McIntosh or the luscious Spy or Delicious, only to see this waxed and apparently lifeless thing start its tender shoot in spring time and increase in size with each succeeding season until it becomes a grown-up tree laden with enticing apples: these are the sights, the problems, the tasks and the experiments that make the fruit-grower's profession such a pleasant and interesting one, worthy of consideration on the part of competent young men.

Martin King, Jr.

Shakespeare's Religion

FIFTY-TWO years ago, in the month of April, 1864, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth was kept with all due solemnity in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. Seeing that so many of the dramatist's countrymen regarded him as the product and almost the embodiment of the genius of English Protestantism, it was perhaps not unnatural that an effort should have been made to give a religious color to the celebration. "Shakespeare," said Archbishop R. C. Trench, who preached on the Sunday morning in Stratford parish church, "was born of the spirit of the Reformation." And later in the day Bishop Charles Wordsworth, reminding his hearers that within that very building Shakespeare had stood godfather to the infant son of his friend Walker, expatiated upon the enlightened insight with which the poet, in response to the recitation of the Apostles' Creed, must have pronounced the words of the baptismal service: "All this I steadfastly believe." By a man of his keen perceptions, the preacher argued, the act must have been viewed in its full significance as an equivalent profession of faith in the doctrines of the Church of England.

Undoubtedly the question of Shakespeare's religion is a difficult one, and I am tempted to protest against the assumption often made that he is necessarily to be classified as Catholic or Puritan or Anglican or Freethinker. Personally I believe that all four standpoints appealed to him in his different moods, but of those specified I am also of opinion that Protestantism and Puritanism had the least hold upon his affections and that the most enduring religious influence of his life was Catholic. All the known facts, so far as I can interpret them, seem to point to some such analysis of his career as the following: First, that in his youth he had learned from his parents and associates to venerate the old Faith which in Queen Mary's time possessed exceptionally stanch adherents in Stratford. Secondly, that quitting his old home, he led for more than twenty years a wild and irregular life in London amid an atmosphere strongly impregnated with doubt and atheistic speculation. Thirdly, that like so many of his contemporaries he eventually adopted an attitude of indifferentism toward all religious questions, during which period he conformed just so far to the State religion as was needful to save himself from unpleasant consequences. Lastly, that he retained throughout a pronounced sympathy for Catholic belief and practice, a state of feeling which would render it far from impossible that before the end came he may have received the ministrations of some fugitive Catholic priest and have been reconciled to the Church of his forefathers.

With regard to the first of these four points we have to remember that, even down to the end of Elizabeth's reign, the old religion possessed many sympathizers in this part of Warwickshire. Not without reason did the Gunpowder Plot conspirators in 1605 make Clopton House near Stratford their rendezvous. Among those suspected of recusancy in 1592 and again delated, though "heretofore presented," as still continuing to absent themselves from church, we find a "Mr. John Shakespeare." This might no doubt have been John Shakespeare, the shoemaker, who lived at Stratford at the same time, but he is not commonly designated "Mr." Moreover, the poet's father had undoubtedly married an Arden, and though Mary his wife was only a distant cousin of the Edward Arden executed for his religion in 1583, still the traditions of the family were strongly Catholic. Mrs. C. C. Stopes, whose original investigations entitle her to speak with exceptional authority on Shakespeare's entourage, is also of opinion that Dr. Hall, who married the poet's favorite daughter Susanna, belonged to a Catholic family and for that reason had studied medicine abroad. She sees in any case no ground for attributing to him the pronounced Puritan opinions with which he is sometimes credited. In the practice of his profession he certainly attended many Papists, and even in one case a "Romish priest," for he mentions the fact in his record

of cures. Moreover although the point is too complicated for discussion here, the authenticity of the "spiritual testament" of Mr. John Shakespeare found in the house occupied by his daughter has never been disproved. If authentic, the document must certainly establish the fact that the poet's father remained stanch in his Catholicism to the end of his life.

Though thus imbued with Catholic traditions, Shakespeare on coming to London, if not before, pursued courses which could hardly be otherwise than subversive of faith and of moral principles. No one with any practical knowledge of life can seriously put an innocent construction on sundry passages in the sonnets, however much we may admire them as expressions of the poet's genius. Of all the wild theories that have been propounded concerning them none has apparently gone so far as to suggest that they bore any reference to the lady whom he had married several years before. Moreover it is probably significant that his first printed work "Venus and Adonis" was published by a Stratford man, Richard Field, to whom possibly enough Shakespeare betook himself when first he came to town. Now Field, after an apprenticeship of six years, had succeeded to the business of Thomas Vautrollier, whose daughter he married, and a strongly anti-Catholic, if not anti-Christian, tendency is noticeable in the books, English, French, Latin and Italian, printed at this press. To take one example, Vautrollier in 1584 brought out certain writings of Giordano Bruno for which he had to fly the country. It was possibly through Field that Shakespeare came to take up his quarters with the Huguenot, Mountjoy, in Silver Street, but Dr. Wallace of Nebraska University who recently unearthed this important incident in Shakespeare's life has also disclosed the fact that Mountjoy's debaucheries and irregularities became later on so notorious that he was denounced and cut off from their communion by his own coreligionists. Associates of this kind, not to speak of such men as Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Robert Greene, and others, are hardly consistent with the retention of any deep practical sense of religion, and in the speculations of Hamlet and the farewell of Prospero in the "Tempest," the latest of the plays, there is a prevailing note of agnosticism which it seems to me vain to controvert.

Much has been made of Shakespeare's alleged familiarity with the Bible, but no safe inference can be drawn from it either as regards the first-hand nature of his knowledge or as to the version which he used. In all the Shakespeare plays the only direct quotation of a text of Scripture is strangely enough made in French, (II Peter, ii:22, cited by the Dauphin in "Henry V," Act 3, sc. 7) and here both the Genevan and Catholic versions coincided. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson after a careful examination came to the conclusion that Shakespeare made more use of the Latin Vulgate than of any other version! What is more significant is that there is practically no evidence to show that the poet was familiar with the "Book of Common Prayer." His use of the phrase "picking and stealing," which has sometimes been quoted to prove this, establishes nothing, for this collocation of words was proverbial even in the time of Gower. On the other hand, in a multitude of passages, he gives proof of his acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and practice. Even the "evening Mass" difficulty in "Romeo and Juliet" is no indication of ignorance, but must rather be held as attesting a quite remarkable knowledge of the local customs of Verona.

When, therefore, we recall the deep sympathy shown by the dramatist for the Catholic ideals of many of his characters, and when we further note that the passages commonly appealed to in proof of his Protestantism are now generally acknowledged to be of alien authorship, there seems good reason to admit the possibility and even the likelihood of the local tradition recorded by the Anglican clergyman, Richard Davis, that "he died a Papist." That some priest should secretly have ventured to bring the last consolations of religion to the dying poet is not inconsistent either with any known fact in his previous history or with the arrangements carried out by his friends as to the disposal of his remains.

Herbert Thurston, S.J.

The Drama League of America

In two recent instances, Christians in general and Catholics in particular have had forced upon them as an object lesson how the theory of "art for art's sake" can be pushed to a startling extreme. The latter of these instances was afforded by the Russian ballet, in which, under the standard of art, so flagrant an assault was made upon public decency that the intervention of the police had to be invoked. Were it not aside from our present purpose an interesting study could be made of the mental and moral attitude of those who, while characterizing certain features in this ballet as "a mad riot of base passion," used these words not at all in the sense of reprobation which, ordinarily, they would be supposed to convey.

The other instance, in which the same plea of "art for art's sake" was perverted to serve still baser ends, was the exploitation of the play, "Marie-Odile," which only a week or so ago ended its first season "upon the road." From the time this play was produced in Washington, in January, 1915, the protest then made by Monsignor Russell against its outrageous attack upon the sanctities of religion has been reechoed throughout the country. Everywhere Catholics have been up in arms against the play and, in Boston, a Catholic Mayor had the courage to bar it entirely from that city. It is a fact, not without significance, that Mayor Curley in this action had the sympathy and support of several Protestant divines.

While the outrage perpetrated by the production of "Marie-Odile" is still agitating the minds of Catholics, it may be pertinent to call attention to the action of the

Drama League of America with regard to this play. The *Bulletins* of the League are issued by a Play-going Committee whose names are not given; the purpose of this Committee, as stated in the *Bulletin*, being "to encourage dramatists to produce and managers to present artistic drama by pledging support during the first ten days of any new production upon which the Committee reports." In the words of a prominent member of the League, "the sole object is to get you to the theater to support the play bulletined." As an example of the instructive parallel which could be made at great length in illustration of the Drama League's stand on "Marie-Odile," this may be cited:

"Marie-Odile."

The Drama League "Bulletin":

It is a poetic fancy, dealing not in the facts of life, either physical or spiritual, but in the idealization of one virtue—that of innocence.

Right Rev. Mgr. Russell:

This play is no less sacrilegious than offensively immoral, and all the more immoral because masquerading under a veil of innocence.

Report made by a Committee of the Knights of Columbus of Cincinnati, Ohio, January 3, 1915:

It is vile, insulting, offensive, sacrilegious and, in places, a blasphemy.

Material for similar parallels could be easily found regarding other plays, bad or indifferent, which the Drama League, in its career, has favorably bulletined; for instance, "Hindle Wakes," "As A Man Thinks," "Maria Rosa," "The Yellow Ticket," "The Hawk," and "The Unchastened Woman." Shaw, too, is greatly in favor. If a Protestant writer, speaking of "Fanny's First Play," says: "We like the butter to be a little rancid and the humor seems flat unless it contains just a little tang of doubt as to fundamental truth of virtue and honor," the Drama League opposes to this pronouncement the *Bulletin's* statement on this very play: "The fact that a *Bulletin* is issued on a play indicates that because of its artistic merit or the timely or vital nature of its appeal, the Committee deems it worthy of support."

Moreover, we find bulletined favorably after the same fashion, "The Philanderer," "Pygmalion," "Major Barbara" and "Androcles and the Lion." Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in an article contributed to the *Catholic World* for February, 1915, on the last-mentioned play, pens a sentence which should go straight to the heart of every Christian, not to say Catholic, man and woman. He writes: "To see Christian martyrs, in very truth our blood brothers in the Faith, serving as comedians in a farce, strikes no reechoing chord of humor in a soul tinctured ever so slightly with the creed of Christ."

When the Princess Theater ceased to be an avowed producer of abominations, it was hoped that New York would be spared any further attempts to transplant to our American stage exotic and vile forms of foreign theatrical art. Unfortunately, the organization known as the Washington Square Players threatens to take up the odious mission which the Princess Theater abandoned. The following is the February *Bookman's* story of one of the dramas lately produced by these players:

In "The Honorable Lover," by Roberto Bracco, the hero, named Alberto, is enjoying an illicit love-affair with Manina, who is the wife of his best friend, Frederico. Alberto himself is married to Rosetta, who regards him as a model husband. Everything is going well until Manina makes up her mind that she ought to divorce her husband in order that she may be able to marry her lover. But this is the one thing that her lover does not want. Alberto, therefore, exercises all his tact to bring about a reconciliation between Manina and her husband; and he ultimately succeeds in making permanent the *status quo*.

Who can read this story, told though it is with some reserve, without feelings of shame and disgust? If the Drama League, making an exception to its policy of not condemning plays, had only voiced the indignation of decent play-goers that such foul products of diseased imaginations should be exploited in an American theater, the League's action would be readily understood. Incredible as it may seem, however, "The Honorable Lover" is called by some enthusiasts "artistic drama." It is true that in referring to four plays, of which this delectable production is one, the *Bulletin* makes this qualification: "On account of their moral cynicism and absence of serious dramatic value, these plays are not recommended for young people." The Catholic members of the Drama League who must stifle their scruples over "The Honorable Lover," as well as over Schnitzler's "Literature," can get very little comfort from the presumption that "moral cynicism," when artistically flavored, is palatable to older folk.

It is conceivable that Catholics can conscientiously retain membership in the Drama League, because they hope that eventually they may be able to influence its policy, but the course of the organization, even as slightly outlined here, would hardly seem to justify such expectations. The Drama League is not a combination of merely passively-inclined people with similar tastes and sympathies. It is an admirably equipped organization, conducting an active, aggressive propaganda, furnishing its members information about plays in an attractive form, securing the endorsement of many prominent leaders of thought, and, in a word, holding out advantages of prestige and resources which may silence in many instances conscience and conviction, despite the extremely radical and very dangerous tendencies of the organization.

When the Catholic members of the Drama League realize the nature of the influences which really control the policy of that body, they will find, no doubt, a continuance of their membership impossible; and all play-goers who are Christians, when they see what shameless productions are endorsed by the Drama League under the plea of "art for art's sake," should deny that organization their support, for its influence is making decidedly for the further demoralization of the stage.

Alfred Young.

The Thrift of Thought

I AM sufficiently ignorant to be in no danger from the trivial tyranny of derivations. Even those stray ones which unaccountably stuck to me at school are unlikely to mislead. I do not admit that tragedy means playing the goat. We do not use oysters to ostracize people in modern society, but, if anything, for the opposite purpose. But there are some words of which the derivative sense, though hackneyed, is still really relevant; and one of them is the Greek word "economy." Indeed, there is no necessity to go to the Greek word for the deeper meaning. The plain English word "thrift" contains in itself the contradiction to its own misuse. The word "thrift" is just now—and this is particularly true, of course, among the English—very much thrown about; and is, of course, especially thrown at the poor. Yet before we have the right to say to the poor, "Be thrifty," we should have the power to say to them, "Thrive!"

It is a commonplace, of course, that Shakespeare actually uses the word in its positive sense of prosperity, "where thrift may follow fawning." And the accidental word contains the case against our capitalist society. With us this positive thrift does follow fawning, and does not follow anything else. It does not, with us, follow independence, the opposite of fawning, as it does in the peasant countries. The poor Englishman, the poor American, the poor North-German, may grow rich as the servant of somebody, either by obeying or betraying him. He cannot grow rich as the master of something, even so much as a scrap of earth. He has no real motive to save anything except his job, that is, the favor of the jobber. He naturally takes his pleasure in a hand-to-mouth style, for he does not know when he will suddenly cease to be "a hand" and become only a mouth. You may put this truth gravely by saying that when a man lends money to himself it must be a productive loan. Or you may put it more playfully in the manner of Mr. Guppy's friends, and say: "But what's the good of living cheap when you've got no money? You might as well live dear." Or you can, as I say, take to pieces the word "economy." It all amounts to the truth that if you want the poor wage-earner to practise housekeeping, you must give him a house. He cannot live in a money-box.

But when we praise the independence of those European peasantries which are now the one wall across Christendom against Socialism and the Servile State, and when we disparage in comparison the "fawning," the snobbery and slavery of our industrialism, we are often too narrowly understood. It is imagined that we have no human ideal beyond the hard or stern type which in some individuals or some environments accompanies that independence. Here, however, there is a confusion of thought. We certainly decline to keep most men in misery for fear some of them should be misers. We have denounced the "philanthropist" when he refused the poor property on the ground that they would waste it. We may surely denounce him as much if he refuses them property on the ground that they will not waste it. He has grown inconsistent rather than we—we, the believers in the independence and virility of peasantries. But the State will be no more reckless in distributing farms because some farmers will be stingy, than the farmer is in scattering seed because some of it falls on stony ground. Spiritually, the French, the Russian, and the Italian peasants differ from one another, and an English or American farmer would differ from them all: to say nothing of the million individual differences among the saints, poets, tribunes, and patriotic leaders who have been by origin peasants. In short, economic independence only allows a man to be a miser as it allows him to be a mystic: that is, it allows him to be a man, and whatever he chooses.

Now what may be called the mystical education of peasants is a matter for religion and not for any political or economic arrangements. But in itself it is a thing as telescopic and interminable as the wildest progressive could desire. Well-distributed property has never prevented peasants from being enthusiasts for new religions; it only prevents their being what is called in Ireland, I believe, "soupers," converts by bribery or the terrorism of hunger. I quite agree that this moral and artistic side of the peasant-problem is as interesting as it is infinite; and it is this which I am for the moment considering. Now, what interests me in the matter is this: that the rules of thought are essentially the rules of thrift. I mean that the best way of taking stock of one's philosophic and artistic estate is analogous to the best way of so dealing with a real estate, especially a small one; it permits of the same terminology and is troubled with the same errors. When we expect a peasant to make the best of a field, we do not mean he should put up with it, like a prison. That is not making the best of it, but only accepting the worst. We mean that his thrift thrives; that his land, so to speak, enlarges inward; that, like a cup in a fairy tale, it holds more and more without overflowing. And the same intensive cultivation can be encouraged in the thought, and even in the fancy. Almost the first thing that attracted me to the medieval mind was precisely what seems to have repelled some five generations from it; I mean the question of how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. For, after all, the whole point of a needle is its point. It is the mathematical mystery of its infinite smallness that makes it practically sharp, so that it can trace out the largest tapestries. And there have been needles, and peasants' needles at that, which have actually produced their angels from their points, which have made vast angels visible with purple and peacock plumage and glories of sanguine and gold. Anyhow, I prefer the mystic's query of how many such rich angels can stand on a needle to the manufacturer's boast of how many poor devils must drudge to make one.

There may be something mystical, there is certainly

something mysterious, in a form of economy which is practised by the most luxurious. We have all noticed four or five club-men smoking cigars that cost a shilling apiece and carefully passing from one to the other a flaming match which costs some inconceivable fraction of a farthing, displaying the dexterity of Houdin and something of the courage of Scævola in their efforts to preserve alight that tiny piece of stick. But I fear they do not truly realize themselves as priests of an immemorial fire-worship, though sometimes the very match is called a vesta, to remind them that they are invoking virgin Rome and the goddess of the guarded flame. They have lost the trick of that fiery thrift which delivers a tradition from hand to hand like a match. Could we hope that the club-men saw any holy meaning in the match we should expect them to treat it, even after it was extinguished, with less levity; and if the rest of the rite were at all proportioned to their solemnity in this particular, the ashes of the cigars themselves ought to be preserved in ancestral urns. The thing is, I fear, an accident; but the intensive cultivator of the mind, were he in the place of the club-man, would find in such an accident a hint. And it is precisely here that the club-man can make so much less of the match than the mystic can make of the needle. For the mightiest pleasures of the imagination are all made out of hints. And there are as many hints in a small house as a large one. Generally speaking, the rich cannot take hints. That kind of man, in that kind of club, must have everything from his club to his cigar very big and solid before he can see it. He cannot do the *ex pede Herculem,* or reconstruct Leviathan from a bone. Even his wildness is due to his tameness, to his lack of imagination. Fashionable people generally have to make a thing a fact before they can even indulge it as a fancy. They insist on dizzy speed and distance in motoring, to find something which the high philosopher can find by sliding down the banisters. They are really extravagant in expenditure because they cannot be extravagant in thought.

The neo-pagan poets of my boyhood used, in their poems, to praise as demigods such despots as Nero, who burnt cities, marshaled gladiators, or generally "painted the town red." But I think that the very fact that such things could be put into poems proves that they need not have been put into practice. Apart from somewhat graver objections which I entertain to such experiments, I will maintain that those who did them were dull people, and did them because they were dull people. So American millionaires, the dullest and least freakish people on earth, give the freak dinners. That is, the rich man's dinner consists of one joke, where a poor man's dinner consists of a hundred. All art is a kind of gigantic gesture, but an hour in a free man's life consists of a hundred such symbolic gestures which he would not be at the pains to perpetuate, any more than he would turn every figure of speech into a figure of marble. For instance, I have always sympathized with one of those heathen tyrants above mentioned, Tarquin, I think, when he indicated his political ideals by striking with his scepter at some tall poppies and beheading them at a blow. But that he should afterwards put himself to the trouble of laboriously decapitating real people, in priggish fulfilment of his program, this seems to me an anti-climax, and one of those sequels that so seldom sustain the first level of a work of art. I have often relished the full artistic enjoyment of Tarquin on a country walk, appearing in all his kingly terrors to a thistle: and all the good he got out of his scepter can be got out of a walking-stick. And if Nero did set Rome on fire for mere artistry, it was because he had never really sat, as one might imagine Alfred sitting, seeing all the red cities to be seen in a peasant's fire. G. K. Chesterton.

Wilfrid Philip Ward: Victorian

It must be said of Wilfrid Ward, who died on April 9, after a lingering illness, that he was distinctly a survival from Victorian times. He might even be described as a relic, a relic of a cleaner and more healthy age than our own. Unlike most relics, which gain in reverence among the multitude with the increase of their age, Wilfrid Ward in his anecdotage received from the younger generation little of that reverence due his learning and unique position. He was regarded by many as an antique, to be sure, a venerable antique, but distinctly decrepit in his method of approach to modern conditions. Such a verdict savors so much of unfairness, that in justice to this man, who occupied so original a position in the English intellectual world, an approach from a different and less critical angle is necessary, an approach that will interpret Mr. Ward in the light of his really vital achievements.

The difficulty in an appreciation is the man's personality. He was, especially in later years, a man full of humors, but with little sense of humor. He was egocentric. He misunderstood the work and motives of other men continually. He was conscientiously interested in the truth, but the truth to be perfectly true, if you will forgive the phrase, must come from Wilfrid Ward, or some one whom he had stamped officially as valuable, like Newman or, in part, Arthur James Balfour. He was solidly, very solidly English; that is, insular but dignified; solid, but narrow-minded; doubtful and ashamed of expressed emotion, but quietly full of enthusiasms; humorous in the Saxon manner over the failings of other people and peoples, but seeing his own people in too sacerdotal a light for humorous terminology; contemptuous of others' opinions, but always gentlemanly in his public criticisms of their views; without tact in his dealings with others, but at heart sincere and kindly.

To understand completely the unique position that Mr. Ward occupied in England, it is necessary to appreciate the great impetus given his career solely by the fact that he was the son of William George Ward, "most generous of Ultramontanes," as Tennyson sang. Also, amusingly, the son was the father of the father's reputation. Wilfrid Ward benefited greatly by being the son of a man whom he himself resurrected from the comparative obscurity into which he had fallen. "Ultramontane" Ward's position in the Oxford Movement was not immense; it was sensational and sensational by accident. His posthumous fame was created artificially by Wilfrid Ward's filial tribute in writing a series of works on the "Movement" in which the elder Ward was protagonist. The elder Ward's connections with the Movement had al-

ways been violent and picturesque, and though the public had never heard of him, and the circles of University and Church had forgotten him, he achieved posthumous, and by no means entirely undeserved fame, by his son's patient and ready penwork.

Through his parentage Wilfrid Ward gathered unto himself most of the traditions of the Oxford Movement, and then tied himself yet more securely to Catholic traditions by marrying the daughter of James Hope-Scott. It was James Hope-Scott's conversion to the Church which shook Gladstone far more than Manning's, his ghostly adviser, and Newman's, his prophet. To Gladstone these latter might merely be clerics with Church ambitions, but Hope-Scott's ambitions were, like Gladstone's, political, and he sacrificed them forever. This caused Gladstone to ponder. It is indeed a pity that Wilfrid Ward never wrote a life of his father-in-law, a man in whom intellect and all that was best in England were mixed.

But this marital connection of Wilfrid Ward's not merely united him with the best element in the Oxford Movement, it also bound him closely with the old Catholic element in English life; for Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is the niece of the Duke of Norfolk. Thus by the mere accident of birth, and shall we say by the mere accident of marriage, Mr. Ward became a bridge between the whole convert movement and its first bitterness and final reconciliation with the older members of the Church in England.

But what must have made the whole game of playing bridge, without following the example of London Bridge and falling down, intensely amusing, was the fact that Mr. Ward was the confidant and pet, I know no other word to express his exact position, of the opposing camps, and the great men in those camps, in English Catholic life. As a boy he was under the protection and guidance of such men as Newman, and it is to be supposed that it was their influence that led the father to send the son to the Gregorian University at Rome.

Wilfrid Ward felt, I think quite strongly, that as his father occupied the position of the only great Catholic layman of true intellectual distinction in England, so he was "called," and felt distinctly, it was his vocation to duplicate his father's position and his father's work under modern conditions. There is no country in the world that needs the intellectual Catholic layman more than England; and she has in her delightfully insular way produced the necessary types on demand. Ward was demanded, and arrived fresh from theological studies in Rome.

The confidences poured into his ears by the great clerics and laymen of his time would make amusing reading and cast an illuminating light on the play of personality against personality in the Oxford Movement and Catholic Revival in England, if all could be told. There is one perfect little story showing so perfectly Ward's position as a suspension bridge between the opposing schools and personalities that one must repeat it. Ward was one day talking to Manning, and mentioned the fact that he had recently gone to Birmingham to see Newman. "Ah! Wil—frid, ah! Wil—frid," said his Grace, "so you have been to Birmingham. Do you know, Wil—frid, what has been the cause of Doctor, *Doctor* Newman's failure, Wil—frid? Temper, Wil—frid, temper, *temper,* TEMPER!" giving way to one of those delightfully candid outbursts with which Manning used to favor Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, if we may believe his curious essay on Manning.

Mr. Ward's learning plus his position gave him the opportunity of attaining a great intellectual position, not only in Catholic England but also non-Catholic England. There were in England ten years ago three men of great philosophical attainments: John Morley, the Agnostic; Arthur James Balfour, the Theist, and Wilfrid Ward, the Catholic. The mantle of the Metaphysical Society had descended on them.

The influence that Ward had on the philosophical development of Arthur Balfour is one of those curious intellectual adventures that delight the soul of man in his ironic moods. Morley, the Agnostic, has always had a strong appreciation of Catholicism, amounting at times to a partial reverence. It has remained for Balfour cordially to hate the Church. One can imagine him, if he had inherited the Latin blood and practicality and forsaken his languid attitude, becoming a violent anti-clerical. Yet his anti-Catholic prejudices were held in check by the powerful influence that Ward exerted on his mind. Ward's admiration for Balfour was intense; his portrait figures as the frontispiece to his latest volume of essays, while constant appreciations of his work figured prominently in the *Dublin Review.*

The influence that Ward had on Balfour's philosophy was only equaled by Balfour's influence on Ward's political views. Ward remained to the end an inveterate Tory. His dislike of Gladstone and his distrust of Liberalism since Gladstone's time was a source of amusement to many of his friends. It appeared in the most unexpected places in all his work. His distrust of Liberalism and revolution was as profound as Newman's. He belonged to that class of English Catholics who, by their political and economic views, run the risk of totally alienating the Church from the laboring and middle classes by their attempts to label Tory on its gonfalon. You catch the difference in the older Catholic tradition as compared with the younger and more vital Catholic activity in England today, if you compare Ward, for instance, with Belloc or Maurice Bearing or Cecil Chesterton.

Wilfrid Ward's highest literary achievement was his life of Cardinal Wiseman. The little circle that hailed with satisfaction his "Wish to Believe," written at the age of twenty-eight, was too small to make Ward a public figure. But his Wiseman achieved that. His life of Newman has never impressed me as a vital piece of work. There is too much of the element of the *magnum opus* and the official biography about it; again, too much of the suggestion of the disciple and the master. It is a sterling piece of work; but it is sterling silver: the Wiseman is nearer gold. His collection of essays, especially those more personal ones in which he deals with Tennyson and Aubrey de Vere and other moderate celebrities, are among the vital memoir and critical literature of our time. His philosophical discourses before the Metaphysical Society are somewhat turgid for popular consumption.

The complete trust put by Rome in the Ultramontanes' work, and especially in the labors of "Ultramontane" Ward, was transferred to Wilfrid Ward, who was Wardian, but never Ultramontane. He was allowed a liberty in his philosophical and theological expression that showed the complete confidence reposed in him by the Holy See. The true tragedy of his life was the gradual distrust of his opinions by authority in his later years. It was the Modernist controversy that was the cause of this suspicion. Many of his close friends fell; and though Ward remained completely orthodox in his views, it was but natural that a mild suspicion should fall on one who had such close relations with the theological excommunicate. Ward inherited from his father the old armor dented by Huxley's spear. Nobody suspected for many years that under that famous old armor Wilfrid Ward was anything but an Ultramontane himself. But he was interested in other lines of thought and was far from wishing with his father for a Papal Bull with his *Times* every morning for breakfast. He became a Newmanite, and naturally took interest in Tyrrell's false development of New-

man: he hoped, one feels sure, even to the very end that there was a possibility of a *via media* between Tyrrell's heresies and the extreme orthodox point of view.

But this suspicion of which I have spoken was in another sense a complete justification of his intellectual honesty. He deliberately sacrificed the complete confidence of Rome and Catholic England in defense of opinions which he considered true. A touch of bitterness entered his later work after these controversial days had passed. You find the cup of bitterness almost overflowing in that rather crude statement concerning the method of handling Loisy and Tyrrell in almost the last bit of writing from his pen, his introduction to the edition in Everyman's Library of Newman's "Idea of a University."

Perhaps Wilfrid Ward ultimately will be remembered for his reviving of the *Dublin Review,* of which he became editor in 1906. Since its foundation by Wiseman the *Dublin* has had an adventurous career, attaining a high standard at one moment and then falling into a period of intellectual decay. When Ward assumed the editorship the periodical was in a moribund state. For six or seven years he maintained it at a level fit to compete with any previous period in its history. Then the inevitable decline set in. The usual cry for a new editor commenced, the demand for the head of the editor of the *Dublin* is recurrent in English Catholic circles, and it seemed as though Ward would suffer the fate of his predecessors. But at virtually the end of his life there came a striking tribute to his honesty of purpose and achievements: the minor mistakes and erratics of an editor, for editors, in the opinion of readers and contributors, are erring souls, were forgotten and forgiven. A testimonial by Mr. Ward's relatives and friends was presented to the publishers of the review, signed by many names of note in English intellectual Catholicism, and as a result Ward remained editor of the periodical he had recreated till the day of his death.

Thus at the end of a life that was dignified by conscientious scholarship and a really fine nobility of endeavor came complete justification and victory over the gathering hostile forces of a younger and more militant generation. Louis H. Wetmore.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Another Myth

To the Editor of America:

Every winter I am a tropical tramp, knocking about through the Windward and Leeward Islands, until the cold weather disappears. Recently, while at St. Kitts, I met an intelligent negro who asked me whither I intended to go next. My answer was, "to Martinique." "Oh," said he, "if you visit St. Pierre you will see the dungeon where the priests imprisoned the poor martyr who refused to accept their faith, and who was ready to die rather than worship *'sticks and stones.'* A clergyman from Georgia told us all about it. He was one of the survivors of the 32,000 that were sent to eternity by the eruption of Mt. Pelée." At Antigua I picked up the same story. No doubt it is current throughout all the English islands.

While dining with some priests from St. Pierre and Morne Rouge, I told them the St. Kitts story. They pronounced it ridiculous and stated the facts to be as follows: The man who is the subject of the tale was José Caparis, one of the survivors of the catastrophe of 1902. He was a beach-comber, who did odd jobs along the water-front. His fondness for rum kept him in continual trouble with the police. The night before the tragedy he was arrested and was so noisy that he was put in a lower cell so as not to keep the other prisoners awake. Four days later he was discovered, still alive, and was moved to Morne Rouge where his horrible burns were cared for by the lamented Père Marcé, who gave up his life helping the injured. Caparis was always a Catholic, though not a credit to the Faith. The reverend gentleman from Georgia must have been very short of matter when he invented his story about Caparis and canonized him as a martyr. Is it not strange that intelligent people believe such things and never investigate them?

St. Pierre, Martinique. Paul Boyton.

Evangelizing South America

To the Editor of America:

I have just returned from listening to a Lenten sermon in which the performance of corporal works of mercy was advised for seasonable practice. As an act of charity, therefore, will you use the enclosed nickel to mail a copy of that admirable pamphlet, "South America's Catholicism," recently printed in the *Catholic Mind* series, to Homer C. Stuntz who, in the current reports of the opening of the Convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, held at the Hippodrome, on April 9, is designated "Bishop in charge of the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, there" (South America).

Bishop Stuntz began his defamation of Latin America several years ago, and this *Catholic Mind* number briefly, but effectively, exposes his methods. The report of his Hippodrome oration shows that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of his calumnies. It will do him good to receive some valuable information about himself. He is quoted as telling his Hippodrome audience that:

> Although missionaries have been preaching in South America for twenty years, money to carry on the work, church schools, and large church memberships were still lacking, and conditions of religious worship were as bad as they were in Europe in the Middle Ages.

Bishop Stuntz can be relied on always for an appeal for the Bible—and a collection. And isn't his reference to the Middle Ages delightful, and quite in keeping with the information he distributes about South America?

Hoboken, N. J. J. F. B.

Shaw on Ireland

To the Editor of America:

George Bernard Shaw, in his article "Irish Nonsense about Ireland," in the issue of the New York *Times* for Sunday, April 9, refers to Ireland as "only a cabbage garden and a barren one at that." By the same token, then, Mr. Shaw might characterize Greece as a mountainous land whose inhabitants ran races bare-legged, and indeed wore very little clothing at any time. He could dispose of the Israelites of old as a lot of moon-struck nomads who wandered from place to place, making endless trouble for themselves and everybody else, instead of comfortably settling down and conforming to the customs, religious and otherwise, of the people among whom they happened to dwell. In the same way Mr. Shaw might describe the Belgians as a lot of senseless creatures who rudely refused to allow their Teutonic neighbors "to cut across lots" when hunting.

Mr. Shaw has a keen eye for facts, which he states in an apparently simple manner. "No sensible mind tries to contradict a fact. It must stand. But an isolated fact, or even a series of facts does not necessarily constitute the essential truth of a matter." We begin to doubt if the brilliant Mr. Shaw will ever really behold the vision and see the truth. "The Irish question" is a truth, positive in itself, and not a mere negation of things English. When will the scoffer learn that the dominant passion of the Irish, at home and abroad, is not hatred of England, but love for Ireland? That "little green isle of the west" which God fondly fashioned and placed upon the bosom of the old sea will shine on, an emblem of hope to lovers of freedom, after George Bernard Shaw has been forgotten.

Brooklyn. M. G. Manahan.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916

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Human Vivisection

IN the discussions regarding the vivisection of animals in the interests of physical science, the Church has always held the golden mean. Holding that the lower animals have been created by God to minister to the reasonable needs of man, she has not forbidden such experiments as tend directly to the increase of medical knowledge and, by consequence, to the alleviation of human suffering. On the other hand, she has resolutely set her face against wanton and useless cruelty to brutes, not because this cruelty is a violation of any right inherent in the brute, but because it is a violation of man's duty to himself.

A further motive which has guided the Church in seeking to keep vivisection within due limits was and is her clear perception of the step which would next be taken by those who neither believe in the existence of the rational soul of man, nor rightly conceive the dignity of human nature. With these persons, vivisection as applied to the brute creation would lead to the vivisection of "useless" human beings. In this country the medical profession has not hitherto dared, openly at least, to claim the right of operating upon human beings, solely for experimental purposes. Invalids, whether sick in mind or broken in body, have had a reasonable and well-founded assurance that their persons would be held sacred, that the knife would not be used, nor drugs administered, except for the sole purpose of restoring them to health, and this assurance has been shared by their parents and natural guardians.

This confidence bids fair to be rudely shaken. Recent practices by certain surgeons have borne out the fears of the Church, and have caused her to protest vigorously against unwarranted methods of experimentation upon the bodies of criminals and defectives. It has been recently reported that, in the interests of "science," a conscienceless physician, with the approval of the director of a State Insane Asylum, took it on himself to bore through the skulls of six patients for the purpose of extracting certain ingredients of the brain. It was considered quite unnecessary to obtain the consent of the relatives of the unfortunate victims, since the subjects of the experiment were after all, the charges of the State. Being poor, helpless, and without friends to act on their behalf, they were handed over for experimentation, to a surgeon who had an interesting hypothesis.

Doubtless this pseudo-scientist had often drilled the brains of cats and dogs, and if, like many other pseudo-scientists, he saw no essential difference between man and brute, there was no reason why he should withhold his hand from human beings, especially since these human beings were outworn, useless, dying public charges. Of course, where the rich are concerned this experimentation will be impossible; but it seems that only God can protect the poor from the hands of unscrupulous physicians, pagan philanthropists, and lying sociologists. Where will these infringements upon elemental human rights stop? And when will Catholics cease sending their children to schools and universities that teach the essential identity of man and brute? When will they stop patronizing immoral but fashionable physicians whose ethics are of the barnyard? When will they give up contributing to philanthropic and sociological bodies which regard the poor not as Christ's most dear children, but as sources of revenue and subjects of experimentation?

The Baptists' "Queen of Whistlers"

IN the advertising columns of the Los Angeles *Daily Times* for April 1, appears the following announcement:

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH
Fifth and Olive Sts.
REV. J. WHITCOMB BROUGHER, D.D., PASTOR.
11 a. m.—"WHY DOESN'T SMITH GO TO CHURCH?"
Soprano and Tenor Duet, Helen Newcomb and Ralph Laughlin. Anthem by Great Choir. SPECIAL!—MARGARET MCKEE, Queen of Whistlers, in two numbers.
COMMUNION SERVICE.
7.30 p. m.—REGULAR MONTHLY MUSICAL SERVICE.
SPECIAL!—MOVING PICTURES OF YOSEMITE VALLEY,
BY DAVID A. CURRY.
"THE FOLLIES OF FASHION, OR KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE,"
With Lessons from Dress-up Week.
Anthems by Quartette and Great Choir. Contralto Solo, Alice Lohr McDaniel. Gospel Solo, George H. Bemus.
SPECIAL!—RAY HASTINGS PLAYS BONTINI'S SPECTACULAR "STORM" ON THE BIG ORGAN.

Catholic readers of the foregoing notice were perhaps somewhat perplexed regarding the exact nature of the program offered by the Los Angeles Baptists for the first Sunday of April. Here and there, to be sure, a word or expression suggests a religious service, but on the other hand, the announcement strikingly resembles a "movie" or a vaudeville advertisement. Though "Rev."

"Pastor," "church," "anthem," "choir" and "communion," are terms that have been associated time out of mind with Divine worship or with the needs of the soul, yet it must be owned that such entertaining "specials" as "Bontini's Spectacular 'Storm,'" "Lessons from Dress-up Week," "Keeping up with Lizzie," "Moving Pictures of Yosemite Valley," and particularly a living, visible, audible "Queen of Whistlers," are reminiscent of theatrical bill-boards and music halls.

Whether the gifted Miss McKee's generous contributions to the entertainment of the worshipers served as prologue and epilogue to the "Communion service," is not clear. But if she bears unchallenged the title of "Queen" of her ravishing art, let us hope that every devout Baptist in Los Angeles conquered that day the temptation to prolong his nap till noon, and piously went instead to the Baptist Temple Church on purpose to hear and applaud the wonderful Queen Margaret.

It would be interesting to learn just what explanation Dr. Brougher gave as to "Why Smith Doesn't Go to Church." Unhappily a report of the sermon is not at hand, but the preacher, being presumably a man of keen discernment, doubtless pointed out that the reason why Smith stays away from such churches as the Baptist Temple of Los Angeles, is because he still retains a few old-fashioned convictions regarding what is seemly and reverential in Divine worship, and because he has, besides, an incurable aversion to mingling his devotions with his amusements. Moreover, Smith probably prefers the theater to the meeting-house as a place of entertainment. Perhaps he would go to church now and then if he could hope to hear there more of Christ's message than is offered by the singer of a "Gospel Solo" and by a "Queen of Whistlers."

His Most Eloquent Sermon

"I GIVE my soul to God; my body to the earth," read the last will and testament of Monsignor John A. Lyons, the late Vicar-General of the Wilmington Diocese. "I forbid, with all my strength, any sermon to be preached at my obsequies or at any time. And I direct my body to be buried in an unadorned and inexpensive coffin." His deeds were to be registered with God. His body was to be returned in humility to the dust from which it came. For his soul alone he pleaded with earnest insistence. It would be in need of all the charity that Christian friends could be entreated to bestow upon it: "I do, however, most sincerely acknowledge my great need of, and do most earnestly implore, the prayers of the Faithful for myself and my beloved dead. Do have pity upon my soul!"

Here was a true appraisal of the relative value of the things of the body and the things of the soul. By word and example Mgr. Lyons had taught his people to live holily. They admired and loved him, and their spirit of faith and piety attested the fruitfulness of his labors. But perhaps the most eloquent sermon he preached to them was that contained in his last message. That was of a piece with all his life. He had shunned honors and sought to serve God in simplicity and wholeness of devotion. He had not buried his talents or hidden his light under a bushel, for few men in his own city were better known or more widely loved than he, but his light was directed to God and not to himself. The voice of the orator who was invited from afar to preach at the funeral services may have been silenced, but there rang in the souls of those present at the obsequies the last words the dead prelate spoke to them from the pulpit: "Live for God, live for eternity." Often the false evaluation of the goods of the body and the goods of the soul are not shamed by death itself. Costly coffins and meager offerings of Masses, wealth of display and dearth of prayers, only too often constitute the charity shown to the beloved dead. The lesson taught by Mgr. Lyons was needed: it will bear fruit.

Labor and the Flag

WHEN the Board of Education of New York City made its investigation into the alleged insult to the American Flag of which one Mr. Maurer was reported to have been guilty, in a speech delivered before the Labor Forum of New York City, it came to light that although the words, "To hell with the Stars and Stripes," had actually been used by the speaker, yet they were merely quoted. As a consequence the prosecution of which the Mayor had spoken did not take place. The incident, however, is instructive, for these highly insulting words were received with vociferous applause by a large audience; and the same reception was given to the speaker's further remark that the Flag represented nothing for which either he or labor should fight. The one cause in which he would counsel the representatives of labor to shed their blood was the cause of their own class.

It is perhaps inevitable that such unpatriotic ideas should find utterance among the heterogeneous peoples who make up the United States. This is a disadvantage arising from the indiscriminate admission into the country of persecuted aliens. But it would be a calumny to say that Mr. Maurer's views are those of the laboring class. If the country had need of brave men for defense, none would rally to the Flag with greater eagerness than the laborers. For the American working man realizes that country comes before self and family and class, and that the Stars and Stripes mean a great deal more to all Americans than the Socialist would have us believe.

Before the European conflict broke out, it was confidently predicted that entire classes of people in the countries now at war would refuse to fight for their country's honor. But when the call to arms sounded, the most radical Socialist marched off to battle beside the most "violent" Catholic. The former suddenly dis-

covered that he loved his country more than he had realized. A similar spectacle would be witnessed in our land, if a like call should come. Patriotism is one of those elemental virtues that are practically ineradicable. It may smoulder in the ashes of the heart, but it cannot be entirely extinguished. A glance at Europe is enough to prove how easily it may be fanned into a consuming fire. The world is far more apt to suffer from exaggerated and excessive patriotism than from its dearth. Mr. Maurer's expressions, therefore, may safely be rated as mere words, nothing else.

The Beam and the Mote

OFFICIALLY, the Panama Protestant Missionary Conference is dead, but its spirit still lives. Whether this spirit is the spirit of Antichrist, or simply a spirit bred of ignorance and folly, is uncertain. But it is not the spirit of Christ. Of this there can be no doubt. For His spirit does not ally itself with pharisaic self-righteousness. It bears about it no taint of commercialism, or of a cheap and discredited jingoism. Those whom it rules are not in the habit of contrasting the spotless ermine of their own undoubted sanctity, with the dark degradation wherewith their fellows are clothed. Nor do they, for the sake of a heightened contrast, resort to lying.

For the last few weeks, non-Catholic clergymen of a certain type have been basing perfervid and somewhat scandalous discourses upon the iniquities of South America, as discovered and exploited by this unique Missionary Congress. We have been told that there is not in all South America "a single influence to check vice," that "the priests and prelates of the Romish Church are ignorant, careless, or immoral," that "infidelity, mainly due to ignorance of the Bible, is spreading over the entire country," and that "morality, as understood in the United States, is practically unknown." The only remedy against these evils is "the introduction of Protestant and American ideals."

Without pausing to consider the efficacy of this remedy, which has been in use at home for some years, it may be profitable to extend, somewhat further, the suggested contrast between South America and the United States. Speaking, on April 12, before a House Committee, appointed to discuss a resolution prescribing uniform divorce laws throughout the United States, the Rev. Lloyd Tompkins, of Holy Trinity Church, (Episcopal), Philadelphia, said:

> Our condition has become almost bestial. The rich divorce each other far more frequently than the poor. Divorced men frequently marry divorced women; I have known many cases of the kind here in Philadelphia. It is nothing less than swinish. More than two million divorces have been granted in the United States during the last fifty years. Only one nation, Japan, has exceeded this number.

If the non-Catholic clergymen, now rolling pious eyes in holy horror over the condition of pagan, priest-ridden South America, are sincere in their expressed desire to further the Kingdom of Christ, it would be well for them to begin at home. Three topics in particular might profitably engage their zealous labors in the pulpit: divorce, the perversion of marriage, and the oppression of the poor. Nor would an occasional sermon on the Divinity of Our Lord be out of place. Could these worthy clergymen, so much exercised over the vices of their South American neighbors, screw their courage to the sticking-point of confessing boldly that Christ is God, they might likewise be found brave enough to denounce the crimes against God, man and nature, that are fast dragging America below the level of decent paganism.

The "Messenger's" Golden Jubilee

IN the month of April, 1866, just fifty years ago, the first number of the American *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* appeared. The magazine's founder was Father Benedict Sestini, S.J., who was then Director of the Georgetown College Observatory. The *Ave Maria* had already been publishing each week papers from the French *Messenger*, but no sooner did Father Sestini start his little monthly than the *Ave Maria's* editor with characteristic generosity not only stopped printing the League articles, but cordially recommended to his readers the new Jesuit periodical. Under successive editors the *Messenger's* scope was gradually enlarged. It became "a magazine of the literature of Catholic devotion," and increased in size from a yearly volume of 576 pages in 1885 to one of 1,444 in 1901. In 1902 was born of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* a magazine of general Catholic literature called the *Messenger* which AMERICA proudly honors as its mother. Meanwhile the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* continued to be published as the organ of the League and of the Apostleship of Prayer, and the number of its subscribers kept increasing by leaps and bounds. In 1907 they amounted to 28,000, at the end of 1915 to 295,000, and it is expected that 330,000 copies of the issue for the coming June will be required to meet all demands.

The everlasting good that the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* has been privileged to effect during its fifty years of existence is of course quite incalculable. The bright little magazine has made innumerable readers know and love Our Blessed Lord better, it has been an effective promoter of frequent Communion, and, as the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, has directed and unified the daily aspirations of millions of Leaguers. AMERICA cordially echoes the jubilee congratulations sent to our valued contemporary by the Holy Father:

"May the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* be spread more and more widely and may it bring forth daily more abundant fruits of piety and faith, and weld more closely that bond of union with the Vicar of Christ which the Faithful of America profess."

LITERATURE

The Man of the Mask

ON the afternoon of September 18, 1698, there arrived at the gate of the Bastille prison in Paris a party of armed horsemen. They were the attendants of the new Governor, who had come from his former post in the Iles Sainte-Marguerite. With them they brought from Provence a prisoner whose name and identity were unknown, who was guarded with extraordinary vigilance, and whose features were covered with a black mask. The prisoner had been, so men said who were in a position to know, under the special charge of the Governor, first at the fortress of Pignerol, near Turin, then later at the Iles Sainte-Marguerite, and now at last, under the same secrecy that had shrouded his identity for so many years, he was removed to the Bastille. While the prisoner was at Pignerol many surmises were made as to his identity. Some said he was the Duc de Beaufort, who had disappeared in 1669. Others maintained that he was the son of Oliver Cromwell, and that he was kept in confinement lest he should prove troublesome to Charles II in England. But, as Mgr. Barnes points out in his excellent book, "The Man of the Mask" (Smith, Elder & Co., London), these were the wildest guesses at the prisoner's identity.

Five years later this prisoner of mystery died and was buried in the Bastille on November 20, 1703, under the name of Marchioly, and it was not until eight years had passed that legends as to his identity began to float around. The first recorded guess came from the sister-in-law of Louis XIV, Mme. Palatine, who wrote that he was an English nobleman who was mixed up in the Jacobite plot of the Duke of Berwick against William III. Then in 1747 a book of Court scandals made him the natural son of Louis XIV and Louise de la Vallière.

But these were not the only surmises as to the identity of the prisoner. According to one version he was the true Louis XIV, while a usurper, the son of Anne of Austria and Mazarin, sat on the throne of France. Another story makes him Ercole Antonio Mattioli, Minister of the Duke of Mantua; he is by turn the Duke of Monmouth, Fouquet, Minister of Finance under Mazarin, and even an ecclesiastic of the Armenian Church, one Avedick, while a writer in 1872 believes him to be Eustache Dauger, valet to Fouquet, and the late Andrew Lang recognized in the prisoner James de la Cloche, a natural son of Charles II, an opinion that Mgr. Barnes shared until further research caused him to propose another theory: viz., that the mysterious prisoner of the Bastille was none other than the "Abbé" Pregnani, an Italian Jesuit, and that the reason for his incarceration was his possession of a great secret relating to Charles II and the King of France, confided to him by Colbert de Croissy under a misapprehension.

The great secret of Charles II, a secret that he shared with perhaps only one or two persons, was his desire to become a Catholic, and to reconcile England to the Holy See. Under a mask of utter frivolity and libertinism, this king cherished above everything else in life an unquenchable desire to make public profession of the Catholic religion, and the circumstances of his life and position made it impossible. On the other hand, Louis XIV of France had his secret too, which was to make an alliance with England against the Dutch. So the plan was that Protestant England should become Catholic and ally itself with Catholic France for the subjugation of Protestant Holland.

But Charles had already made negotiations with Rome through Sir Richard Bellings, an Irish esquire, who was private secretary to Henrietta Maria, herself a Catholic. Charles declared himself ready to accept the profession of faith of Pius V, and was ready to break with all Protestants and other religious bodies not in communion with the Roman Church. His plans for bringing England back to Catholic communion included the confirmation of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Anglican Church in their Sees on condition of their agreeing to consecration by an Apostolic Legate sent from Rome for that and for no other purpose. The Archbishop of Canterbury was to be raised to the rank of Patriarch of the three realms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, but no appeal to Rome was to be allowed, save in certain cases reserved to the Apostolic See, and these reserved cases were to be decided within the Kingdom by a legate who was to be English-born. With regard to the status of the clergy, all bishops and clergy who accepted Catholic ordination were to retain their benefices and their wives, though celibacy was to become the rule for future ordinands. Holy Communion was to be given in both kinds, and Mass celebrated in Latin, though it was specially mentioned that English hymns should be allowed. The Benedictines and other orders were to be restored, and the Jesuits allowed to teach in schools. The negotiations, however, fell through. And now the Abbé Pregnani appears on the scene.

Colbert de Croissy, French ambassador to England, knew that Louis desired to draw Charles into an alliance with him, and this is probably all he knew. For prudent reasons, Charles asked the King of France to send a priest to instruct him, and an Italian priest, the Abbé Pregnani, was sent to England under the guise of an astrologer. A home was found for him at the French Embassy, whence he could have easy access to the king at Whitehall. Here the complications begin. For Colbert de Croissy was under a misapprehension as to the Abbé's real mission, and confided to him important secrets of French politics, and it is possible, as Mgr. Barnes points out, that the Abbé in turn confided these secrets to the King of England.

As an astrologer the Abbé was singularly unsuccessful. Colbert had written to France saying that he proposed telling him everything, being still under the misapprehension that the priest was on a mission to further the alliance. But the news must have caused consternation at the French Court, and on June 25, 1668, the Abbé Pregnani was recalled, and on July 5 he left England. Then something peculiar happened. The Abbé disappeared entirely from the knowledge of men, and on July 19, M. de Saint-Mars, who was then Governor of Pignerol, received orders to prepare to take charge of a State prisoner, who was none other than the prisoner of mystery, the man in the iron mask. The prisoner was brought to Pignerol by the king's lieutenant, he was accused of no crime, but he was not to be allowed to tell a living soul of the business on which he had been engaged before he was sent to Pignerol.

Such is Mgr. Barnes's solution of the identity of the mysterious prisoner. His crime, such as it was, consisted in the knowledge of important secrets of the King of France. Charles II was entirely in the dark as to the fate of the priest, and the fact that the Abbé had been seized and placed in solitary confinement by his ally, would, as the author of this book points out, have prevented the possibility of the alliance being made; so there were double reasons for absolute secrecy.

There are objections to this hypothesis, which Mgr. Barnes considers in a separate chapter. But there is one objection that is not given. Members of Religious Orders cannot disappear so easily as a private individual, for example. If the Abbé Pregnani was a Jesuit, it is certain that his movements must have been known to his superiors, and if he vanished utterly after the date he left England his superiors must have made some inquiries as to his whereabouts. Moreover, it is clear that Charles was in correspondence with the General of the Jesuits in Rome, and as the Abbé is stated to have been an Italian, his movements to Paris and thence to London must have come under the eye of his superiors, who would scarcely have allowed even the Most Christian King to spirit one of their number away. But in spite of this objection, the hypothesis of Mgr. Barnes seems

to be the most satisfactory solution of the prisoner's identity that has been put forward; for the mask and the secrecy of his confinement demand an adequate reason, and there is adequate reason in the Abbé Pregnani's possession of the secrets of two kings, at a time when the consciences of kings were none too delicate. So perhaps the Man in the Iron Mask was a Jesuit.

Henry C. Watts.

REVIEWS

Strength of Will. By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

There is a marked tendency in many pedagogical treatises to look upon the training of the will as something external. The strengthening of the will, it is assumed, and the consequent formation of character are tasks that can be successfully accomplished by the teacher who has been trained in the methods of modern psychology; little or no effort is demanded or expected of the child. Morality, in a word, is regarded as a kind of veneer that can be manufactured and applied to the pupil's will by the ingenious and skilful teacher. The book under review is a good corrective for this dangerous tendency. There is a healthy insistence throughout on the fact, obvious enough to the sane-minded yet no less obviously in danger of being lost sight of today, that the training of the will ultimately devolves upon oneself; that, as the author observes: "All rests in our own hands. Success or failure depends on ourselves. If we take the matter into our own hands we can train our wills. No one else can do this. All depends on self, for the will must be self-trained."

Religious, and in general those who have accustomed themselves to exercises of spiritual introspection, will perhaps find in this book little that is new. They will probably detect a striking resemblance between the exercises suggested by the author for improving the will, and the Ignatian exercise on the general and particular examination of conscience. In fact the author's book may be styled an illustration and extension of the great Jesuit's prescription, the novelty consisting in the fact that the exercises here indicated center round some indifferent act or acts to be performed successively each day for a definite period. The effect, provided the instructions and suggestions are faithfully carried out, will be, it is claimed, a bracing and toning up of the will in its other manifold activities. To students of psychology the section recording observations on will-phenomena, based on a good number of varied experiments, will doubtless prove interesting; the results detailed are such as can be easily tested by those who would experiment for themselves. The closing chapters, or rather the epilogue and the appendix, deal with the future of will-psychology and the possibility of character-study being reduced to a science. The author is fully conscious of the almost innumerable limitations of the methods adopted by the workers in this field; and his treatment of the subject is, in consequence, wisely conservative.

J. A. C.

Crises in the History of the Papacy. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

From time to time we are treated to new books, either original matter or translations, from the pen of Mr. Joseph McCabe, the one-time Franciscan who with his habit has put off all belief in Revelation. Though frankly anti-Christian, Mr. McCabe is too wise to indulge in the malicious misrepresentations and diatribes that used to form the stock in trade of his class but are now left to ignorant fanatics like the promoters of the *Menace*. For he writes to catch the more thoughtful and learned, and consequently we find in the present volume, as in his other books, a careful manipulation of facts, judicious suppression of uncomfortable details, sly innuendos, and here and there an occasional audacious misstatement or exaggeration. He writes in a rather moderate dispassionate tone, with an affectation of critical scholarship and impartiality calculated not only to disarm the critic but to convince the uncritical.

In the book under review the author singles out twenty of the most illustrious Pontiffs whose reigns have served as important milestones in the age-long history of the Church. By a study of their aims and accomplishments, he undertakes to prove that the Papacy in spite of all that can be said in its favor is a gigantic mistake, a blind alley up which has gone a deal of evil with some good, a groping in the dark, from which the wise man must turn away, if he is to find real truth and progress. Consequently in Mr. McCabe's hands, the history of the Papacy resolves itself into a series of blunders, disasters and failures. Even achievements that have been regarded by stalwart adversaries of the Papacy as great and virtuous, to Mr. McCabe seem crimes and catastrophes. But the author does not appear to realize that in dressing up as he does the facts of history, he is playing into the hands of his enemies by laying the basis of an apologetic that will appeal to the most careless reader. Assuredly an institution that for nineteen centuries has been chiefly remarkable for its costly blunders, could not be manifesting today on a vast scale so many signs of superb vitality unless there were something Divine about its origin and government. So cleverly has the author used, misused and manipulated the materials he had at hand that a detailed unmasking of his errors would fill several other volumes the size of his own. In keeping with the literary methods of Mr. McCabe are the advertising devices of his publishers. For "Crises in the History of Papacy" is announced as a work not "tainted by a controversial aim" and the same leaflet bears a picture of the author wearing the friar's habit he discarded years ago. Was the illustration meant to beguile unsuspicious readers into believing that Mr. McCabe, during his papistical days, learned many dark secrets about the Popes that he is now making public?

J. F. X. M.

Nights: Rome, Venice in the Aesthetic Eighties; London, Paris in the Fighting Nineties. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. With Sixteen Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00.

This is a gifted Catholic writer's reminiscences of well-known artists and authors. The Roman and Venetian "Nights" of the "esthetic eighties" are the setting for anecdotes about Vedder, Donoghue, Duveneck and McFarlane, while the London "Nights" of a decade later introduce Henley, Beardsley, Harland, May, Whistler, "Bob" Stevenson, and George Moore, Aristide Bruant being the chief figure in the Paris "Nights." Mrs. Pennell would name that second period, not the "decadent nineties" but the "fighting nineties." She writes:

> As I recall those stimulating days, the prevailing attitude of the artist in his studio, the author at his desk, the critic at his task, was that of Henley's Man in the Street:
>
> Hands in your pockets, eyes on the pavement,
> Where in the world is the fun of it all?
> But a row—but a rush—but a face for your fist,
> Then a crash through the dark—and a fall.

The author and her husband, the artist, occupied a lofty apartment on Buckingham Street, London, and there would gather on Thursday evenings, with Henley or with Whistler as a center, a group of clever men who would talk and bicker far into the night, while Mrs. Pennell secretly worried about the article on cooking she had to write next day for Saturday's *Pall-Mall*. If the perfection of her forthcoming paper on desserts or entrées was sometimes impaired by these inroads on her time, Mrs. Pennell was collecting meanwhile the material for these interesting reminiscences. Her de-

scriptions and appraisals of Henley and Harland are particularly vivid and just, and the amusing autobiographical passages that abound in the volume are written with the author's usual literary grace. The book is finely illustrated.

W. D.

American Banking. By H. Parker Willis, Ph.D.; **Credits and Collections.** By Edward M. Skinner, R. S. White, and H. E. Kramer; **Investments and Speculation.** By Louis Guenther. Chicago: La Salle Extension University. $2.00 each.

La Salle Extension University has benefited the commercial world by issuing a series of text-books entitled "Business Administration," covering the various departments of business life. The course affords the reader a detailed and carefully prepared account of the methods, ventures and risks of modern business. As one of the authors well observes in his preface, business is the only profession which men and women enter without previously preparing themselves. A man cannot become a doctor, a lawyer, an architect, even a stonemason or a hodcarrier without preparation, but he can always go into business no matter how inadequate his preparation for the science of business.

"American Banking" gives an accurate and helpful explanation of all the departments of banking, and clearly describes the many divisions of the banking field. Mr. Willis begins with a good account of modern banking functions and of the classes of banks that are found in our national banking system, and explains in simple terms the meaning of bank loans, notes and deposits, exchange, the history and object of clearing houses, the Government's supervision of banking, and the Federal Reserve system. The book is full of instruction for all and those reading it will not wonder that a banker of long experience as the head of an active and progressive national bank once remarked that he had spent three years in seeking an error of one penny in his accounts, though to most people unacquainted with the necessity of rigid accuracy and system in banking this labor would seem a great waste of time. "Credits and Collections" is a treatise on the importance of the credit man in the commercial world of today. It is said to be the first book covering the entire scope of this field, and the book appears to verify the assertion. It affords practical and useful information regarding the labors of the credit man and his companion-in-arms, the collector, and gives a detailed analysis of the duties of these men. The treatment is clear and interesting and shows on the part of the authors broad and shrewd knowledge of human nature. "Investments and Speculation" is a complete manual for the ordinary business man regarding the manifold forms of investment. The varied departments and functions of stocks and bonds are explained in simple language, and to the tyro in this field ample information is offered regarding the science of speculation, for the book gives a clear explanation of loans and mortgages, the various forms of bonds, stock-market terms and phrases, and concludes with an excellent chapter on business barometers in which the general principles controlling the price movements of securities are outlined. The volumes of the series are bound in limp leather, and form an attractive little library on business administration.

O. T.

The Portion of a Champion. By Francis o Sullivan tighe; **Nan of Music Mountain.** By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 each.

Here is a brace of good books by Catholic authors. The first is an Irish historical romance of the fifth century, wherein the taming of a high-strung, impetuous youth into a calm leader of men, and the wooing of a charming, spirited maid are woven into the narrative of the harrying which Dathi, High King of Eirinn, made of Roman Gaul even to the Alps in the time of the Emperor Honorius. The author has caught the spirit of the old Irish epics, the Cattle Raid of Cooley, the Cuchulain cycle, etc., a spirit that is akin to Homer's, and has written his tale with an insight into early Irish culture that is very refreshing to those who have listened a lifetime to the exploitation of every source of folk-lore, fancy and heroism, but have listened in vain for an echo of that most witching of all, the ancient lore and legend of Eirinn. The author is a good story-teller, a good scene-painter, an accurate delineator of the spirit of the times he essays to portray. Whatever defects the more exacting critic may discern in the book, they are those that can easily be corrected.

Mr. Spearman's new novel is a bright, happy story, filled with action. In its general outlines it bears a resemblance to "Lorna Doone," but in development is distinctly different. The scene is laid in the western Rockies, and the characters and incidents are like those with which readers of frontier fiction, and especially of the later work of the author, are familiar. Life is insecure at best in the distant railroad town which is the center of the tale, and the youthful hero, who is a friend of "Whispering Smith," finds his hands more than filled with the task of repressing the depredations of a band of desperadoes. To make matters worse he falls in love with a proud girl, who is the niece of the head of the clan. How to win her love and at the same time reduce her turbulent relatives to law and order is the problem Mr. Spearman sets himself to solve. The story is full of thrilling adventures, and most of the time the smell of powder is in the air. But the problem is solved happily in the end, and the book closes in a glow of peace and love.

J. F. H.

The Hound of Heaven. Francis Thompson. Biographical Sketch and Notes by Michael A. Kelly, C.S.Sp. Introduction by Katherine Brégy. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. Cloth, $0.50; paper, $0.25.

Cardinal Newman's Dream of Gerontius. With Introduction and Commentary. For use in High Schools, Academies and Colleges. By Julius Gliebe, O.F.M. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. $0.30.

Father Damien: an Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With a Note, Mrs. Stevenson's description of the writing, and related passages from Stevenson's correspondence. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $0.50.

Here are attractive and well-annotated editions of three literary masterpieces that every Catholic of taste and discernment should know almost by heart. Miss Brégy justly appraises the poetical and ascetical value of Francis Thompson's incomparable ode, and the careful editor, after contributing an adequate biographical sketch of the author, gives in thirty-five pages a full analysis of the poem, and a wealth of comments on the text. For Newman's great poem Father Gliebe performs a like service. Particularly good are his pages on the metrical beauties of the "Dream" and on the logical order of its parts. As for Stevenson's renowned letter, written in a generous burst of indignation to defend a heroic priest he had never seen, the author's wife supplies the few notes that are needed. Teachers of literature in our Catholic high schools and colleges who can make their pupils really discern the beauty of these three *chef d'œuvres* may consider themselves thoroughly competent members of their profession. It would be well to let such text-books as these supplant some of the "Protestant classics" we have accepted from New England school-ma'ams.

W. D.

The Revolution in Virginia. H. J. Eckenrode, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Economics and History in Richmond College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.00.

In this book of a dozen chapters the author has given us a notable addition to the literature of the Revolution. No

State, except perhaps Massachusetts, so richly deserves the special treatment here accorded to Virginia. So wholly English had she been in her settlement that her gradual estrangement from the parent country must prove interesting reading. Dr. Eckenrode's narrative traces the course taken by Virginia immediately before, during and immediately after the war that finally secured our independence from England. Imperial expansion on the part of the European country clashed with the colonial development of our various settlements until the ways of empire yielded to the force of a people's revolt against oppression. This is the atmosphere created by the book, which is not so much a chronological survey of battles and military movements, as an attempt to discern the temper of the people in their growing dissatisfaction with the English Government. In the story of those stormy days in Virginia, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson played a conspicuous part, and the author has drawn their portraits at full length. Henry is here in his transformation from the radical of 1775 "prepared for any bold advance upon the future" to the one who at the close of the Revolution besought mercy for his defeated opponents. Jefferson is powerfully drawn, as well in the ignominy of his fall as in the triumph of his restoration. The author's language is restrained except when he enlarges on the development of democracy. The trend of current events prompted him to say rather happily: "The ideal of a people rising spontaneously to defend its hearthstones is one thing; the reality of a mob of untrained, half-armed farmers attempting to oppose regulars is sadly different. Jefferson never understood that efficiency in war, like efficiency in everything else, is only secured by preparation." C. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Catholic Mind* for Holy Week contains well-written ascetical papers of lasting value. Father William Power explains the nature of "The Catholic Sense" that true children of the Church ought to have. Its characteristics, he explains, are (1) loyalty to ecclesiastical authority; (2) readiness in accepting the supernatural when duly authenticated; (3) a truly conservative spirit; and (4) a pronounced aversion to doctrinal error. The second article, "A Problem in Thanksgiving," was written by the late Father Timothy Brosnahan. He shows that we should often thank Heaven for those prayers of ours that are never granted, for "not every present disappointment, however grievous it may be to our existing moods and visions, is a misfortune, nor every satisfaction a blessing." The number concludes with "In the Library," a short paper teaching the art of living pleasantly with others.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor's "The Fairy Bride" (Lane, $1.00) and Horace Annesley Vachell's "Quinneys'" (Doran, $1.00) are excellent plays which it is a pleasure to recommend to those who are seeking something to "put on" as a school or parish entertainment. The scenes of the first, which is more suitable, perhaps, for older children to give, are laid in pre-Christian Ireland, when the fairies were full-grown and benevolent. The simple plot is cleverly developed, the language is stately and poetical, and full directions are given regarding music, costumes, etc. "Quinneys'" it may be remembered, was one of the few clean plays that actually had a successful run in New York. The dialogue and characters are very amusing, while the dramatic ability required would not seem to be beyond the capacity of amateurs.

"My Friend Phil" (Rand, McNally, $1.25), a story by Isabel M. Peacock, is about a busy young lawyer who tells of the doings and sayings of a precocious kindergarten boy. Though many of the incidents are interesting enough, others are so spun out that the book grows rather tiresome. However the author does understand children and her little lads and lassies are very lifelike.——"I Conquered" (Rand, McNally, $1.25) is the title of Harold Titus's good account of a young man's fight against an all-consuming passion for drink. It would seem that his life on the open plains would have driven the poison from the hero's system in a shorter time than that the author assigns for the cure. The story is clean, wholesome and interesting.——"Instead of the Thorn" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25), by Clara Louise Burnham, is a story with a disappointing heroine. She is a "spoiled" child of fortune who is somewhat "mended" by misfortune. The other women in the book are more real: the devout Mrs. Porter, Aunt Belinda and wild little Blanche Anna being well worth knowing.

"The New Psalter of the Roman Breviary" (Herder, $1.50) finds its best recommendation in the name of its author, the Rev. L. C. Fillion, S.S., Consultor of the Biblical Commission, who here extends to the English-speaking world a benefit enjoyed hitherto only by those versed in French. The metrical arrangement of the Psalms in Latin and English, according to the Hebrew parallelism, while preserving their inherent quaintness and unction, brings out well the harmony of their inspired sentiments. The scholarly annotations, containing a brief exposition of the thought of the poem, of the lyric standpoint, and lucid explanation of passages obscured in translations from the Massoretic text, will be welcomed by busy priests. The arrangement of the Psalms and Canticles according to their liturgical grouping, with complete alphabetical and numerical indices, makes the book valuable for ready reference. The popularity of the French edition of the Psalter and the timely appearance of the present volume augur well for the restoration of a beautiful custom of the early Church, when the Faithful recited from memory "the heart of the Bible," as the Psalms are called.

"A Book-lover's Holidays in the Open" (Scribner, $2.00), Mr. Roosevelt's latest volume, contains an excellent chapter on reading, in which he makes the following observations regarding the necessity of learning to like solid authors:

> Of course, if any one finds that he never reads serious literature, if all his reading is frothy and trashy, he would do well to try to train himself to like books that the general agreement of cultivated and sound-thinking persons has placed among the classics. It is as discreditable to the mind to be unfit for sustained mental effort as it is to the body of a young man to be unfit for sustained physical effort. Let man or woman, young man or girl, read some good author, . . . until sustained mental effort brings power to enjoy the books worth enjoying. When this has been achieved the man can soon trust himself to pick out for himself the particular good books which appeal to him. . . . Fathers and mothers who are wise can train their children first to practise, and soon to like, the sustained mental application necessary to enjoy good books. They will do well also to give each boy or girl the mastery of at least some one foreign language, so that at least one other great literature, in addition to our own noble English literature, shall be open to him or her. . . . Another matter which, within certain rather wide limits, each reader must settle for himself, is the dividing line between (1) not knowing anything about current books, and (2) swamping one's soul in the sea of vapidity which overwhelms him who reads only "the last new books." To me the heading employed by some reviewers, when they speak of "books of the week," comprehensively damns both the books themselves and the reviewer who is willing to notice them. I would much rather see the heading, "books of the year before last." A book of the year before last which is still worth noticing would prob-

ably be worth reading; but one only entitled to be called a book of the week had better be tossed into the waste-basket at once.

But when the author recommends Lea's "History of the Inquisition" and "Coulton's abridgment of Salimbene's memoirs" as good correctives for the assertions of "sentimentalists" who maintain that the "'ages of faith,' the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for instance, were better than our own," Catholics will wisely leave the advice unused. For Lea is always a special pleader and Coulton has well been termed the "historical scandal-monger."

"Cam Clarke" (Macmillan, $1.35) the hero of John H. Walsh's story, is a real boy whose adventures will hold the interest of grown-ups, as well as that of youthful readers. The author pictures a frontier town in Washington a generation ago with its motley population, and his character portraits are very clever. Indeed there is much in the book to remind the reader of what is best in Mark Twain's boy-stories.——"Babette" (Doubleday, Page, $1.25) is F. Berkeley Smith's story of a young French girl who married a gentleman criminal and succeeds in making him lead an honest life by no other power than her innocence and goodness. The surprise of the story is that the girl never suspects the real character of her husband nor the reformation she has effected. There are some good descriptive passages in the book, but the author's moral reflections are frequently weak. His distinction between immorality and unmorality is decidedly wrong.——"The Belfry" (Macmillan, $1.35) in May Sinclair's recent novel is that round which Longfellow's poem "The Belfry of Bruges" makes so many associations cluster. But associations of a different kind it has for Tasker Jevons and Viola Thesiger. Suspicions are aroused because of circumstances attendant upon their first sight of the Belfry, and the incident is a painful subject in the family circle, and any secret event which transpires is ironically referred to as "seeing the Belfry." Jevons lives under the cloud of these suspicions until the great war, prophesied by him nine years before, begins, and during the terrible days of Belgium Jevons's reputation is rehabilitated. An interesting and well-written story.

A humble and contrite heart, that indispensable requisite for effective intercession, pervades the following stanzas by Mr. Alfred Noyes which are entitled "A Prayer in Time of War":

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
Tonight a world that turned from Thee
Is waiting—at Thy Throne.

The towering Babels that we raised
Where scoffing sophists brawl,
The little Antichrists we praised—
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said. . . . The fool hath said. . . .
And we, who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead,
How should we seek Thine eyes?

How should we seek to Thee for power
Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart, once more,
That mocks no sacred thing,
The Sword of Truth our fathers wore
When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
Our deep unspoken prayer,
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
We know that Thou art there.

If "pros" of every variety and description prayerfully repeat those lines, the return of peace may be hastened.

EDUCATION

I—Dangers of Secular Universities

THE dangers besetting the faith of every Catholic entering a secular university recur almost daily and are as various as a chameleon's hues. This statement is based upon a four-year's experience in a State university in the Mississippi Valley. The writer vividly recalls the first assembly of the Latin class. "Pope Gregory (590-604) was afraid the people were reading Livy more than their catechisms, so he ordered Livy's works burned," said the professor, stressing "catechisms" as he curled his lip in righteous scorn, thus revealing pearly teeth. Despite the errors in the statement, there was not a word of protest from the half-dozen Catholics in the class, the writer included. None had the courage to refute the implied charge that the Popes were the enemies of learning; none knew whether the statement was false or true. Doubtless there are many of the professor's auditors who continue to believe to this day that the Popes are and always have been the enemies of learning and progress.

Revelation a Myth

From that first period in the freshman year until graduation there was a succession of theories, statements, innuendos tending to shake belief in Catholicism. "Some sixty million years have elapsed, it can be demonstrated with mathematical exactness," by accepting as true many conditions not proved, "since a fortuitous concourse of atoms, nebulæ or meteorites sent the earth wheeling on her giant ellipse through infinite space"; but there is not a word about a First Great Cause or the primal source of matter and energy. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," so says Genesis, but that is a fable by the time the young Catholic completes his course in geology. "The hills, rock-ribbed," record the lapses of æons of time. The darting seconds, blending with the more slowly-moving minutes and forming the silent hours which make the stately epochs of geologic time, show the growth of the earth to have been corrodingly lethargic. Hence the Scriptures are an antique myth. The word "created" ceases to have much meaning to the superficial scientist. A Catholic college would have supplied the corrective viewpoint by showing God as the cause of matter and energy and nature's laws. The mention of the Deity in the classroom and in connection with material science is tantamount to a confession of puerile weakness. The writer recalls only one professor who referred with humble reverence to God in the majesty of nature. He was true Scotch and he is dead.

Catholicism is corrupt and licentious; the sophomore's Chaucer proves it. The young man sees monk, friar, summoner, pardoner in "Chaucerian reality"; but he hears never a word about the right of investiture, nor of the struggle the Papacy carried on with the temporal princes to appoint its own bishops. A Catholic college would have supplied the corrective viewpoint by showing how the temporal princes filched from the Church the appointing of bishops, enthroning court favorites with no concern as to spiritual qualifications.

Little wonder the student looks askance at clerical celibacy; he is told much about physical signs of social disease even in the fourteenth century. The history he gets in his course will not supply the corrective viewpoint because too many of his teachers burn incense at strange shrines, descant on the "benefits" of the "Reformation," and are loud in their praise of the "monk that shook the world." Grisar's work is referred to with scant courtesy; many have never heard of it.

Religion an "Antiquated Superstition"

Later on the young man takes a hodge-podge of ethics, philosophy and psychology. The simian prototype is ever present in the classroom, a genealogy which science has failed to

demonstrate. Our young Catholic learns that St. Thomas Aquinas and the schoolmen dawdled away many precious hours, attempting to determine how many angels could stand on a pinpoint. Kant, Spencer, Mill, James, and their coteries are the really important names to remember. Darwin leads them all. Lourdes is dismissed with a compassionate glance, for if such wonders really do happen they involve merely the laws of nature not yet fully comprehended. All psychic phenomena should be studied without reference to the soul. There is no distinction between brute and human save that of degree; we are more perfectly developed than the dog. He feels, thinks, reasons, aspires, as we do, but merely more rudimentarily. Science will solve all things, such as Lourdes, in time. "Miracles?" "Impossible! Nature's laws, like gravity, are only but dimly glimpsed."

The young Catholic is an obscurantist if he is not quick to discern that the narrators of the four Gospels greatly exaggerated in their accounts of what Jesus did. Of course those people were untutored in modern psychology and were under hypnosis when the wonders related are supposed to have occurred. These sacred writers were not versed in critical research and their methods were crude; they lived so long ago, too. However, in many respects, Christ was a remarkable man and one of the great reformers. The Catholic student is saved, perchance, because he does not correlate what he has been taught but, through the grace of God, clings to the teachings of his boyhood.

The Sham of Pseudo-Science

Members of the staff firmly believe that science will eventually comprehend in fullest intensity the baffling, omnipresent, ever-beckoning, ever-elusive mystery: life. Science is the bridge which will span the sheer abyss from which the keenest minds of all ages have recoiled appalled. Humility is not the chief characteristic of the blatant college pseudo-scientists. On a rare occasion the Catholic boy will be told that we do not know, in its full meaning, why two ultimate divisions or quantities of matter or energy, hydrogen and oxygen, unite to form water when brought into natural contact at about 3,200° Fahrenheit. A humble physicist may confess ignorance as to the exact nature of gravity, and once in a while a genuine scientist will tell him that many scientific terms merely cloak our naked ignorance, but for the most part materialistic science is clothed with over-importance and set up in the place of God. How, then, does faith escape destruction? F. L.

SOCIOLOGY

The Training of Social Workers

THE development of philanthropy and "social service" in America has presented to the Church in this country problems which exist nowhere else in the same form. The crux of the matter is that the work of relieving our poor, whether in their own homes or in institutions, is accomplished for the most part by lay, private organizations, not by the State, as in Great Britain, nor by religious communities, as in the Catholic countries of Europe. It is true that in America the municipal and State authorities grant large subsidies to private charitable organizations, besides maintaining public almshouses, but this does not make the work of relief a State function as it is under the English Poor Law. In American Catholic charitable institutions the Religious Orders are very prominent, but the charity work of such communities is rather slight in comparison with similar work done by the Orders in Belgium or Italy.

Scientific Philanthropy

Specially characteristic of America is the science of philanthropy, now a recognized university subject with a vast literature devoted to it. As a result of this science a profession of philanthropy is also being formed. It is urged that as philanthropy is a science it must have its trained practitioners. So we have such institutions as the New York School of Philanthropy, the Boston School for Social Workers, and the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

While scientific philanthropy is constantly advocating the greater and greater employment of professionals in social work, it is admitted that a very large field remains to the volunteer; but, it is insisted, the volunteer as well as the professional must be trained. Now there is much in the new science and practice of philanthropy which Catholics cannot accept. The whole subject is one that has not at all received the attention it deserves. But it cannot be denied that some training is necessary to effective social work, and it may also be said that Catholics are lacking in this training. A beginning toward improvement has been made by the courses of instruction at the Catholic University at Washington, Trinity College, Loyola University, and the diocesan School of Social Science in Boston.

The Science of Charity

The comparative backwardness among Catholics of social training for the laity is due to the fact that in Catholic countries most of the social work has been done not by the laity, but by religious. The principle of social training is, however, traditionally a Catholic principle. There is no training so searching and so complete as that of a novice in a Religious Order. Exponents of the new scientific philanthropy are generally ignorant of history, and they are in the habit of speaking of "medieval charity" as a synonym for inefficient and pauperizing methods of relief. The truth is that it is the Catholic Church which created not only the spirit, but the science of charity. A saint like Vincent de Paul displayed not only that heroic degree of self-abnegation which is found nowhere except in the Church, but also that faculty of adapting means to ends, which in the lives of the Saints is called prudence, but which in philanthropic treatises is "efficiency" or "organizing ability." In short, the traditional charitable work of the Church is both organized and expert, although it is not professional. Charity organization societies and schools of philanthropy are modern innovations, but they are not due to the superior enlightenment of modern times; they are, like the English Poor Law, but attempts to find workable substitutes for the wonderful system of charity which Catholicism created, and which heresy destroyed.

Training Catholic Social Workers

As the training of social workers is completely in accord with Catholic traditions, it will be agreed that if, under the circumstances of the present day, we must have lay-workers, then these workers should be trained. A St.-Vincent-de-Paul-Society brother, for instance, should be able to do more than carry grocery tickets to a poor family. He should know something of what the books on scientific philanthropy call "family rehabilitation." Besides visiting the poor in their homes, which is the particular province of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the laity are now called to a hundred other forms of social service, both professional and volunteer. There are the "big brothers" and the "big sisters," probation officers, settlement and club workers, besides the special kinds of social service in connection with various professions, as medicine, nursing, teaching.

But we need more than the technical instruction given by secular schools of philanthropy. Catholic social work has primarily a spiritual object, and therefore the worker needs a spiritual training. A "big brother," for instance, is supposed to take hold of an erring boy and to give such inspiration and friendly guidance as will counteract the bad influences in the boy's environment. The non-Catholic big-brother movement thinks only of making the boy a "good citizen," and therefore it

requires of the big brother only some education, respectability and philanthropy. But a Catholic big brother knows he can do nothing worth while unless he can make the boy a good Catholic. He undertakes a supernatural work and therefore must cultivate supernatural virtues in himself. There was profound social wisdom, as well as true Catholic spirit, in Frederick Ozanam's rule that the first aim of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was the sanctification of the individual member. He who presumes to the task of uplifting the poor must first purify himself. The Church recognizes this in the Religious Orders. Should it not be applied to lay social workers? Should not social work be regarded as a special vocation, needing a special test and training, something corresponding to a novitiate?

Henry Somerville.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Davenport, Iowa, has been chosen for the next convention of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus. Directly opposite the city, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, are Rock Island and Moline, in the State of Illinois. The intimate social and industrial relations between the three cities will help to unite them in their friendly cooperation toward the success of the congress which might fittingly be called, "The Tri-City Convention." Davenport is easy of access from all parts of the country and picturesquely located in the vicinity of the arsenal on Government Island. The total population of the three cities is approximately 120,000, and together they can afford ample accommodation for all the visitors, although from 7,000 to 10,000 are expected by the enthusiastic promoters of the 1916 convention.

At the Convent of the Holy Name of Jesus, New Orleans, La., there recently passed away a noted Catholic woman, Mrs. Agnes Boone Otis, about whose name many historic memories are entwined. She was a great-granddaughter of the famous American explorer Daniel Boone, and wife of the civil war hero and successor to General Custer in the frontier fighting of the Indian wars, Colonel Elmer Otis. After her husband's retirement from service she accompanied him to San Diego, where he died in 1897. Her son-in-law, Lieut.-Colonel Cabell, is at present chief of General Pershing's staff in the Mexican expedition. Death summoned her unexpectedly, and by her side was a paper in which she had evidently, according to her wont, sought for news concerning him. Few lives have been devoted so ardently to God and country. She is survived by five children, one of whom, the Rev. A. E. Otis, S.J., is President of Loyola University, New Orleans.

A war of science, mechanics and engineering: such is the great struggle at present carried on between Germany and France at the fortifications of Verdun. The following description of it is quoted from the New York *Evening Mail:*

> It is not a battle; it is not a matter of brave charges undertaken by courageous men. It is an engineering feat. The greatest engineering feat that has ever been attempted in history is in progress. A mountain of forts is being assaulted. Shells filled with explosives, shrapnel shells, huge howitzer shells, are but details of the undertaking. The assault is not being made with men. It is a vast engineering enterprise carried on with machinery, just as a modern factory turns out its product, not by hand labor but by machinery. The quantities of ammunition have been calculated in units of 100,000 tons. The total will reach a million tons. To transport this vast material railroads have been built and macadam roads laid in parallel courses over each strip of territory to be traversed, over each square mile of new land conquered. A whole nation has set itself to the completion of an engineering feat with the aid of modern science, modern machinery and vast forces of men organized by the aid of the telephone and telegraph into the most perfect working mechanism of men and machines that can be created.

Germany and France are engaged in the same methods of warfare, and hecatombs of men have been offered on both sides. These are "the fairy tales of science and the long results of time." Another idol has fallen which men have vainly sought to substitute for God.

Father Francis Kuppens, S.J., the last survivor of the Belgian missionaries brought to America by Father DeSmet, recently died at the Novitiate of the Missouri Province, and was buried in the Florissant cemetery by the side of his renowned friend and co-laborer who had inspired him with enthusiasm for the Indian missions. He was seventy-eight years of age and had celebrated the golden jubilees of his religious life and of his priesthood. Coming to America shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War he began his studies at Florissant and completed them in Boston, where he was ordained in 1863. On the very day of his ordination he exercised his priestly ministry by administering the Last Sacraments to some dying soldiers, wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg. Two years later Father Kuppens went to the Rocky Mountain missions, taking with him a band of Sisters of Providence. While working for the Indian tribes of the Northwest he found no sacrifice too great for his zeal. His constitution was so robust that he could bear the severest hardships. He thought it a slight thing to swim across a swollen stream in winter and continue his journey for miles to bring the consolations of religion to his scattered flock. But his excessive labors and frequent exposure at last brought on a severe rheumatic trouble which unfitted him for active work during the last decade of his life, though his heart and his prayers still belonged to his dear Indians.

The nineteen-year-old daughter of the ex-minister and former Socialist Mayor of Berkeley, California, has recently attained to a certain mild notoriety by giving to the world her early philosophy of life. She left the University of California, where her "ego was being crushed," and confided to the press the following untrammeled expression of her views: "When married people cease to love, they should quit! If later they fall in love a dozen times I believe that each time they should obey their instincts. Marriage, as we know it today, is a terrible mistake! When two people fall in love nothing in the world should keep them apart." She furthermore declares herself prepared personally to reduce her principles to practice. No doubt. But there is after all no striking originality in her doctrine. It can be found repeated *ad nauseam* in the literature advocated in the Socialist propaganda, and doubtless placed within this girl's reach from early years by a fond Socialist parent. She is only one more of the unfortunates whose ideals have been dragged through the mire by such reading. Modesty is a word lost from its vocabulary and purity now has a meaning which would make the Angels weep. But this Socialist's daughter has not forfeited her opportunities of education, for Stanford University opened its gates to her. There presumably she hopes to receive due consideration for her "ego" which is not to be crushed. It is a question, however, whether she enters as a learner or a teacher. For she is sure to influence the pupils and professors with whom she comes into contact. Will the Catholic students of Leland Stanford find this rampant Socialist a desirable acquaintance?

Few are acquainted with the excellent and extensive work accomplished by the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind, New York City. Besides issuing two monthly magazines, the *Catholic Transcript for the Blind,* in New York Point, and the *Catholic Review,* in American Braille, it has, during the past twelve months embossed thirty-nine different books, comprising

sixty-three volumes. Ten other works have been stereotyped and prepared for publication during this same period. A new invention by the Founder and Director of the Society, Reverend Joseph M. Stadelman, S.J., is likewise announced:

> Books will for the first time be embossed by a new and comparatively inexpensive method in the system known from its inventor as the "Moon" print. Although this system has been applied, it is claimed, to over 400 languages and dialects, no Catholic book has ever been published, at least in the English language, and no book of any kind has ever been embossed in our country, in this tactile print. To the thousands of our Catholic blind in the United States, who cannot read or learn any other print but the "Moon," this invention will undoubtedly prove a great blessing.

To give the widest circulation to its books, the Society has restricted its donations to such libraries as will circulate the volumes throughout the country, or at least will distribute them throughout the respective States in which these libraries are located. Publications are also lent by the Society to all applicants in the United States who cannot procure them any other way. Thus the greatest extension is given to the good accomplished. To perpetuate its work and duly to increase the number of its publications the Society requires a fund of $100,000, or an annual income of $4,000. Thus would new intellectual and spiritual vistas continue to be opened for the Catholic blind.

Much speculation has taken place in the press over the British Prime Minister's recent visit to Pope Benedict XV at the Vatican. "Two things about this may safely be assumed," writes the Toronto *Globe* with the usual infallibility of secular papers.

> It took place at the instance of the Pope, and the motive was to discuss Papal intervention to bring about a general peace. Mr. Asquith would never have asked for an interview which courtesy forbade him to refuse, and the Pope's intense desire to save his favorite Austria from utter destruction has been made manifest in many ways.

There is scarcely any need of considering the writer's advice to all "would-be interventionists," like the Holy Father, that they should "save themselves humiliation and other people irritation." The fact is that Premier Asquith himself telegraphed to the Pope his wish to be received in audience at the Vatican and his Holiness courteously welcomed him. After his interview with the Pope the Premier called upon the Cardinal Secretary of State, who in turn visited the British legation. What passed between the Holy Father and Mr. Asquith is a matter about which not the slightest information has been given to any one. Yet with the wonted omniscience displayed by the press upon such occasions, the editor of the *Globe* says, in his own positive and supercilious way: "It was just as well that he (the Holy Father) asked and that Mr. Asquith granted the interview, because it gave the latter a chance to point out the utter futility of intervention." Without even a vestige of fact to guide him, the writer launches into insinuations which he knows must discredit the Holy See. Such an act constitutes a discourteous and unfair attack.

In the first number of *Bull*, a monthly illustrated magazine, there is quoted from a Danish paper a record of all the casualties and misfortunes that, according to the New York *Herald*, have befallen the German Crown Prince since the war began:

> August 5 last year, an attempt was made to assassinate the Crown Prince in Berlin. August 18, he was dangerously wounded close to the French border, and was transferred to a hospital in Aachen. Two days later, he lost a leg in a further attempt at his assassination in Berlin, and on August 24, a still further attempt was made to assassinate him. One can easily understand that under these circumstances, he tried to commit suicide on September 4. He had no means of knowing that what he had so far gone through with was child's play compared with what was to follow. On September 13 he died with a mask over his face in a hospital in Brussels. On September 15, he lead an attack on Verdun, and on the following day was wounded by a shrapnel in Poland. On October 18, he was again wounded by a shrapnel on the French front, and on October 20, the Crown Princess came to nurse him on his deathbed. On October 24, a certain lady was present at his burial in Berlin. On October 25, his body was found on the battlefield, and on November 3, he was again buried. The following day, he fell by a French bullet, and on November 8, he became crazy and was transferred to a distant castle. Here he recovered so quickly that on November 13, he could take general command on the eastern front, but here he received his death wound on November 17. In December he took a Christmas vacation, which he certainly could well use. On January 16, he was again wounded. In spite of all that he had suffered for his country, he was deprived of his command on March 3, and sent home to his wife and children, but they must have received him rather badly, for a short time afterwards the Crown Princess personally had to nurse him on account of a bullet wound.

By this time, surely, his Imperial Highness must be well-schooled in adversity. However, should other trials await him still, the cleverly-edited *Bull* will doubtless chronicle the news faithfully.

Non-Catholics who have at heart the welfare of this country are daily becoming more alarmed at the growth of divorce and the train of evils that necessarily follows from it. "Surely here is a question that touches the very foundation of society," says the *Christian Herald:*

> Mr. Wilcox, a competent statistician, ventures the opinion that more divorces are now granted here in a year than in all the rest of the Christian world together, more than in the whole of Europe (outside of the Balkan peninsula), civilized Australia, and America. This is a startling arraignment, even if only measurably accurate. Other sources of evidence confirm the extraordinary growth of the divorce evil. According to the last census, there were in the United States 156,176 men and 185,101 women who had been divorced, 3 per cent of the total male and 4 per cent of the female population of the country. In the twenty years from 1887 to 1906, an average of one marriage in 12 terminated in divorce. In 1906, the divorce total was 72,062, nearly three times as many as in 1870. And the increase seems to be going on, especially in the South and Southwest. Our divorce rate is double that of Switzerland, three times that of France, five times that of Germany, and as large as the combined rates of Australia, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Hungary. While marriages have nearly doubled in number in 20 years, divorces have increased almost threefold. Judge H. W. H. Thomas of the Supreme Court of California, in a thoughtful article on the subject in the *Christian Statesman*, calls attention to the serious situation. He questions whether it can be adequately met by additional legislation, although whatever would tend to increase public sentiment in upholding the sacredness of marriage would be a material help. But there are the plain, hard, undeniable facts with which our country must deal; the divorce tide, rising in all lands, is here reaching floodmark and threatens the family as an institution. And whatever injures the family, threatens the State itself.

These are strong words. As the writer comments, the record is sufficiently startling to set the ablest minds seeking a remedy for conditions that constantly threaten to become worse. The remedy has long ago been given by Christ Himself and consistently applied by the Catholic Church. Divorce is but one of the many evils that have followed upon the rejection of Catholic doctrine. The Protestant Bishop, William H. Moreland of Sacramento, Cal., recently said at old Trinity Church, New York: "Christ taught that marriage is a holy, indissoluble bond. United States census reports reveal how frightfully the practice of the nation has departed from the Divine standard. . . . Protestant ministers are greatly to be censured for lightly marrying divorced people." Thus the truth of the Church's doctrine is slowly gaining recognition.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Belgium during the early part of the week the Germans took some 800 yards of trenches between Langemarck and Ypres, but later the British recaptured the lost ground and have thus restored the original line. In the Verdun district both sides have made attacks and counter-attacks east and west of the Meuse, but the general situation has remained unchanged except for some slight gains made by the French north of the Curettes Woods, and by the Germans west and southwest of the village of Douaumont. In the upper Cardevole district the Italians have captured the summit of Col di Lana. The Russians announce several minor successes near Bitlis and south of Lake Urumiah. In Mesopotamia the British relief force has again encountered vigorous resistance from the Turks, who have further impeded the British advance by enlarging the flooded area on the banks of the Tigris.

Bulletin, April 18, p. m.-April 25, a. m.

The main interest in the war last week shifted unexpectedly from France to Armenia. It was known that a Russian column was moving along the Black Sea coast, had taken Rize and Kara Dere, and was operating in conjunction with the Russian fleet, about seventeen miles east of Trebizond. But its progress of late had been so slow, and the resistance offered by the Turks in other parts of Armenia, especially near Baiburt and in the Lake Van region, so effective, that there was a general impression that the Turks, with the heavy snows and the extremely difficult country all on their side, would be able to keep their hold on the important seaport. Its fall, coming so suddenly, was a great surprise. A furious battle took place at Kovana, six miles east of Trebizond, which ended in a complete defeat of the defenders. After this reverse the Turks abandoned the city, and when the Russians finally entered it, they did so without a struggle. The fall of Trebizond is a severe blow to the Turks, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but also because it furnishes the Russians with a new base, to which supplies can be readily transported by sea. If Baiburt should fall, fairly easy communications will be established between Trebizond and all the Russian armies now engaged in Armenia, and the Turks' task of defending their Asiatic empire will be greatly increased.

The Capture of Trebizond

The United States has replied to the recent German communication in a note which is everywhere admitted to be fraught with the very gravest possibilities. Its import is clearly expressed in the following paragraph:

The American Note

> Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether. This action the Government of the United States contemplates with the greatest reluctance, but feels constrained to take in behalf of humanity and the rights of neutral nations.

Mr. Lansing declares that facts in the possession of the United States Government, substantiated by admissions made by the recent German note, make the conclusion inevitable that the Sussex was sunk by a German submarine. Had this been an isolated instance, he says, the act might possibly be attributed to wilful violation of orders or criminal negligence on the part of the commander who fired the torpedo.

> On the contrary, the Government of the United States is forced by recent events to conclude that it is only one instance, even though one of the most extreme and most distressing in-

stances, of the deliberate method and spirit of indiscriminate destruction of merchant vessels of all sorts, nationalities, and destinations which have become more and more unmistakable as the activity of German undersea vessels of war has in recent months been quickened and extended. . . . Again and again the Imperial Government has given its solemn assurances to the Government of the United States that at least passenger ships would not be thus dealt with, and yet it has repeatedly permitted its undersea commanders to disregard those assurances with entire impunity. . . . No limit of any kind has in fact been set to their indiscriminate pursuit and destruction of merchantmen of all kinds and nationalities within the waters which the Imperial Government has chosen to designate as lying within the seat of war. The roll of Americans who have lost their lives upon ships thus attacked and destroyed has grown month by month until the ominous toll has mounted into the hundreds.

The United States has accepted, the note declares, the Imperial Government's assurances of its desire "so to order and control the acts of its naval commanders as to square its policy with the recognized principles of humanity as embodied in the law of nations." But "the commanders of the Imperial Government's undersea vessels have carried on practices of such ruthless destruction which have made it more and more evident as the months have gone by that the Imperial Government has found it impractical to put any such restraints upon them as it had hoped, and promised to put." The United States has waited "until the facts became unmistakable, and were susceptible of only one interpretation."

If it is still the purpose of the Imperial Government to prosecute relentless and indiscriminate warfare against vessels of commerce by the use of submarines without regard to what the Government of the United States must consider the sacred and indisputable rules of international law, and the universally recognized dictates of humanity, the Government of the United States is at last forced to the conclusion that there is but one course it can pursue.

It is generally believed that Germany desires the friendship of the United States, and is disposed to concede whatever is not considered by her to be essential to success in the war.

China.—Yuan Shi-Kai is trying hard to win back the allegiance of the revolted southern provinces. Though he gave up his project of reestablishing the monarchy and humbly acknowledged his "lack of virtue," the revolutionary movement kept spreading. It started in the province of Yun-nan which is far from Pekin, and passed eastward to the sea. Six southern provinces, including Kwang-Tung, which contains the important commercial centers, Canton and Hongkong, declared themselves independent of Yuan's Government, and in three other provinces the revolutionists are reported to be in control. Thousands of Government troops and five of Yuan's warships are said to have gone over to the enemy and news of battles come from time to time, but probably there has been little severe fighting. On April 22, however, the revolted provinces made President Yuan the following peace proposals: (1) That a really representative parliament shall be established; (2) That a Cabinet responsible for its acts to the parliament shall be created; (3) That the provincial legislatures shall be restored; (4) That definite and satisfactory relations shall be established between the central government and the legislatures.

Patching Up a Peace

If Yuan will accept these terms the revolutionists, with the exception of a small group in Shanghai, agree to recognize him as President of China. Yuan seems ready to make the desired concessions, for he has reorganized his Cabinet, giving the premiership and the war portfolio to Tuan Chi-Jui, a staunch republican, and has promised to hand over all civil authority to the new Cabinet, the other members of which are these: Foreign Affairs, Lu Cheng-Hsiang, the present incumbent; Finance, Chang Hu, now Vice-Minister of Finance; Interior, Wang Yih-Ting, former Minister of Trade and Commerce; Marine, Admiral Liu Kuang-Hsun, the present incumbent; Communications, Tsao Yulin, now Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, while Chow Tzu-Chi, Minister of Agriculture, becomes Director General of the Bank of China. Meanwhile Japan appears to be satisfied with the trend of events in China and the Mikado's officials protest that he is not meditating encroachments on Chinese sovereignty at all, but merely desires to have as many of his "political advisers" in the country as are retained there by the British, the French, and the Russians, that he would like to assist in policing "important places" where the Japanese are numerous, and wishes above all things to make China a "strong" neighbor of Japan.

France.—The question of the war-orphans is still unsettled and is deeply stirring the country. M. de Lamarzelle is valiantly fighting for the right these children have to be educated in the faith of their fathers. Thanks to M. de Lamarzelle's initiative and efforts, 12,968 French mothers, whose husbands have been "mobilized," have memorialized Parliament in the name of their 28,992 children, and made the following petitions: (1) Let the law of guardianship be modified for all orphans if necessary, and not merely for the war-orphans; (2) Let these depend on the Ministry of Justice and not on the Ministry of Public Instruction: dependence upon this latter department would impose upon them "official moral instruction"; (3) Let priests and "ministers of worship" be admitted as members of Departmental Boards with the same rights as the representatives of all "social groups"; (4) Let the financial allowances and subsidies be granted to all war-orphans without regard to the character, public or private, of the institutions or schools where they are to be educated.

Rights of War-Orphans

The Catholic senators are making a sturdy fight against the false principle of the Minister of Public Intruction, M. Painlevé, and his Commission, namely that it is for the State to watch over the education of the

orphans. They claim that right primarily for the parent. MM. de Lamarzelle, De las Cases and Jénouvrier have been helped in their campaign by journals of such widely differing views as *l'Action Française, l'Echo de Paris, l'Eclair, le Figaro, le Gaulois, l'Intransigeant* and *la Libre Parole.*

Germany.—The death of Baron Kolmar von der Goltz, at the advanced age of seventy-three, removes from the field of action one of the foremost strategists and diplomatists of the day. He had served in three wars, and during the years of peace achieved eminence as a military writer. His book, "The Nation in Arms," became most popular soon after its publication, and his historical works, "The Operations of the Second Army," "Gambetta and His Army," and "Rossbach and Jena," attracted the attention of the entire military world. He was wounded in the war against Austria, in 1866, and for the following two years was in charge of the War College. In 1868, he was head of the Topographical Bureau of the General Staff. During the Franco-Prussian war he held command over the Second Army, took part in the battles of Vionville and Gravelotte, and in the siege of Metz, and led the German armies in their march on the Loire. In 1883, he was sent to reconstruct the Turkish army and remained in Turkey for thirteen years. The effect of his training was apparent in the decisive victory of the Turkish Army over the Greeks in 1896. To those who found fault with him for Turkish inefficiency in the Balkan war, he had replied that he had left Turkey many years before the war, and had not been given a free field for practical reorganization, adding:

Death of Baron von der Goltz

> If I have been considered throughout half of Europe as the cause of the ruin of the poor Turkish army, I am the richer by another experience which has taught me the nature of public opinion, that the judgment of the world deserves less consideration and is of less value than even I had already given it, and that history is actually the *fable convenue* of Napoleon I.

Toward the beginning of the present war he was appointed Military Governor of the part of Belgium occupied by the German troops, but was called to Turkey at its entrance into the war, and was made military commandant at Constantinople, and Acting Minister of War. He was the directing spirit in building up the strong defense on the Gallipoli peninsula. As "Goltz Pascha," he was a leader for the Turks in their greatest difficulties, and pointed out to them the ways and means of success in their undertakings. He and von Bieberstein were largely responsible for the weakening of English influence at the Porte, and the development of the Turkish-German alliance. His death, said to be due to an attack of spotted fever, occurred at the headquarters of his army.

Great Britain.—A letter of the Archbishop of Liverpool, published in conjunction with the Report of the Ecclesiastical Educational Fund, has attracted much attention. After referring to the judgment of Pius X, that "society at the present time is suffering from a terrible and deep-rooted disease, a disease that is rightly named apostasy from God," the Archbishop calls to mind the words of the present Holy Father:

Archbishop Whiteside's Letter

> Think not that if peace has flown from the world, this has been without the Divine permission. God permits the people who have set their thoughts on the things of this world to be punished by one another, on account of the contempt and the carelessness with which they have treated Him.

The Archbishop then traces the cause of the present chaos in Europe to the religious revolt of the sixteenth century which, in the words of Leo XIII, "broke the precious bond of the ancient unity in faith and in authority, and introduced among the ranks of Christians a fatal principle of lamentable disintegration." The alleged "right" of private judgment paved the way to the rejection of the Holy Scriptures and to the denial of the Divinity of Christ. Religion, by degrees, was replaced by indifferentism; expediency became the dominating norm of morality. With the eclipse of true religion and positive morality, public disorder was but a natural consequence of the confusion at first confined to the field of speculation. Again quoting Pius X, the Archbishop says:

> There is no salvation for the world but in Christ. Men have once more attempted to work without Him. They have begun to build up the edifice, after rejecting the corner-stone. And lo! the pile that has been raised again crumbles, and falls upon the heads of the builders.

A true return to Jesus Christ means a return to the authority of the Catholic Church. Outside the Catholic Church there is but a welter of private opinion, eventuating in discord. The Catholic Church alone never compromises with error. She alone resists all attempts, however specious, against the sanctity of marriage and of the home, and by her teaching of the Gospel of Christ in all its purity, promotes virtue in the individual, and safeguards the stability of civil and political order. Such in outline are the contents of the Archbishop's remarkable letter.

Mexico.—Conditions in Mexico are not improving; on the contrary, they are steadily growing worse. The American troops have been attacked again, and Carranza continues to insist that our soldiers be withdrawn from Mexican territory. At present the Administration shows no willingness to meet the demand. Meantime the Diaz faction appears to be growing in strength, and there are persistent rumors of discontent amongst the Carranzistas. The Mexican paper dollar is now worth one and three-quarter cents; in Otumba meat is selling at fifteen dollars a pound and Indian corn at three dollars a liter. Some idea of Carranza's benevolence can be obtained from the following extract from a letter from Vera Cruz:

War, Morals, Religion

Day before yesterday (April 9), about six o'clock in the morning, José Peon del Valle and eighty companions, Mexicans, Frenchmen and other nationals, were arrested without apparent reason and led away to Perote, a prison in the mountains of Vera Cruz. No one knows what will become of the unfortunate fellows; few men return from Perote.

The nature of the moral instruction given in the schools may be judged from the fact that recently a teacher gave an instruction on polygamy to boys, eight and ten years old, urging them to adopt it when they grew up, for the good of the State. Most of the instruction is unfit to print but the following paragraph is worthy of notice:

What they [the boys] had to avoid was drunkenness; they should avoid monks, too, for they became drunk early in the morning. In order to ascertain this, people had but to notice what the monks did in the farce called the Mass. They drank wine on the altar from golden goblets set with precious stones.

The attitude of the bandits toward Catholic schools is still peculiarly savage. A recent number of *El Pueblo* says: "The 'Honorable Board of Popular Education of the State of Vera Cruz' after having closed a girls' school called the 'Asilio Veracruzano,' directed by nuns, published the following decrees: 'Within the strict limit of fifteen days, counting from the publication of this resolution, all teaching establishments dependent on distinctly religious institutions must be closed.'" There follow some minor decrees and then *El Pueblo* remarks:

We applaud with genuine enthusiasm the attitude of the Honorable Board of Popular Education of the State of Vera Cruz, because it definitely breaks with the so-called policy of conciliation, which, in brief, was nothing but an affront against the Reform Laws, and because it is high time to render effective the prescriptions which tend to the intellectual emancipation of the new generation. To permit children to receive from the hands of religious teachers the first foundations of their education is practically to become guilty of genuine abuses committed against people worthy of all protection; it is to stifle in fanaticism, superstition and ignorance the soul of our national life; it is in fine to betray human liberty and civilization.

These views need no demonstration. They are admitted by all cultured nations, by all legislators and thinkers, who unanimously proclaim the urgent necessity of entrusting primary education to real teachers, to masters filled with a noble altruism, conscious of their mission and zealous in the accomplishment of their duties.

Even when these religious schools simulate methods in conformity with those demanded by law, even when they pretend to give a scientific education, they are eminently harmful. For, side by side with truths founded on science, pupils are grounded in the teachings of mysteries of faith, and are taught to mistrust their own judgment. Thus weak and sickly characters are formed, incapable of that individual and personal decision which is perfectly justified by the noble destiny which nature has given to man.

It may happen, and as a fact has happened many times, that genius flourishes in religious schools. But this means nothing for such schools. For genius flourishes of itself through its own efforts and as the result of natural gifts . . . and it is proper to note that genius as developed in the halls of superstition and religious fanaticism has many shortcomings, depths of intellectual and moral abysses, a sure result of a morbid theory, of despotic dogma, and of the crushing of the spirit of the scholar through constant penance, contrition and prayer.

On the other hand, among modern nations, it is a received axiom that for them, a large supply of human units perfectly balanced and strengthened for the fight, with sound body and mind, is preferable to a small number of "supermen." This large supply, the secularist school alone can furnish.

With regard to the education of woman, nothing can be so dangerous as to hand her over to mysticism. For her very sensibility and charms are the factors and elements which the religious power brings into play in order to destroy the redeeming work of a patriotic and sincere liberalism. And so a Mexican priest once said on a solemn occasion: that the French Sisters, who in the days of Porfirio Diaz, and in spite of the Reform Laws, came to Mexico, had as important and supreme a mission as Hernando Cortés. They came in fact, according to Bishop Montes de Oca, to conquer the heart of the Mexican woman, in order that thus they might bind anew the shackles which the Republic of Juarez had broken, in other words to win back Mexico to Rome. . . .

Such is "religious liberty" in Mexico.

Spain.—According to consular reports lately received in Washington, prices in some parts of the country have been forced so high by the war that many foods ordinarily used by the working classes have been placed entirely beyond their reach. Even the more prosperous are paying eighty-five per cent more than formerly. In no other neutral country, it is asserted, has the cost of living risen so sharply. In southern Spain the suspension of some industries, and the mining and labor troubles in La Union and Catalonia have greatly added to the difficulties. In the south food prices are declared to average 200 per cent higher than prices in the United States. Since August, 1914, bread in Seville has risen twenty-five per cent and meats forty to sixty per cent. Imported canned goods are quoted at almost prohibitive prices. Rents have gone up fifteen to twenty per cent, coal costs 150 per cent more than usual, and the cost of gas, electricity, and medical supplies has been doubled. To relieve the situation the Government has voted a large sum for public works.

High Cost of Living

The formation, on Lady-Day, of a new association of Catholic noblemen, "The Knights of Our Lady of the Pillar and of St. Francis Borgia," is an eloquent proof of the vitality and fervor of Catholic life among the upper classes. The Association counts among its members two ex-Ministers of the Crown and representatives of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the country. The Association has a threefold end: the study and diffusion of sound apologetics for the defense of the Faith, the promotion of Catholic social action, and self-education in order to prepare for more effective leadership.

Catholic Noblemen's Association

The Royal Decree founding the Cervantes Institute has been published. The Institute is under the Royal patronage and is intended for infirm and impoverished writers, artists and their children. For the education of the latter a primary school is attached to the institution. The Government will make an annual grant. This year the grant amounts to $5,000.

Cervantes Institute

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Popes and Peace

OVER the roar of countless battlefields, one word heartrending in its pathos, is breathed in many tongues by Teuton, Frenchman, Briton and Slav, "Peace, Peace!" Individuals, nations, continents are soul-weary of carnage and blood. Yet, because the world has rejected the umpire whose decision might silence the din of battle and bind the iron forces of war, the fratricidal contest still goes on, and youth and manhood bleed in the trenches, in the viewless spaces of the air, on the decks of drowning ships; and mothers and orphans wail, and the march of progress and civilization is stopped for years. Formerly a voice could be raised, and priestly hands could be lifted in Christendom, before whose solemn utterance and gesture, the combatants sheathed the sword. The White Shepherd, the Pope of Rome, could pass between the ranks of opposing armies, uplift the Cross and bid them lay down their arms. His voice is little heeded now in the councils of the nations. It would even appear that an effort is made by kings and cabinets to prevent his invitation and warning from being heard again. Other arbiters and tribunals are chosen; none so authoritative or influential.

A Protestant writer, the great German thinker, Leibnitz, has written these words:

> If all would become Catholics and believe in the infallibility of the Pope, there would not be required any other umpire than the Vicar of Jesus Christ. If the Popes resumed the authority which they had in the time of Nicholas the First or Gregory the Seventh, it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace and conducting us back to the Golden Age.

But without going so far in their premises as the German philosopher, even those who are not Catholics and do not accept the infallibility of the Pope, can reasonably admit the historic validity of his claims to be a great world-umpire. As the ruler of millions—millions today unfortunately divided into opposing camps—by tradition, precedent and achievement, as the heir of the Leos, the Gregories and the Innocents, the Pope is essentially a peacemaker. One or two facts culled from history, and to which others will be added in a subsequent paper, will prove the assertion.

When the "palace" of the Popes was a crypt in the Catacombs, and their unvarying lot, persecution, imprisonment and martyrdom, their labors, confined to the spiritual interests of their flock, to the safeguarding of the deposit of faith, counted relatively little in the stirring events happening around them. But not a century and a half had elapsed after the Constantinian Peace had lifted the Church from the Catacombs and made her Pontiffs the peers of emperors, when in the middle of the fifth century, the first Leo, whom history has called the Great, twice proved that the Papacy stood for peace and could effectively enforce its claims. In 451 the Catalaunian fields in Gaul had witnessed one of the decisive battles of the world. Eastern barbarism and western civilization had been arrayed there against each other and the West had won. The Tartar hordes of Attila had met Rome's legions under Aëtius and Rome's Visigoth allies under Theodoric and Thorismond, and had been routed with frightful slaughter. Bayed at last, Attila turned back only to lead next year his hordes into Italy, on toward Rome. Verona, Concordia, Milan, Aquileia, Padua and Mantua, fell into the hands of the savage Mongols. The smoking ruins of camps, walled towns, cities, temples and churches everywhere marked their path. Thousands were driven into the fastnesses of the Apennines, or into the inaccessible fens and lagoons of the Adriatic, where they founded Venice. Rome was helpless before the invader. The citizens turned to Leo. The Pope, sometime before his election, had already acted as peacemaker between the two rival commanders in Gaul, Aëtius and Albinus. He was now to attempt a more difficult task. Accompanied by some of his priests, by the Consular Gennadius Avienus and the ex-Prefect Trigetius, he set out for Northern Italy, and met the Tartar King on the banks of the Mincio. Tradition and legend lifted almost to the dignity of history by the brush of Raphael in one of his stanze, recorded that as Leo pleaded for peace and for Rome, the Apostles Peter and Paul appeared to the terrified chieftain, thus giving a supernatural sanction to the Pontiff's prayers and warnings. Attila listened to the unarmed priest, and withdrew his disappointed squadrons beyond the Danube. It was the second time a Christian bishop had stayed Attila's sword. St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, had appealed to him, and Troyes had been spared. Attila exclaimed that he could conquer men, but Lupus and Leo, the Wolf and the Lion, were too much for him. Another victory was to crown Leo's work for peace and western civilization.

In the spring of 455 a fleet of Vandal warships, under Genseric, was ascending the Tiber. From their galleys the pirates could see a lifeless body slowly drifting down the stream and beating helplessly against their oars and the hulls of their ships. It was the corpse of the Roman Emperor Petronius Maximus, murdered by his rebellious subjects. A sad augury for the city which was again the prey of the barbarians. The man who had faced Attila was asked to appease Genseric. Leo met the Vandal King outside the Porta Portuensis, and though he could not turn him back, he won from him the promise that no blood would be shed nor the city set on fire. Robbery and plunder he could not avert. Yet though the sack lasted a fortnight and the Temple of Jove and the imperial residences were rifled of their treasures, the Basilicas of the Apostles were spared. A tribute, perhaps, of the Sea-king to the Pontiff, who alone had been man enough to face his wrath.

Vandal and Hun, Attila and Genseric had disappeared,

a century and a half had nearly passed and Gregory the Great was seated on Leo's throne. Not a man of extensive learning or culture, not a philosopher or theologian with original views or a constructive system, he was a stout-hearted Roman, a keen-sighted, practical statesman, a saintly Pope, a born leader of men. By the nobility of his views, principles and life, and by actual benefits and services conferred, he made the Papacy a power in the Empire. When emperors and exarchs either could not or would not help the State, Gregory with Roman-like firmness and decision, assumed the initiative. While Romanus, Exarch of Ravenna, sulked in shameful inactivity in his fortress, the Lombards were constantly growing in power and threatening all Italy. They had formidable leaders in King Authari, in Agilulf, his successor, and in the Dukes Ariulf of Spoleto, and Arichis of Benevento. In the summer of 592, Ariulf was besieging Rome, Arichis marching upon Naples. Both cities were helpless and practically without efficient magistrates or garrison. On his own authority, Gregory made terms with the enemy, and Ariulf, calling off his bands, left Rome in peace. The Exarch Romanus now roused from his lethargy, marched to Rome, and cut off the two southern Lombard chiefs from King Agilulf. But in the spring of the following year the latter was encamped before the Eternal City, and soon from the walls, Gregory "saw Romans with ropes round their necks like dogs, being led away to be sold as slaves in Frank-land." But he was too much of a Roman to do nothing but wail. He saw the city practically unfortified, unprovisioned and unarmed. He knew that he alone could save it. The details of his meeting with Agilulf, recorded by the writer who continued the Chronicle of Prosper, may not all be historically correct, but certain it is, that persuaded by the prayers and maybe by the gifts of Gregory, the Lombard King raised the siege and departed northwards. Gregory knew that a lasting peace would not be granted until the Lombard Chiefs and the imperial authorities came to terms. And though the Emperor Maurice rudely upraided the Pontiff for what he considered his unwarranted interference in affairs of State, he could not prevent him from toiling for that peace for which Italy was sighing and which Gregory alone seemed able to secure. It was only on the death of Romanus and the appointment of the more farseeing and energetic exarch, Callinicus, that negotiations were begun with Agilulf and peace secured in 599. Two years after, the treachery of Callinicus caused the smouldering embers to blaze again. But the Lombards and Avars took Padua and defeated the exarch under the walls of Ravenna. Callinicus, recalled in disgrace, was succeeded by Smaragdus. Peace was at last secured. Gregory died in March, 604, while it still smiled upon the land. One of his last letters was to Queen Theodelinda, wife of Agilulf, requesting her to thank her husband for the peace and to urge him still more to spread its blessings.

Gregory was not a coward or sentimental pacifist. He saw Rome unprepared, and, while it could be done with honor, prevented bloodshed. He gave Rome peace. He saved it from intellectual darkness. The Lombards were uncultured and unlettered. Muratori speaks of their "ferocious ignorance"; Tiraboschi finds little or no evidence that they ever cultivated or fostered learning. Had they conquered, intellectual stagnation and decay would have everywhere prevailed. Gregory saved Rome, Italy and western civilization from that appalling doom.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

The Boys of Our City: Boston

PROBLEMS are a prominent characteristic of the modern world and every phase of life presents them. They are usually of man's own making; often they are the results of neglected or violated laws, they are the work of those who seem to feel that the laws of God are irksome. These problems confront us everywhere and require solution. Among them is the problem of the boy. Boys, especially the lads in cities and towns, need attention and care. The work done in the home must be reinforced if the vast and various inimical forces at work in society are adequately to be offset.

The boy is a man in the making, and any one with an ounce of common sense knows that there must be a logical connection between our idea of what he ought to be and the way in which we guide and care for him. Figs are not grown from thistles yet, notwithstanding the advance in horticulture. There are various types of boys and volumes have been written describing them and their particular psychology. No one admires a rowdy, polished or unpolished; no one in his senses wants his boys to emulate that civic scourge and social nuisance called the "practical" man, the self-seeker and opportunist, whose policy is governed not by an answer to the question, "Is it right?" but rather by the answer to the question: "What is there in it for me?"

The man should know the boy, for he was once a boy himself. But often he forgets that great fact too soon. He knows the world. He knows the ambitions and the needs of the boy, needs not realized by the boy himself. The man has the facts before him, and can, if he will, solve the difficulties. Reason and will must work together to bring about a condition of things that ought to be.

There is a class of normal boys, and the other class. There are fortunate, capable schoolboys, and there are delinquent boys. Now, as far as possible, every boy should have an opportunity to obtain an education that fits him for life. This is a truism, but, owing usually to our anti-Christian social and industrial conditions, many a lad must forego the aid that education brings with it. The State is doing much, but it is not concerned with a religious education, and of this I speak. Over and above this our boys need recreation, gymnastics, entertainments

of different kinds, including lectures, and they should have them under Catholic auspices.

Few, perhaps, are the Catholic communities where nothing has been done for the boy, and I know that in Boston the activities in this regard cover a large and constantly growing field. The Working Boys' Home and the great Brothers' School, now moving to much enlarged quarters in Jamaica Plain, are well known. But in addition to these, various parishes have gathered their boys together in semi-military organizations, others have formed bands, Junior Holy Name societies, and various other organizations of lads.

Catholic evening schools are well under way, as may be seen from the splendid work done by the Young Men's Catholic Association evening classes with over 2,500 pupils, the largest number in the history of the Association. Then there are the evening schools under the auspices of St. Mary's Literary Union in Cambridge, with 1,500 pupils. In these schools the boy or young man may choose his course from a variety of subjects, ranging from elementary matters to Catholic philosophy.

On the other hand, the Catholic Charitable Bureau, headed by Father Scanlan, is doing splendid work in other directions. The bureau looks after delinquent boys or girls, and those who, because of the death of the father, are liable to be committed to State institutions. This commitment was the old traditional method of dealing with difficulties. Up to four years ago more than half of the thousand children annually committed to institutions in this State were Catholics. In Boston Catholics formed seventy-five per cent of those committed each year. During the past two years the figure has fallen below fifty per cent, and this fact has brought the Bureau's work strong praises from three Municipal Judges.

The work is performed under the patronage of Cardinal O'Connell by about eighteen visitors who do "protectorate" work so well that they succeed in preventing the commitment of many boys who otherwise would have become State wards simply because no one took interest in them. Family integrity is in this way preserved, and the widowed mother of children, aided by the Bureau, finds it possible to keep the children where they belong. This achievement is made possible by annual donations from the members of the various "Courts" of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters. In some cases, where it is necessary to find temporary protection for the boy, a Catholic home is provided until such time as he can be brought back; often the lad's relatives, or some other interested persons, help to pay part of his expenses. Last year $18,000 was spent in this way and of this amount sixty-nine per cent was paid by relatives. Otherwise the money would have been paid by the Church or the State. Strict watch is kept over each child, and pastors are notified of any change in residence. The Bureau thus furnishes children protection in temporary homes, prevents commitments, and is a center of general information. Last year it was used in one way or another by 14,000 persons.

The farm at Framingham, a large estate donated to charitable purposes by Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, K. S. G., is also a source of benefit not only to sick women and girls, but also during the summer to little boys who are given the privilege of life in the country for two weeks, coupled with the advantages of light class-work and setting-up exercises. These are a part of Boston's Catholic activities in behalf of the boy, and the work is growing rapidly. It is necessary.

Great Catholic social centers for our young men and boys are needed. I think that they are coming. Those not of our Faith have such institutions with schools, gymnasium, library, concert and lecture hall. Had we such halls we could fill them the moment they were erected. Having accomplished the apparently impossible already, we must go on and do more.

The boy must have protection in this manner; he must gradually learn the value of good training and education, and opportunity for healthy recreation is his right. The more we extend Christian influence in this world the less need we shall have for Juvenile Courts, and the better citizens shall we give to the State. The age is imaginatively riotous, but rather calm and quiescent intellectually. Therefore it is all the more necessary that the boy shall have true standards to guide him. He must be given the opportunity to learn and know the truth. And where can he obtain this except under Catholic auspices? The world cannot give him that which it does not possess, but it can and does give him much that must be counteracted. The boy who must go out into the world to fight his way during the years he should be spending in school under proper guidance, has a right to demand of his elders in the Faith some share of attention and assistance. His education, his recreation, all that is desirable or necessary for a boy along these lines should be taken care of by Catholics in the various cities and towns.

No chance to help the boy to help himself is so small that it may be safely neglected. Each in his own locality knows what is required and what can be done. When that much is accomplished, Catholics of the community may feel they have done all that can be expected of them. No man is too great to interest himself in the work and no one is too humble or too weak to neglect it. We may not be answerable for the welfare of all mankind, but we are responsible for the welfare of the boys around us.

Charles E. Fay.

Suggestion in Youth

MUCH insistence is laid at the present time on the necessity of giving children and young folk information with regard to various sorts of dangers. The purpose of such instruction is to furnish a deterrent. But the effect of such warnings is very often the con-

trary of what is hoped for. This is precisely what should be expected. The practice, so widely advocated, does not take into consideration the power of suggestion, it fails to take into account the psychological fact that once an idea has got into the mind it has a tendency, especially in young persons, to work itself out in action of some kind or other. Action is the rule in childhood; children always want to be doing things, and they are prone to do whatever occurs to them. It is only later on in life that people think before they act, and even in mature years reflection before action is not always the rule. Indeed, we are all only children of a larger growth with regard to many suggestions.

Advertisers know this very well. The United States postal authorities announce that probably over $30,000,000 are sent through the mails every year to strangers on the strength of advertisements, not a cent of which will ever come back to the incautious investors. It takes today ten times as much patent medicine, the cost of which runs into millions, to satisfy the craving of our people for drugs, as it did when we had only half of our present population. Advertising experts know how to suggest the necessity for medicine, most of which is harmful and nearly all of which is quite useless. An idea need not be reasonable in order to influence conduct; all that is necessary is that somehow it should come home to the mind and, consciously or unconsciously, it will have its effect. We are all much more susceptible to suggestion than we like to admit. A few instances will illustrate my meaning.

Not long ago I was asked to see a little girl in order to help her in the correction of a habit, which the mother was sure represented something pathological on the part of the child. On three different occasions within a single month a specialist had to be called to remove a pea from the child's nose. In order to get at the source of the trouble I asked how the child had come to form this habit, and the mother told me very frankly that having heard of children putting peas in the nose and ears, she had warned her child against the practice. The precious darling, who was three and a half years old, was so struck by the warning that before the day was over, a pea was firmly wedged in one of her nostrils.

Sometimes children will do the most curious things in imitation of their elders and particularly of a favorite parent. A little boy who was brought to my notice set up a rather severe irritation by stuffing paper wads into his nose. Inquiry showed that his father, whom the little boy almost worshiped, had come home a few days before, after having had an operation performed on his nose, with a pledget of absorbent cotton still in place. Several times during the evening this had to be removed and replaced by a fresh piece of cotton dipped in an unguent. The little boy followed these manipulations with deepest attention. The next day, as no cotton was available, he chewed some paper and inserted that into his nostrils. Forty-eight hours later there was a focus of inflammatory irritation which caused a fever that lasted for several days and left a rather serious condition in the nostrils for some time.

These children were under seven years of age, but the influence of suggestion is equally strong in those who have reached the age of reason. A short time ago a mother read that some children, while playing with matches, had set fire to themselves, with the result that two of them had been fatally burned. The very thought of the accident so disturbed her that she told the story to her boy, who was between seven and eight years old, and to his little sister, aged five; she then warned them both not to play with matches. She had never seen them interested in this form of play, and indeed the matches were kept on the mantelpiece out of their sight and reach. Shortly afterwards, on returning after a brief absence, many ends of burnt matches showed her that the suggestion had had its effect. The matches had to be put away under lock and key after that. The boy was a bright little fellow, with abundance of time on his hands, and the match idea strongly suggested and re-suggested itself to him until it worked out in action.

Suggestion plays a very large rôle in the lives of young folk between the years of nine and thirteen. The reading of cheap novels will arm boys with wooden daggers and bows and arrows. Stories of bandits who live in caves will lead lads to band together and find or make an opening in the hillside. Over and over again it has been noted that exhibitions of moving-pictures representing "pick-pocketing" and sneak-thievery are followed in certain city districts by arrests for crimes, like those depicted, of boys and even girls between the ages of nine and thirteen years. It makes no difference that the punishment for the crime is also exhibited. The countervailing deterrent effect produced by the sight of the punishment is not equal to the attraction exercised by the suggestion.

About the age of fourteen a whole new field of ideas comes to young folk with the development of sex. It is sometimes presumed that children of this age have sense enough to derive profit from warnings. Personally I find it very hard to understand how any one can have such an impression. Sexual suggestion makes a powerful appeal to a side of human nature that is very difficult to control. The cultivation of the contrary virtues and the strength of will developed by self-denial and mortification help toward this control; but warnings, especially if frequently repeated, not only will defeat their own purpose, but prove positively harmful. The more emphatic the warnings, the stronger is the suggestion that self-restraint in such matters can scarcely be expected of the young. The attitude of mind, thus formed, is likely to be that which was expressed in the words of a girl, who replied, when asked what a temptation was, "It is something you yield to." Unfortunately, sexual suggestion today flows in upon the children from many sources. The newspapers revel in sex-stories, the

magazines that circulate most freely among young folk are full of sex-tales, most of them written with the deliberate purpose of attracting the young by this very means. The theater has become a sink of sex-suggestion. I would plead that at least the older people whom the child loves and respects shall not also lend themselves to this horrible campaign.

What then is to be done to guard children against sins of the flesh? I have heard a good many people say that it is only in recent years that the world has awakened to this danger and proceeded to take measures against it. I have heard even Catholics remark that they were surprised that the Church does not do more to protect children. But the fact is, that in this, as in every other moral problem, the Church took the matter in hand long ago, and has provided the very best possible means for the instruction and the protection of youth. Any Catholic who consults his own experience, realizes the salutary influence of confession. If parents will only be sure that their children have a good confessor and go to confession regularly, they will provide their children with the best possible safeguard. Confession is the most wonderful psychological instrument ever fashioned. In France, where education is being secularized, they are suggesting that teachers take the part of directors of conscience in this matter and secure the confidence of pupils. It is easy to understand what a joke that might be for some teachers. But in sacramental confession, individual instruction and warnings, in keeping with already acquired knowledge, are given under the most impressive circumstances by one who is thoroughly respected and is known to have the soul's best interests at heart. Confession gives the help that is needed, just at the moment when it is necessary, and religious motives make contrary suggestions strong enough to be of real help, but no mere reasoning or human motives will afford adequate protection against the flood of unfortunate suggestion that deluges modern life.

James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

Easter Laughter

Risus paschalis, this was the term applied in medieval times to the mirth which the preacher was wont to evoke on Easter morning with tales of the devil's ludicrous attempts to keep locked the gates of hell against Him who had that day taken away the sting of death and robbed the grave of its victory. In certain French towns the people danced in church to the strains of the *Victimæ Paschali,* and elsewhere priests and people played at handball, in symbol of the Paschal leaping of the sun for joy. Doubtless some such impulse to "play before the Lord" inspired the fantastic herring procession at Reims. The customs were local, and like others similar, such as the feasts of asses and of fools, led to abuses which resulted in Papal edicts of prohibition. But abuses though they became, they were all a part of the overwhelming logic of the Ages of Faith. It is not a mistake to jump at conclusions when that is at once the quickest and most logical way of reaching them. So, likewise, when the Flemish and Florentine painters introduced themselves and their familiar friends into the most intimate scenes of the life of the Holy Family, it was not through mere naïveté or a desire to intrude where they had no concern, for in a very real sense they were present at the Annunciation, at the Nativity and at the Crucifixion, and it was a matter of as much importance to Domenico Bigordi as to St. Peter or St. John that Christ was risen as He said.

Laughter is at once the most Christian and the most logical thing in the world. A person may conceivably weep for joy, but laughter was never meant to be the language of despair. And so when Pater speaks of "a larger spiritual capacity and a larger capacity for melancholy," as though the one argued the necessity of the other, he is reading into Christianity something of that wistful sadness which he has made so attractive in depicting the higher type of pagan. But the one thing which Christianity did not borrow from paganism was the latter's melancholy. It took over its festivals of joy and sanctified them, but the lamentations for Tammuz and Baldur and Adonis were suffered to become echoes and nothingness around "the old gods' untended altars." The Christian religion took the pride out of stoicism and gave us asceticism; it took away the reproach from poverty and gave us the virtue of charity; it took the sting out of pagan mirth and gave us the "giant laughter of Christian men," of which Mr. Chesterton writes, the laughter based on "the clock gone wrong and the world gone right." For even as the Lady Poverty ascended the Cross with Christ on Calvary, so was the Spirit of Joy born into the world with Him on Christmas Day. Then for the first time fools and children came into their heritage and the motley was recognized as the livery of the Kingdom of Heaven. "I dearly love a fool," says Charles Lamb, and when he writes in praise of the "darlings of absurdity" it is because he discerns the heavenly lineage of simplicity, whether of mind or manners, thus displaying that Catholic intuition which has entitled him to be called "Saint Charles." This discernment has always been a characteristic of the Celtic race, among whom the "innocents," whether of Irish or Breton villages, have always enjoyed a place of privilege. "There be's luck on a fool," is the way they put it in Connaught, and the very term *Chrétien* comes down to us from the ages of faith and logic as a specific name for a fool.

It was Christianity which first allied good cheer and righteousness. When Mr. Belloc says "We laughers have a gross cousinship with the Most High," he falls short of the truth, for the relationship is very close indeed. But opposed to the Catholic doctrine of laughter, there arose malignant heresy which made a religion of gloom and dared to teach that although Christ be risen again we are of all men most miserable. This it was which blasted the genial wit of the author of "John Gilpin," until he could describe himself with more or less accuracy as "rising like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the mud and ooze of melancholy." George Borrow had in him the makings of a lusty Catholic humor, but it was crushed in the grip of the Fear.

But who ever saw a melancholy saint or a sad martyr? "See," cried the citizens of Elizabethan London, pointing to the company passing under Newgate arch, "see, they're laughing; they do not care for death." And indeed they did not. No more did Sabina, convulsed with merriment on her way to trial, nor Hermes, beguiling the way with jests. No more did Lawrence, calling out from his gridiron: "Turn me over; I'm cooked on this side." It was solicitude for those who had fallen into heresy which caused Father Roberts to inquire on the eve of "his day" whether he might not be giving disedification by his "great glee." But gallant Campion, "the chief pearl of Christendom," had no such misgivings, while the "laughing martyrdom" of Blessed Thomas More was but the fitting crown of a life which had well deserved the punning dedication of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly."

These were they whom Crashaw calls "ripe men of martyrdom," who, in their eagerness to die seem to verge perilously

close to that "fiery daring" which St. Thomas condemns, calling it, by the way, a characteristic of the Celts. But smiles and sanctity have been conjoined in a goodly company of men and women who ran a longer race. What a sorry spectacle is Marcus Aurelius, even when Pater has done his best for him, "a pygmy soul, dragging a dead body to the grave," or Amiel with his everlasting wavering between languor and ennui, beside level-headed, great-hearted, witty-tongued Teresa of Jesus, who was intolerant of only two things, heresy and melancholy; besides Mechtilde of Magdeburg, whom Miss Underhill refers to as "the sunshiny Saint"; beside Catherine of Siena, "full of laughter in the Lord"; beside Philip Neri, whom Goethe calls *der humoristische Heilige.* Good laughers, all of these, and the well-springs of their mirth were the Five Wounds made glorious on the first Easter. For the only genuine laughter in this world is "Easter laughter," the laughter which began among the wondering shepherds on the hillside at Bethlehem and has gone on increasing in volume until it cracks its sides in the *O felix culpa* and skips to the lilting measures of *O filii et filiæ.*

B. M. Kelly.

Ratan Devi: an Impression

THE curtain went up slowly and showed the dimly-lighted stage. At the back hung curtains of a peculiar green color, on the floor were two vases with poinsettias, and an Indian rug. From two braziers that stood on the floor of the stage whisps of incense smoke floated heavily and languidly toward the audience. Then the curtains at the back of the stage parted and Ratan Devi came in, silently, demurely, with her eyes cast down, and about her that eternal imperturbability which in the West is one of the attributes of the enclosed nun; she sat down on the floor of the stage and remained motionless and absorbed for a few seconds.

Ratan Devi was dressed in native Hindu costume. Soft, filmy draperies of every color, which by a singular process of subordination are toned down to no color. There is a subtle mysticism in this Oriental coloring which seizes upon every color of the rainbow, but yet blends them in such a manner as to convey to the imagination that there is no color at all; an absorption of the individuality of each in the impersonal individuality of the whole, which is one of the fundamental teachings of Oriental philosophy and religion.

She took up the *tambura,* a native instrument of the mandolin type but considerably larger, having four strings, which are tuned to the tonic, the perfect fifth, and the upper and lower octaves. As Ratan Devi plucked at the strings there came a soft low droning, vibrant with subdued emotion, that caught up the imagination and carried it to a world of mystery, of white halls and cool porches, of the heavy shade of trees and of silent fields, of lonely villages, of starry nights and immeasurable space, of a world where nature is tremendously aloof and yet intensely intimate. And then Ratan Devi sang, and into this mystery world there poured a flood of almost blinding light from the full Indian moon, or the fierce noonday sun casting its heavy shadows. And in the stillness of this intense light and shade a New York audience sat breathless and silent.

To ears accustomed to the modern chromatic scale of thirteen notes to the octave, there is something melancholy in the intervals of the Indian scale, which has twenty-two notes. This is perhaps due to the absence of a sense of that finality which seems an inevitable part of the modern scale. The Indian songs have no accompaniment, strictly so-called; the *tambura* continuously repeats the same buzzing, droning concord with its over-tones, and this is merely a delicate background that floats about the melody like a filmy cloud, at times almost imperceptible, and again moving into the tone picture like a little cloud across a summer sky.

The *raga* or art-song of India is not a species of entertainment. Its purpose is to express the voice of the Hindu gods to the people, and so the office of the singer is almost prophetical, and his or her personality is reduced nearly to vanishing point; thus the influence of an Indian *raga* is in the form of a direct appeal to the spiritual emotion of the listener. This lack of a sense of finality which the classical music of India exhibits is also a feature of the ecclesiastical modes, and like these modes, the *ragas* express moods. But there is an inseparable gulf between the moods expressed by the Indian music and the eight modes of the Catholic Church. There is in the former a sense of vast loneliness, of wandering through the aisles of unendurable space, that has not the feeling of ultimate realization to be found in the chant of *Requiescant in pace* which is sung at the end of a requiem Mass, a mood that expresses profound sorrow but also eternal hope.

But the consummate artistry of Ratan Devi, the remarkable flexibility of her voice, with its subtle blending of light and shade, are not, after all, the main things. The singer of the *ragas,* Dr. Coomaraswamy pointed out, is of little consequence, the words themselves do not matter so much, as they may be from an ancient or a modern poem, but the thing of prime importance is the music which is the vehicle of some spiritual emotion. And although this spiritual emotion is not a Christian expression, it is at times a reflection of spiritual conditions that are fundamental in the soul of every man and so have that poignancy and flavor which are the very essence of poetry. It is not a pandering to a languid estheticism, nor the arousing of turbulent passions, which are commonly thought to be an attribute of everything that is Eastern.

As Ratan Devi sat and sang four *ragas,* she closed her eyes, her body swayed back and forth to an irregular rhythm, and with her left hand she made incessant slight gestures that were in keeping with the unbarred flow of the Indian melody. As her voice rose to a noble exaltation or died away to an almost subdued whisper, as she voiced the poetry of song, and rhythmically expressed the poetry of motion, she personified that inscrutable mystery of the East, which is inscrutable only because material values have largely taken the place of spiritual values. The impression of these songs—and because they are sung in an utterly unknown language this impression is of a high spiritual value—is that of a house that is very quiet, whose shutters are pulled down tight, but within which there is a tremendous activity. Or again, they typify in a slight degree something of the inner meaning of St. John of the Cross's poem, "In a Dark Night." Here we see perhaps the great difference between East and West: for the East knows what it does know, and looks out unperturbed on the world; and the West knows—just what happens to be the current thought of the hour.

This fundamental spiritual disagreement, for it is fundamentally that, between East and West, did not always exist to the same degree. The pre-Reformation religious poetry of England, says Dr. Coomaraswamy, who is the husband of Madame Ratan Devi, was thoroughly Oriental in that it reflected the soul of the people, and this characteristic he finds to a large extent in the fragment of folk-song that remains. But individualism in poetry has driven out the expression of a people's soul in the West, and made it less and less a part of the common experience.

I had expected to find in the Indian *ragas* some likeness to the ecclesiastical melodies. But these native airs are in some cases some hundreds of years older than the Christian religion, and so are founded upon a different notation. There is in the love song *Kauna jatana* a recurring refrain which is identical with the opening phrase of *Virgo Dei Genetrix,* a twelfth century ecclesiastical melody adapted from an older folk-tune.

The Kashmiri folk-songs are of a totally different texture. They are not exclusive as are the *ragas;* they are a spontaneous expression, whereas the classical songs have a particular function.

The folk-songs are sung unaccompanied, without even the mystic drone of the *tambura,* and are founded on a different melodic scale. They are brief glad snatches of sunshine, of flowers, and of the laughter of simple folk. The cultivated art of the skilled musician gives place to the unrestrained utterance of the people as they sit under the trees, or wander among the flowers in their native woods.

There is an immediate sympathy between the folk-songs of the East and those of the West, and many of them are not unlike the medieval ditties that may be found in the collection entitled *Piæ Cantiones;* most striking of all is an apparent affinity between these Kashmiri songs of the peasants and the native airs of Ireland and Wales.

The interest which the Indian music of Ratan Devi has aroused is significant of two things. It shows first of all that the Western mind has not become too dulled to recognize the value of music that is based on purely spiritual expression, apart from the emotional values of tone coloring. It also shows what an appalling degree of ignorance exists among the majority of musicians, to whom the medieval music is merely a relic of barbarism. After all, the Indian music perhaps suits best the spiritual consciousness of the Hindus; but it is not at all impossible that some of those who feel the charm of this Indian music will feel the greater charm of the ancient plain chant, which has spiritual values that are both positive and Christian; which expresses the soul of a people as an emotion of pure worship, and fulfils the highest function of music. Henry C. Watts.

A Lay Apostle of the Faith

IT has been truly said that in the modern world the Church needs laymen as well as priests for her apostles. With those outside the Church the testimony and example of an earnest Catholic layman is often more effective than that of a priest. The layman they regard as a more unprejudiced witness, one of themselves and more likely to understand their point of view. If the layman, moreover, has given proof in his ordinary work of mental power and practical capacity, the testimony he bears to his Faith is all the more telling.

Such a man was the late Lister Maurice Drummond, a lay-apostle of the Faith, who in life did great things for the Church and whose noble work lives after him. He was the son of Mr. Maurice Drummond, C.B., a member of an old banking family, and of the Honorable Adelaide Drummond. On the father's side he was descended from one of the Jacobite leaders, Lord Strathallan, who was killed at Culloden in the rising of 1745, and on the mother's side he was the grandson of the second Lord Ribblesdale.

In 1875, Mr. Drummond at nineteen entered the Church, and from the day of his conversion work for its interests became the ideal of his life. Called to the bar at twenty-three, he soon made his mark as a barrister, receiving a series of appointments which showed an early and continuous recognition of his professional ability. His success was all the more remarkable because he never used political activity and influence as an aid to his career at the bar. In 1892 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the grievances of the evicted tenants in Ireland. The Commission sat in Dublin and Drummond was appointed its secretary. It was Lister Drummond's business to arrange that both the landlords' and the tenants' witnesses should be called, a record of the proceedings kept day by day, and the Commissioners' report put into form for publication as an official document. Needless to say, he acted with judicial fairness in all these proceedings, but his personal sympathies were strongly on the side of the poor people whose cause the report of the Commissioners very effectually championed. The landlord party, no doubt, expected that they would find in the English barrister, with his aristocratic family connections, a partisan of their side, but in this they were disappointed. He held the balance even. He took care that representatives of the tenants, men who had themselves been evicted, were able to give their testimony, and on the other side some of the leading landlords were called. Probably the most effective witness on the tenants' side was one of the landlords themselves, Lord Clanricarde, a man whose name was known in Ireland as that of a typically harsh and tyrannical land-owner. Clanricarde's statement of his case proved most damaging to the class he represented.

In the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Drummond's mother we have a glimpse of her son's work at the Commission, and we see how strongly her own sympathies were on the side of the poor peasant farmers:

> He loves the tenants who come to give evidence and says they are so intelligent, often so well-educated, so well up in all the questions of the day, that it is difficult to conceive how they can be treated as they have been. The hardships of those who belong to these estates are shocking. As dear papa once said of another matter, they are horrible and heart-rending. The estates have been the battleground between the Plan-of-Campaigners and the Syndicate-of-Landlords. But here comes the fact that bewilders me. These very intelligent people seem to put themselves in the first instance into positions which no Englishman or Scotchman would accept for a moment. Speaking of the Clongary estate, one of the landlord papers mentioned, as a matter of course, that part of the land being bog it had been given gratis to the tenant, and that when he had reclaimed it twelve shillings an acre was charged in rent. What sort of a bargain is that? Is not that a nice way of getting your worthless land reclaimed free of expense to yourself and made a source of income to you for ever?

After his work in Dublin, Mr. Drummond returned to England. On two occasions he was appointed as the Commissioner who tried the question of a petition to Parliament against the return of a member. Three years ago Mr. Drummond was appointed for life one of the London magistrates, a position of considerable responsibility. On the bench he was noted for the anxiety he always showed to secure fair-play for the prisoner, often an uneducated man, too nervous and embarrassed to state his own case properly, and in numbers of instances he helped to start in life again those whom he had sentenced to prison.

Something must now be said of the private activities to which all of Mr. Drummond's spare time was devoted. Father Philip Fletcher, a converted Anglican clergyman, had founded an association to secure united prayer for the return of England to the Catholic Faith. Mr. Drummond suggested that the scope of the Association should be extended, and should include an active work of propaganda besides prayer. One day in 1887 a meeting was held at Drummond's rooms in London, and there the "Gild of Our Lady of Ransom" was founded. Under its auspices new methods of propaganda were introduced into the Catholic life of England. Public pilgrimages were made to sanctuaries like the scene of the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor at Westminster, the site of the Tyburn gallows in West London, and of the other Tyburn outside the walls of York, where so many of the northern martyrs suffered. Then came the public processions which are now a picturesque feature of the life of London on every Sunday in the summer months. They are processions of prayer and are made up of the Catholic associations of the parish, religious sisterhoods, priests in their vestments and thousands of men and women who march with religious banners displayed, and behind a large crucifix, hymns being sung and prayers being recited all along the route. When an attempt was made to represent these processions as illegal, it was Drummond who effectively used his legal knowledge to state the Catholic case to the authorities. As a consequence of his pleadings, the "Ransom processions" have never been interfered with.

Another method of propaganda, which has been continued

with good results for more than twenty years, is that of open-air lectures in the parks and other public places, where crowds gather every Sunday afternoon, ready to listen to anyone who will address them. Mr. Drummond was one of the first laymen to inaugurate this lecture campaign. He frequently spoke in Hyde Park and always had an attentive audience, for his pleasant, persuasive manner made all he said interesting. Part of the time was devoted to answering questions and meeting objections and he was particularly happy in this kind of work. His well-trained legal mind and his readiness of reply enabled him to conciliate the objector and make his answer a lucid explanation of some point of Catholic doctrine or practice misunderstood by Protestants.

But his work for the Gild of Ransom was only one of his many activities. For several years he was a member of the Committee of the Catholic Truth Society; for four years he was chairman of the Council of the Catholic Federation in the diocese of Westminster, and he was one of the active promoters and directors of the clubs for Catholic sailors in East and West London. Incidentally he found time for considerable journalistic work, contributing to various Catholic papers, and he was the author of several pamphlets published in the Catholic Truth Society's series. The wonder is how he found time to do so much. Hardly a Catholic meeting was held in London at which he was not present and he carried on an extensive correspondence with Protestants who were thinking of entering the Church and with converts whom he had guided into it.

His last letter was a note sent to a Catholic meeting regretting that he could not be present, because he was laid up with a cold. But the illness proved to be more serious than he expected, and a week later he died. It was a Sunday afternoon and that morning he had asked for his Missal, remarking that as he could not go to Mass, he must try to attend it in spirit. He had attended his last Mass. The record of the work he has done is Mr. Drummond's best eulogy. We need more sturdy laymen like him.

A. Hilliard Atteridge.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

A Proselyting Scheme

To the Editor of America:

Recently many Catholics in the United States have been deceived and many more are likely to be deceived into contributing money toward a scheme that is apparently a work of true charity, but in reality is a systematic attempt to rob French Catholic children of the Faith. Here are the facts of the case: Certain ladies are soliciting contributions to a fund that is to be devoted to the care of the children of France, that have been rendered fatherless by the war. Every one who gives the sum of $36.50 becomes the patron of a special child and acquires the privilege of following the course of its upbringing. Recommendations of the project were obtained months ago, when the scheme had not yet developed a decidedly infidel character, from some of the high dignitaries of the Church in the United States. Since that time an entirely new complexion has been given to the whole matter. Last month Léon Bourgeois brought his bill before the French Parliament, with the consequence that the education of the children is to be controlled by the French Government.

Prospective contributors are assured that the children are to be brought up in their parents' religion, but the fact is that they are to be brought up in the *école laïque*, which naturally leads to atheism. "The Fatherless Children of France" makes an appeal that is hard to resist, but Catholics may be certain that in giving money to this organization they are directly contributing to the destruction of the children's faith. There are laudable charities in plenty to satisfy Catholic women's yearning to soften the lot of the war orphans, without their joining the avowed enemies of Christ, and helping to rob helpless children of their greatest treasure.

I think the readers of America should be warned of this anti-Catholic propaganda. The serpent's tail is easily discernible in the fact that it has as its sponsors President Poincaré and the Presidents of both the French Chambers. M. Poincaré is an avowed infidel. During the entire war he has never attended any of the numerous religious manifestations organized by French Catholics; nor has he once mentioned the name of God in any of his public utterances. The character of the Presidents of the French Chambers is best described by stating that it was under their auspices that the laws framed for the purpose of making infidels of the French children were enacted. A further proof of the nefarious purpose of the plan is the prohibition against assisting the enterprise that has been addressed to French Catholics by Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons. Another indication of its nature is the fact that the officers of the American Branch of the association are all non-Catholics, and many of the members of the numerous committees, now engaged in soliciting money in many cities, are decidedly agnostic in their attitude toward religion.

The whole organization is a monstrous, false pretense; and through it the Grand Orient will probably secure a million francs or more for the perversion of the souls of French children, partly through the contributions of ill-informed Catholics. Let our Catholics, therefore, shun all forms of charity under the patronage of the infidel government of France or the exclusive management of non-Catholics. In the latter case, Catholics will be discriminated against; in the former, their charity will assist and abet an infamous form of proselytism.

New York City. J. L. M.

Mixed Marriages

To the Editor of America:

It is interesting to note how, from time to time, Protestants of various denominations work round to the Catholic position. The following letter from a Scotch Protestant journal regarding the engagement of a converted believer, a sister in the faith, to an unconverted unbeliever, puts a part if not the whole of the Catholic position on mixed marriages in a very satisfactory way:

MARRIAGE IN THE LORD

To the Editor of The Witness:

With reference to what a sister should do who finds herself engaged to a man who is not a Christian, surely Answer C, in advising that, should the unconverted man (after explanation, argument, and pleading being of no avail) insist, she should marry him, overlooks the teaching of the Word of God in 2 Corinthians 6. 14-18: "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Evidently at Corinth such unequal yokes were existing, so the plain and definite command in verse 17 is: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord," not engaged, far less married. Amos 3. 3 says: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Were these two to marry, *both* would be committed to a life of unhappiness. It is also a solemn fact that frequently in such circumstances the believing wife or husband, for the sake of peace and harmony in the home, has drifted into forsaking any profession of Christ at all.

Answer A advises that the engagement be continued for a time in the hope of winning the unconverted man, but I submit that 2 Corinthians 6. 14-18 forbids this also. Any engagement should cease, although the sister might agree to hold herself free from any other engagement for a period of, say, a year, and, if the unbeliever should be truly born again in that time, be willing to renew the engagement if he should wish. Nor should they meanwhile see much of each other, for he would probably try to persuade her to marry him as he is, and she might eventually yield, with God-dishonouring and disastrous results.

It may be argued that it would be sin to break one's promise, but if through folly, carelessness, or ignorance a wrong promise has been made to do *that which is clearly forbidden by God,* the course is to humbly, penitently, and frankly explain fully why the engagement cannot be continued, and ask the pardon of the unconverted man for any pain and disappointment caused him.

Matthew 21. 29 is a case of a wrong promise not kept but rightly broken. It is never right to do a second wrong in continuance of a first. James E. Bevan, Birkenhead.

If the writer had added the likelihood of the children growing up without faith, the letter would have left little to be desired on the subject.

New York. H. C. Watts.

Correct Ecclesiastical Titles

To the Editor of America:

The "A. P. F. of the 'rollicking' style" who asserts, in America for April 15, that "Cardinal Henry Edward Manning was also responsible for the introduction into English of the term 'Father' as applied to secular priests" must have no Irish blood in his veins. That great section at least of the Church's millions, which has adopted "Here's a Health to You, Father O'Flynn," as a national lyric, would hardly have accepted the common appellation of their *sagart aroon* from a sasanagh icicle. Has "A. P. F." never heard of Father Prout of Watergrass Hill, County Cork, who attained immortality of fame as early as 1834? Or did he ever read that interesting Catholic story "Father Rowland," which Dr. Pise wrote in 1829, and which several generations here have since accepted with delight? These dates fairly anticipate the era when Henry Edward, by the grace of God and favor of the Holy See, became Archbishop of Westminster. They are offered along with America's popular Horatian argument for the *jus et norma loquendi,* as indicating that "A. P. F." will have to guess again as to when the use of the title "Father" began.

Brooklyn. T. F. M.

A Correction

To the Editor of America:

I made a hasty error in speaking of Wilfrid Ward's discourse before "the Metaphysical Society" as being "too turgid for popular consumption." I should have said "the Synthetical Society." The Metaphysical, in which W. G. Ward was interested, ceased to exist about 1880, if I am not mistaken.

I have received several letters asking me about the story I related concerning Manning's remarks about Newman. Several correspondents tell me they cannot find the story in Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's essay on Manning to which I referred. I fear that a certain ambiguity of phrase led to this misunderstanding. I did not intend to give the impression that this particular tale appeared in Mr. Bodley's essay. In that curious critique the author does give hints and even suggests in detail similar remarks of Cardinal Manning's. The story that I told has never, I am quite sure, appeared in print before. It is, however, an absolutely true one word for word. I would take this opportunity of saying to certain correspondents that I regret I cannot give the source from which I obtained it.

New York. Louis H. Wetmore.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary

To the Editor of America:

The English-speaking world at the present time is flooded with articles dealing with every phase and aspect of Shakespeare's many-sided genius, but, as far as the writer has been able to discover, in all this vast mass of contributions, original and otherwise, no reference has been made to one of the best, most critical, concise and analytical appreciations of the man ever written. I refer to the lecture which was to have been delivered at Stratford-on-Avon, during the celebration, in April, 1866, of the tercentenary of the birth of Shakespeare. The distinguished scholar and ecclesiastic, Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, was the man chosen to deliver this address. How great was the compliment implied in his selection can be appreciated by those who have any knowledge of the circumstances attending the reestablishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England, almost three centuries after the exercise of full Apostolical rights had ceased in that country. What a storm of bigotry and bitter opposition was aroused in England when Cardinal Wiseman arrived in London, in November, 1850, as the head of the reestablished Hierarchy is a commonplace of the history of the period and has been well described by the late Wilfrid Ward, in his very excellent "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman."

Bitter hatred for Catholics, and especially for Cardinal Wiseman, was rife in Great Britain only a few years before the Shakespearean centenary; yet, so completely had the Cardinal won over the enlightened non-Catholic element, that the Tercentenary Shakespeare Committee, representing the United Kingdom, voted that he be selected to deliver the address during the celebration. The Cardinal accepted the invitation, and prepared notes for the lecture. But before the day set for the address arrived he had passed to his reward. As a tribute to his memory, Doctor, subsequently Cardinal, Manning, in collaboration with another clergyman, edited his notes and had them published in book form. Though comparatively brief, they are very comprehensive in range; for they discuss the genius of Shakespeare with its wonderful grasp of human passions, ambitions, feelings, aspirations and desires; they also assign to each of the principal characters its place in the great scheme designed by the master-dramatist. At the same time they testify to the Cardinal's force of mind and his nice powers of discrimination. The notes deserve to be better known, not only by Catholics, but by all who are interested in Shakespeare.

Oakland, Cal. Thomas F. Marshall.

German Grammar

To the Editor of America:

Replying to S. M. S.'s query in the latest issue of America, as to whether we shall say "Four times three *is* twelve" or "Four times three *are* twelve," you cite among other languages the German as favoring the plural instead of the singular. This is incorrect, as the German, in this case, uses the singular only; for example: *Vier mal drei macht* (or *ist*) *zwölf,* never *machen* or *sind.*

New York. Francis M. Schirp, ph.d.

[On page 110 of the twentieth edition of his "German Conversation Grammar," Dr. Emil Otto, sometime professor of modern languages in the University of Heidelberg, gives the following sentences to be translated into English: *Vier mal* 8 *sind* 32: *Sieben mal* 9 *sind* 63: *Einundzwanzig mal* 32 *sind* 672. As an exercise of translation into German he gives the following: Three times 9 make (*machen*) 27. By inserting *machen* in a parenthesis he takes special pains to insist on its use in preference to the use of *macht.* Moreover, Joynes and Wesselhoeft in their "German Lesson Grammar" (D. C. Heath & Co., 1910) write: *Wie viel sind sechs mal zwölf? . . . Sechs mal zwölf sind doch zwei und siebzig.* (p. 25) Finally the use of *machen* and *sind,* in the collocation to which Dr. Schirp takes exception, is common in conversation both in Austria and Germany.—Ed. America.]

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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"Personal, Practical Work"

IN a city of the Southwest is a Catholic lawyer who, in the press of many professional duties, has never forgotten that he is a Catholic. For the last decade he has been fighting, almost alone at times, the battle against improper plays and films. That his city is now fairly free, at least in comparison with the majority of large cities, from these "public incitements to vice," is due in great part to his realization of the value of "personal, practical work." It does little good to shake one's head over the degeneracy of the times. If Catholics are to do their part in purifying the community, they must be prepared to act, to act vigorously, and to act in the face of very bitter and determined opposition.

To what degree Catholics seem ready to act, is manifest from a letter written by the Catholic lawyer to whom reference has been made. "It seems to me," he writes, "that now is a good time to call attention to the fact that Catholics are too ready to shirk personal, practical work."

> That, out of the entire country, no representative of any Catholic society appeared before the Committee on Education of the lower House, in the hearings on the Federal Motion Picture Commission Bill, I regard as an absolute disgrace. There is no need to discuss here the reasons for our shameful inactivity. But I am profoundly convinced that there must be a close cooperation between our many Catholic societies, based upon Catholic principles and a real endeavor to sustain Christian ideals. At present nearly everything is "let go." It is fearful, too, but it is a fact, to think that in many cities where the Catholic population is large, New York, for instance, there is very little cooperation for the purpose of saving the community from the interests that make money by providing questionable or even absolutely immoral entertainments. It is discouraging to be told, "Well, in this city, or that, the Catholics made no protest against this film or play," and more than discouraging to discover that the questionable entertainment has even been approved by "Catholics of prominence." If this matter were handled at the point of origin, the rest of the country would not be swamped by the rottenness that comes from New York with the approval of decadent Broadway.

This puts the case exactly. That immorality on the stage is now exploited on a commercial basis, is an undeniable fact. That Catholics should unite to check and destroy, if possible, this nefarious business, which bids fair to ruin the youth of the country, is plain. That they are not so uniting, is equally plain. What they can and will do in the future, depends upon their practical interest, both as individuals and as members of the Catholic societies, in this sorely-needed work of social reform. Of course, Judas has many representatives in the Catholic body; and the weak-kneed, "broad-minded" Catholic, eager to sell his worthless soul for money, for social distinction, or for political power, must be calmly reckoned with for what he is, a scandal and a hindrance, not a help. But the vast majority of Catholics, men and women sound in faith and in morals, are eager to follow a leader in the campaign against public vice, all the more dangerous because clothed, at times, with seeming respectability.

Is that leader among us? Can the Catholic societies which are to meet within the next few months discover him, or in his absence, prescribe a policy of "personal, practical work" on which American Catholics, "sixteen million strong," can unite to destroy the modern Herods, seeking to murder the Christ Child in our girls and boys?

St. Thomas and the Chicago "Tribune"

"IS there any use," asks St. Thomas, "in laws being enacted by man?" If the Angelic Doctor had lived in twentieth-century America, he might have asked the question with a certain sadness, tinged, perhaps, with sarcasm. But sadness and sarcasm were foreign to his bright spirit. Truth was his goal, and apart from the din of contending, petty passions, he attained it, calmly and surely. After premising that although "man has a certain innate aptitude for virtue, yet the perfection of virtue must accrue to him through discipline and training," the Angelic Doctor concludes his discussion in a noble paragraph:

> Because of wanton and saucy spirits, prone to vice, who cannot easily be moved by words, it was found necessary to provide means of restraining them from evil by force and fear, that so at least they might desist from evil doing, allow others to live in quiet, and themselves at length be brought by habituation of this sort to do willingly what formerly they accomplished out of fear, and thus become virtuous. This discipline, coercive by fear of punishment, is the discipline of the laws. (I-II, Q. XCV, Art. II.)

In the twentieth century, St. Thomas would have found himself in a country where great stout volumes of statutes and revised statutes, State and Federal, loom large on the shelves of professional libraries, but very faintly in the public life of many communities. He would have concluded with Mr. W. S. Lilly, that we moderns have a multitude of laws and very little law, at least in America. For, in the view of the Chicago *Tribune,*

Public opinion on the subject of lawlessness is represented by torpor disturbed occasionally by shock. It is indifference punctuated by useless moments of indignation or horror. There is nothing prohibitory in the attitude of Chicago toward lawlessness. The habit of thought is indulgent. . . . Murder is not committed in daylight in Trafalgar Square, nor in the Unter den Linden, nor in the Place de l'Opéra. Criminals do not kill officers in the much-used streets of Madrid, Stockholm, Petrograd or Copenhagen. There must be some reason why it can be done here, and is done here, and is not done elsewhere.

There is a reason; in fact, two reasons. The first is, that, in pursuit of neo-pagan ideals, we have endeavored to make men virtuous by ignoring positive religion, and substituting statute law. One might as well profess to run a locomotive without steam. The second reason is found in the fact, that a deluded and despicable sentimentality forbids the enforcement of the few wise laws which we yet possess. After replacing duty by expediency, and exiling Almighty God to the extent of our ability from the schools and from civic and public life, we shake mournful and stupid heads over the increase of lawlessness, juvenile and adult. If our boasted democracy ultimately proves an idle dream, the cause of the failure may be traced directly to our insistent rejection of God and His law. "Unless the Lord keep the city, they labor in vain that build it."

The Veracious Advertisers

"OUR automobile, it must be owned, is not the fastest, cheapest and best there is. In fact the 'Climax's' tires wear longer than ours, the 'Meteor' has a better engine, and the 'Flyer' is far safer. Notwithstanding the high price of our machine, however, we really do not clear so much profit on our auto as do many of our rivals on theirs." "The fifty-cent silk we have on sale is not pure silk at all. It is half cotton and is really worth only twenty-nine cents a yard, but as nobody sells it for that, you may as well trade with us." "The antique oak furniture we display this week was never to our knowledge in any baronial castle. In fact it was manufactured only last year at Grand Rapids. But the oak is at least genuine and it actually looks 300 years old. Further & Better, however, our competitors just across the street, are selling a superior chair, we freely admit, at a much lower price."

Suppose the foregoing were good samples of the advertisements the housewife of today would carefully read as she prepared for a shopping tour, what a trustworthy guide the evening paper would then become! The spectacle of merchants being so eager to acquaint the prospective buyer with the naked truth about their wares would probably be at first so severe a shock that thousands and thousands of newspaper-readers would find their only relief in tears, though here and there a cynic would perhaps be moved to skeptical laughter. But once we all grew accustomed to that kind of advertising and found by experience that the assertions made were strictly true, what a golden age would forthwith begin! For the conscientious patent-medicine manufacturer would then solemnly swear that his nostrum, though of no medicinal value whatever, was perfectly harmless; the veracious butcher would candidly state on just what day his lambs were slain or his mackerel caught; and the innocent dairyman would stake his professional reputation on the thoroughly bovine origin of his milk and butter, and would fearlessly vouch for the very birth-hour of even his freshest eggs. But if such marvels as these became commonplaces, the buying of commodities would soon lose all its zest and interest. For that sharp matching of wits, that bargaining and haggling by which a few pennies are triumphantly saved, would have no place in commerce and trade, if sellers always asked a just price and buyers always paid it. Worst of all, the amiable race of shoppers would then become completely extinct.

Safety First?

"SAFETY First," is now a frayed phrase. Yet the alarming increase of railway accidents during the last few months, justifies the question whether or not any serious reality corresponds to the hackneyed words. When, last week, a rear-end collision occurred on a famous railroad, in broad daylight, too, and immediately in front of a railway station, the New York press very justly observed that the railroads of the country might study with profit the New York subway system. If hundreds of these trains are dispatched daily, with a gratifying absence of fatalities, it is surely not asking too much of the railroads to require them to operate a comparatively small number of trains, with an equal degree of safety. To this criticism the managers reply that while the road in question is equipped with the most approved type of safety devices, no corporation can insure itself or the public against "man failure." Back of this wreck lies the whole question of the relation of the public to the public service corporation. It has been said that every safety device now in use, was invented by one appalling accident, and forced into general acceptance by another. There is cynicism in the observation, no doubt. On the other hand, to suppose that the railroads are as anxious to install safety devices, as they are to reduce running expenses, is to credit these corportations with an astonishing degree of humanitarianism. A railroad is a useful, even an indispensable agent; but it is, distinctly, not a philanthropic institution. It was built to make money and is operated for the same purpose. Generosity enters into its calculations, only on its perception that generosity is a good business policy; the "Safety First" cry is an outcome of this perception. Under other circumstances, the aim of the railroad, or of any other corporation, is a minimum of satisfactory service, which means "what the public will stand for," with a maximum of income.

Of course, the railroad argues correctly that there can be no absolute insurance against "man failure." This does not mean, however, that the public service corporation is not bound to seek and adopt measures which will reduce this danger to a constantly lessening minimum. It may be true that the majority of railroads are well equipped with safety devices; but it is not equally clear that the roads have always, or even as a rule, adopted an attitude toward their employees which makes them faithful, interested cooperators, not sullen, indifferent workers, willing to do their scant duty, but no more. The problem has at least three factors, the corporation, the workers, and the public. Ultimately, the public pays, always in money, and sometimes in blood; and it is the public which by wise but stringent regulation can solve the problem.

Several committees are now investigating the New England wreck. They might ascertain the real cause more nearly, by inquiring not whether or no a signal light was displayed, but whether the railroad in question knows how to train its employees to the faithful performance of a function with which the safety of the public is directly concerned. Even a railroad may need to learn that its entire duty is not fulfilled when it has guaranteed a dividend.

Godless New York

THAT New York, no less than darkest Africa or China, presents a field for missionary activity of the most energetic kind, was the discovery recently made by the Open Air Evangelical Committee of the National Bible Institute. From a carefully prepared map it was shown that the "unchurched population" of the great metropolis numbers 2,900,000 souls. The basis for this computation is the census of 1910, in which out of a total of 4,766,000 inhabitants, 1,250,000 are said to be practising Catholics, 200,000 Jews who attend synagogues, and 325,000 church-going Protestants. The rest, it is concluded, are without any church connections.

Without vouching for the complete accuracy of the statistics, we may take them to be sufficiently suggestive of the truth. Judged from the standpoint of observance of religious practices, New York must be classed as a pagan city. If it were not for the mighty leaven of Catholicism, to which no statistics do full justice, the condition of religion itself would be desperate and the state of Christianity all but hopeless. Missionaries might well be summoned from afar to preach the Gospel to the millions of souls who have not even, as the Greeks of old, an altar dedicated to the Unknown God. Many probably have a vague longing for religion and a general belief in a Divinity; but so, too, had the untutored aborigines who wandered over these same places when they were still happy hunting grounds.

Is this an argument against the foreign missions? At first glance it certainly would seem to be. Yet it leads to the very opposite conclusion. When Christ gave His Apostles the commandment to go forth into distant lands, there was sore need of them in Palestine. Christianity had hardly taken root in the native soil, and He Himself was soon to ascend to the right hand of the Father. Yet His words were absolute: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." Paradoxical as it may seem, herein lies a partial solution of New York's problem. By developing the missionary spirit, according to the desire of Christ, and arousing interest in the missions afar, that same spirit will show its fruit in conversions wrought at home. If Catholics have not done as much as they could have done for the conversion of America, one reason is to be sought in the fact that many do not fully comprehend the meaning of the word "Catholic." Had the Apostles remained at home their whole lives, neither Palestine nor the world would have been converted.

An intensive missionary spirit in the Faithful will apply itself with the same apostolic zeal to assisting the distant missions and bringing the light of Faith to those at our door. The early Church is proof sufficient of this truth. Its spirit must be renewed in us if we would convert New York and the world. We have set out upon the right path in seeking to promote an earnest interest in the propagation of the Faith. But during the time that this interest is growing, no apostolic methods that the Church sanctions for winning our cities to Christ should be neglected. Indeed, the pity of it is that many old-time Catholic practices, such as dignified street-preaching, are not in use in this country.

Feeling Sorry for Yourself

"NOW don't you go feelin' sorry for yourself," counseled Mrs. Wiggs, of Cabbage Patch fame, to a damsel on the point of tears. To be sure, this young lady was a recent graduate from an orphan asylum, had just lost her "job," that perennial menace of the poor, and, if memory serves true, was confronted with the apparently hopeless task of creating a new frock out of an old one. Here, at least, was some cause for grief; yet the sagacious Mrs. Wiggs, innocent of psychology but rich in practical wisdom, rightly understood that by a reflex act of the mind, the poignancy of one's woes may be enlarged to any desired magnitude. "Now don't you go feelin' sorry for yourself, honey," repeated this valiant woman, "for hit don't do no good. Just laugh. That's better." Mrs. Wiggs would have applauded the medieval writers who were wont to depict Satan and his earthly followers as absolutely devoid of a sense of humor. Happiness and holiness are as near allied as evil and despair.

The lesson of Mrs. Wiggs is needed, especially in these days, when even the education of children is designed to move along the lines of least resistance. Self-pity is only another form of self-indulgence. The delicately nurtured are proverbially most given to "nerves,"

and melancholy finds its chosen refuge in the souls of the pampered. The world is not in ruins because we have broken our toy. Clouds are but ephemeral substances. The shadows that sometimes darken life, are themselves a proof that the sun is shining. Only the servants of evil ought to be unhappy, St. Ignatius used to say. A deep philosophy, drawn from the teaching of Him who "knoweth our frame" is contained in the saying of this wise Saint.

"Consider the lilies," "Take no thought for the morrow," "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things," "Are ye not of greater worth," are but a few of many texts, spoken by the wisdom of God for our instruction and comforting. Surely, they are a foundation upon which true and lasting happiness may be built by men of good will.

LITERATURE

XXV—Lionel Johnson

IN this world of transient things it is rather wonderful how the memory of Lionel Johnson persists. It is a triumph of personality. For Americans he seems to have a peculiar charm. The fragrance of the Old World hung about him and hangs about his memory. If you visited Winchester or Oxford for the first time, being on your knees before the Spirit of the Place, and if you had met Lionel, with the small, pure face and domed forehead, a scholar's gown on his little figure, a bundle of books under his arm, you would have cried out that he was Oxford, that he was Winchester. He was in fact saturated through and through with the spirit of these venerable and beloved places.

Lionel in the London literary circles of the nineties, in Fleet Street, was an odd anachronism. It was as though Erasmus, "Erasmus, my darling" of Blessed Thomas More, had appeared wise and smiling amid the babble and clatter and chatter about very often unworthy books which went on in those days and circles. He had stepped out of the Middle Ages, but he was not aloof from the world about him. His was a very friendly presence. He had a wise, roguish little humor and he loved his friends. One has only to take down the two tall gray volumes, which he made in his lifetime, and read the list of names of those to whom he dedicated his poems to know how wide his circle of friends was. He was immensely interested in the world in which he looked a *revenant*, a wise smiling little ghost; he was extraordinarily generous; his admirations were very many; for all his attainments and scholarship he did not demand these things in his friends. During some eight or nine years of intimate friendship I cannot remember that he ever belittled anyone, though he might enjoy with his little fine smile a shaft flung by another against a stupidity or an absurdity.

He had many different strands of heredity. One, the Irish Protestant, would never have led him to that profound interest in religious matters which brought about his early conversion to the Catholic Church. The Irish Protestant's interest in religion would be limited to his own. The Irish, the Welsh, the Cornish: there were those three strands: but there must have been a streak of English to explain that capacity of his for speculation. One remembers the Oxford undergraduates of Newman's "Loss and Gain" who discussed religion on their daily walks; and the Eton boys of Digby Dolben's day who formed religious societies after the monastic pattern. Lionel was still a Winchester boy when he went off to the old priest of the Catholic mission at Winchester and announced that he wished to become a Catholic. "Very well," said the priest, "but now, hadn't you better go back? You are out of bounds." That reads like a bit from St. Francis de Sales, does it not?

He loved ritual and fair-ordered services, vestments and incense and all the glorious pageantry of the Church in the worship of her Founder. That was one of the golden strands in him. Another was his feeling for the wild and the wind, for hills and wide lonely spaces and the sea. He loved the night full of stars and the quietness of forests and the beauty of English country and the great desolation of bog and moorland. He had many loyalties; to his school and his college; to Ireland, to Wales and Cornwall; to his friends; to his religion. Whence did the religion come, beyond the influences of Winchester and Oxford and the bias of his own nature? From Irish Protestantism, which is less a belief than a protestation? Hardly. Lionel was the son of Captain William Victor Johnson, second son of the second baronet. As a rule the children of these Irish Protestant families used to be nursed by Irish peasant women, between whom and their foster-children there were often the tenderest of ties. May it not have been that the love of God and Mary, imbibed with the foster-mother's milk, may have influenced this devout lover of her to whom the Irish Low Church concedes nothing of honor?

A naturally Christian soul, he had yet about him, perhaps it was his classicism, some suggestion of Plato. At least Plato came naturally to one's thoughts when one considered him. He loved his old poets and philosophers. He had the urbane air of the Greek, with the chivalry of the Christian gentleman. His manner to a woman was always exquisite.

As for his poetry, it suffered in his lifetime because many people held it to be academic. Much of it had a certain precision and formality in a day when poetry was all for abandonment. But his poetry had a curious wild lovely strain in keeping with his love for the wind and open spaces, as in this unearthly love-song:

TO MORFYDD

A voice on the winds
A voice by the waters
Wanders and cries:
O, what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

Western the winds are
And Western the waters
Where the light lies.
O, what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!
. . . . . .
And down the night winds
And down the night waters
The music flies:
O, what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Cold be the winds
And wild be the waters
So mine are your eyes!

Nearly all poets have one poem by which they are represented to a great number of readers, and this is perhaps the poem of which people think first when Lionel comes to their memory. But he had many chords to his music. He had "magnalities and splendors" like:

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If without sea and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there
Men shall not miss the stars nor mourn the sea.

And very often he merits the title he gave to Pindar, "opulent." He is opulent when he writes of the rich English country. But he was a poet of reticence and conservatisms. When he is personal, it is a poignant, half-revelation as in his own "Precept of Silence":

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours.
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes and ashen flowers.

The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces full of fear:
Mine is the sorrow on the sea
And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad;
I have not spoken of these things
Save to one man,—and unto God.

He was little likely to publish anything abroad concerning himself. In a day of advertising he was full of delicate reticence, and always a little mysterious to his closest friends. It was characteristic of him that he should have slipped away from us to die. He had always a certain loneliness. He lived in rooms as like college rooms or monkish rooms as possible; in Gray's Inn where his sitting-room was lit from overhead with a queer effect of immurement, and in Lincoln's Inn. When he wanted to be left alone he "sported his oak," although I think his courtesy would have shrunk from doing that to a friend. There was something very endearing and touching in his slight childish dignity, the little figure, the little face with the great brow. He preserved all the dignities in life and death. He died by a simple accident which might have happened to anyone, and because his skull was so thin, like a child's, that a fall on a deep carpet fractured it. He had written his own epitaph:

Lonely unto the Lone I go,
Divine to the Divinity.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

REVIEWS

Pastoral Letters, Addresses and Other Writings of the Rt. Rev. JAMES A. MCFAUL, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Trenton. Edited by Rev. JAMES J. POWERS. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.50.

"Dedicated to the Clergy, Religious, and Laity of the Diocese of Trenton in testimony of their Loyalty, Devotion and Fidelity," this volume of thirty-two papers strikingly chronicles Bishop McFaul's pastoral vigilance and enlightened zeal. Beginning with a St. Patrick's Day sermon on "Faith and Fatherland," which he delivered as a priest in 1885, ending with his address before the National Convention of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, July 15, 1914, and with the intervening pages bearing such excellent articles as "The Blessing of Bells," "Catholics and American Citizenship," "The Dead President," "Infidelity in Our Universities," "The Catholic Church and the Labor Question," and particularly the four pastorals on the home, the school, the Church, and on modern problems, the volume shows how wide and varied the author's interests and good works have been. But it is as the enthusiastic promoter of the American Federation of Catholic Societies that Bishop McFaul is best known. His name has been closely identified with the growth and spread of the organization since its inception. In this volume, therefore, is fittingly published the admirable address in which the author explains "What Federation Is Not," "What Federation Is," "Fruits of Federation," and "Work Proposed for Federation."

To those who say that as "Catholics have no grievances" there is little reason for the existence of Federation, Bishop McFaul replies that, without question, American Catholics are suffering wrongs that should be righted and then asks:

> Do you know why we have grievances? I will tell you: It is because of weak-kneed, jellyfish Catholics, who dare not call their souls their own. Go abroad in this splendid country. What kind of man is the average non-Catholic American? Generally a broad-minded, large-hearted man, a lover of justice, of the "square deal." You prate to him of grievances. What will he say? "Your fathers and mine fought shoulder to shoulder to found this Republic . . . and you have no business to have grievances. If you have, it is your own fault. You are too cowardly to make them known, to fight against them and have them redressed." And wouldn't he be right?

During the twenty-two years he has presided over the diocese of Trenton, Bishop McFaul has never failed to make it clear just how he stood on every question involving the interests of Catholics, and in this volume many of these fearless and uncompromising pronouncements can be found. An index would have made the book more useful. W. D.

The Education of Boys. By CONDÉ B. PALLEN, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The America Press. $0.60.

A Catholic college and a Catholic education for the Catholic boy! Such is the plea which the author puts before us in this brief and substantial book. The thesis is exposed and proved clearly, logically, conclusively. Dr. Pallen goes straight to the mark and, without fear or favor, sets forth the theory of the only education which he judges fit for a Catholic boy, contrasting it with the purely "secularist" system to which so many are unfortunately driven. The tide of secularism is pulling hard against the old anchorage of Faith, the writer says. We need, therefore, a thorough training of our mental and spiritual powers in genuine Catholic principles to withstand the ever-growing strain and beat back the foe. Our boys must be "steeped, saturated with Catholic principles." The Catholic college is the only place where that can be successfully done. Catholic parents assume a grave responsibility if, for social prestige or worldly success, they send their boys to non-Catholic institutions. The author does not mince matters. The friends of Catholic education will everywhere welcome his clear, bold, and genuinely Catholic utterances, while opponents of our educational principles will admire his sincerity and courage. Dr. Pallen has solidly grounded convictions and is not afraid to express them.

The book is made up of fourteen chapters, in the form of letters to a friend, who asks the writer certain leading questions on Catholic education and proposes difficulties for solution. The letter-form allows the author a little more freedom of treatment, and an opportunity to turn into bypaths branching off from the main road. Even in these side lanes Dr. Pallen "botanizes" most profitably. The chapters on "The Responsibilities of Parents," "The Vital Principle in Education," those in which the three dangers of secularism, i. e., specialism, electivism, and utilitarianism are exposed, sound the wise warnings of faith, reason and experience. To Dr. Pallen, Catholic education is the only true education. It is the only one that fits men both for this world and for the world to come. The style of these fourteen letters, though they are perhaps a little more burdened with Latinisms than this kind of composition warrants, is everywhere forcible and clear. There is no mistaking the author's message, and the message is needed. J. C. R.

Singing Fires of Erin. By ELEANOR ROGERS COX. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00.

To people acquainted with the extensive content and the inspirational value of Irish legendary lore, it is no matter of surprise to observe the constant procession of new books which find their matter and inspiration in old Irish themes; and among these recent books, this volume of poetry, "Singing Fires of Erin," must be accorded a rich welcome. The author's soul gives a truthful response to the old, sweet echoes, and her voice is trained to adequate expressiveness. Where others, the set of vague neo-Celts, have found only aspiration, the author has felt inspiration. This is what must be the event, whenever the singer of Irish themes is genuine. For Ireland's book of sagas is, even after the devastation of centuries, more extensive than anything the rest of Europe has to show; we know that its vitality, its perennial interest, is greater than other west-European legends;

and, with regard to its inspirational value, Stopford Brooke believes when we get these old Irish literary remains done into English, we shall have set the "Idyls of the King" going for another thousand years. As the author sings:

Long from their purpled heights,
Their reign of high delights,
The Queens have wended down Death's mildewed stair,
Leaving a scent of lilies on the air,
To gladden earth through all her days and nights,
That once she cherished anything so fair.

Yet while Ireland is rich in her great literary past, her greater praise is the achievement of her later world; and in a single poem upon that theme, "O Radiant Faith of Ireland," the author has written a ringing ballad, worthy of Aubrey de Vere and Lionel Johnson:

Her children throng the waterways where pass the mighty ships,
Still pioneers of God they come, a prayer upon their lips;
Still bearing, to their lineage true, Faith's fertilizing rain,
To blossom forth in stranger lands in many a shining fane.

M. E.

Antwerp to Gallipoli. By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Way of the Cross. By V. Doroshevitch. Introduction by Stephen Graham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Arthur Ruhl covers a wider field than most of the writers of war books, for he gives us a story of a year on many fronts. He is very frank in his opinions and, having sounded the bravery of the different armies, he gives unstinted praise to the men in the ranks under every flag. His criticism of the partisan press of the different nations is well merited. Sedentary fire-eaters and hate-mongers who sit at ease in editorial chairs and call for slaughter or annihilation, who write of "flashing sabers," "without the remotest idea of what flashing sabers do," and slaughter an army corps with words every day, these are the men, editors and politicians of all the countries in arms, that the author would send to serve a week in the enemy's hospitals. Most men who appreciate the grim reality of war will give the writer a vote of approval for this proposal. Arthur Ruhl admits that had he remained in London and read the lies of but one side, he would have been capable of loathing the enemy, but having been in all the countries, and read all the lies, the difficulty in pronouncing judgment on the world-slaughter is by no means slight.

The story of the Russian and Polish fugitives fleeing before the German invader in the fall of 1915 was penned by a journalist who witnessed their sufferings. The writer gives a vivid picture of this great moving human wall of victims. In a most peculiar style, characterized by short sentences, word-paragraphs, dashes and interrogation marks, the author tells how the helpless non-combatants marched and starved, how they camped in the forests, died by the way, and planted their crosses along the roadside. The book justifies its title.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Those who have read and enjoyed "Penrod," the eleven-year-old hero of Booth Tarkington's, will find in the experiences of William Sylvanus Baxter, of the mature age of "Seventeen" (Harper, $1.35), even greater matter for entertainment. The course of true love never did run smooth, least of all in the case of the overpowering affection which envelops the soul of this callow youngster for Miss Pratt, a mincing, sentimental maiden who much affects baby-talk, and is the least convincing character in the book. Jane, a ten-year-old sister, and Genesis, a genial darkey, the two chief obstacles in love's rough current, are genuine "finds." In these two stories, illustrative of boy psychology, the author has struck a new and vastly entertaining note.

"Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs" (Dutton, $1.00), by Emerson Taylor, is intended for ambitious amateurs who may wish to free their dramatics from the reproach of mediocrity so frequently applied to private theatricals. "After all, amateur plays *do* have a charm of their own, so different from *real* plays!" is a remark sometimes heard. Personal experience and a competent stage-manager are, of course, the best preventives of such equivocal compliments; but in lieu of them Mr. Taylor's book furnishes at least suggestions, safeguards and fundamental principles. There is a compendium of stage requirements, both for the actors and the stage-manager, a list of "Do's" and "Don'ts," a stage chart, showing wings, exits, drops, etc.; a glossary of stage terms, advice on play-choosing, rehearsing, scenery, make-up and other difficulties encountered by amateur producers. There is also a helpful chapter on the technique of voice, pause, poise and action.

Though more than an introduction to a large subject can scarcely be expected from so small a volume as is Father F. Laun's "The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds" (Wagner, $0.75), yet within less than 200 pages he gives a complete and logical conspectus of the principal objections of Protestants against the doctrine and history of the Catholic Church. The objections are fairly presented; the answers are adequate, concise and forceful in statement without being intemperate. Possibly a few of the non-Catholic admissions cited might have been taken from authorities of greater weight among Protestants. For example, "Father Ignatius" of Llanthony never secured a following; and it is doubtful whether the *Living Church* for some years past has commanded the confidence of many serious Episcopalians, even of the small section which it pretends to represent. Perhaps a more reliable and acceptable source of testimony to early vernacular editions of Scripture would be E. L. Cutts' "Turning Points in Church History." Most of Father Laun's citations, however, are of recognized value.

In the *Irish Monthly* for April is an excellent paper by Father George O'Neill, on "The Tercentenary of Father Alphonsus Rodriguez." In the course of a sane and discerning appraisal of "The Practice of Christian and Religious Perfection," the author well observes: "His [Rodriguez's] distinction is that of a writer who not only gleans from nearly every part of the wide field covered by his predecessors, but also succeeds in combining (within limits) their special merits and values. . . . In matter and manner alike, Rodriguez is central, intelligible, approachable. In the greatest of sciences, he is greatest of *vulgarisateurs*." But Father O'Neill calls attention to his fellow-Jesuit's careless and uncritical use of history and biology, and "the remarkable inequality in value of his numerous examples and anecdotes," and then courageously attacks with unanswerable arguments the unfeeling doctrine laid down by the Spanish ascetic regarding "Disorderly Affections for Our Relations." Three other very readable articles in this issue of the *Irish Monthly* are "The Beginnings of Industrial Germany," which is Denis Gwynn's account of Cliffe Leslie's investigations; "In the North of Portugal," by M. J. Casey, and M. Pearde Beaufort's sketch of M. Maurice Barrès, "A French Nationalist." "Eldergowan," a new serial by Rosa Mulholland, starts in this number.

The Monroe Doctrine was formulated in 1823, in order to prevent the acquisition of American territory by a European power.

In these parlous days when Europe is herself so distraught, Mr. Charles H. Sherrill has given us a timely volume on "The Modernizing of the Monroe Doctrine," (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.75). Why this work is needed and what part the business-man should play with great profit to himself and the country is set forth clearly and convincingly. The author has many titles for his authority to speak on the subject, particularly the medal presented him by the people of Argentina on his retirement as Minister to that country. His ideals look to a future along constructive, peaceful business and diplomatic lines till from the Monroe Doctrine, rightly understood, there arises a monumental "triangle of peace," its base inter-republic harmony throughout the Western Hemisphere, its eastern side rising as a bulwark against frictional misunderstanding with Europe, its western side assuring lasting peace on the Pacific Ocean.

An enjoyable exercise of wit is in store for anyone who cares to test his ingenuity by unraveling the mystery that Carolyn Wells has woven in her latest detective story, "The Curved Blades" (Lippincott, $1.25). The sudden death of a rich old lady, in very mysterious circumstances, casts more discord in an already disunited household, and through many pages suspicion is skilfully made to rest successively on everybody in the book, except the detective himself.——In a rather commonplace story called "The Second Coming" (Dodd, Mead, $0.50), Frederic Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes describe visits Our Lord makes to the trenches and to the Kaiser's private apartment. The authors hurry the defeated Emperor to a repentant deathbed.——Mr. Louis U. Wilkinson has joined the ranks of the novelists. His first story, "The Buffoon" (Knopf, $1.50), is disappointing. Practically without plot, it is mainly taken up with a description of the lower cravings of an egotistic hedonist.——"Gibby of Clamshell Alley" (Dodd, Mead, $1.35), by Jasmine Stone Van Dresser, is a wholesome and entertaining story. The twelve-year-old subject of the autobiography named himself "Gibson Emory," after a boat. Gibby leads a laborious life, digging clams and hunting for hidden treasures, and a calculating life, trying to out-scheme his arch-enemy, Burly MacGregor, and establish himself in the business of clam-digging. The advent of "Granny," whom he had adopted, and whom he strives to keep from the poorhouse, adds to his life new pleasures and new adventures, until he is restored to his birthright.—— "Beggars on Horseback" (Doran, $1.25), by F. Tennyson Jesse, is a collection of short stories, printed, the author explains, in the order of their composition. The later tales are superior to the earlier ones, not only in subject-matter and treatment, but in the absence of a certain gushing voluptuousness.

"Mary Rose of Mifflin," (Appleton, $1.25) by Frances Sterrett, is a delightful story. Mary Rose, "almost eleven, going on fourteen," and orphaned, finds herself with cat and canary in an apartment house where "the lease says plain as can be, no children, no dogs an' no cats." Mary can't understand it: "Why everybody has children. They always had. Don't you remember, even Adam and Eve?" Full of Mifflin kindliness—for she has "a big heart. Did you know, the more you put into a heart the more it can hold? I think hearts must be like balloons. You can blow and blow and blow into balloons and there's always room for more breath"—the little heroine breaks through the formalism about her, bowls over the snow-gods of feminism and convinces all that "a child is a present straight from God" which may be accepted without fear of consequences.——Though "Golden Glory," (Doran, $1.25) by F. Horace Rose, is a $5,000 prize story of African life, it seems withal but an indifferent tale, told in a common and at times in a coarse way. If after scanning the chapter-headings the reader has the courage to plunge into the jungle he will find himself in the thick of African savagery, witnessing fights and brawls and dances and stumbling over corpses in an attempt to follow a dwarf in the search for "Golden Glory."

In "Les Grandes Heures (1914-15)," a selection from the articles contributed to *L'Illustration* by M. Henri Lavedan, the dramatist and novelist, during the early months of the war, is a fine passage entitled "Credo," which *Studies* translates thus:

I believe in the valor of our soldiers, in the skill and the devotion of our commanders.

. . . . . .

I believe in the reward of grief and in the merit of hope.

I believe in confidence, in recollection, in the daily task, in militant charity.

I believe in the blood of the wounded soldier and in the water from the holy font, in the fire of artillery and the flame of blessed candles, in the beads of the rosary.

I believe in the sacred prayer of old age and in the all-powerful ignorance of childhood.

I believe in women's prayers, in the sleepless nights of heroic wives, in the pious calm of mothers, in the purity of our cause, in the stainless glory of our flag.

I believe in our great past, in our great present, in our greater future.

I believe in the living and the dead of France.

I believe in the hands that grasp the steel and in the hands joined in prayer.

I believe in ourselves. I believe in God. I believe. I believe.

M. Lavedan's countrymen should be very grateful for these words inspired by faith.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Meditations on the Mysteries of Our Holy Faith, Together with a Treatise on Mental Prayer Based on the Work of the Venerable Father Louis de Ponte, S.J. By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J. Two Vols. $3.00; Marie of the House d'Anters. By Michael Earls, S.J. $1.35; The Passion and Death of Jesus. By Philip Coghlan, C.P. $0.75; Only Anne. By Isabel C. Clark. $1.35.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
William Wordsworth, How to Know Him. By C. T. Winchester, A.M., L.H.D. $1.25.

The Christian Herald, New York:
Luther in Light of Recent Research. By Heinrich Bohmer. Translated by Carl F. Huth, Jr. $1.25.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Feminism, Its Fallacies and Follies. By Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. $1.50; First Base Faulkner. By Christy Mathewson. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:
A False Saint. a Play in Three Acts. By François de Curel. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. $0.75; Roberta of Roseberry Gardens. By Frances Duncan. $1.25; Victory in Defeat, the Agony of Warsaw and the Russian Retreat. By Stanley Washburn. $1.00; Caliban by the Yellow Sands. By Percy Mackaye. $0.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants. By O. L. Hatcher, Ph.D. $2.00.

M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin:
The Flight of the Earls. By Tadhg O Cianain. Edited from the Author's Manuscript. With Translation and Notes. By Rev. Paul Walsh, M.A. 8 shillings 6 pence.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Onion Peelers. By R. P. Garrold. $1.60; Garcia Moreno, a Tragedy in Three Acts. Adapted from the German. By Fr. Bernard, O.M.Cap. $0.25; Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist. By the Rev. Joseph Smith, C.P. $0.50; Orbis Catholicus, a Year Book of the Catholic World. Edited by Canon Glancey. $1.50; Luther. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Authorized Translation from the German. By E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Volume V. $3.25.

Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York:
Writing the Short-Story: a Practical Handbook on the Rise, Structure, Writing, and Sale of the Modern Short-Story. By J. Berg Esenwein. $1.25.

John Lane Co., New York:
Essays and Literary Studies. By Stephen Leacock. $1.25.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia:
The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. $6.00; The Magic of Jewels and Charms. By George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D., A.D., D.Sc. $5.00.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Shakespeare's Theater. By Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph.D., L.H.D. $2.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Bars of Iron. By Ethel M. Dell. $1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The End of a Chapter. By Shane Leslie. $1.25.

EDUCATION

II—Dangers of Secular Universities

IN a preceding paper I have sketched some of the dangers to faith which the Catholic student will meet in what may be termed the official life of the secular university. The story does not end with my brief enumeration of these dangers. Not only does the unsuspecting Catholic put his faith in jeopardy when he enters the lecture halls of these schools, but he will probably find in them an attack upon everything that hitherto he has considered sacred as a valid code of morality.

Conventionality is practically proposed as the chief basis of a workable moral code. The older lines of moral demarcation, beyond which none dared transgress, are of less importance than the observance of the foibles and niceties of social life. The diaphanous raiment of college bayaderes, too often originating among the demi-monde of some European capital, furnishes no cause for censure provided the design be modishly conventional. The rake, open or furtive, clever enough to evade the criminal courts and consequent loss of respectability, is received by the perfumed "eminently respectable," as long as he strikes no discordant note in the scale of social conventions. After a training of this kind, the young student is indeed exceptional if he does not believe that character merely means what other people think of us.

The "Broad-Minded" Catholic

Nor will the stability of the Catholic student's faith and morals be made more secure should he come under the influence of the "latitudinarian" Catholic faculty member. Some whom I have met entertain and teach views strangely heterodox. Perhaps this heterodoxy is merely a "pose," or a bid for popularity as "a broad-minded investigator"; oftener, however, the Catholic faculty member has never attended a Catholic school, and has never taken the trouble to acquire the Catholic viewpoint on historical, ethical or philosophical questions. It may even be that he is ignorant of the fact that such viewpoints exist. In any case, he is quite unfit to handle adequately mooted points in biology, history, psychology, and religion; while the advertised fact that he is a "Catholic" will lend, among unwary Catholics, an added but unmerited authority to his expressed opinions. To maintain in these fussy, superficial days, that the religious revolution of the sixteenth century was neither a blessing nor a necessity, that religion is not hostile to science, that both capital and labor have rights which each is bound to respect, that certain forms of modern prophylacticized marriages are legalized concubinage, requires faith, courage, and a thorough knowledge of Catholic philosophy. And the typical "Catholic" professor in the secular university is often lacking in one or all of these qualities. Of course, there are exceptions; but being exceptions, they are rarely met with.

Unofficial Influences

Here a few reflections on the influence of certain "officially unofficial" university activities may not be out of place. Perhaps the most prominent of these agents is the Young Men's Christian Association, a body which, permitting Catholics to contribute to its funds, to its standing, and its general prosperity, excludes them from participation in its government. Strictly speaking, it is true that the Y. M. C. A. is not one of the recognized societies of any modern secular university in which it has gained a foothold; yet the recognition which it is usually accorded is scarcely less than "official." Frequently during the year, for instance, its representatives, with the consent and approval of the authorities, conduct the chapel exercises, at which attendance may be obligatory; often the student will find that university affairs have been changed, so as not to interfere with Y. M. C. A. membership campaigns or other activities. The inference drawn from all this by the careless Catholic student is, that those Catholic clergymen and editors who have been charging the Association with reprehensible methods in foreign mission fields are "narrow and bigoted," dwellers in forgotten ruts, persons who are generally misinformed, and always ready to believe the worst. From this conclusion, especially if reenforced by chance remarks on the campus or set lectures in the classroom, the Catholic student more or less easily passes to the conviction that, after all, the Catholic Faith is ultra-sectarian and needs a little "toning down."

Practical Results

Supposing the most favorable result, a period of some years will elapse after graduation before the Catholic student perceives that his university training was based on a large amount of sham, not to say falsehood. The varied teachings of his Alma Mater seem to be at one only on this point: that, theoretically at least, we can be sure of nothing. This purely negative conclusion is not satisfying, for one thing, and again, practical life shows that it is not true. At all events his Alma Mater has not provided him with a valid, comforting, sane and practical philosophy of life. Such a philosophy the modern university scarcely professes to give. It has busied itself in "correlating the things of the mind with the things of modern life." But "modern life" is so complex and changing an entity that it has defied "correlation." The result is chaos, unless "the things of the mind" and the more important "things of the soul" have been rejected as factors of which the modern world need take no serious cognizance. It seems to me that this rejection of the spiritual things of the mind and of the soul is precisely the ruin into which much of what is termed "university training" has been forced. And with what result? "Success" has taken on a new meaning. The dollar mark, the preferment of a fickle mob, the development of one's "individuality" even beyond eccentricity, are some of the standards by which success is gauged.

Some Inconsistencies

The young student at the secular university will, as a rule, be blind to the fact that, were the Church the illogical, tyrannical institution that she is pictured by some of his professors, she long ago would have ceased to be. A show of learning, an affectation of impartiality, impress him; he has not the discernment to know that it is merely show and affectation; in the language of the campus, "bluff." He does not see that his professor, who would hotly resent any criticism of his own opinions, if put forward save by a specialist, is quite ready to pass judgment, and with the finality found only in some university professors, upon any and all questions pertaining to the Catholic Church. He holds, does this professor, that the opinion of a lawyer on a recondite point of biology is of no particular value, save perhaps, as a curiosity; that mathematicians should not dogmatize upon delicate problems in international law; that, in brief, the cobbler should stick to his last. But not a university professor of his own exceptional accomplishments. A larger field is permitted him; "academic freedom" justifies him in occupying it. While he would not recommend you to consult a blacksmith for a toothache, this person, in no sense a specialist in Catholic doctrine, practice or history, does not hesitate to pronounce the last word on any and all debated points affecting, proximately or remotely, the Catholic Church.

Let me recount briefly a few of the vagaries autocratically dominant in secular schools, and diametrically opposed to Catholic teaching. Take the old question of the freedom of the will. The very terms are rejected by many, as postulating what they call "the compartment-theory of the scholastics," according to which the soul is composed of three separate entities, memory, understanding and will. The beginner in scholastic philosophy knows that the scholastics held nothing of the sort, but how is our Catholic student, carefully guarded by his instructors from contact with the original sources, to know this? But even admitting the terms, the psychology in favor in the modern school cannot allow that the will is free. What is done is done by necessity. Paradise, if there be a Paradise, was never won by Magdalene nor forfeited by Judas. The treachery of the one and the repentance of the other were phenomena over which neither had any control.

As to the perversions which some call "birth-restriction" and others, more properly, "race-suicide," not much need be said save that their liceity is taken for granted. "It is better," some callow instructor, with a genius for ignoring the principle at issue, will utter importantly, "to give one child every material and educational advantage than to allow many to enter life handicapped." What effect these and similar encouragements to immorality are producing may be seen in the small or non-existent family that is typical of what has been called "the most educated corner of America," non-Catholic New England.

Taking Chances

As I view the matter, the young man who expects to go through a secular university with faith unshaken and morals unimpaired, must possess the courage of a saint and the mental training of a Catholic doctor of philosophy. He has enemies within and without the classroom and the lecture-hall. He is surrounded by pagan savants, learned theorists, superficial thinkers, men to whom tradition is a joke, the soul a myth, and the spirit of reverence, which Carlyle set down as a prime requisite in a student, a mental and moral weakness. The young Catholic may rise above his surroundings; again, he may not. He is taking a chance, with the odds against him. I should advise his parents to make a good, old-fashioned meditation on the duties of one's state of life. If, at its conclusion, they can still allow their son to remain at the modern secular college, then I am willing to grant their salvation on the equally old-fashioned principle of invincible ignorance.

F. L.

SOCIOLOGY

Her Place in the World

THIS is a story for those very admirable persons, sociologists, educators, and the like, who preach that some form of Training must be given the Young Person fighting for a Place in Life. I invoke the aid of capitals, because I think it makes the statement much more impressive. If you will allow me to add that I, too, think that some form of Training should be given the Young Person, I shall proceed to the story, which happens to be true. But I also think that it makes very much of a difference as to what form this Training shall take.

Well, then, Lucile and Mary lived in the same handsome apartment house; that is, handsome as apartment houses go. But that is neither here nor there. Both were fairly pretty, lively and interested in the world around them, both a little frivolous, and, as is unfortunately too often the case in handsome apartment houses, each was the only child of well-to-do parents. Now these two young ladies had just finished their education, Lucile at "The Misses Townsend's Finishing School" in New York, Mary at a convent boarding-school at home. Their parents, especially their mothers, looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to the "coming out" next winter. The girls themselves were great chums, had many friends in the best social circles, and certainly everything promised a very enjoyable season. I pause here merely to remark upon the appositeness of the adage that we cannot always foretell the future with accuracy.

A Question of Vocation

For Mary, when she came home from the convent school, with a beautifully-engraved diploma, had a great surprise in store for her parents, and for her friend Lucile. She felt that she had a vocation to the religious life, and had decided to become a Sister of Charity. At first, of course, her mother could not, would not, believe that she was in earnest. And Lucile, who was only eighteen, said, "Oh, nonsense, Mary, you'd have to cut off all your hair (Mary had rather pretty hair), and never see anyone or go any place. Don't be *silly*." And she changed the subject by suggesting that they go for a motor ride.

But Mary was in earnest, and had made up her mind to be "silly." So at the end of July, though it nearly broke her heart to leave her home, her parents, and all the hopes and dreams she had been building up, she took leave of them all, and departed for the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity. There we may leave her for a while.

What Lucile Did

Now, of course, you want to know what Lucile did. Well, she felt quite bad for a couple of weeks over Mary's going, thought her very, *very* silly, and prophesied that she would be home again in six months. She herself made her début that winter, and was married the following June to John, a very nice young fellow whom she had known since early childhood. It was a "lovely" wedding, "one of the prettiest affairs of the month," wrote little Miss Respess, the society reporter. Then, after a delightful trip to old White Sulphur, Lucile returned to take up "housekeeping" in an apartment only a little less handsome than the one she had lived in before.

After that she went to dances and lectures and weddings and musicales, bridge and theater parties, charity festivals and afternoon receptions and teas, dinner and club luncheons, just as was her wont before she was married. The only difference was that she was freer now, had more time at her disposal for such "duties" and, in consequence, found these calls upon her time becoming more numerous. In fact, she took so much interest in such activities that in a short time she came to be recognized as a social leader, "one of the younger matrons in society." Lucile also did a little "social work" in the other, popular, sense of the word, namely, "in helping to better social conditions." Most of this work was in the form of getting up subscriptions and charity entertainments, for she found that she did not care for "slumming," or visiting hospitals and orphanages. Really, she could scarcely spare the time, and then, she did not "like" the surroundings of such work.

Odds and Ends

I almost forgot to mention that, two or three years after her marriage, a baby was born to Lucile. But the child did not live, and Lucile did not consider it necessary to wear mourning for more than a few months. Another sad occurrence was the death of her Boston terrier. The poor little thing was "run over," right in front of the house one day, and Lucile cried all the rest of the afternoon. For, as she said to herself: "It was perfectly terrible to think of poor little 'Vic' being killed right before her eyes."

But I'm afraid that I am going too much into detail concerning Lucile. To conclude, then. She went to church pretty regularly

on Sundays, even in bad weather, after John got a car. I need not say that she read the magazines and many very popular novels. Of course, this is not all that Lucile did; but in general, we may sum up her life from twenty to fifty-five, when she died, by saying that she did "just about the usual thing." Now about Mary.

What Mary Did

Mary found her year of novitiate decidedly hard. Sometimes it would have been too hard to bear, had it not been for God's grace which helped her. There was no "poetry" about it, and hardly any consolation. Her parents visited her at Christmas and found her a bit subdued, but quite content, and "beginning to be very happy," as she expressed it. After her novitiate she was sent to a large orphanage and day-nursery, not in her own city, but only a hundred miles or so away, so that her parents were able to visit her two or three times a year. Her father sometimes even slipped in an extra visit by himself; for he was very fond of Mary, and, though he never said so, proud of what she had done. It showed pluck, he thought. This ambling paragraph, however, is not about her parents, but about Mary.

At St. Anne's Asylum, you may be sure, she found plenty to do. At first she had charge of twenty-five babies, some weak and deformed, some chubby and happy, others puling and fretful. She found that, in spite of herself, she liked the rosy, smiling ones the best, though her heart and hands were tenderest for the weaklings among her little flock. After a few years, her nursery was doubled, and later an adjoining room was added, for the number of her charges now varied between seventy and eighty. Was it weakness or strength, that she could never help crying a little when one of them died, even though she knew that, still in their baptismal innocence, it was for them but a step from earth to heaven? Mary was not delicate, but neither was she extraordinarily strong; sometimes she had an assistant, sometimes even two, and sometimes none. But there was always plenty to do.

The Things that Count

Of course, Mary, or rather Sister Mary, did other things besides care for her family of seventy or eighty babies. There was the meditation, and Mass, and Holy Communion every morning. It was from these that the motive force for the day's work came. (I commend these practices to the modern sociologist. But I am afraid he does not understand what they are. They are but a few of the things connected with Catholic social work that he does not understand.) These were also the chief, though by no means the only sources of the happiness which brightened her life, and gave a look of holiness, yes, holiness is the word, to her face, as she passed from youth to middle life. There were the daily recreations with the other Sisters, times of pleasant companionship. There was her correspondence with her parents, with Lucile, and with some of the Sisters who had been novices with her, and had been sent to other cities. There were the visits of her parents, and the daily visits of the parents and various relatives of some or other of the children.

When Sister Mary was about fifty years old, she was transferred to a large hospital in another city. Here a new trait of her character, a great power of human sympathy, made its appearance. She was given charge of the free ward where the unfortunate and unhappy women of the city are brought, usually in a dying condition. And how many of them she won back to God before death, the wages of sin, claimed them! Others, too, especially the younger ones, she reclaimed to a new life, either among friends and relatives, or in penance, as Magdalenes in some Convent of the Good Shepherd. To this work were the last ten years of Mary's life devoted until, four years after Lucile, at the age of fifty-nine, very quietly and very calmly, she died.

The Epilogue

One day, shortly after Mary went to the novitiate, her mother met a friend, who inquired when the "child" was expected back. On being told that Mary seemed very contented and determined not to come home, she said, "Oh, tell her to come out and take her place in the world!" Now, considering what Lucile did and Mary did, I wonder which of the two took any "place in the world" worth talking about?

O, yes, another point. You detect an anachronism; you say there were no automobiles, no bridge parties in those days? Ah, well; date my humble narrative 1950, if you like. But every age has its automobiles, its bridge parties, its Luciles, and, thank God, its Marys!

Thomas M. Knapp, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"All of the old rites of the Anglican Catholic Church were carried out, with the purpose of instructing the congregation in the meaning of the ritual." Such, we are told, was the character and purpose of the Palm-Sunday services which were carried out with awe-inspiring solemnity in a high, high church of Brooklyn. By far the most striking figure in the procession, outshining in splendor even the bishop "in full vestments," and making the onlookers oblivious even to the "four trumpeters playing the processional hymn," must have been that "sacred guard in full costume of the sixteenth century with halbard and mace and carrying side arms." Just wherein the "sacred" character of the archaic guard consisted is not altogether clear to the casual reader, but that Brooklyn congregation no doubt was so well instructed "in the meaning of the ritual" that they grasped at once the symbolic beauty of every detail of the sacred guard's costume. Armed *cap-a-pie* and leading the procession as he did, perhaps he mystically represented the supreme control the State has exercised over the "Anglican Catholic Church" since the lusty days of Henry VIII.

The annual address at the meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West was given this year by the well-known Greek scholar and archeologist, the Rev. Henry Browne, S.J., Professor of Greek in the National University of Ireland. He was likewise invited to address the Classical Faculties of the Chicago and Illinois Universities. In dealing with the influence of Greek upon modern music he detected clear evidences of a Greek origin in the liturgical melodies of the plain chant. The experiments he himself had made on the melodic interpretation of Greek choral rhythms was the particular subject of his lectures at the universities. Father Browne is at present making a short tour in the Atlantic States and the Middle West with a view to reporting upon the place of museums or archeological collections in the educational system of America. A Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has been engaged for three years in seeking world-wide information on this subject. As a representative of the Classical Faculty of the National University of Ireland, the Reverend Professor was definitely requested, on joining the committee, to confine his attention to classical and literary education. He has labored to promote reformed methods of classical study in Ireland and has appealed to the various classical associations to develop the archeological side of teaching, believing that this will be the most potent factor in deepening and widening popular interest in classical learning, which has fallen into disrepute in so many places.

To show that the problem of a merchant marine is not merely a seaboard question the words of an expert were recently quoted by the Hon. E. F. Sweet, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, to the effect that if British vessels only were withdrawn the result-

ing depreciation in wheat and cotton would be such as to bring the direst distress upon the farmers of the country. He advocated the building of 400 auxiliary vessels and the appointment of a competent commission to consider the entire merchant marine problem. The following series of questions and answers clearly sets forth his point of view:

> How would these Government-owned auxiliaries be operated in time of peace? By private individuals or companies, if such can be found, under long-time charters subject to quick cancellation by the Government if needed for war. To whom leased? The highest bidders. How would they be manned? By qualified American sailors who would receive extra pay and agree to remain on board in case the vessels should be requisitioned for war service. On what routes? Those most needing them. Would the four hundred or five hundred naval auxiliaries give us a merchant marine? By no means. We ought to have five thousand of an average of two thousand gross tons each, and then we would only have two-thirds of the tonnage of Great Britain. How can we get the balance? That I would leave to the careful study of the commission.

The most encouraging element in the present situation, as he sees it, is that the American people realize as never before the need of a merchant marine.

The reason, according to the New York *Evening Post*, why so many colleges and universities are almost continually in financial straits is that they are managed by college presidents instead of athletic directors.

> For the fiscal year ending last July the gross income from athletics at Harvard amounted to $242,780.41. This is only about ten thousand dollars less than the total income of Amherst College or Lehigh University. It is more than the income of 269 colleges in the United States, and is exceeded by the income of only 70 collegiate institutions in the country. The expenditures for Harvard sports during the same year were $238,632.89, leaving a balance of more than $4,000. This again is in contrast with the usual results of college finances where a profit instead of a deficit is a rarity.

The paper reasonably concludes that for the manager of this quarter-million-dollar business the university is certainly a preparation for business life. He would find it no change to step from the management of the Harvard football team to the presidency of a munition plant, except that he might consider the methods of his new business rather antiquated by comparison. How greatly such a system furthers the scholarship and general intellectual development of players and students may puzzle the uninitiated, but that is of no consequence to the football enthusiast.

A war of extermination has been declared by the "Interstate Anti-Mosquito Committee" against its inveterate enemies. It pronounces them, in its Red Book, to be a nuisance and a carrier of disease and calls upon all, without distinction of sex or position, to enlist against them. Not only the mosquitoes, but all their allies, are to be warred upon relentlessly, and every harbor is to be closed to them. Further details may be learned from a statement issued in the *Weekly Bulletin* of the New York City Department of Health:

> When one considers what has been done in Havana and in Panama, the plague of mosquitoes which this city tolerates each summer is disgraceful. To be sure many of the pests have been of the salt-marsh variety, but careful studies have also shown that large numbers of mosquitoes are bred in obstructed roof gutters, drains, roof tanks, fire buckets, tin cans, bottles and boxes, and in other places where rain water has been allowed to accumulate. Since this indicates negligence somewhere, the Department of Health will begin shortly to wage a persistent campaign, including criminal prosecution, against all who permit the breeding of mosquitoes on their premises, in violation of Section 272 of the Sanitary Code.

The first week in May has, therefore, been set aside as "Mosquito Week." The Department of Education has promised its support and each school is to be supplied with a jar of mosquito larvæ to be used for the purpose of instruction during Mosquito Week. A special leaflet is also under preparation for wide distribution.

As a "sample of our educational efficiency" the *Gateway* relates the story of a flat-hunting bride and groom. They were inspecting an apartment which rented at sixty-five dollars a month. The young wife, who had probably enjoyed all the advantages of a Montessori kindergarden and had been educated on the approved principle that children must always have their own way, insisted upon taking the rooms. There were weak protests on the part of the husband, ending in unconditional surrender: "Well if you say you want it, we'll take it." The wise landlord, however, had his prudent suspicions:

> I'm considerably interested in you two young people, he remarked. Would you object to telling me what your salary is? The bride replied, O, $45 a month! Then he has another source of income? Well, not just now. But his aunt —— The business man interrupted. Don't you see, young lady, how absurd it is for this young man to expect to pay $65 a month rent on $45 a month salary? The girl shook her head. But I like this apartment, she said. I want it, and I am going to have it.

The story is not merely an apt illustration of the highly practical education for life which our modern pedagogic wisdom affords, but it furthermore implies a sequel which the writer sagaciously foresees. It is expressed by him in the following faultless solution of a simple arithmetical problem: "Sixty-five dollars from forty-five dollars leaves divorce."

The Central Director of the Holy Childhood for the United States informs us that the sum cleared during the past year amounted to $45,438.37, to which must be added $1,300.00 sent out to the missions as specified donations and Mass-stipends. This is an increase of about fifty per cent over the contributions of the previous year. Though much more would be done if the wish of the Holy Father were fulfilled that every Catholic child should be a member of the Holy Childhood Association and that it should be established in every school and college of the United States and Canada, yet there is decided reason for congratulation. It is clear on every hand that the mission idea is gradually taking a strong hold upon American Catholics. The *Field Afar*, the cheery little organ of the American Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., gives the true view of the situation when it writes:

> No observant Catholic can fail to note the rising mission spirit of the Church in this country. It has been reaching out to non-Catholics, to Negroes of the Southland and Indians of the West. It has spread over seas and today is strengthening the hope of many a care-worn bishop whose sources of supply have been cut off by the European conflagration. Already thousands of hearts are beating in sympathy with the movement and in a few short years thousands more will wake, to marvel in glad surprise, let us hope, at the place occupied by Catholic America in the army of the world-wide Church.
>
> This is no dream. The people are ready to be *missionized*. The response of those who have been touched by the Spirit, gives every needed assurance that the Catholics of America would, as a rule, welcome a participation in the mission movement. They wait naturally for the priests, and the priests wait for the bishops. And the bishops of the United States are giving unmistakable evidence of a desire, in the midst of many preoccupations, to lead their flocks from the lowlands of parochialism to heights that command all the nations. In this the bishops are actuated by a conviction that faith extending beyond home boundaries, will bring a generous measure of reward.

A new apostolic spirit has come to American Catholics with the great world war. It is only necessary now that all ranks of the Faithful unite solidly and unselfishly in this sublime work of the evangelization of the world.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—A noticeable increase of activity on the part of both British and German infantry has been reported from many points on the sector from Ypres to the district immediately south of Arras, but no important advantage is claimed by either side. The French have had some success at Bois des Buttes, north of the Aisne, and the Germans in the Vosges, northeast of Celles, but in neither case has anything of moment been accomplished. No change has taken place in the situation at Verdun except a diminution in the intensity and frequency of the infantry attacks. The Italians have been on the offensive on the southwestern edge of the Doberdo plateau, but have lost a part of the positions they gained recently on the Col di Lana. Southwest of Lake Narotch the Germans have defeated the Russians and taken, according to their report, more than 5,600 prisoners. In Armenia the Russians claim to have advanced in the direction of Erzingan and to have repulsed the Turkish offensive near Sarem, south of Bitlis. Thirty miles east of the Suez Canal, at Quatia, the Turks have defeated a squadron of British cavalry, but have not been able to secure their hold on the town. The British battleship, Russell, struck a mine in the Mediterranean, and was lost, together with a number of her crew.

Bulletin, April 25, p. m.-May 2, a. m.

The British garrison at Kut-el-Amara has surrendered to the Turks. This force, it will be remembered, began, shortly after Turkey entered the war, to ascend the Tigris with the purpose of capturing Bagdad. The strength of the expedition has never been accurately ascertained, but has been variously estimated at from 25,000 to 50,000 men. For a time the project which involved a march of nearly 300 miles through difficult country seemed destined to achieve success. After fighting two important battles, the army arrived at Ctesiphon, almost within sight of Bagdad. Here, however, it was defeated in a battle lasting three days, and forced to retire. Having retreated ninety miles, always hard pressed by the Turks, and having lost, while doing so, 8,000 men, the British reached Kut-el-Amara, a fortified city which had been captured by them more than two months before. As this place offered favorable opportunities for defense, they determined to make a last stand behind its fortifications. They were at once surrounded by the Turks.

The Surrender of Kut-el-Amara

London realized their danger, and immediately sent another force up the Tigris to their relief. This relief force was reported on one occasion to be only seven miles from the invested garrison. It was beaten back, however, by the Turks, and in spite of continued and costly efforts found itself definitely halted twenty miles from the city. Finally, a body of volunteers tried to run a supply ship past the Turkish lines. The attempt failed, and with its failure disappeared the last hope of saving the garrison, which is said to have almost completely exhausted its supplies. Accordingly Major-General Townshend, who was in command at Kut-el-Amara and had held the Turks at bay for 143 days, surrendered after having destroyed all guns and the ammunition that remained. The London War Office puts the number of troops surrendered at 9,000, whereas Constantinople's official report states that 13,300 men were captured.

Great Britain.—The precise reason of the country-wide agitation on the question of military conscription is not clear to those who have pinned their faith on figures

The Conscription Crisis

hitherto given out under official sanction. Even after weeks of debate, it is not easy to get at the facts in the case. On April 25, after a secret session of Parliament, Premier Asquith announced, through the official press bureau, that "the recruiting up to date, had fallen short of the requirements necessary for our proper military efforts." The Government, therefore, had determined upon three proposals: to prolong to the end of the war the service of time-expired men, to authorize the transfer to any unit, of the territorial troops, and to render exempted men liable to immediate service upon the expiration of their certificate of exemption. On the same occasion, Mr. Asquith further stated:

(1) The Government, recognizing that the necessary number will not be available for service in the time required under the present arrangements, agree to an immediate effort to obtain men by voluntary enlistment of the unattested and married. (2) If, on May 27, 50,000 of these men have not been secured by direct enlistment, Parliament will forthwith be asked for compulsory powers. (3) If, in any week after May 27, 15,000 have not directly enlisted, the same course will be taken. The surplus of one week will be carried over to the next. (4) Arrangements two and three hold good until 200,000 unattested men have been obtained. In the meantime the Government will constantly review the position. Under the scheme the main ground alleged for the release of the attested married men disappears.

On April 28, a bill providing for the conscription of all unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 45 was introduced, only to arouse such strong opposition that the Government decided not to press the measure. On being asked what course the Government proposed to adopt, Mr. Asquith answered that the decision would be announced later. According to the *Daily Mail*, two courses are before the Government, either to proceed at once to adopt universal conscription, or to return to the plan stated above by Mr. Asquith. The Coalition Cabinet is plainly facing its greatest crisis.

Ireland.—On April 25 dissatisfaction in Ireland culminated in a serious revolt against British rule. Trouble had been brewing for some time, for much enmity had been aroused by the disarming of some of the "Irish Volunteers" and the threatened deportation of others. Not long before the revolt actually took place mass meetings were held in Dublin, at the Mansion House and in Beresford Place, to protest against the impending exile of Messrs. Blythe and Mellows, prominent "Volunteers." The Irish papers commented on the significant fact that though the meetings were attended by "an extraordinarily large mass of people," yet the Irish Party was not represented. The temper of those present may be judged from this resolution passed at the Mansion House:

The Uprising

This public meeting of Dublin citizens in the Mansion House of Dublin asks all the Irish people to join in opposing the Government's attitude, unanimously condemned by national opinion last year, and now renewed, to send Irishmen into banishment from Ireland.

New Ireland states that Alderman Kelly who proposed the resolution demanded that, if Messrs. Blythe and Mellows were guilty of any offense, a charge should be made against them; if no charge was to be made, the people of Ireland could not afford to submit to the tyranny of their exile. Professor Eoin MacNeill also made an incisive speech, part of which the *Leader* synopsized as follows:

They were arresting Irish Volunteers because they (the British) were now what they always were, and they were the same a hundred years ago, trying to crush Irish nationality. He knew Blythe and Mellows well as honest and honorable men, who did not care what sacrifice was exacted from them for the sake of Ireland—down to the last sacrifice. . . .

An outrage had been prepared, and, he believed, with a deliberate object, the hope that those who were responsible for the Irish Volunteer Movement would allow their conduct and line of action to be dictated to them and laid down for them by those who were their enemies, who would be able to make their plans accordingly. It was thought that they would be provoked and exasperated to such a degree that either those responsible would lose self-control or that the men of the Irish Volunteers would lose their discipline. He wished to state that the Volunteers' plans would still be their plans and their policy would be their policy, and they would not be diverted from what they had undertaken to do by attempts at exasperation or provocation.

After this, events moved rapidly, and on April 25 the British Government made this announcement:

During the period between the afternoon of April 20 and the afternoon of April 21 an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but which in reality was a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine. The auxiliary sank and a number of prisoners were made, among whom was Sir Roger Casement.

On Monday, April 24, Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, informed the House of Commons that serious disturbances had taken place in Dublin. His announcement reads:

At noon yesterday serious disturbances broke out in Dublin. A large party of men identified with the Sinn Fein Party, mostly armed, occupied Stephens Green, and took possession forcibly of the Post Office, where they cut the telegraphic and telephone wires. Houses also were occupied in Stephens Green, Sackville Street, Abbey Street and along the quays. In the course of the day soldiers arrived from the Curragh and the situation is now well in hand. So far as is known here, three military officers, four or five soldiers, two loyal volunteers and two policemen have been killed and four or five military officers and seven or eight soldiers and six volunteers wounded. No exact information has been received of the casualties on the side of the Sinn Feiners. Reports received from Cork, Limerick, Ennis, Tralee, and both ridings of Tipperary show that no disturbances of any kind have occurred in these localities.

The next day the Premier, Mr. Asquith, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Baron Wimborne, made reassuring statements about conditions in the Irish capital and in the country at large, but on Thursday, April 27, the

Prime Minister informed the Commons that fighting was still in progress in Dublin and that the rebellion had spread to Connaught and to the counties of Limerick, Tipperary and Clare. Meantime Irish opinion showed sharp division. Sir Edward Carson, Unionist Leader, stated that he would gladly join hands with Mr. Redmond and the Nationalists in an effort to put down the rebellion. Mr. Redmond replied:

> In behalf of all my colleagues and the overwhelming majority of the Irish people, I wish to express my cordial detestation of the acts of the Dublin rioters. I will heartily join with Sir Edward in the hope that the situation will not be taken advantage of by any political party.

Others, however, were of a different mind, and the revolt continued to spread. It soon reached Ardee and Louth, Swords and Lusk, and on Friday, April 28, Lord Lansdowne reported that the "rebels in Dublin still held the City Hall, the Four Courts, the Western Road and Amiens Road railway stations." On April 29, Field-Marshal French issued an announcement to the effect that "military operations for the suppression of the rebellion in Dublin were proceeding satisfactorily." The announcement continues:

> What may be described as the organized forces of the rebels are confined to a few localities, the principal one being the Sackville Street district, in which the rebel headquarters appear to be the General Post Office. . . . Sniping from houses in which small parties of rebels have established themselves in various parts of the city still continues. The district where this is most prevalent is that northwest of the Four Courts, which are still in the possession of the rebels. The clearance of these snipers is a matter of time. Considerable damage was caused by fires on the 27th, and a large fire is still burning in Sackville Street. In the other parts of Ireland the principal centers of disturbances are in County Galway and in Enniscorthy. Disturbances also are reported at Killarney, Clonmel and Gorey. The other parts of Ireland appear normal.

On the day that this report was made Baron Wimborne gave an interview to representatives of the press in which he mentioned the places where fighting occurred. They are Dublin, Athenry, another, but unnamed, Galway town, Enniscorthy, in County Wexford, "and there were certain rebellious assemblages in Meath and Louth." This is not in entire agreement with former reports, and it is impossible, just now, to say which report is most accurate.

In this same statement, Baron Wimborne also said that "a proclamation issued by the rebels announcing the foundation of the Irish Republic was signed by seven persons including J. F. Clark, Connolly, Pearse, and MacDermott." Pearse, headmaster of St. Edna's School, was named president of the republic.

If the British press is to be believed, the outbreak was not wholly unexpected. The London *Daily Chronicle* declares:

Repressive Measures

> The Sinn Fein outbreak in Dublin will not come as a bolt from the blue to any one who has been keeping in touch with Irish affairs. Ever since the Ulster Volunteers under Sir Edward Carson's leadership set the deplorable example of open lawlessness and armed defiance of the Crown in the months before the war, the temptation to all extremists on the other side of St. George's Channel has been to preach violence as the one argument to which English rule must listen. Less than a month ago the Ulster Volunteers perpetrated a sensational act of lawlessness at Beragh, near Portadown. A large detatchment of them, with rifles and ammunition, marched to a hall which was being built for the Hibernians, utterly demolished it, and subjected the houses of local Roman Catholics to a fusillade of shots. With such provocation in the North the armed strength of the Sinn Fein must have grown easily further south.

The easy and immediate capture of Casement lends color to the view that the British Government had some foreknowledge of the uprising. What preparations had been made to meet the emergency is not clear. After the revolt started, Sir John Maxwell, formerly in command of the British troops in Egypt, was ordered to Dublin, to take full military control, and on Thursday, April 27, British regulars arrived in the Irish capital from Belfast and England, with orders to retake Stephens Green, Liberty Hall and several other important posts captured by the Sinn Feiners. Martial law was proclaimed in the city and county of Dublin, and the Government suspended for Ireland section one of the Defense of the Realm Amendment Act of 1905, which gives to a British subject charged with an offense under the act the right to be tried by a civil court. By Friday, April 28, martial law had been declared throughout the entire country, and about the same time the strictest military censorship was established and still prevails at this writing. The Belfast *News Letter* of April 29 stated that during the night of April 26 a gunboat "shelled the Sinn Feiners out of Liberty Hall." This was confirmed later, and about the same time dispatches announced that the post-office, which the "rebels" occupied, had been burned. Connolly, a leader in the movement, was first reported killed, then captured. After this, it was officially announced that the "back of the revolution had been broken," and the papers of May 1, printed a proclamation from the "provisional president of the Irish Republic," advising all in revolt to lay down their arms. Finally the surrender of all the leaders was cabled.

Italy.—*Rome* publishes an interesting analysis of the results of the Italian census of 1911, which has only quite recently appeared. The population of the Kingdom in 1911, was 35,597,784; of these only 79,756 were foreigners. In 1910, Germany with its population of 65,000,000 had 1,260,000 foreigners; France with 40,000,000 had probably over 2,000,000 foreigners. The absence of foreign visitors in Italy since the outbreak of the war is a serious loss for the country, and most serious for Rome especially. It is estimated that before the war, tourists and pilgrims spent in Italy every year at least 600,000,000 francs; but since August,

Census Figures

1914, there have been few visitors from other countries. Of greater interest are the figures concerning the religious belief of the people. Thus, 32,983,664 declared themselves Catholics; the Protestants resident in Italy, including the foreigners, numbered 123,253; the Jews numbered 34,324; the Greek Schismatics, 2,200. The figures for the Protestants do not indicate that they are making much progress in spite of the vast amount of money spent every year on their missions. The great majority of strangers resident in Italy are Protestants; the Waldensians, an old sect in Italy, account for most of the other Protestants. The Baptists and Methodists have only a few thousands in their ranks.

But the most significant fact of the census, from a religious standpoint, is that the number of persons who declared themselves and their children atheists was 874,522, while 653,404 refused to make any statement as to their religious beliefs. The atheists and the silent ones are most numerous where Socialism has taken deepest root and is most widely diffused; Emilia, Tuscany, Lombardy, Piedmont and Liguria account for nearly a million of them. In Emilia there are some districts where the churches are almost entirely abandoned, and where the people are almost as pagan as their ancestors of two thousand years ago. This change has come about during the last few decades. *Rome* adds these significant words: "A corrupting press, fanatical zeal on the part of Socialist propagandists, and, it is to be feared, lassitude on the part of Catholics, are mainly responsible for this deplorable state of things."

Mexico.—General conditions in Mexico still continue bad; money and food are scarce, disease and discontent are widespread. Villa is still unaccounted for, and our Government has sent an extra 1,000 cavalrymen in search of him. General Scott has met Obregon in conference at Juarez, with a view to settling some international difficulties. At this writing the problems under discussion have not been made known officially. However it is stated with some degree of authority that Obregon requested that all American troops be withdrawn from Mexico. According to report the counter proposals suggested are: (1) Cooperation of the Carranzistas with Americans in the pursuit of Villa; (2) Cooperation with Americans in forwarding supplies to our soldiers in Mexico; (3) Use of railroads for American expeditionary forces; (4) Extension of American lines to Casas Grandes at least, and lastly, permission for Americans to police a zone consisting of the territory just south of the international boundry.

General Conditions

Some two weeks ago Calles, Governor of Sonora, issued a decree exiling all priests from the State. His reason was that he had intercepted a letter from Bishop Valdespino of Aguascalientes, in which the prelate remarked: "Perhaps there will come happy days to our country." The Governor declared that this sentence referred to a new revolution, and the priests were expelled. The interpretation is absurd; moreover, as AMERICA pointed out at the time the Calles decree was issued, the Bishop never wrote such a letter. This opinion is now confirmed by a sworn statement of the prelate who says:

Religious Liberty

> I further authorize the statement that the entire report as coming from me is absolutely false, without the remotest semblance of truth, given out for the purpose of prejudicing the minds of the Mexican people against the Catholic clergy, if not directly against me. IGNACIO VALDESPINO,
> *Bishop of Aguascalientes.*

The infamous action of the Governor is quite in keeping with Carranzista methods. Conditions in Yucatan may be appraised from these jottings from Merida:

> Alvarado's hatred for religion is stronger than his allegiance to the First Chief. Carranza, self-appointed supreme ruler of our nation, has declared that he alone can dispose of churches, shrines, etc., yet Alvarado has confiscated many churches and turned them into warehouses, workshops, Masonic halls and so on. The Franciscan church of "Mejorada" is now used as a storage place for whiskey and other alcoholic beverages. Such treatment for the Franciscans who civilized our Indians! Socialistic meetings are frequently held in the chapel, "Divino Maestro." The church of "Candelaria" has been seized and closed. In the first week of April, the beautiful sixteenth-century reredos in the Cathedral was torn to pieces by order of the Government. A late report has it that Alvarado intends to forbid all Holy Week services.

This is the way the promised liberty of conscience is working out. One fruit of this liberty is benefit to certain thrifty Americans who have been bringing into this country from Mexico exquisite vestments, altar vessels, statues, etc., obtained no one knows how. Recently a woman, entering the port of New York, declared $400 worth of "household furniture"; on examination this "furniture" was found to contain church furnishings worth $2,500; other undeclared articles in the same luggage were valued at $1,500. This is but a small portion of the loot, for great quantities have been shipped through Galveston and Laredo, Texas.

Spain.—Partial returns for the elections of members of the Cortes show that 250 Liberals, 80 Conservatives, and about 15 Radicals and Republicans have been seated. If the Liberals maintain their superiority over the Conservatives, Count Alvaro Romanones, the present Premier and Liberal Leader, will have an overwhelming majority to support him in his rather drastic and radical policies. He has so far relied on the support of a majority composed of a combination of Liberal and Conservative elements. The Count is strongly in favor of the Allies. Since he became Prime Minister he, like his predecessor Dato, has officially remained neutral. But before assuming office he plainly indicated where his sympathies lay.

The Elections

TOPICS OF INTEREST

I—The Catholic Charities and the Strong Commission

At last the "testimony" is in. Somewhat ragged it is, inconsequential, disreputable and inconsistent; but such as it is, it is "in," and has been delivered into the keeping of the Strong Commission. The Scribes and Pharisees of the new philanthropy, who for years have been attacking in secret the Catholic charitable institutions of New York, have asked for, and have been accorded, their full day in open court. The grant was the triumph, after years of expectation, and they spared no pains in preparing for an attack to be made under the sanction of an "investigation." Now they have said their worst, and have done their worst. By insinuation, by implication, by open assertion, they have striven to destroy the work and reputation of heroic men and women, the latchets of whose shoes they are unworthy to loose. They found the Catholic charities of New York refusing to pay tribute to the modern pagan philanthropy; for this blasphemy, they marked the Catholic institutions of New York for death. A tool was needed; they found one, did these modern Scribes and Pharisees, in a "devout Roman Catholic," but he could not give that for which they had bargained. Therefore, other "proofs of guilt" were necessary.

The true spirit of the modern sociology, craven, dishonorable and despicable, was never shown more clearly than in the means adopted by its followers to secure this "proof." Prating loudly of "ideals," "honor," "humanity," and with many claptrap phrases presenting their satisfied, sanctified selves as the ultimate types of moral goodness and social holiness, this noisome crew of "reformers" did not hesitate to make full use of such exalted methods of regeneration as systematic eavesdropping and an anonymous, lying pamphlet. This dastardly and unwarranted form of espionage was exercised over a Catholic priest of blameless reputation, nor is it entirely clear that it was not extended to venerable prelates, and all, to our shame be it spoken, by permission of the highest authorities of the city of New York. But the effort failed. No guilt was found, because there was no guilt, save in those who sought to find it in men immeasurably superior to themselves.

But it is not within the province of the present paper to discuss the origin and purpose of the Strong Commission, further than to say that it was appointed by the Governor of New York to investigate the incompetency or worse, alleged against the State Board of Charities by the Department of Charities of the City of New York. Nor will any attempt be made to sift the vast mass of "testimony" which, in its supreme wisdom, the Strong Commission saw fit to admit and to record. These phases of the Commission's activities will be fully discussed in subsequent papers. But it will be profitable to note here, that the whole course of the Commission's work, together with the public comment which it aroused, has served to stress two important, and sometimes unsuspected, facts. The first is, that between the principles of Catholicism and the principles of modern sociology, upon which many unwary Catholics have looked with approval, there is an essential and irreconcilable antagonism. The second is the real danger, with which our Catholic institutions of charity and reform are threatened by that highly-organized agency of paganism, modern sociology and its allies.

The precise reason of this essential antagonism is readily stated. The Church is from God; modern sociology is not; for like the present-day "non-sectarian" education, it has severed all relations with Him. To modern sociology, belief in God and in revealed religion may be a force of social value, like education, or a fondness for "old Greek things," or for clean streets, or a love for flowers, or a taste for music. But it is nothing more. It is not a thing to die for, nor, under given circumstances, should it be allowed to hinder the development of what the individual conceives to be "the fullness of his perfection." But to the Catholic, "religion's all, or nothing." It comes from God; it must lead back to God. It imposes upon every human being an obligation which may not be evaded. It is a strict rule of life, from which no human activity may be completely dissociated. It is not a mere sentiment, an opinion lightly assumed and as lightly discarded, but a revelation, complete, final, satisfying, supernatural; a conviction that underlies all life while it guides it, and for the preservation of which, life itself should be gladly sacrificed. It is first in his life and in his esteem; for it is the one thing of supreme importance.

Now to say that sociology, in its modern aspect, has completely broken away, not only from the high Catholic ideal of man and his destiny, but from all notions of the supernatural by which man in the present order is *de facto* surrounded, is but to state a truism. The modern sociologist admits the fact, if he does not even boast of it. To him, man is purely a creature of time. The tenuous theories of an extreme evolution may or may not explain his origin; but this, at least, is certain, that there is no place in sociology for an Infinite Creator, nor, by consequence, for any valid theory of man's essential duty to God as his Creator. As to man's final destiny, modern sociology is silent. Thus, after calmly eliminating God and the supernatural from the scheme of possibilities, the modern sociologist sets up his own standard of morality. How far this morality will differ from the morality proposed and defended since the days of Jesus Christ by the Catholic Church, is evidenced by the fact that, while the Church bases her teaching upon Divine Revelation, the modern sociologist finds his theoretical standard of morality in "the highest good of the community." Practically, however, this standard falls to a form of individual utilitarianism, with the individual, of course, as

the supreme judge. For few men there are, even among the modern sociologists, who will subordinate a present, private gratification or advantage, to a future possible, or even present and actual, good of so cold and impersonal an entity as "the community." Nor indeed, granting their assumptions, is there any reason why this personal subordination should be admitted.

That this character sketch of the modern sociology is not overdrawn, is clear from a brief review of the text-books most in favor in the schools. Thus, for instance, authors so conservative as Professors Blackmar and Gillin, in their "Outlines of Sociology," regard the question of the origin of the Christian religion as "having no bearing upon the question of whether or not there was a revelation by which man became conscious of the will of God." What God is, the authors nowhere attempt to determine; even He does not seem to be essential to religion. Indeed, I know of not one text-book, written by a non-Catholic, which so much as teaches His bare existence; an important and significant omission in these days, when sociology is setting up its shifting standards of right and wrong, and attempting to legislate for the multifarious needs of man. "Jesus, Paul, Mohammed, and Buddha" are bracketed by our "conservative" professors, as religious prophets of equal value and importance. Morality consists of an ever-changing complexus of human opinions; it is "governed by social sanctions or social disapprovals"; justice is "ethical relations sanctioned by the State," while the natural law is "a delusion." With these and similar aberrations premised, the student of Blackmar and Gillin need not be surprised, that the liceity of absolute divorce is conceded, though occasionally deplored; that care is taken to point out the "social and economic advantages" of race-suicide; and that the learned authors foresee a day, when "with the growth of science . . . we shall take care against the possible weakening of the race *through the saving of those who under harsher conditions would not live* to perpetuate their kind."

It would be easy to multiply quotations. Indeed, Blackmar and Gillin have been accused of too much conservatism; Zueblin, Mangold, Devine, Flexner, Giddings, Wallis, and other prophets of the modern sociology, frankly avow their complete independence of what they would doubtless term the outworn creed and morality of the Catholic Church. From their point of view, their course is thoroughly justified; but to the Catholic social worker, it is nothing less than a return to paganism and a rather degraded paganism at that. *It is imperative that we Catholics, clergy and lay alike, thoroughly realize this fact.* Founded upon a philosophy of revolt, which is fast becoming a deification of the State, and propagated by interests that are tireless and often unscrupulous in their methods, the modern sociology is developing into as great a danger to religion, as its allied product, the modern school from which God has been utterly excluded. In some respects, it is a more serious menace. Trained in principles ultimately destructive of faith and morality, the typical modern social worker is entering deeply, intruding rather, into the family and social life of the poor and the neglected. For what appears to be a temporal advantage, he will counsel conscious birth-restriction, sterilization, marriages forbidden by the Church, divorce, or legal remarriage after divorce. Of a future life, of the individual's strict accountability to an Infinite Judge, he knows or cares nothing. If we Catholics, especially in the larger cities, do not take immediate steps to neutralize his work, by even greater devotion to the poor than we have hitherto shown, we will soon realize to our cost and perhaps to the loss of immortal souls for whom Christ died, that the modern social worker constitutes a greater danger to faith and morals, than godless schools or the despicable ever-present proselyter.

For the present, the Strong Commission has ceased to be. The Department of Charities of the City of New York has explained, quite fully, the principles upon which it intends to proceed, and the animus by which it is guided. For this Catholics may be thankful. Called from the quiet of their convent homes, religious women were heckled and cross-examined by men absolutely incapable of understanding the elementary principle upon which Catholic charities are based: the love of God. With somewhat disastrous results to its assumed dignity, the Department summoned a Catholic priest, the Rev. W. B. Farrell, who, in carefully chosen words, voiced the opinion of thousands of citizens, Catholics and non-Catholics, on the influences which called the Commission into being. What recommendations the Strong Commission may feel entitled to urge upon Governor Whitman, must be left to conjecture. But what the modern sociologists think these recommendations should include, may be seen in the following remarks, uttered some eight years ago, by Mr. Edward T. Devine, Director of the New York School of Philanthropy, and, in the opinion of Mr. William J. Doherty, himself an eminent "charity expert," "the standard-bearer of all social workers":

> I am prepared to say that the day of the private institution and reformatory, and the day of the private hospital, has gone past forever, so far as their relation to the civic corporation is concerned. I wish I could say that this is already true of the city of New York. Unfortunately the figures of the last six years show that we have not all proceeded in the right direction and have increased our payments to private institutions, and I for one say it is wrong. Why have we done it? It is because we have in this city a well-organized Catholic interest, whose power and influence with the public officials is such that they dare not deny them anything.

This high-minded indignation cools somewhat, when it is remembered that in 1913 the Catholic institutions in the City of New York received, not in charity, but in part payment for work done for the city, the sum of $2,717,691.67, and expended in work done for the city, besides the labor involved, $4,544,564. This reflection, however, is somewhat beside the point. Mr. Devine on

the occasion in question announced his hostility to the private institution. Neither he nor those who profess to think with him have ever retracted that declaration. The exclusion of the private institution, not merely from participation in public moneys in part return for services rendered, but from the legal right to exist, is the aim of the modern sociologist. For charity, he holds, no less than education, is a function pertaining exclusively to the State. Herein is the ultimate cause of the Strong Commission, a crass materialism that would turn the State into a god, and would recognize no creed save one, the omnipotence of the Commonwealth.

Like war, pestilence, earthquakes, famine, and other natural scourges, the Commission has not been utterly without profit. It has forced the modern sociologists and their henchmen, the members of the New York "Charity Trust," to declare their principles. These, together with a few of the many methods now in favor with these light-bearers of civilization, will be further discussed in future issues of AMERICA.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

Spring and the Story of God

THE only two things that can satisfy the soul are a person and a story; and even a story must be about a person. There are indeed very voluptuous appetites and enjoyments in mere abstractions, like mathematics, logic, or chess. But these mere pleasures of the mind are like mere pleasures of the body. That is, they are mere pleasures, though they may be gigantic pleasures; they can never by a mere increase of themselves amount to happiness. A man just about to be hanged may enjoy his breakfast, especially if it is his favorite breakfast; and in the same way he may enjoy an argument with the chaplain about heresy, especially if it is his favorite heresy. But whether he can enjoy either of them does not depend on either of them; it depends upon his spiritual attitude towards a subsequent event. And that event is really interesting to the soul, because it is the end of a story and, as some hold, the end of the person.

Now it is this simple truth which, like many others, is too simple for our scientists to see. This is where they go wrong, not only about true religion, but about false religions, too; so that their account of mythology is more mythical than the myth itself. I do not confine myself to saying that they are quite incorrect when they state, for instance, that Christ was a legend of dying and reviving vegetation, like Adonis or Persephone. I say that even if Adonis were a god of vegetation, they have got the whole notion of him wrong. Nobody, to begin with, is sufficiently interested in decaying vegetables, as such, to make any particular mystery or disguise about them; and certainly not enough to disguise them under the image of a very handsome young man, which is a vastly more interesting thing. If Adonis was connected with the fall of leaves in autumn and the return of flowers in spring, the process of thought was quite different. It is a process of thought that springs up spontaneously in all children and young artists; it springs up spontaneously in all healthy societies. It is very difficult to explain in a diseased society.

It is something like this. Men, looking suddenly at spring flowers, have a poignant sense of being at once intoxicated and unsatisfied; a feeling only to be expressed in the words: "What is it all about?" What is that shining mystery which is called the beauty of this world? Who did it, why did they do it, what are they going to do next, what shall I do about it, what does it mean? The vegetation considered as a process, man could in almost any age have explained simply as a process; he knew lots of processes, bodily, domestic, utilitarian, which worked like clockwork, and to which he never attached any sanctity. What demanded explanation was not the process but his interest in the process; the wordless emotions that mastered him at the sight of certain things and not of others. It was not so much a question of a certain system in the world as a certain spell laid upon him; and it may be noted that travelers and missioners, the most sagacious and the most superficial, all report that in barbaric tribes the minimum of religion is always a belief in the charm or witchcraft of certain creatures and things. It was not the opening of the flowers that the man wanted explained, but the opening of his own heart when he saw them. Religion did not begin in botany, but in something far higher. There are a number of excellent people called agnostics, now probably numbering a majority of the most educated and influential class in society, who sincerely say that the soul does ask this passionate and personal question, but that there is no answer. I am not arguing with these people, not just now. I merely record what the responsible among them will all admit; that in heroic states of youth or simplicity the question is always asked; often, in subjective opinion, answered; and that whenever it can be said to be answered it is always answered in one way. The soul is satisfied, the soul can be satisfied, only by something involving a person or a story. Any explanation is good enough for grass, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. But only one explanation is good enough for the beauty of grass. It is the explanation that springs to the lips of every good savage, of every good poet and, I may add, of every good theologian. It is a God.

Then comes the next great leap of the liberated soul which the scientists cannot comprehend. The fascination of the flowers, when once it has touched the soul, demands a story and a person. The moment the person is believed in, he turns ten thousand times bigger than the flowers or even the story. He does what nothing but a person can do, he explains. The baffling beauty which called him forth as an hypothesis becomes his mere adjunct and ornament. As the simple person sees it, the flowers were but a few hints that there *was* a story; and

now the story has begun. For the soul cares no more for primroses than Disraeli did; it cares for the story of the spring, because it is a detective story.

A child does not look at the lustrous lattice-work of the frost and say: "This can only be explained on the hypothesis that a man called Jack Frost does it with his finger." He feels that such feathery exactitude suggests the finger of somebody; and as he is not allowed, in the best regulated modern families, to say that it is the finger of God, he says it is Jack Frost or anyone else he happens to have heard of. The process which remains perfectly direct and prompt is the passage from the idea of beauty to the idea of personality; art cries out for an artist. It is plainly impossible that so standard a work as the universe should remain anonymous.

But when a child has thought of Jack Frost he thinks more of Jack Frost than of the frost itself. The pattern only excites; but the person satisfies. By the end of the business the child has begun to feel that Jack Frost has rather honored the windows by drawing on them at all. He is superior to windows, superior even to winter: he is what no dead things can be, he is in a story. As these children think about winter, so have all the children of men always thought about autumn and spring. If all this beauty meant purpose, the purpose took the first place; if not, the beauty was hardly even beautiful. If the flowers meant a god, they were flung at the feet of the god. If they did not mean a god, they were flung away.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

II—The Popes and Peace

"IF I were not Napoleon, I should like to be Gregory VII." These words may reveal the pride of the conqueror to whom they are ascribed; they also express his admiration for the incomparable pontiff and statesman who, in a lawless and iron age, preached the blessings of order and peace, compelled princes and emperors and, more difficult still, a worldly and corrupt priesthood to obey the laws of justice and mercy, of righteousness and purity. St. Gregory VII, the stern Pope who kept an emperor, clad in penitential garb, shivering in the snow before the gates of Canossa, is not usually depicted as an advocate or an apostle of peace. His enemies have described him as a meddling, heartless, selfish and domineering despot. A Protestant author, Voigt, has fully cleared him of these charges. An impartial survey of Gregory's reign proves that he earnestly and unceasingly toiled in the interest of peace.

When on the death of Pope Alexander II in 1073, the Archdeacon Hildebrand, the adviser and right arm of the five preceding Pontiffs, the confidant and bosom-friend of Pope St. Leo IX, ascended the Fisherman's throne under the name of Gregory VII, the Church and the State stood in sore need of his sanctity, his fiery zeal, his fortitude and fearlessness. The disorders of his age have been described in vigorous and startling language by a contemporary, St. Peter Damian. If ever peace were needed, it was at the end of the eleventh century. It was one of those periods of transition and transformation, when a new society and a nobler civilization were in the making and at a stage when their jarring elements would take shape only at some masterful and creative voice whose command would crystallize them into harmony and unity. Wherever he looked, Gregory saw neither the factors nor the friends of peace. The Church was enslaved by the civil power. Simony, corruption, and worldliness had invaded the sanctuary. Cruel wars were heedlessly undertaken and ruthlessly waged. Princes and rulers plundered the people and were sapping the very foundations on which society rests. It was the age of the fickle, cruel and immoral Henry IV of Germany; of the able but sensual Philip I of France. If from western Europe the Pope looked to Constantinople, he saw the Seljuk Turks defeating Romanus Diogenes on the field of Manzikert, and dealing a staggering blow to the Byzantine empire. But in brave Countess Matilda of Tuscany he was to find a constant helper and ally, and in the stern Norman, William the Conqueror, an admirer and friend who was, however, too busy in consolidating his newly-won conquest to be of much assistance. Throughout his reign, Gregory had but one ideal, one policy and dream, the moral reformation of clergy and people, and the complete liberation of the Church and the Papacy from the unwarranted assumptions of the civil power and the empire. In his struggle for this end, his most notorious but by no means his only adversary was Henry IV of Germany. But though Gregory had good cause to complain of him, he would not stoop to wrong and injustice to defeat him. In January, 1077, he had seen the Emperor kneeling penitent at his feet, and he was willing to give him a fair trial and see whether the monarch would keep his solemnly plighted word. In opposing Henry, Gregory was furthering the cause of peace, opposing tyranny and standing up for an outraged people's rights. But the severe lesson Henry had received at Canossa effected little or no improvement in his moral or political conduct. Gradually estranged by cruelty, corruption, and tyranny from a ruler on whose oath they could not rely, the German princes met at Forcheim and elected Rudolph of Swabia, king. Two legates of the Pope were present at the election and, moved by the recital of Henry's crimes and the promises of Rudolph not to interfere with the rights of the Church, approved the acts of the assembly. But the Pontiff persistently declared that the election had been made without his knowledge or consent. The Saxon and Thuringian barons mainly responsible for Rudolph's appointment were strongly in favor of the Pope, and the gallant Rudolph was undoubtedly a man after Gregory's heart. But to his everlasting honor, the Pope worked for peace, and instructed his legates to toil for the same purpose. To secure that peace, he was willing to go to Germany and there in a general assembly decide the validity of

Henry's and Rudolph's claims. And when before a hundred bishops assembled in the Lateran Henry's ambassadors pleaded their sovereign's cause, Gregory wisely answered that an Imperial Diet presided over by his legates was the only court that could decide the question, and excommunicated those who would dare to thwart such an assembly or oppose its acts. A Court of Arbitration, a Peace Congress was thus proposed. And though the Saxons, his friends, were evidently dissatisfied, the Pope persevered in his peaceful designs. But the two rivals had taken up arms and the bloody battles of Melrichstadt and Flarcheim had been fought without any very decisive results, when a second synod was convened at Rome to decide the quarrel. Only after mature deliberation, and evident proof that Henry had violated all his kingly duties and made himself odious and insupportable by his crimes, was he solemnly excommunicated and the crown given to Rudolph. Gregory had earnestly striven for peace. The fact that he could not finally completely enforce it does not weaken the sincerity of his endeavors or the nobility of his aims.

But if Gregory could not always carry out his noble intentions, he left like Leo the Great and his own namesake, the Doctor and Pope of the seventh century, his bright example to his successors. He had fought for the complete independence of the Church and the Papacy. Another Pope, Innocent III, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, was to fight for the privilege and the right of the Papacy to exercise the plentitude of power in the spiritual and social life of every nation in Christendom. In loftiness of conception, in administrative genius and breadth of view, Innocent III ranks with the greatest geniuses of ancient or modern times. A Cardinal at twenty-nine, he was only thirty-seven when in 1198 he succeeded Pope Celestine III. The noble Conti stock from which he sprang, boasts of having given thirteen Pontiffs to the Holy See. Trained in the schools of Paris, Innocent was one of the keenest jurists of his day. The century to which he gave his name is one of the greatest periods in the world's history. But noble as it was, that age also had to be taught the lesson of peace. With his lofty concept of his office, Innocent constantly strove to enforce this lesson. A year after his election, realizing that the rivalries of the two men who might do much with their united efforts for Christendom, Richard the Lion-hearted of England and Philip Augustus of France, were a serious obstacle to the peace and welfare of Europe, he had induced them by prayers and threats of interdict and excommunication to conclude a truce of five years. A few months after, Richard was mortally wounded by an arrow at the siege of a petty fortress in France. His life was stained by more than one dark crime; but the Crusader-King met his end like a true knight repentant of his sins and forgiving the bowman who had caused his death. Philip now claimed to be released from his oath and again took the field against Richard's successor, King John. Our greatest poet has told us something of the contest. But Innocent, whose watchful eyes were everywhere and whose letters, one of the great monuments of the age, carried their burden of advice, counsel, reproof and warning for every crisis and need, again interfered, and sent a special legate, John, abbot of Casamari, to plead the cause of peace with the French monarch. At the same time he addressed several letters to King John and the Bishops of France. Innocent boldly reminded Philip that the Pope could be no accepter of persons, and that even the world would blame him if he looked to the will of kings and princes rather than to their salvation. He tells him with an apostolic freedom which may sound strange to modern ears:

> No one of sound mind doubts that it is ours to judge of those things which concern the salvation or the damnation of the soul. And . . . to attack God's servants, to destroy religious houses . . . and to shed human blood deserve perpetual damnation and the loss of eternal salvation. If on such a matter the word of God was tied in our mouth, . . . with justice would the blood of so many thousands of men be required at our hands.

Innocent obtained, it is true, but a partial victory. It was a giant's task to make these stern warriors understand the blessings of peace. War was their trade and they joyed in the shock of onset. Too often they treated with scant courtesy the prayers and the threats of the Vicars of Christ. But gradually the message of the Great Champions of Peace sank into the hearts of these rude but chivalrous fighters. The Popes could not always stay the uplifted battle-ax and the leveled spear, but they kept before the world the fair and alluring vision of white-robed peace. Had it not been for the efforts of Roman Pontiffs like Innocent III; like his immediate successor, Honorius III, the "Peace-Maker" between Philip II of France and James of Aragon, between the same Philip and Henry III of England, between Ferdinand III and Alfonso IX of Leon, between the Greeks and the Latins in Cyprus; like Innocent IV and Nicholas III; even in the thirteenth century that vision would have forever disappeared. Every impartial observer will agree with the Protestant Sismondi's verdict: "In the midst of the conflicts of jurisdictions, the Pope alone proved to be the defender of the people, the only pacifier of great disturbances." And Puffendorf was not mistaken when he wrote these words: "The suppression of the authority of the Pope has sowed endless germs of discord in the world."

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

Simplicity of Life

EVERY now and then most people in this country have read a sensational announcement that the bread in common use at the present time, and especially the very white bread of whose snowy appearance the modern housewife is so proud, lacks certain important and even essential elements of food. An article in the recent number of the Public Health Reports summarizes the information obtained upon this question by the United States

Public Health Service. It confirms the ideas of those who insist that not only was the old-fashioned and darker bread much more nutritious than white bread, but that it actually contained materials essential to health, which are entirely lacking in the modern white bread. The report says:

> The highly-milled products, that is, the patent process flours, are often deficient in certain essential accessory food substances which are designated as vitamines. These substances are located in the intact kernel of the wheat, in the outer layers and probably also in the germs. The modern roller process eliminates to a great extent the bran and germ and the resulting wheat flour is deficient in these substances.

The same thing is true not only of wheat flour, but of corn flour and grits, or hominy, which are prepared for the market in the same way. Fortunately on account of the variety in diet so prevalent at the present time, the vitamines which are absolutely necessary for health are obtained from other sources.

Experiments have shown that when fowl are fed on an exclusive diet of wheat, corn, or old-fashioned whole wheat flour, or so-called "water ground" corn meal, they will live in perfect health for many months. If these same creatures are fed on the modern highly-milled products they will die within a month or two of a curious spreading affection of the nerves called polyneuritis, which resembles in many ways the disease among human beings called beriberi. Beriberi is quite common among rice-eating peoples but only among those who attempt to live on polished rice. Manifestly the process of making the rice look attractive has exactly the same effect on it as the modern milling of wheat and corn has upon the nutritive value of wheat flour, and corn meal. Similar experiments have likewise shown that bread or cakes, corn bread or corn muffins made with baking soda are distinctly lacking in the vitamines. This is due to the fact demonstrated by Sullivan, the bio-chemist of the Public Health Service, and Carl Voegtlin, Professor of Pharmacology, that alkalis are distinctly destructive of the vitamines whenever these substances are exposed to high temperature, as in baking while in contact with the alkali.

The reason for the common use of baking soda is that the modern fine white flour and highly-milled corn flour do not yield a bread of the same lightness as the old-fashioned meal when mixed with salt and water. Therefore baking soda has become popular with housekeepers, because it makes bread rise and grow light. Apparently this is an expedient not devoid of danger. Professor Voegtlin suggests the use of buttermilk instead of sweet milk in the preparation of these food products, as it neutralizes the alkalis, prevents destruction of the vitamines and therefore renders the baked materials less dangerous and more nutritious.

Polyneuritis gives rise to painful conditions and disturbance of the muscular action, and it is probable that not a few of the vague "achy" feelings which are so common in this country, and are considered symptoms of chronic rheumatism, are mild forms or initial symptoms of polyneuritis in people who are improperly supplied with vitamines because of their consumption of white bread and other highly-milled products. This whole problem has been worked out by the United States Public Health Service in connection with pellagra which is now found to be due to a lack of vitamines in food. A great many cases of this disease were discovered in the crowded poor-houses and insane asylums whose inmates were fed very largely on bread in various forms deprived of the vitamines either by milling or by the soda used. Having very little eggs, meat, milk, peas, or beans, which are rich in vitamines, in their diet, they soon fell ill from vitamine deficiency. The whole study emphasizes the fact that a variety in the diet is extremely important for health. When the diet is limited and only certain substances are used, such as rice, wheat, and corn, they should be incorporated into the food to a very great extent in the form in which they occur in nature. Efforts to make the food more presentable to the eye, and attempts to simplify the natural old-fashioned baking processes are likely to lead to distinctly lower nutritional value in the materials prepared. We were very prone to look with contempt upon the coarse food of our ancestors, and we consider the recent advances in the preparation of food materials wonderful progress, but after all has been said, the old-fashioned methods were better and the new-fangled ones are distinctly vicious in their results.

The old-fashioned bread, whether made from flour or corn meal or oatmeal, was much harder to eat, but that in itself carried a distinct advantage with it. The chewing of hard bread forms the best possible means of cleansing the teeth thoroughly. The only complete sets of teeth that most of us have ever seen in old people were never touched by a toothbrush. The old folk had chewed vigorously in their younger years on good hard bread, especially crusts, and this helped in the preservation of the teeth. The older days saw a baking once a week. The bread was never eaten till it was two days old. Wash day was Monday and baking day was Friday and the fresh bread so-called made its appearance usually on Sunday for tea. Almost needless to say, such bread required vigorous chewing.

Most old customs of this kind were founded upon certain natural, probably instinctive, inclinations which modern sophistication dismissed as useless or old-fogyish a few years ago, though now we find that for health's sake it would be much better to go back to the consumption of well-dried whole wheat and whole corn bread.

The authoritative information thus afforded by the Government report should be of special service to schools and colleges and communities. Certainly the use of whole wheat bread is one of the things that should be encouraged in youth, for with butter and milk it repre-

sents a very complete food. Tastes for life are usually formed in the growing years and a taste for this old-fashioned bread would be particularly precious.

There is a lesson in the result of the investigation that is worth while emphasizing. There has been a definite tendency during the past generation to make things easier and more comfortable for people. Soft bread is provided, and mashed vegetables and chopped foods of various kinds are frequent. These leave the teeth without the work that is necessary to keep them in a healthy condition. Sandwiches are often made with the crusts removed, though the crusts represent the most precious part of the bread. The result has been bad for the general health as well as for the teeth. We have made people more comfortable by the heating arrangements of our houses but the consequence has been a rather alarming increase in the incidence of respiratory diseases. Pneumonia more than rivals tuberculosis as "the Captain of the Men of Death," and together these two diseases account for more than one-fourth of all our deaths. Mankind is constantly seeking ease and comfort but is quite as constantly reminded that advances in this direction are practically always followed by disturbances of health which inflict greater sufferings than the inconveniences men sought to avoid.

The refinements of life are very tempting and usually seem to represent distinct advances. Unless controlled by thorough-going common sense and a definite tendency toward the simple life, they are prone, rather to lead to physical as well as moral deterioration. Man thrives best in a rather changeable temperature while living on coarse food, working hard enough to digest it and taking plenty of air of a temperature considerably lower than that of his body, so as to consume heat energy and arouse appetite. Whenever he tries to avoid these natural trials, disturbance of his system is likely to follow. It is a long while ago since Horace said, "You may drive out nature with a pitchfork if you will, but she will always return." This expression is quite as true in our time as it was in his. JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Catholic Landmarks of St. Louis

SITUATED in one of the most interesting Catholic districts south of Canada and north of Cuba, and looking back over a period of more than 150 years since its foundation, St. Louis may well pride itself upon the number of its Catholic landmarks.

When Pierre Laclede built the first log hut on the present site of the city a savage wilderness stretched westward to the Pacific. But Catholicism had been here a hundred years before in the passing of Father Marquette, and had been beneficially active as early as 1741 in the spiritual labors of Reverend Sebastian Louis Meurin, S.J., who for a quarter of a century ministered to the children of the forest and to the widely scattered white settlers in the territory. The only memorial now left of him is the modest headstone over his grave in the little cemetery at Florissant, the final resting place of all the St. Louis Jesuits.

Most hallowed by Catholic memories is the spot on which the Church of St. Louis now stands, until recently the Cathedral. Tradition and imperfectly authenticated documents indicate the existence of a church built soon after the arrival of the first settlers. Judging, however, from authentic records, the first church was blessed on June 24, 1770. It stood on the corner of Second and Walnut Streets, giving place, in 1818, to a larger structure, erected after the arrival of Bishop Dubourg. Finally in 1834, through the efforts of Bishop Rosati, the old Cathedral, one of the famous edifices of the country, was dedicated. A certain writer said of it:

> It is truly a delightful sight to an American of taste to find in one of the remotest towns of the Union a church decorated with original paintings of Rubens, Raphael, Guido, Paul Veronese, and a number of other paintings by modern masters of the Italian, French and Flemish schools. The ancient and precious gold embroideries which the St. Louis Cathedral possesses would certainly decorate any museum in the world. All this is due to the liberality of the Catholics of Europe, who presented these rich articles to Bishop Dubourg on his last tour through France, Italy, Sicily and the Netherlands.

The old Cathedral is the mother church of hundreds that followed. It is the cradle of much of our Western civilization and Catholicism, and a sanctuary of sacred treasures. Its baptismal record goes back to six years before the Declaration of Independence. It has been the scene of eight episcopal consecrations. Two of the bishops consecrated here were members of the Society of Jesus, and without exception all were for dioceses created out of the diocese of St. Louis. For a decade it was the only place of Catholic worship in the city, save the little chapel of St. Aloysius, served by the Jesuits of St. Louis University.

At the close of the ten-year period just mentioned, a new problem arose for the parish. Its population had grown far beyond the accommodations of the church, and provision had to be made to meet the new conditions. As a result the first church-building epoch followed. Today at Ninth and Barry Streets still stands the earliest of these buildings. It is the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, which was begun by the Vincentian Fathers in 1844. Other churches followed quickly, for instance, St. Patrick's at Sixth and Biddle Streets, commenced by Bishop Kenrick, and St. Joseph's at Eleventh and Biddle Streets, erected by the Jesuits. Each has its striking history of three-quarters of a century's service for the people.

The block of stately commercial buildings between Ninth and Tenth Streets and Washington and Lucas Avenues, now the center of the St. Louis wholesale district, was the birthplace of one of the city's finest Catholic achievements. It tells the story of a century's educational work. It links the Latin Academy, started by Bishop Dubourg, November 15, 1818, with the St. Louis College of 1820, conducted by the secular clergy; with the "Indian Seminary," opened in 1824 at Florissant by the Jesuit Fathers; with their College of 1829, which occupied a part of the aforesaid block; and finally with the extensive group of buildings to be seen today on Grand Avenue, St. Louis University.

When the College that stood on this historic Catholic spot was opened in 1829, St. Louis was a rugged frontier town of 5,000 inhabitants. The building was a structure of three stories, forty by fifty feet, surrounded with ponds and woods and farms. Among the members of its faculty were the famous Indian missionary, the Reverend P. J. De Smet, S.J., and the Reverend James Vandevelde, S.J., who afterwards occupied in turn, the Sees of Chicago and Natchez.

Attached to the building on the northeast corner of the same block is a tablet which completes the story of this spot once consecrated to Catholic activity. It tells of the first St. Francis Xavier Church, the old College Church, which was given a new birth without a new name in the conspicuous Jesuit edifice at Grand Avenue and Lindell Boulevard.

Perhaps, in such a setting of early Catholic educational effort one naturally looks for an institution devoted to young women.

It was not wanting. At Eighth Street and Washington Avenue the Sisters of Charity established in 1843 St. Vincent's Seminary, which in 1875 was moved to Grand and Lucas Avenues, and is now the Rosati-Kain Diocesan High School for Girls. Mention is made of it here merely to complete the story of the old College, since it was established under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers and was in the old College Church parish.

The oldest Catholic landmark in the form of a girl's academy, possessed by St. Louis must be credited to the Religious of the Sacred Heart, the first community of women established in the diocese. As early as 1827 they founded an academy here. It was located on Convent Street, so named on account of the institution. Later it was moved to Maryland Avenue in the West End.

Nine years later the Sisters of St. Joseph came from France and made their first foundation at Carondelet, now the extreme section of the city. The Sisters began their work in a small log cabin on the site of St. Joseph's Academy. This was the first place in the country where the deaf-mute received special attention. Begun in 1844, the work has been carried on continuously by the community ever since. In 1845 the Sisters took charge of a school for colored children on Third Street, a year later opened St. Vincent's, the first parish school in the city and also started in 1846, near the old Cathedral, the orphanage, they still control. In the same year was committed to their wise care the orphanage for boys, then located near the old Cathedral, a charge which remains uninterrupted.

At the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Pine Street is a building which the Catholic eye would suspect of having been diverted from a nobler purpose than its present use indicates. It was once the flourishing Academy of the Loretto Sisters, who arrived in the early forties, but their Academy lost its distinction with the establishment of the present Academy on Lafayette Avenue.

Bearing the marks of many battles with the elements, the recently-abandoned Kenrick Seminary on Cass Avenue tells a long and interesting story. Previous to the Civil War and down to 1892 this was the home of the famous Academy of the Sisters of the Visitation, now at Cabanne Place. It was the third location chosen by them in St. Louis, whither they came from Kaskaskia, Ill.

Close upon seventy years ago the holy standard of St. Ursula was first brought to the United States from Austria and raised over a small house on South Twelfth Street, which had been rented and arranged for school purposes. The year following came another group, and likewise a contribution of $4,000 from King Louis of Bavaria, to be used in the purchase of a site for a convent. The first home of the Ursulines has long ago disappeared, but over and around where it stood have been erected the spacious buildings from Russell to Ann Avenues, making the spot one of precious historic memories.

Out to the northwest on the city's highest elevation is another appealing landmark, the Christian Brothers' College. Sixty-seven years ago it began its work in an old brick house on Chestnut Street, back of and to the west of the old Cathedral, the house that had been occupied for several years as a residence by Bishop Rosati. The following year an increase in the number of pupils compelled the Brothers to seek larger quarters, and a brick building of modest proportions at Eighth and Cerre Streets became the new college. Since 1882 the college has been at Kingshighway and Easton Avenue.

As a fitting climax there remains the St. Louis Mullanphy Hospital. The briefest possible summary of its history would tell of the arrival here in 1828 of five Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, Md., to open a hospital. Their many years of serving the sick had its beginning in a small log house, of two rooms and a kitchen, built on one of the two lots donated to Bishop Rosati by John Mullanphy for this purpose. Soon, however, the accommodations became inadequate and there followed the more ambitious building at the corner of Fourth and Spruce Streets, known as the "Sisters' Hospital." The remarkable success attending the work called, after a few years, for the still more commodious grounds and buildings at Bacon and Montgomery Streets. Yet if grounds and buildings were many times multiplied, large as they are, they would count but little in comparison with the blessings and relief this famous old institution has conferred upon suffering and afflicted humanity in the eighty-eight years of its existence.

JOHN PAUL CHEW.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Human Vivisection

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Permit me to correct a misapprehension expressed in your leading editorial for April 22, entitled "Human Vivisection." Your principles I freely concede, not so the facts. I am well acquainted with the investigator whose methods you criticise and personally know him to be a man who would never hurt or harm a man or a beast. This pseudo-scientist, as you call him, was once infected with tuberculosis contracted in course of a search for tubercle bacilli in the sputum of consumptives, one of the most nauseous and thankless tasks a physician is called upon to do. In consequence he spent a year in the Adirondacks. Fortunately he recovered and is devoting his life to a study of the disease which is presumed to be the cause of general paresis. The object of his experiment was to determine the presence in the brain substance of the living virus of the above-mentioned disease. While not of immediate curative value to the patients, the experiment was nevertheless made for the ultimate benefit of all persons so afflicted, those experimented on with the rest. The sole objections to such an experiment are: first, immediate unbearable pain; secondly, harm or danger of harm to the patient. Now these experiments were only slightly painful, no more so than the insertion of a hypodermic needle of large caliber. These experiments were devoid of harm; no more harmful, for instance, than the insertion of a hypodermic needle for the withdrawal of blood, a procedure of common occurrence the country over to determine the presence or absence in the blood stream of substances related to the organism for which the experimenter seeks.

Your misapprehension evidently arose from the obvious impression of violence, suffering and peril conveyed by the thought of boring through the skull for the purpose of extracting brain matter. To make a minute hole in the skull causes no more pain than to insert a hypodermic needle through the skin. The abstraction of brain matter may be accomplished in certain parts of the brain with no more influence on the general bodily economy than the abstraction of an equivalent amount of material from the marrow of a large bone.

Louis Pasteur made the first experiment on human beings for the cure of rabies by injecting a dose of attenuated virus in the arm of a child, and he doubtless attended Mass next morning as was his custom. My scientist friend did not go to Mass in the morning; he is a Jew: and yet if one will grant him a kindly tolerance his youthful enthusiasm may yet solve the riddle why this disease, so easily controlled in its other manifestations, is so refractory to treatment when it elects to destroy the brain.

Buffalo. J. S. L.

[Our correspondent is under a wrong impression as to AMERICA'S reasons for protesting against the experiments of the doctor in question. The unlawfulness of the act criticized consists in the fact that the operation was performed without the consent of responsible persons. Nor could this consent be presumed, for it is morally certain that no normal man would

allow such an operation to be performed on himself or on his relatives for mere experimental purposes. The whole incident would be unthinkable in a private sanitarium; it was possible only because the patients were charges of the State. The criminal aspect of the act arises from the fact that the subjects of the operation were treated as if misfortune deprived them of fundamental rights, as if they were mere chattels, at the disposal of the director of the insane asylum. It would be wrong to perform such an operation on persons of sane mind without their consent; it is doubly wrong to perform it on those whose condition renders them utterly helpless.

Furthermore, if we are to allow officials to assume complete control of men in this way, because they happen to be insane, there is no telling how far things will go. There are other forms of helplessness besides mental weakness, and mere novices in the knowledge of State institutional practices are aware that already there is a pronounced tendency to perform reprehensible operations, against the inmates' will. The present instance is an example of an immoral invasion of human rights, and it is not less an invasion because sanctioned by the State, and much less because, as in the present case, the only sanction was that of a mere official of an asylum. Moreover, it is incorrect to say that the operation in question involved no danger. Every physician knows that there is always an element of danger whenever an anesthetic is administered. The proportion of deaths resulting from it, in the present practice of surgery, is no doubt small, but it is a thing to be reckoned with. Besides, it looks extremely like invoking the end to justify the means, to say that the operation was lawful because it had for its purpose the alleviation of humanity. Experiments that are directed to the alleviation of human suffering are laudable, provided they keep within the limits of sound ethics. AMERICA has no quarrel with the surgeon's intentions; it objects to his methods; they are unethical.—Ed. AMERICA.]

"Androcles and the Lion"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Was not Daniel A. Lord, S.J., as quoted by Mr. Young in his article, a *little* slashing in his censure, not only of the play of "Androcles and the Lion" but also of any one who has been guilty of having witnessed its production? I will freely confess that I have seen the play twice without having my feelings harrowed, and I do honestly believe that my soul is more than slightly "tinctured with the creed of Christ." The poor play is so light that to thunder anathemas at it is very like killing grasshoppers with a sledge-hammer. Still, if one *must* take it seriously, it should be remembered that the laugh is never *at* the Christian martyrs, but always *with* them. Their would-be persecutors are made to look extremely foolish.

The "setting down" that the gilded youth of Rome receive at the hands, or rather the tongue, of Lavinia is choice. And the "handsome Captain" never has the best of an argument. The martyrs are represented as calm and even gay in the presence of death. I fail to see that it is at all derogatory to their dignity to suppose that they really were so. As regards the character of Ferronius, if Shaw had any motive at all in drawing him, it may have been intended as a hit at those Christians whose dislike to active resistance of evil is so strong that they would greatly prefer that Our Lord, instead of driving the money-changers out of the Temple with a whip, had asked them "nicely" to go. The character of Spinthos no doubt owes its existence to the fact that Shaw apparently regards himself as the divinely appointed chastiser of the British public for its many sins, especially for what he regards as its besetting sin, viz., hypocrisy. I do not think that what he says makes much difference to the British public, or has much effect, except to amuse it immensely. And what is there about "Pygmalion" and "Fanny's First Play," that they should be "lumped in" with anything like "Marie-Odile"?

Brooklyn. M. CLEMMANS.

Correct Ecclesiastical Titles

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for April 15, "A. P. F." writes as follows, with reference to Cardinal Manning:

> It was he who introduced the term against which my chief objection is directed. He used to refer to himself as "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," which, of course, he never was. Cardinal Henry Edward Manning was also responsible for the introduction into English of the term "Father" as applied to secular priests, and this solecism is now so crystallized that it is hopeless to attempt to look for a return to the older and better way.

A. P. F. may be correct in both of these statements, but if so, there are at least two curious facts to be accounted for. Manning became Archbishop in 1865 and Cardinal in 1875, so it is improbable that he referred to himself as "Cardinal Archbishop" before the latter year, nevertheless we find, on page 373 of Newman's "Apologia," in a letter from the Academia of Catholic Religion, under date of April 19, 1864, the following sentence: "The Academia of Catholic Religion, at their meeting held today, under the Presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop, have instructed us to write to you in their behalf." In reference to the assertion that the title "Father" was introduced into English by Cardinal Manning, it is at least curious that Newman used this very title frequently in his correspondence, before Manning even became a Catholic. (See Ward's "Life.")

Los Angeles. F. L. KOHLER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I beg pardon for a slip of the pen. I should have said that Cardinal Manning introduced the title "Father" into England, not English. I forgot for the moment that the noun and the adjective are not precisely coextensive in meaning.

While Father Prout of Watergrass Hill was undoubtedly an actual personage, the name is usually applied to the gentleman who gave that worthy priest literary fame, and I may suggest to T. F. M. that the late Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony was a delightful example of the infelicity of the title "Father," as anything or anybody less suggestive of paternal gravity and decorum never existed. However, I am not protesting. I used "Father" to show how the *jus et norma loquendi* comes about, and to register an emphatic protest before "Cardinal Archbishop" and other similar horrors become the norm.

New York. A. P. F.

A Catholic Work of Art

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some months ago one of your correspondents expressed surprise at the few good examples of Catholic art in the United States. Since then a really notable contribution to Christian art and architecture has burst into full view. It is the new St. Agnes' Church in Cleveland, Ohio. Of all the parish churches in the United States, it is undeniably the most perfect example. In scale, in mass, in line, in proportion, in perfect harmony of detail, in interior decoration, in its glorious stained glass, it stands out on the horizon of contemporary Catholic art in the United States like Mars at perihelion. When the industrious "Baedeker" comes to enshrine this exquisite church edifice in his guide-book of the United States, that invaluable red book with the green string will certainly attach to a description of the new St. Agnes' Church the distinctive star, reserved exclusively for things of the very first rank.

Pittsburgh. THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

AMERICA

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The Unity Conference

IF the many Conferences for the "reunion of the Churches," which have sprung up during the last generation, bring men to their knees in humble supplication to God our Father, they will not have been held in vain. God listens to the prayer of the lowly; the infinitely merciful Heart of Jesus Christ is quick to hear the sincere cry of those who wander in the darkness. It is a victory, too, over ancient error, if the multitudinous Churches which have done their part in stirring up "the weltering seas of prejudice and conflicting opinion," existing beyond the pale of the Catholic Church, begin in some dim way to comprehend, that Christ founded but one Church, with an absolutely consistent and authoritative doctrine, and not three hundred or more warring sects.

These Conferences then, if ruled by the spirit of humble and sincere prayer, and directed toward a proper concept of the unity of Christ's Church, may bring the day of reunion appreciably nearer. If, on the other hand, their followers beguile themselves with the hope or belief, that the Catholic Church will ever renounce the smallest part of the deposit of Faith, of which she is the divinely-appointed guardian, their efforts are doomed to complete failure. The Church prays that all men, all alike children of our Father in Heaven and made in His image, may be united in charity and in the confession, not of a compromise, but of the one true Faith delivered to the saints. She has but one Gospel for all alike, the Gospel given her by Jesus Christ who bade her teach all nations, promising that His Holy Spirit would abide with her all days even to the consummation of the world. The sole basis of reunion which she can allow, is the acceptance of the supreme authority conferred upon her by her Founder, Jesus Christ. We cannot build upon the hay and stubble of compromise, but only upon the Rock of Truth.

"Fabulous History"

PART I—On April 5, 1916, the Baltimore *Star* printed this item:

The problem in Latin America, Dr. Speer said, is not Roman Catholicism, but the rejection of Christianity by the people. Buenos Aires is one of the greatest centers for infidelity in the whole world. Dr. Speer said that he saw a lottery in operation in the Archbishop's (*sic*) yard at Panama and heard that the prelate made $5,000 a week from it.

Part II—The editor of AMERICA sent a marked copy of the paper to a friend in Panama, with a request for information on the subject. The result is as follows:

April 18, 1916.

DEAR SIR:

I have read the letter written to you by the Rev. R. H. Tierney, S.J., and I do not wonder at all at the calumny repeated by Mr. Speer concerning the lottery of Panama, knowing, as I do, that many Protestants will for ever and ever calumniate the Catholic Church. Everybody in this city knows that the aforesaid lottery belongs to a company in which the Bishop does not participate and with which he has absolutely nothing to do. If held on the ground-floor of the building, this is because it was established there at its foundation, in virtue of a contract that has not yet expired.

✠ GUILLERMO,
Bishop of Panama.

Part III—All the Latin land south of us is decadent; its priesthood is totally corrupt; its laymen are rotten; sixty per cent of its women are prostitutes; the Bishop of Panama makes (*sic*) $5,000 a week from a lottery from which he does not receive a farthing and over which he has absolutely no control. Such is "evangelic" history, part of the gospel of peace and good will preached by traveling missioners, Dr. Speer included. He at least should have learned a lesson of prudence. This is not his first offense: a few years since he was brought to book for a more serious misrepresentation by which he stood sponsor for a bogus "Papal encyclical" condemning the morals of the clergy of Chile. But then the light of the Gospel must be spread among the lying, corrupt Latins.

"Catholic Hospital Conference"

CATHOLIC hospitals, like Catholic schools and colleges, are everywhere dotting our land. They are an integral part of the external activity of the Church. They are a practical application of her doctrine on the corporal as well as the spiritual works of mercy. Both these classes of works, practised by Our Divine Saviour, may often be performed in the most salutary way within the wards of our Catholic hospitals. In these we behold a historic institution of Catholicism, but this fact cannot dispense the Catholic men and women in charge of them from keeping abreast of every advance of modern science and of every improvement in methods of economic management. Constant study and intelligent cooperation on the part of Brothers, Sisters, physicians, and nurses are a condition for the fullest efficiency.

The first Catholic Hospital Conference, with this object in view, was held at Milwaukee during the past year, and resulted in the formation of the Catholic Hospital Association. Though invitations had been sent only to a comparatively small section of the country, the conference was unexpectedly successful. Besides a number of physicians, nurses, hospital chaplains and other persons interested in this work, there were present over a hundred Sisters. The stability and progress of the Association are now assured, and it can confidently appeal to the Catholic hospitals of the entire country for cooperation and membership. The development of a large and active National Catholic Hospital Association is the next step under contemplation.

Catholic physicians of national repute have already promised their presence and assistance at the coming conference, which is to take place at Milwaukee, June 7, 8 and 9. It is to be followed, beginning with June 12, by a series of summer courses, extending over six weeks, to be given by the Marquette University School of Medicine. Familiarity with the subjects treated in these courses is indispensable for the routine scientific work of modern hospitals, such as laboratory technician work, X-ray technique, dietetics, anesthetics, hospital record keeping, social service, and massage. "I cannot too urgently impress upon the superiors who are responsible for the betterment of hospital treatment of the sick," says the Most Reverend Archbishop of Milwaukee, "the necessity there is for the Sisters to become expert in the various departments of hospital service." His circular is the more timely inasmuch as Catholic hospitals will hereafter be rated like all others by the American Medical Association, and cannot afford to be inferior to them in efficiency. The interests of religion and charity, however, should be a sufficient motive for cooperation in this movement on the part of all who are devoting themselves to hospital work.

"Man-Made Laws"

CONSISTENCY is not always a jewel, or at least it is not always considered so, where the Church is concerned. Hence it is that one hears, principally, it is true, from those outside the Fold, but sometimes even from those within, that ecclesiastical laws are man-made, and therefore not strictly binding. This assertion, by a strange anomaly, is most often on the lips of those who are fanatical in their insistence on the observance of civil laws, which are certainly man-made, and is remarkably in favor with those who are conspicuous for their neglect of the Commandments, which are undoubtedly Divine laws.

Certainly many ecclesiastical laws are man-made, but if this fact exempts men from obeying them, there is an end to the binding force of all national and State laws as well. For while the Church emphatically claims that she has authority from God to legislate for her subjects, the State makes no such claim. Few civil legislators trouble themselves about the source of their authority; fewer still could explain it, if they were asked to do so.

The fact is that there is no legislative power in any body, whether ecclesiastical or civil, unless it comes down from Heaven. Directly or indirectly all jurisdiction must be traced back to the Supreme Legislator. All men are equal to this extent, that no one may presume to control another or restrict his liberty, unless in the words of St. Paul, he be one of "the ministers of God." Church and State are alike in this, that their authority is God-given. They differ only in the process by which the repositories of that authority are selected. In the case of civil society, God speaks through the voice of nature, urging men to enter into social relations, which cannot be maintained securely unless within the body politic there be a moral power of command, to be exercised by those on whom it has been conferred by God for the common good of the community. Whether this power, however, be vested in an individual or in a group of individuals, is left within certain limitations to the determination of the citizens. The Church, on the other hand, was founded by the positive act of Jesus Christ, who has also positively determined both the character of its governing body and the extent of its jurisdiction. But of both Church and State it is equally true to say what Christ said of the power of the Roman Governor in Jerusalem: "Thou shouldst have no power against me, unless it were given thee from above." The phrase, therefore, on which the disobedient children of the Church so confidently rely, when, with supercilious self-righteousness, they repudiate the Church's right to command them, for instance, to receive their Paschal Communion, is either a threadbare screen for conscious bad faith or a palpable example of culpable ignorance.

Tangled Paths

MR. HEARST'S *New York American* and Mr. William A. Brady agree in their opposition to a State censorship of moving-pictures, but not for the same reason. Mr. Brady asserts that the proposed censorship is unnecessary, since "in the long run the great American public will reject pictures of questionable morality." Mr. Hearst, feeling the occasion to be above words, takes refuge in a cartoon, which argues that the law will promote corruption, since the film-producers will bribe the censors.

As for Mr. Brady, he may rest assured that "the great American public" will undoubtedly reject "pictures of questionable morality," together with all other forms of public crime and impropriety. In fact, the rejection has already been made by the larger and saner part of that public, whose discernment Mr. Brady makes a matter of the future. Yet no community can safely forget, that among its members are the young and the morally weak, who as a matter of public policy, must be shielded from

those public incitements to vice so often presented on the stage, and occasionally on the moving-picture screen. Furthermore, those degraded beings whose source of income is conditioned by the stimulated demand for public occasions of evil, are beyond the reach of moral suasion and can be dealt with only by the summary process of law. For the protection of the weak and the repression of the evil members of society, the common-sense of mankind prescribes, in the absence of other suitable means, legal coercion.

So far as Mr. Hearst is concerned, it may be said that he and his collaborators speak with singular authority, when dealing with the problem of how to make money out of flashy newspapers and sex-inspired magazines; otherwise their opinions are of no particular value. It is characteristic of the mentality of the Hearst newspapers that in the possibility that the proposed censorship law may be violated, their New York representative finds an argument against the law itself. Jurors have been bribed, and judges have soiled their ermine in this glorious country of ours, and the chain of penitentiaries stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bears witness that our laws are occasionally violated. Mr. Hearst may therefore argue that all laws and all courts should be forthwith abolished, but few, it may be thought, will follow him.

The Cruelly Slandered Editor

IT would seem that there is no class of people more misunderstood, misjudged, and maligned than is the meek and gentle craft of editors. Their shining virtues are popularly considered hideous vices, and their unwearied efforts to protect the public from the literary bore, and to offer readers instead the fascinating masterpieces of our best writers, are cruelly misinterpreted by the thoughtless multitude; jealousy, avarice, favoritism, or crass incompetence being the most charitable explanations assigned for the wretched editor's deeds of stupidity or sins of omission. But the two-score magazine-editors who take part in the May *Bookman's* symposium on the ancient question, "Why are Manuscripts Rejected?" have conspired to disabuse the general public of the false ideas that are commonly entertained regarding the editor's character, motives, and mental equipment, and strange to say they actually succeed in painting a portrait that bears a remarkable likeness to that of a human being.

With pathetic earnestness the editors to a man insist that they are inland bred, know some nurture, have sat at good men's feasts, and wiped their eyes of drops that sacred pity has engendered. Their sole aim in life, they reiterate, is to publish what will interest, though it may not please, their readers. Editors, we are assured, have a passion for producing the best magazine they can. Far from restricting their writers, as is often charged, to well-known men, an editor's keenest pleasure, they maintain, is the discovery of new contributors who have something interesting to say and know how to express it. "We read personally every piece of printable manuscript that comes into this office," one successful editor attests, "and we are unfeignedly delighted every time a newcomer sends in something that is good." Though the average monthly issue of a certain high-grade magazine contains less than two dozen items, its editor receives every day some seventy contributions. The vast majority of them will, of course, be rejected, but all are conscientiously examined. The reader is reminded, however, that it is not necessary to drink a whole bottle of milk to know that it is sour, nor to delay long over manuscripts that are obviously unsuited to a periodical's character, that deal with stale or uninteresting subjects, or that resemble articles or stories with which the editor is already well supplied.

The professional writer's estimate of the value of the *Bookman's* symposium will be largely influenced, no doubt, by the fact that he belongs either to the favored few whose articles or stories are generally accepted or to the throngs who habitually get their manuscripts back. The latter will no doubt agree wholeheartedly with the following description of the degenerate race:

> Editors are proverbially the lowest form of intellectual life. They only return those weary, wounded, and bleeding little manuscripts because they don't know enough to publish them; because, as a race, they are prejudiced, uncultivated, blind. They seek with passionate ardor only for those outpourings of the human soul that are stereotyped, conventional, obvious, banal. They are utterly lacking in initiative, intuition, sympathy, *flair*. They are but the driven slaves of the benighted proletariat; or of a band of ignoble advertisers; or—worse and worse—of the wretched being whose tragical misfortune it is to be compelled to employ and feed them. All editors live on flattery. They can be bought or bribed—like so many aldermen or critics. Their outlook on life, and love, and ardor, and humor, and generative artistic heat is no wider than that of the buried, fossilized toad. They are malingerers. They are criminals. There is, in short, something almost slimy and shuddery about the horror of them.

But the affluent contributor who is accustomed to receive large checks from the magazines will probably accept as faithful descriptions of the average editor such passages as these:

> I habitually think of —— contributors as representing the guests at a dinner party. I do not want them all to agree with me, but I do not care to ask anybody whose words do not seem to me worth listening to or whose manners are out of place in company. . . . The writer who has the gift of telling tales that interest his fellow-beings is not dependent either upon the whims or the judgment of any editor. . . . The reader has a right to take it for granted that the editor stands sponsor for everything in his magazine, and if anything is printed bearing the name of one who has openly and flagrantly broken a law of society the inference cannot be escaped that the editor either does not consider the offense seriously or hopes to profit by the author's notoriety.

But unfortunately there are in this country today editors whose magazines force the critical reader to make these inferences.

LITERATURE

The Fragrant Stars

TIME out of mind both poets and poetasters have been fond of singing or rhyming about the stars. The first night that

> Hesperus with the hosts of heaven came;
> And lo! creation widened in man's view,

Adam doubtless composed impromptu lyrics in praise of the stars' wondrous beauty, and ever since then those sons of his who, whether justly or mistakenly, consider themselves sacred bards, have been accustomed to draw their highest inspiration from the star-strewn sky. Astronomy and astrology, moreover, became the most honored and learned professions, skill in determining a planet's influence on human destiny grew to be a highly lucrative art, and thoughts suggested by the movements of the stars were the versifier's commonplaces.

Since the first night in Eden until now the poets, it would seem, have used every imaginable epithet by which the attributes and qualities of the stars can be described, and every figure has been discovered that can plausibly be based on the real or fancied characteristics of night's celestial candles. Not so. For modern writers of futurist, cubist or imagist verse keep forcing into unhappy marriages verbs and nouns that should never wed, and from these unions are born metaphors altogether worthy, alas! of their wretched parents. We had little reason to hope, therefore, that even the blameless stars could evade the roving eye of the new schools of versifiers.

The varied gifts and accomplishments imputed to the thousand eyes of night by the old-fashioned poets are on the whole quite orthodox and intelligible. For they call the stars fair, bright, cold, chaste, comfortable, charitable, auspicious, angry, orderly, silent, punctual, still, etc.; describe them as shining, burning, twinkling, wheeling, threatening, watching, listening, and peeping; even picture them smiling, laughing, weeping, and dancing; and nothing, of course, is better authenticated than the stars' inveterate addiction to singing. For we learn from a high authority that there is not a single one of the tiny orbs that, like patines of fine gold, are thick inlaid in the floor of heaven

> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

Milton, too, when he found

> The stars with deep amaze
> Stand fixed with steadfast gaze

at the wonders of Our Lord's Nativity, joyfully called to them:

> Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
> Come bless our human ears
> If ye have power to touch our senses so;
> And let your silver chime
> Move in melodious time,

and presumably the obedient stars did as they were bidden.

But none of these bards and poets dead and gone had ever discovered, as far as is known, that the stars, besides being vocal, active, watchful and emotional, are also fragrant, and that their delicate perfume, moreover, can really be perceived and enjoyed by highly cultivated noses. For it was left to one of our leading imagist poets to exclaim, in the course of some very free verse she recently published: "I smell the stars!" Unfortunately, details are lacking about the precise nature and value of this extraordinary gift. Is it peculiar to imagist poets only? Can it be acquired? How perfectly has it been developed? Of what practical value would astronomers, sailors and airmen find it? These are some of the queries that at once suggest themselves. Perhaps the imagist's delicate nostrils can detect the rare perfume of the evening star long before sunset, while her eagerness to scent the subtle fragrance of the Light-bringer will arouse a cubist versifier from her slumbers at an hour when a mere rhyming poet would not think of getting up.

A laudable curiosity would likewise inspire questions as to whether the astronomer's "star-dust" is identified in any way with the astral powder that tickles the imagist's olfactory organs; whether the staid and sober fixed stars offer a more *recherché* perfume than does an errant planet; whether the constellations have a simple or a complex fragrance, and whether the aroma of each star-group is quite appropriate and distinctive, so that the Pleiades' odor, for example, suggests funereal tea-roses, and that of the Hyades, dying water-lilies; whether every star-born smell is pleasant; whether the odor that is wafted down from flaming Mars, for instance, smacks too much of strong anesthetics and burning saltpeter to be agreeable; or whether the sensitive nose can readily distinguish *Ursa Major* from *Ursa Minor;* whether the steadfast North Star is likewise a particularly fragrant luminary, and whether the Milky Way's penetrating odor suggests a blending of the dairy's familiar aroma with the smell of new-mown hay.

These and a thousand similar questions clamor for an answer from the imagist poet who says she can "smell the stars," and fuller light on this interesting subject will be eagerly awaited. Meanwhile a cynical poet of the old-fashioned, rhyming school has been perversely trying to lessen the value of our imagist's testimony regarding that alleged stellar fragrance. He maintains that after inditing some seven inches of particularly realistic *vers libre,* our imagist probably strolled out, like one rapt, into the starlight and some delicately blended perfumes she then perceived seemed to have a celestial origin, whereas in reality they were wafted simultaneously from a bank of violets, a field of poppies, and a bower of roses. To the star-gazing imagist that strangely sweet composite odor seemed to come undoubtedly from above, so she composed forthwith the renowned line: "I smell the stars!" Thus conjectures, at least, the cynical rhymer.

When all is said, however, it must be owned that this poetical fragrance that imagists aver the stars possess is too novel and imperfectly authenticated a quality for conservative poets to welcome very cordially. "Fragrant stars," moreover, do not seem to have so much "ethical value" as do, for example, the "silent," "punctual," "chaste," "watchful," "charitable" or "singing" stars. For few preachers, merely on the unsupported testimony of an imagist, would exhort their flocks to give forth "the star-like perfume of a godly life," whereas strong Scriptural warrant can be adduced for many of those older virtues of the celestial bodies.

For homiletic worth, stars that are only "fragrant" bear no comparison, of course, with those that are described in Holy Writ as "armies on high, shining gloriously in the firmament of heaven," which "have given light in their watches and rejoiced. They were called and they said: Here we are: and with cheerfulness they have shined forth to him that made them." The stars that Isaias and Baruch beheld were not at all fragrant, as far as we know, but they were wonderfully courageous, vigilant, orderly, cheerful, punctual, and self-sacrificing. They were seen practising constantly the virtues that are most serviceable in our modern, work-a-day world, and were richly endowed with those qualities which make social intercourse easy and agreeable. So old-fashioned folk who, unlike our imagist poet, have not yet learned how to "smell the stars" should be content to watch them closely instead, for they have many things to teach the thoughtful observer.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

Michelangelo. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.50.

From Giovio and Vasari to Quatremère de Quincy, Symonds, Karl Frey and John La Farge, Michelangelo has had a long line

of illustrious men to sing his praises. Romain Rolland, the author of "Jean Christophe" has for the second time hung his laurel wreath at the shrine of the great Florentine. It is evidently an offering of genuine admiration and love. In the 200 pages of his monograph, one of the series of "Les Maîtres de l'Art," the author reviews the principal events of Michelangelo's life, discusses the problems connected with his stormy career and his colossal undertakings, analyses his genius and the effects it produced upon his own age and his followers. M. Rolland writes with a disciplined enthusiasm which slips into poetry at times, but not into the exaggerations of the mere panegyrist, with originality and the gift of terse and pictured phrase. The "titanic" efforts of the creator of the "Moses" and "The Last Judgment," etc., to attain supreme perfection as sculptor, architect, painter, and poet are admirably portrayed. In this unequal struggle, even this giant, true brother of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare failed. But our author makes us fully realize that if the artist attempted the impossible, he left behind him masterpieces sealed with the stamp of immortality. Throughout his stormy life, constantly beset with trials, sorrows and bitter disappointments, Michelangelo ever kept burning the torch of his artistic inspiration and his Faith. He yielded at times to that extravagant worship of form so characteristic of the pagan Renaissance, but he found his best ideals in the teachings of the Old Testament and the Gospel. Michelangelo quarreled with Pope and Cardinals, but he never questioned the teachings of the Church they ruled. In his darkest hours his Faith was his only consolation when all others had fled. Only a devout Christian convinced of the Divinity of the Son and of the virginity and motherhood of the Woman on whose knees rests the body of the dead Christ could have conceived the "Pietà" of St. Peter's, the most touching perhaps, of the artist's creations. M. Rolland might have stressed this point more forcibly. Had he done so he would have given a juster and fuller appreciation of the great master. J. C. R.

A Book-lover's Holidays in the Open. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

Our interesting ex-President has here gathered into a very readable volume eleven essays dealing with his out-of-doors adventures on three continents. Following a poetically-phrased foreword, in which the author tells of seeing "the red splendor of desert sunsets, and the unearthly glory of the afterglow on the battlements of desolate mountains," he describes a successful cougar hunt in the Grand Cañon, a visit to the Navajo desert, and every detail of the Hopi snake-dance, which he was allowed to see because he had once been the "great chief" at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt pays enthusiastic tributes to the admirable family life of South Americans of every race, and draws therefrom the following lesson for his fellow-countrymen:

> The families are large. The women, charming and attractive, are good and fertile mothers in all classes of society. There are no symptoms of that artificially self-produced dwindling of population which is by far the most threatening symptom in the social life of the United States, Canada, and the Australian commonwealths. The nineteenth century saw a prodigious growth of the English-speaking, relative to the Spanish-speaking, population of the new worlds west of the Atlantic and in the Southern Pacific. The end of the twentieth century will see this completely reversed unless the present ominous tendencies as regards the birth-rate are reversed. A race is worthless and contemptible if its men cease to be willing and able to work hard and, at need, to fight hard, and if its women cease to breed freely. . . . but it nevertheless remains true that voluntary sterility among married men and women of good life is, even more than military or physical cowardice in the ordinary man, the capital sin of civilization, whether in France or Scandinavia, New England or New Zealand. If the best classes do not reproduce themselves the nation will, of course, go down; for the real question is encouraging the fit, and discouraging the unfit, to survive. When the ordinary decent man does not understand that to marry the woman he loves, as early as he can, is the most desirable of all goals, the most successful of all forms of life entitled to be called really successful; when the ordinary woman does not understand that all other forms of life are but makeshift and starveling substitutes for the life of the happy wife, the mother of a fair-sized family of healthy children; then the State is rotten at heart.

Mr. Roosevelt himself, however, carries these "good principles" to a "mischievous excess" when he goes on to say that "the mother comes ahead of the nun," and when he has a fling at the so-called "warped and diseased conscience of asceticism"; for both the Church and the Bible, of course, teach the superiority of the consecrated, virgin life over that of the married. The author's essay on reading should be laid to heart by those who find the perusal of a cheap magazine the severest mental strain they can stand, but no one need tarry long over Mr. Roosevelt's chapter on "Primitive Man," which is full of unsound evolutionary doctrine. The political friends and opponents of the "mighty hunter" will doubtless find very amusing his account of how reluctantly he slew a second bull moose, when the Canadian law allowed him to kill but one. However, in an affidavit, Mr. Roosevelt solemnly swore that it was only to save his own life that he shot the second giant moose. W. D.

Only Anne. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35.

Bars of Iron. By ETHEL M. DELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

These two novels from the pens of English women are both excellent stories, marked by that finish of diction and development to which writers on the other side of the water give such serious attention. Both are psychological studies and both are wholesome throughout. "Only Anne" deals with the mental struggles consequent on a heroic act of self-sacrifice, made for the sake of a friend. The principal character is a Catholic girl, who reaps the full fruits of bitterness, with scarcely any mitigation of her pain, from her deliberate setting aside of her own happiness in favor of another's. The only consolation given her is the final success of her plan. There is a rift in the clouds toward the end of the story and it is wide enough to promise floods of sunshine. Anne is an acquaintance worth making, and in creating her, Miss Clarke has added another charming figure to Catholic literature. Those who have not yet been introduced to this clever and altogether representative Catholic novelist could not do better than begin with her latest book. "Bars of Iron," is a more complex story, rich in the atmosphere of English life, and often harrowing in its play of passion. The characters are strongly and sharply developed, and at least four of them are very attractive. Besides the love *motif*, which vexes the lives of the headstrong boy and the sadly-tried Avery, there are several delightful children whose tranquil affection is an excellent foil for the deeper passions of their friends. This book is quite in the class of those novels for which Putnam has so often and so wisely stood sponsor.

J. H. F.

Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910. By LAURA E. RICHARDS and MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT, assisted by FLORENCE HOWE HALL. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $4.00.

This eminent woman's biography records a long life of remarkable activity. As wife, mother, poet, editor, author, suffragist, lecturer, preacher and publicist, Julia Ward Howe kept herself fully occupied up to the day she died at the age of ninety-one. The beautiful daughter of a New York banker, she had many suitors, but she married Samuel G. Howe, the Boston physician who had charge of the Per-

kins Institution for the Blind and who taught language to Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf-mute. Though Mrs. Howe wrote a manuscript volume of verses at the mature age of twelve, her first book of poems, "Passion Flowers," was published in 1853, receiving warm praise from Whittier, Emerson and Holmes. The circumstances attending the composition of the renowned "Battle Hymn of the Republic" are interesting. As Mrs. Howe and James Freeman Clarke returned from seeing a review of the Union troops near Washington, in 1861, he suggested that she should "write some good words for that stirring tune," "John Brown's Body." "Waking in the gray of the next morning, as she lay waiting for the dawn," the words came to her, "line by line, stanza by stanza." When the last line was ended she got up and committed to paper the well-known hymn.

In a diary Mrs. Howe kept during one of her visits to Rome, where her nephew, F. Marion Crawford, lived, she records that: "When Leo XIII was elected, the Jesuits came to him and promised that he should have a Jubilee if he would take part against the Rosminian ideas and put the books on the Index Expurgatorius, the which he promptly did." Let us hope the Fathers kept their promise and gave the compliant Pope that coveted Jubilee. In St. Peter's, she was "almost overpowered" by the thought of "the immense intellectual force pledged to the upbuilding of the Church of Rome," but found some comfort in the reflection that just as the Temple of Jerusalem fell at last, so would St. Peter's, and that was a mercy. About a fortnight before she died, Mrs. Howe received from Smith College the honorary degree of doctor of laws, and the moment it was conferred 2,000 white-clad girls sang the "Battle Hymn" to organ accompaniment. It must have been an impressive scene. As the authors of this biography are Mrs. Howe's daughters, fittingly she has no faults. But the work would have gained by compression.

W. D.

The Old Testament in the Light of To-Day. By WILLIAM FREDERICK BADÉ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.75.

The title of this book is misleading. It should be "The Old Testament in the Darkness of To-Day." The author writes in the night. Worse than that. For even the night is rarely pitch black by utter lack of light. At least some friendly rays of sunlight are reflected to us by the moon, or diffused by the atmosphere of the gloaming; or starlight is radiated unto us from billions of miles away. Our night is rarely pitch black. But black as black can be is the night of unfaith in which Dr. Badé writes. Not a ray of the light of faith beams to lead him on. No single star of faith is left to him. No faith of another reflects God's light to him. He has passed even the twilight of faith. He is in complete darkness; and under this spell, he writes of the Old Testament. And this is the sum of his benighted study: Old Testament history is not history at all. There is error in the morality of the Old Testament books. They misstate things spiritual. The Deity as presented herein portrays physical and moral limitations. All the supernatural elements of Israelitic religion are brushed aside as not historical; they "belong to the poetry, to the religious psychology of Israel's religion, not the historical facts of its history." Faith in this abandoned "foolish patchwork" is "no longer faith, but superstition. What is more, it is very harmful superstition."

We have been accustomed to this sort of thing from Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran and Methodist professors of theology and Sacred Scripture. Here now is a Moravian clergyman gone the way of destructive criticism. John Huss stood for the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. His follower, the Professor of Old Testament Literature in the Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, California, now tells the candidates for the Hussite ministry that we have outgrown the Old Testament. It is no longer of any use as a guide to the followers of Huss. The blasphemous book is introduced into the University of California as a text-book. And the ideas of the rationalistic Moravian professor are hailed in the East and the West as the deliverance of men from an outgrown superstition. Catholics should be grateful that their faith is protected by the watchful successor of St. Peter from such unscientific and blasphemous hatred of the Bible.

W. F. D.

Wreckage: a Drama in Three Acts. By J. HARTLEY MANNERS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.

"Wreckage" is the story of a "dope fiend" fallen to the very depths of human misery who has risen again to his place in the ranks of manhood. All this was brought about by the victim's son, a young physician who has given his life to the task of fighting and curing the drug habit. The drama is not pleasant reading; it is a gruesome tale told in unadorned every-day language. Doctors and nurses come in for their share of abuse because of their alleged carelessness in the administration of drugs. The new woman who longs to control the destinies of men is pictured in anything but an attractive manner; her disregard for old-time parental notions is sad reading. Those who come to read "Wreckage" with ideas of the drama of former days will go away weeping for days that are no more. Nothing is left to the imagination; the actors are a prosaic lot, and the poor victim hardly utters a phrase that is not heavy with despair. Of course the "dope fiend" is cured in the end, there is a love match, and the head doctor has a very laudable aim in giving his life thus for his fellow-man. But will such a play influence the public for good? It may, but the stage is not real life; it should be real life idealized instead of real life realized, as many modern playwriters are endeavoring to make it. There must be more in a play than the hero's noble purpose if the audience is to go away with high resolve and lofty sentiments. As an exhibition of how a generous-hearted man may cure "dopes," "Wreckage" may be worth the reading to those who are interested in the terrible havoc the drug habit is working in American life, but it can hardly be called a drama in the good old sense of that word.

J. S. H.

The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church. Sermons from the German. Adapted and Edited by the Rev. EDWARD JONES. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. JOHN IRELAND, D.D., Archbishop of St. Paul. Vols. IV and V. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 each.

These volumes continue and bring to completion a series of sermons covering the field of dogmatic and sacramental theology. Clear and dignified expositions of the truths, laws, and Sacraments of the Church are interspersed with such moral subjects of present-day importance as "The Catholic Young Man," "Truth and Honesty in Business," and "The Influence of Example." Each sermon springs naturally from the quoted text, and is logically developed in precise yet simple language. The sermons' divisions are so logical and natural that a discourse read once or twice is easily retained. Thus the sermon on the existence of God may be summed up thus: Two books are ever open before us proclaiming God's existence; earth and heaven, Saintly men like Augustine and Francis Borgia never wearied of reading them. Both the presence of evil about us and our own hearts too through the voice of conscience proclaim the same truth. We too are in harmony with the great chorus of praise if united to God by loving obedience. "Every day and every night adds a new syllable to the word that we see written in letters of flame on the heavens and this word is: God." The

author of these sermons knows how to take theology out of the hand-book and make it a living message for all the Faithful, while science, history, and the Scripture, are all gracefully woven into garments that enhance the beauty of Christ's immaculate Spouse. F. X. S.

The Jews among the Greeks and Romans. By MAX RADIN. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

The present volume offers an interpretation of certain facts of Jewish, Roman, and Greek history from about 450 B. C. to 350 A. D., that is from the end of the Babylonian Captivity to the Triumph of Christianity. The author compares and analyzes the philosophico-religious tendencies of Greek and Jew and Roman and Jew, and the impressions made on one another, when these three races were in contact. Mr. Radin is a Jew; and though he has made a thorough examination of such available sources, as the Greek and Latin writers who refer to the Jews, to the Jewish literature of the period, and to the ancient monuments, coins, utensils, papyri, which are the only unchanged existing contemporaries of the events they illustrate, nevertheless the abiding reverence for the history of his own people has sometimes led him to make statements to which Catholics will take exception. That the entire law, as embodied in the Pentateuch, was promulgated by Moses, for example, is a fact admitted by the most reliable Biblical authorities and cannot be questioned; nor can there be any doubt that the book of the Acts of the Apostles, "in the form in which it has come down to us," does not represent a "recension of much later date" than the time of St. Luke, its undisputed author. Again it cannot be admitted that the attitude of medieval law toward heresy offers a good analogy with the Christian persecutions in the first centuries; nor is it true that the Fathers of the Church "unhesitatingly defend the use of falsehoods," not even "to better enforce a moral lesson," for they were strenuously opposed to the unethical principle that the end justifies the means.

While statements like the foregoing lessen the value of a book which otherwise bears marks of a kindly and tolerant spirit, anyone interested in the subject Mr. Radin writes about will find this book a mine of information and a monument to the painstaking labor and industry of the writer. A. H. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Here is the *Bookman's* list of March's "best sellers": "The Real Adventure," "Life and Gabriella," "Seventeen," "Held to Answer," "Mrs. Balfame," and "Dear Enemy." Gertrude Atherton's "Mrs. Balfame" is the only one of the foregoing novels that has not been noticed already in AMERICA. The central figure of the story is in intent, but not in act, her husband's murderer, and the author skilfully keeps the reader wondering who the real criminal is. The clever book is marked by the absence of Christian principles from the hearts of all the characters the author describes.

"The Rudder" (Macmillan, $1.50), by Mary S. Watts, is a "novel with several heroes" but with only one central figure, a beautiful, gifted but inconsistent girl named Eleanor Miranda. Around her revolve a composite array of characters, ranging from the son of the millionaire ice-king, the shallow agitator, and the genial author, down to the dregs of humanity. The book should rank high among the novels depicting the spirit and scenes of modern America, for Mrs. Watts has drawn familiar characters truthfully, and has painted scenes and created situations that might be duplicated in almost any city of the country. Though the plot is well developed, the story's ending is somewhat weak.—— Patrick McGill, now a member of the "London Irish," having established a literary reputation for sordid realism, felt, no doubt, that he had to sustain it in his recent war-book, "The Red Horizon" (Doran, $1.25). The descriptions he gives of trench-fighting and of the discomforts of life at the front are seldom lacking in vivid details. A glossary of slang should have been provided for American readers.

Mr. C. T. Winchester, the author of "William Wordsworth: How to Know Him," (Bobbs, Merrill, $1.25) shows that he himself knows Wordsworth well and sound principles of literary criticism too. Instinct with the poet's spirit, alive with generous quotations, the book will win new admirers for its subject. The volume reflects the simplicity and serenity of the great Lake Poet and ought to convert its readers into enthusiastic Wordsworthians. Poems are quoted entire and there is a good index.——Mr. Vachel Lindsay's "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," (Macmillan, $1.00), are not real "adventures" at all but just the common experiences of a gentleman-tramp who does an occasional day's work at harvesting, but otherwise leads a tramp's sordid life, many details of which were better omitted, especially by a poet.

Edith Staniforth has made a good translation of "Our Home in Heaven" (Benziger, $1.00) the Abbé Max Caron's excellent little book on immortality and the life beyond the grave. The texts, anecdotes and quotations that abound are always apt and the arguments are convincing. As but one guest in the parable was without a wedding garment the author believes most Catholics reach heaven. The book ends with a spook-story from the New York *Herald,* a "Protestant newspaper."——The organ accompaniment of the "Parish Hymnal" (Herder, $2.00) arranged by Joseph Otten is intended for choirs, school children, sodalities and congregations. No non-Catholic texts or tunes are included in the book.——Father J. Degen's "Christian Armour for Youth" (Benziger, $0.35) is a little vade-mecum containing forty-two short chapters on the virtues that should grace a young man's life, and on the devotions he should practise.—— For nearly two years a rather heated discussion was carried on between certain writers in the *Hindu Organ* and the *Jaffna Catholic Guardian,* and the whole controversy as presented in a booklet entitled "A Controversy on Transmigration" (St. Joseph's Catholic Press of Jaffna, $0.50) contains three parts: "The Clearing of the Ground," "Intellectual Difficulties," and a well-ordered and solid refutation of transmigration.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. John McQuirk, the veteran rector of St. Paul's, New York, is not only a practical and zealous patron of current Catholic literature, but he has for several years published at his own expense, for the use of his congregation, a series of "Parish Tracts" which include sermons and valuable historical and polemic essays. In the latest batch of these brochures he has with timely reverence rescued from oblivion Cardinal Wiseman's excellent lecture on Shakespeare which was dictated from his Eminence's death-bed and left unfinished, for it was never delivered. But even as the composition stands, it is far superior to most of the Tercentenary articles that appeared last month in the papers and magazines. The Boston *Evening Transcript's* experiment of devoting a page to "Shakespeare in the Golden Cadence of Poesie," however, was quite successful. One of the contributors, Sara Teasdale, asks the great poet's mother:

> Mary Arden, had you known
> That no king upon his throne
> Was ever great as he would be—
> That from shining sea to sea,
> England up and England down,
> None would gain such bright renown;
> That the world's most precious thing
> Under the wide sway of spring,
> Warm against your bosom slept,
> Would you not have knelt and wept?

And Joyce Kilmer makes Queen Elizabeth say:

My hands were stained with blood, my heart was proud and cold,
My soul is black with shame . . . but I gave Shakespeare gold.
So after æons of flame, I may, by grace of God,
Rise up to kiss the dust that Shakespeare's feet have trod.

But any grace that "Golden Eliza" ever wins will be due, most likely, to the intercession of the Catholics she sent to martyrdom.

If one can live under the spell of such books as the "Essays of Elia" and "The Christmas Carol," and can besides be a lover of nature and a tiller of the soil and a college professor, one comes very near to seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. And when to this you add the simple creed: "I am caring for a few college freshmen and my soul. I shall go forth to my work until the evening. The Lord can take the night-shift," you have the ideal life that appealed so strongly to Dallas Lore Sharp, that he must needs write it all down in a pleasant, chatty, amiable way, telling of the foxes, and the beans, and the ploughing, and the pigs, and the bees, and the boys, and her, that make the "Hills of Hingham" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25), so delightful a spot to live in.——"A Tall Ship and Other Naval Occasions," (Putnam, $1.00) by "Bartimeus" is made up of entertaining sketches and descriptions of life in the British navy in wartime. The lights and shadows, gaiety and grief of the English sailor, from the officers' cabin to the Jackies' stoke-hole, are described, and vivid pictures are drawn of the sadness of parting, the preludes to battle, the sinking of ships, and the grime and glory of combat. Though written evidently for the young, the chapters should interest grown-ups too.

EDUCATION

Catholic Authors in Training Schools

THE article in AMERICA for April 8, "Catholic Books in Our Public Libraries," prompts me to offer a suggestion that may brand me as an innovator or even as a traitor to the literary ideals of those that have gone before us. Nevertheless I shall take the risk. It would seem that most public libraries are willing to place Catholic books on their shelves if there be a sufficient demand for them. The question is, why is there not such a demand? Certainly, there are thousands of intelligent Catholic readers, but are they fond of reading Catholic books? If not, why not?

The Training Ground

There are many reasons for this comparative neglect of Catholic authors by our Catholic people, but I venture to place the fundamental reason in the fact that our Catholic people are not trained to know and love Catholic books. This may appear to be a sweeping statement. Are not our Catholic papers and magazines constantly urging our people to read Catholic literature? Do not earnest pastors regularly make it the theme of sermon and lecture? They do indeed; but this only helps to prove my statement. Catholic editors and energetic pastors of souls realize the need; hence the never-ceasing appeals from press and pulpit. They are trying to remedy a defect the cause of which lies in early training.

Now, what is the training place for a great Catholic reading public? Undoubtedly the Catholic school and the Catholic college. It is a commonplace to say that if you give a boy or a girl a love for books you have given a great asset in the business of life. No one doubts this. For generations our Catholic schools have been feeding the minds of our students on the great English classics. Addison and Macaulay, Dickens and Scott, Bryant and Longfellow, Wordsworth and Tennyson, are household words among us and no one dreams of wishing it otherwise; they are the music-makers who by their sweet harmonies have made life nobler in the living. But we cannot forget that the aim of Catholic schools is not to turn out mere literary men. That devoted and experienced educator, Monsignor McDevitt, in the report of his schools for 1915, states clearly: "The basic principle of the Catholic school is religion. The primary purpose of Catholic teaching is to prepare the pupil for eternal life; its secondary purpose is to fit him for the present life."

The Church and Literature

With this, of course, all Catholics are in agreement, and the great encyclicals of Leo XIII are constantly holding up this ideal to Catholics the world over. We aim, first and foremost, to put our students in the path that leads up to the glorious throne of God; we desire them to see and know God's Church in all its glory and in all its suffering; we want them to be inspired by the lives of heroes and heroines, churchmen and statesmen that are an honor to God and country. The Church is a rich storehouse of art and literature, high thinking and noble living; her orators, silver-tongued in their eloquence, have thrilled whole kingdoms; her poets have sung loftily and sweetly of nature, of man and the life of man, and her novelists have written tales, pure and ennobling, that no man, woman or child need blush to read.

What the School Can Do

Now, it is for this noble array of talent that I would make a plea. They are not of the dead past; we read series of articles about them in Catholic magazines; we boast that we have enough of them to carry to success our proposed Catholic dailies. Why not introduce some of them into our schools and colleges? Why not have a volume of Catholic essayists side by side with Addison and Macaulay? Why not have a Catholic anthology as a partner to Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"? Why not a number of Catholic novelists on the list for home-reading in company with Scott and Dickens? Ah, but there is no time, or there is no room; the schedule is full to overflowing, and then too we have all this in our school libraries; besides, these writers have not really established themselves as classics. Perhaps again I may be branded as a literary heretic, but in view of our glorious end, if our schedule is too crowded would our pupils suffer by having a little less Wordsworth and a little more Thompson, De Vere or Johnson; a little less Macaulay and a little more Lingard, Spalding, Repplier or Azarias?

After all, if we are constantly dinning it into our Catholic people that they must read Catholic literature, is not a judicious selection of this same Catholic literature worthy of a place in our own schools where tastes and habits are formed in hundreds of thousands of our young people? Must we wait till later on when, in the stress and strain of life, our people lose the appetite for reading? Is it fair to blame them, if in the very training-schools the great storehouse of Catholic literature was not thrown open to them?

Libraries Insufficient

Nor can we admit that the presence of Catholic books in our libraries at school is in itself sufficient to lay the needed strong foundation. It is an immense incentive, but it cannot take the place of the influence which daily contact with Catholic writers in the classroom would effect. If finally we pick out the best of our Catholic writers for school study, there need be little fear that Catholic students will lose any of the literary polish claimed for the classic writers. Nobility of thought, elegance of expression and sound doctrine fill the pages of many a Catholic writer and no student will lose in the mastering of them. Now, let my remarks be in nowise construed as a reflection on the grand work of our schools. There are indeed splendid efforts being made in many schools in the direction of Catholic

reading. Some Catholic authors are used and used with great profit. Nor am I speaking of any lack of sound Catholic training; that, of course, is the bulwark of all our teaching. Our students get what we may call the fighting spirit for their religion; but do they get the reading spirit?

EFFORT AND SYSTEM

My plea, then, is for a more united effort, an organized system which will fill our schools with text-books of the best Catholic authors, a system which will make the reading of Catholic historians, orators, poets and novelists, a part of the regular schedule in Catholic schools and colleges. I would not dethrone the old, time-honored English classics; but it seems to me that if our Catholic writers deserve the place we demand for them in the home and the public library, they certainly deserve a place in the Catholic school.

Their entrance into the school may, undoubtedly will, require some readjustment in the schedule, but if we are in earnest about a Catholic reading public, the change will be worth while for the sake of the thousands of young men and women who will leave our schools with a stronger affection for writers who are preserving in history, novel, essay and poem, our rich Catholic heritage.

JOSEPH S. HOGAN, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

II—The Santa Maria Institute, Cincinnati

IT began, as many other important affairs have begun, in what was almost a chance remark. While visiting the mother house of the Sisters of Charity at Delhi, Ohio, in the summer of 1897, an old Jesuit Father, whose name is still venerated by Cincinnati Catholics, said to an Italian Sister whom he encountered, "Why do *you* not do something for your people in Cincinnati?" She replied by asking him why he did not start a certain foreign mission that very day. Taking the hint, he carried the matter to the authorities, and the problem which was grievously tormenting his apostolic heart was solved a few days later, when two Italian Sisters were commissioned to work among the Italians of Cincinnati. Within a few weeks, strengthened by the approval and blessing of that venerable prelate, the late Archbishop Elder, and with five dollars in a common pocket-book, they entered upon their labors. David with his sling-shot, confronting the mailed giant, was about to be represented once again.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

The first Italians settled in Cincinnati in 1835; the first church was built only in 1893. During the intervening years, religious indifference had made strong headway among these people, and when to this was added the work of proselyting, the situation was disheartening. The Italian priests in Cincinnati have ever been zealous and self-sacrificing; but without a school and unable to start one, they were forced to witness the continued ravages of their flock by the sectarian bodies, which, well supplied with funds and teachers, maintain schools and night classes calculated to entice the quick-witted children and their ambitious parents. Moreover, all was free. The little congregation, struggling for its existence, could not compete with those well-financed organizations; and their fellow-Catholics looked on with ineffectual regret.

The advent of the two Sisters of Charity was hailed with delight, and the rectors of the Cathedral and St. Xavier's Church placed basement rooms at their disposal, for the new school which they proposed to open in September, 1897. Meanwhile, the Sisters visited the Italian families and impressed upon the parents their duty to accept this opportunity of securing a Catholic education for their children.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS

But Italian pride balked at those basement rooms, and on the opening day not one pupil presented himself before the waiting Sisters. Several mothers, however, brought their offspring of school age to the Holy Trinity Parochial School, and the astonished teachers appealed to the rector, the late Vicar General Albrinck. Wiser than his colleagues, he turned over two well-equipped schoolrooms for the use of the children; and the beginning of the end of Italian proselyting in Cincinnati was at hand. By April of the next year the sectarian school was closed and the Catholic school, known as the Santa Maria Institute, numbered one hundred and twenty-six pupils. Besides these, ninety-one children were graded in the parochial schools, nearest their place of residence. Sunday schools were opened, at Holy Trinity and at the Italian church, and thirty-two candidates were prepared for First Communion. Several prominent Catholic women had rallied to the support of the Sisters, and classes in plain sewing, embroidery, music and other subjects, were established.

The closing of their school in the West End was not a withdrawal from the field by the proselyters. They sought a new locality, and thither the Sisters followed them. It required seven years of unremitting toil and vigilance before the Italian people of Cincinnati saw the final exit of the wolf in sheep's clothing. A better understanding is now beginning to prevail, and while the classes and settlements of other religious bodies draw some Catholics, their pronounced methods of proselyting have practically ceased. The fight made by the two dauntless Sisters, before this satisfactory condition was brought about, attracted interest far beyond the sphere of their activities. Their work received the blessing of the late Pope Pius X, while the Dowager Queen of Italy donated to it the sum of five hundred lire.

SPECIAL WORK

Without losing sight of the prime object of its existence, charity after charity began to cluster around the Santa Maria Institute. Seeking Italian children, the Sisters found Syrians whom they instructed and held together until a priest of their own rite was provided for them. Other foreigners were also aided, while the poor and unfortunate of every class, creed and color meet a saving hand held out to them by the Institute.

In every community there are cases which institutional effort cannot reach or handle, and where, if lasting good is to result, individual must meet and treat with individual. Work of this nature is written large in the history of the Santa Maria. The youth guilty of one rash act, the man who has "lost his grip," the girl rebellious against home restrictions, the woman repenting her first offense, what these and many others need, is not care given by an institution, but counsel and advice from a good friend. This they obtain whose star leads them to these Sisters. Working with the Juvenile Court as the Sisters do, the girls committed to the Institute suffer no stigma, since it is educational and not reformatory. Again, as the Sisters are in touch with the House of Refuge and the jail, unfortunate girls, adrift on the heartless world, which has exacted from them the bitter payment of their sins against society, find, through the Institute, some benefactor to give them a new start in life; while the convalescents, discharged from the hospitals and yet unfit for work, are directed to a haven where they may rest and regain their strength. For, helpless to meet even a fraction of the demands made upon it, the Institute keeps in close touch with the various charities and organizations of the city; and through them some way is found to meet a difficulty. All these failing, a place is provided by the Institute for destitute applicants, at its own expense.

One noteworthy accomplishment of the Santa Maria Institute

is the arousing to a sense of their fraternal duties and religious opportunities of an increasing number of the Catholic laity. From the beginning the Sisters had to depend largely upon the laity not only for financial support but personal service as well. Their classes have been practically taught by lay people, and lay women have been their companions and co-laborers in their social work. One of their means for encouraging this is the Layman's Home Missionary League, which, imposing no obligations of fees, meetings, or regulations, asks of its members but two things: to keep a friendly lookout for fallen away Catholics and induce them to return to the practice of their religion, and to obtain the cooperation of their friends in the League, thus forming an endless chain of Catholic interest in the struggle for souls. I asked one of the Sisters the secret of their success in overcoming proselytism. She said, "We did not go about telling our people to keep away from proselyters. We got up something better; they heard of it, and came to us of their own accord."

This, it seems to me, is the ideal at which Catholic social workers must aim. Men on the whole, our struggling brethren in particular, want to do what is right. It is our duty to provide them with all those opportunities so lavishly offered by non-Catholic social agencies, and opportunities that embrace "something better."

ANNA C. MINOGUE.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A writer in the May *Atlantic* offers figures of inconceivable magnitude regarding the monetary cost, thus far, of the world-war. He estimates that up to January 1, 1916, the direct and some of the indirect loss to the nations engaged reached $55,000,000,000, and it will reach $80,000,000,000 by next August unless peace is made before then. Reckoning the average commercial value of a man's life to be about $2,933, he finds that the total loss in human life will represent $35,196,000,000.

The Rev. John Baptist René, S.J., who recently died at Los Gatos, California, was a man widely known and prominently identified with many Catholic interests during his religious life of fifty-four years. As a young priest he was director of the Apostolic School at Poitiers and thence was sent to Ireland, where he was placed in charge of Mungret College. On April 2, 1891, he became president of Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash., and successfully guided the institution through the panic of 1893. His next appointment, which brought him more conspicuously before American Catholics, was that of Prefect Apostolic for Alaska, with jurisdiction over the entire Alaskan territory. In his old age he taught theology at Gonzaga University. Stricken with apoplexy, he finally retired to the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart at Los Gatos, where he died. Father René was a man of many interests and varied abilities, an accomplished musician and a great apostle of the Sacred Heart.

Under the appropriate *nom de guerre*, "Militant," a feminist writer expresses the following aspirations and views in the *Unpopular Review:*

> May the day soon come when every wife will be ashamed to be supported by her husband, for then she will secure for herself an independent income—then and then only will wives be free. Political freedom, economic freedom, free motherhood: these are the trinity of woman's emancipation. Without these she is a dependent and a dependent cannot be free. The terms are a contradiction.

This may be taken as a concise summary of the demands of advanced feminism, which is but another step in a movement whose ultimate object is emancipation from God Himself, for such and such only is the implied meaning of "free motherhood." Economic freedom itself, on the part of the wife, has a sense and purpose in the minds of these radicals that is no less directly opposed to the law of God. It is a slimy doctrine and the spawn of Satan.

The first annual meeting of the Auxiliary Committee to the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music is to open May 10 with a *Missa Solemnis* at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York. The music of the Mass will illustrate the three types of church music approved by the Holy See: Gregorian Chant, music of the school of Palestrina, and such modern compositions as conform to correct, artistic and devotional standards. This Mass is to furnish a practical lesson of what can easily be accomplished in any parish, and particularly in any parish that maintains a parochial school. In conveying the approval of Pope Benedict XV, the Papal Secretary of State wrote to Mrs. Cabot Ward:

> The Holy Father not only takes pleasure in pointing out in this praiseworthy propaganda an act of filial adhesion to His Supreme Authority, but He admires also this proof of a noble apostolate for the decorum of Divine worship, in order that the Faithful may live the life of the sacred Liturgy by experiencing, through the mysteries of religion, that sublime elevation toward God which revives the Faith and betters the practice of the whole Christian life.

The new committee, largely made up of lay people, was organized to lend support to the Papal College of Music in Rome, and to promote and stimulate efforts in the United States to create a sound standard of church music. The choice of theatrical selections for church choirs has lowered the ideals of Catholics in this regard, and the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X, on sacred music, was part of his great plan for renewing all things in Christ. His reforms did not die with him, and today we behold them developing new strength.

A correspondent sends us the following interesting item. Some time in March the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia published a notice headed: "Where Catholics Worship above a Jewish Clothing Store in Bangor, Pa." A picture showed the Faithful climbing up a ladder, set against the outside of the building, to reach the second story. A few days later the Reverend J. P. McKey, pastor of the little congregation, was delighted with an offer of $500 toward the building of a small but suitable church. In his grateful acknowledgment he wrote to the donor:

> Let me tell you, just the circumstances of your letter's arrival. I had asked at Mass a week from last Sunday for nine volunteers to go to Holy Communion for nine days, for the purpose that God might help us in the securing of a place and chapel. The five sanctuary boys volunteered immediately after Mass; then another boy; then six girls; afterwards, three women. The men could not go on account of their work in the quarries. Of the fifteen volunteers, three had fallen away from the practice of their faith before the opening of the chapel above the Jewish clothing store. They finished their novena of Communions at 7.30 yesterday morning. As I left the chapel at ten minutes to eight, I stopped at the post office and received your encouraging letter. The novena was made in honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Does it not seem that the Mother of God is answering speedily the prayers of the communicants?

The happy little incident is given not only as an example of the sweet efficacy of prayer and the power of Our Lady's help and intercession, when we have done our own manly part to make known our needs and to relieve them, but it likewise illustrates the condition of many a struggling congregation. It enables us to appreciate more fully the glorious work of Church extension. A small sum may often accomplish a great good.

The editor of San Francisco *Town Talk* evidently believes that there is good reason for all to be duly grateful that Shakespeare was not "a moralist." To deserve that title, as understood in our

day, a first condition is to be "very much alive to the inadequacy of the Ten Commandments." As a substitute any ideas may prove satisfactory, provided they are sufficiently "advanced." From the new ethical standpoint, Shakespeare gave us "little more than platitudes." Whatever were his faults, from the Catholic point of view, he was at least content with the Gospel code of morality wherever principles were involved:

> "Let all the ends thou aim'st at," he exclaimed, "be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's." A mere generality, of no consequence alongside the paramount question whether, if wives wish to abandon their husbands, the husbands, by the latest rules of the game, should get hot under the collar and bolt the door or generously help their truant wives to a possible higher realization of themselves. Shakespeare spent no time in solving problems. But, after all, why seek to gather thistles from roses? Shakespeare was a poet, not a Martin Tupper or a Bernard Shaw.

It is for this reason that he will continue to live. He was not a self-appointed prophet of a new social order and a new morality. Such writers are merely the oracles of their own deranged selves. "Before one cult of advanced ideas is sufficiently well established to be a serious menace to society, another cult comes to the front and destroys the first." So the idol Ibsen is succeeded by the idol Strindberg. Their feet are of clay and must crumble with time.

The high cost of publishing is the latest complaint of men who feel the pinch of war. The Pennsylvania State Editorial Association adopted a resolution in its annual convention to increase the price of one-cent newspapers to two cents. Moreover, it was the universal conviction, at the thirtieth annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, that the present white paper problem is a serious menace to the publishing business. Reduction in waste and reduction in the size of papers were the expedients suggested. Many have doubtless thought that while the war has caused great distress elsewhere, it has been a benefit to papers. Such is not the case. Aside from the greatly increased cable tolls and the expense of correspondents, there has been an astounding increase in the cost of materials necessary for the publisher. In an article published by the newspaper trade journal, the *Fourth Estate,* some figures were given to show that the prices of such materials has risen from one to 3,000 per cent. Lead has advanced from $4.25 to $7.25; block tin from $40 to $55; antimony, from $8 to $44; stereotype metal, from $7 to $14; monotype metal, from $10 to $16.50 and $20; glycerine, from 18 cents to 52 cents. Chemicals have risen from 1,000 to 3,000 per cent, gum arabic 100 per cent, wrapping paper and twine 100 per cent, type founders, supplies 20 per cent. The prices are not steady, but while there have been occasional fluctuations, the trend has been constantly upwards. The reason for this is to be found not only in the cessation of imports in certain lines, but likewise in the material needed for the making of munitions and clothing for the soldiers. "The average newspaper reader," remarks the Pittsburgh *Dispatch,* "has no conception of the thousand and one things, including brains and energy, necessary to provide the daily record of world happenings which he gets for a couple of cents. To the ordinary difficulties of normal times, and they are many and varied, are added nowadays staggering costs and the not infrequent doubt of getting the necessary materials at any price."

While there have been "good stories" from the front, the great march of events has been recorded, correlated and interpreted by men in shirt-sleeves and with eye-shades, in some obscure office. Such is the statement of an "indoor war correspondent," who had long been engaged in the London office of the Associated Press. "This war," he writes in the *Outlook,* "has been largely a war of fake stories and misinformation." Time was required even for experts to detect and catalogue many of the current figments of the imagination. Thus we are told of a certain correspondent in Copenhagen, "the human adding-machine," whose specialty was German casualty totals. "Although he kept them in suspiciously round numbers he was for a time convincing." Anti-Entente material, it is needless to say, seldom can find its way to America by cable.

> By virtue of her cable control England has become the Editor-in-Chief of the belligerents. She edits not only her own war copy, but, with trifling omissions, the copy of her enemies, and on occasions the copy of her allies. Matter passed by the Censor in Petrograd for transmission via England to America was often censored by the British before it was delivered to our office for forwarding, and at times dispatches, passed in France and sent via England because of delay on the French cable, got no farther than the British Press Bureau. I have seen many cablegrams from our Berlin correspondent, going also into the enemy's hands, that had been so scissored as to resemble Mexican drawn-work. Edited to taste, these cablegrams are stamped "Passed for publication," and may be forwarded to America, provided they reach the cable office with no alteration whatsoever. There is a censor on duty at the cable office to see that there are no interlineations on passed matter.

The night of the first great Zeppelin raid the writer watched the huge airship "with a professional anguish that burns within me yet," but there was no hope of forwarding any copy. An official version was given for transmission containing just fifty words. Yet "here was the biggest thing that happened to London since the start of the war." From such sources Americans are forced to gather their impressions of the great European conflict.

The *Western Christian Advocate* describes with approval certain advanced views now prevalent in church architecture. Old medieval ideas are discarded and new conceptions, more in accord with modern life, it believes, are finding expression in the latest ecclesiastical designs. The change is more significant than even the writer himself realizes.

> Perhaps the most striking innovation in church affairs is in building. The steeple, bell, and even cruciform ground plan are things of the past. New ideas in construction dictate buildings that look exactly like other buildings, and that, above all, are planned to suit needs, not planned to demonstrate ecclesiastical actions. One church in New York even proposes a church inside an apartment house, like the duplex apartments inside big flat buildings. Not an autumn in years has brought in as many new ideas in church practice as the last, and leaders in Christian work in America are saying that more innovations are just ahead that are even more significant, and that utility and up-to-dateness will characterize church management as never before.

Nothing could be more in conformity with recent sectarian developments than this latest innovation. In many instances the churches have been converted into lecture halls or social meeting places, where the economic, political or literary novelties of the hour are the preacher's theme. The essential doctrine of salvation is out of place and antiquated, since allusion to Our Divine Lord's teaching concerning eternal punishment for sin, from which men were to be redeemed, is banned as impolite, unsocial and medieval. Under such circumstances no reason exists for any outward distinction between churches and other semi-public buildings. Far different is the case with Catholics. Although content to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in caves and catacombs, or in the most modern of apartment houses, when necessity demands, they nevertheless wish that the House of God should have its own distinctive style, as set apart for the Holy Sacrifice and the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord. This is good art as well as evidence of a true spirit of religious devotion.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—On the western front the Germans have had some minor successes near Dixmude and Loos; they have also occupied some of the French trenches on the northern and eastern slopes of Hill 304 in the Verdun section. Further east, however, the French have driven the Germans from Hill 265, north of Hill 295, which is the summit of Mort Homme Hill. East of the Meuse the Germans have made a slight gain between Bois d'Haudromont and Fort Douaumont. On the Italian fronts nothing of importance has taken place. It is reported, but without official confirmation, that Greece has taken over a portion of southern Albania and proclaimed Greek civil rule at Komitza and Argiro Kastro. On the Russian front there has been considerable activity near Jacobstadt, Dvinsk, Donbrovka and Czartorysk, but no marked modification of the general situation has been recorded. In Armenia the Russians claim further gains in the direction of Erzingan. In Persia the Russians have gained another victory, and are again slowly but steadily moving toward Bagdad.

Bulletin, May 2, p. m.-May 9, a. m.

On May 5, Foreign Secretary von Jagow delivered to Ambassador Gerard the note of the German Government, which contains the official reply to the communication dispatched to Berlin by Washington on April 20 concerning submarine warfare. The note apparently meets the President's urgent demand that "the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of the present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels." Germany's concession is expressed as follows:

The German Note

As far as lies with the German Government it wishes to prevent things from taking such a course ["a turn seriously threatening the maintenance of peace between the two nations"]. The German Government, moreover, is prepared to do the utmost to confine the operations of the war, for the rest of its duration, to the fighting forces of the belligerents, thereby also insuring the freedom of the seas, a principle upon which the German Government believes itself now as before to be in agreement with the Government of the United States. The German Government, guided by this idea, notifies the Government of the United States that German naval forces have received the following orders:

In accordance with the general principles of visit, search, and destruction of merchant vessels recognized by international law, such vessels, both within and without the area declared to be a naval war zone, shall not be sunk without warning, without saving human lives, unless the ships attempt to escape or offer resistance.

The motive assigned for this concession is expressed with great clearness:

If the German Government, nevertheless, has resolved to go to the utmost limit of concession, it has not alone been guided by friendship connecting two great nations for over a hundred years, but also by the thought of the great doom which threatens the entire civilized world should the cruel and sanguinary war be extended and prolonged.

There is one reservation to the concession made by Germany, but this reservation is implied rather than declared, and though the note hints that, in the event of certain contingencies, there may be a return to the methods against which our Government protested, yet this does not limit the completeness of the actual concession.

But neutrals cannot expect that Germany, forced to fight for existence, shall for the sake of neutral interests secret [evidently this should read "abandon"] the use of an effective weapon if the enemy is permitted to continue to apply at will methods of warfare violating the rules of international law. Such demand would be incompatible with the character of neutrality, and the German Government is convinced that the Government of the United States does not think of making

such a demand, knowing that the Government of the United States repeatedly declares that it is determined to restore the principle of the freedom of the seas from whatever quarter it has been violated. . . . Accordingly the German Government . . . does not doubt that the United States will now demand and insist that the British Government shall forthwith observe the rules of international law.

The Reply of the United States

Waiving all minor issues, the United States, in an official communication, bearing the date of May 8, has accepted Germany's "declaration of its abandonment of the policy which has so seriously menaced the good relations between the two countries." It takes for granted that the abandonment of the former policy is unconditional, but to avoid all misunderstanding declares very plainly that the United States

cannot for a moment entertain, much less discuss, a suggestion that respect by German naval authorities for the rights of citizens of the United States upon the high seas should in any way or in the slightest degree be made contingent upon the conduct of any other Government affecting the rights of neutrals and non-combatants. Responsibility in such matters is single, not joint; absolute, not relative.

The note is firm but courteous in tone.

Anticlericalism Officially Rebuked

France.—The campaign of slander which proclaims the clergy as "shirkers" and traitors is producing results quite unexpected by its authors. It is uniting Catholics in every walk of life and winning champions for them even in the ranks of their enemies. The able and devoted Catholic deputy, M. Piou, has written an eloquent letter to M. Briand, the Prime Minister, asking him to put a stop to the agitation. M. Briand is evidently becoming less intolerant, or else more astute, for in writing to the Deputies of the "Action Libérale" he says:

. . . You have called my attention to the campaign carried on against the members of the clergy and . . . certain categories of good Frenchmen, and to infamous rumors . . . which accuse them of having first driven us into war and then shirked dangerous duties, even becoming accomplices of the enemy, and you ask the Government to put a stop to this. . . . They (the attacks) spring most frequently from political prejudices and from a spirit of controversy absolutely out of place in the face of the enemy; besides they are plainly without foundation. The truth . . . is that all Frenchmen, without distinction of social condition or religious and political opinions, are doing their military duty. The Government, therefore, intends to prevent every attempt, under whatsoever pretext, to set up differences between citizens, with the risk of rendering them suspect to one another and of destroying that "hallowed union" which is the essential conditon of victory.

To M. Briand's official condemnation of the campaign, a well-known Freemason, M. Maurice Bompard, French Ambassador at Constantinople, at the beginning of the war, has added his protest. In a letter to M. Ernest Daudet, he pays tribute to the patriotism of the French Catholics, the French priests and missionaries in the Levant. Writing later to the *Figaro* he enthusiastically praises the Marists, Capuchins, Dominicans, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine for their generosity and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. To the long list of the brave priests, etc., who flocked to the colors, he adds that of a "Dominican who hastened from the heart of Kurdistan to join his regiment" and later died heroically on the battlefield.

The new War Minister, General Roques, a practical Catholic, has boldly reminded all the Generals in command to put a stop to this campaign of slander and to see that the offenders be punished.

German Rule in Poland and Serbia

Germany.—The 125th anniversary of the granting of the Polish Constitution by King Stanislaus Augustus was solemnly celebrated on May 3 in all towns of Poland under German occupation. Archbishop Kokovsky officiated at the Johannes Cathedral in Warsaw, and a civic procession took place in which 250,000 persons participated. Public meetings were held in ninety-six different parts of the city, showing the new awakening of Polish national ideals which had been suppressed for so long a period. A report from Warsaw says:

This was the first time since 1815 that the Poles had been permitted to celebrate the anniversary. Poles who attempted a celebration twenty-five years ago were arrested and sent to Siberia. A deputation waited upon the Governor-General von Deseler to thank him for the permission he had given to hold the celebration.

Poland is at last enjoying unhindered religious freedom. The development of Catholic schools and of theological instruction in the national university is not only permitted, but fostered by the German Government. National aspirations are encouraged and the national language is given free scope. An enlightened course has likewise been followed by the Central Powers in Serbia, according to the account of the Vicar Apostolic of Serbia, Father Byelik. The population was in a state of starvation, with epidemics breaking out on every side:

The military authorities, therefore, established soup kitchens, rebuilt schoolhouses and founded workshops. A majority of the children had not been in school since the Balkan War; 10,000 orphaned children are now lodged in especially established asylums. The instruction everywhere is free and text books are distributed free of charge. The authorities feel certain that they will thus be able to diminish the appalling total of illiterates. A soup kitchen for the distribution of free meals is connected with every school.

The work of reconstruction begun in this spirit will help greatly to destroy national animosities.

The Proposed Conscription Bill

Great Britain.—If the plans of the Government can be carried to a successful issue, Great Britain will soon exercise the drastic powers already used by the other belligerent Powers, for the purpose of recruiting. On May 4, the Premier announced that the Government had agreed upon a policy of conscription, and pro-

posed to urge a bill providing for a general compulsory service, not for limited periods, but for the duration of the war. Up to the present, Great Britain had been limited in her recruiting because of two conditions not applying to the other Powers: the necessity of maintaining supremacy on the seas through the navy and the merchant marine, and of financing the Allies. The justification for the proposed radical change in the Government's methods can be found only in the general consent of the nation, and, from the parliamentary speeches of the preceding week on the extension of military service, the Premier concluded that this had been obtained. The resignation of Mr. Birrell is in no sense due to the Government's resolution, and it is thought that the new measure will meet but little opposition, even from the Labor party. The following figures bearing on enlistment were submitted by the Premier:

Total enlistments		5,000,000
Irish volunteers	140,000	
Colonial volunteers	688,000	
Naval volunteers	151,000	
Casualties	677,467	
Eighty-three full divisions	1,826,000	
		3,482,467
In service, not at front		1,517,533

To the number in service, but not at the front, may be added 190,000 men now recovered from their wounds, and a colonial enlistment of about 150,000 troops. Under the volunteer system and the semi-compulsory enlistment of unmarried men, about 4,000,000 recruits for the army were secured in England, Wales and Scotland. Admitting the correctness of these figures, it would seem that the military forces of these parts of the British Empire are nearly exhausted. The number of possible recruits to be affected by the proposed Act is variously estimated at from 300,000 to 550,000 men.

Ireland.—The uprising has ended in dismal failure. By May 2 the leaders were in jail and Dublin was comparatively quiet. At Ferns and Enniscorthy the Sinn Feiners still held out for a short time, but if official dispatches are to be believed, peace reigned in the whole of Ulster, in Arklow, Dunlavin, Bagnallstown, New Ross, and in the counties of Wicklow, Cork, Limerick, Clare, and Kerry. Over 1,000 prisoners were taken, and of these 489 were sent to England for trial. Thus the "Irish Republic" proved abortive, and this proclamation issued by the leaders of the movement became a pathetic document worthy of preservation:

The Uprising

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC

To the people of Ireland:

In the name of God and of the dead generations Ireland summons her children to her flag which strikes for freedom. Through her military organization having perfected discipline, she resolutely awaited the right moment. She now seizes that moment and, supported by her exiled children in America and her gallant allies in Europe, but relying first upon her own strength, she strikes in full confidence for victory. We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and the unfettered control of Irish destinies to be sovereign and indefeasible. The usurpation of that right by a foreign Government has not extinguished that right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. Standing on that fundamental right, we hereby proclaim the Irish republic a sovereign and independent State and pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades to the cause of its freedom and welfare and exaltation among nations. The Irish republic claims the allegiance of every Irishman and every Irishwoman. The republic guarantees religious and civil liberty and equal rights and opportunities to all its citizens in the affairs of the republic. We place the cause of the Irish republic under the protection of the Most High God, whose blessing we invoke upon our arms. The Irish nation must by its valor and the discipline and readiness of its children sacrifice itself for the common good and prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it has been called.

Signed in behalf of the provisional Government:

Thomas J. Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse, Eamon Ceaunt, James Connolly, Joseph Plunkett.

On May 3, Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons that four of the signatories of the proclamation, Messrs. P. H. Pearse, James Connolly, Thomas J. Clarke, and Thomas MacDonagh, had been court-martialed, sentenced to death and shot. According to the Prime Minister three other signatories were sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Unnamed "extenuating circumstances" saved them from death. At this time Commons was informed that Sir Roger Casement would be brought to trial without delay. A second announcement declared that Connolly had not been executed but was a prisoner, severely wounded. On May 4 the following official communication was issued:

Punishment of the Leaders

Four prisoners, Joseph Plunkett, Edward Daly, Michael O'Hanrahan and William Pearse, were sentenced to death and shot this morning, after the sentence had been confirmed by the General Commander-in-chief. Fifteen others were sentenced to death but commuted to ten years' penal servitude. They were Thomas Bevan, Thomas Walsh, Finian Lynch, Michael Mervyn, Dennis O'Callaghan, P. E. Sweeney, Patrick McNestry, Peter Clancy, William Tobin, George Irvine, John Doherty, J. J. Walsh, James McLinn, J. J. Reid, and John Williams. The death sentence of another prisoner, John McGarry, was commuted from death to eight years. Two others, Francis Fahey and Richard Davis, were sentenced to ten years.

On May 6 the execution of Major McBride was made known officially; this was the eighth man executed up to that date. On May 7 dispatches told of the transfer to England of another group of those implicated in the uprising. Others were sentenced to prison, the Countess Markiewicz for life. The mildest American opinion about these executions is that England has made a tactical mistake, the most severe, that she has committed an atrocious crime. When the news of the death of Messrs. P. H. Pearse, Clarke, and MacDonagh reached America the

New York supporters of the Irish Parliamentary Party sent this cablegram to Mr. Redmond: "Irish in America, contrasting execution of Dublin leaders with treatment in Ulster and South Africa, are revolted by this sign of reversion to savage repression."

The opinion of the anti-Redmondites is thus expressed by one of the most influential of this group:

England has again shown herself in her true colors and has committed at once an atrocious crime and a colossal blunder. The murder of Pearse, Connolly, Clark, and MacDonagh, has added four names to the long list of Irish martyrs and placed four additional names among the Irish imperishables. They were guilty in England's eyes of the unpardonable offence of loving their country and they have bravely gone to the death which they welcomed for Ireland's sake.

But England has reckoned badly if she thinks that such work on her part will strike terror into Irish hearts. For every man thus done to death many thousands of others will spring up as her implacable enemies, determined to do all that they may in order to bring to an end her unholy reign of tyranny and savagery. Badly beaten in her struggle with the Central Powers, she dragged Irishmen down in order to glut her savage hate upon them and thought by their murder to frighten the Irish race. But she forgets the past and knows little of the race over which she has tyrannized for so many centuries.

Finally, in the course of a long editorial the New York *Evening Post,* which is decidedly English in sympathy, declares that England's act was inexpedient and remarks: "We think that time will show the Irish executions to have been a blunder in public policy." These citations represent the opinions of three distinct groups whose members look upon Ireland and Irish problems from three different angles.

Mexico.—Some idea of present conditions in Mexico can be had from the following abstracts from letters received during the week:

Starvation, Persecution

The conditions in Zacatecas approximate those described in Dante's Hell. The "staff" of Mexican life, corn, has all but disappeared. This important article of food is now selling at $300 a hectoliter—our liter is slightly larger than your quart measure—bran is $2 a liter, flour is $4 a liter, lard is $8 a liter and so on. Many people have starved to death; last week a corpse was found with a bit of raw nopal in the mouth.

The following citations are from letters written in different places in Yucatan:

(1.) We are almost in despair. The bodies of our nearest relatives are to be taken from their tombs in the Cathedral to be burned. My parents' remains will be committed to the flames; there is no way of saving them. N's people have taken the bodies of their father and brother to a private house, but then, they own the house. I have no such good fortune. . . . The Government has taken over the churches of Santa Lucia and Candelaria. The church of Santiago was treated as was the Cathedral: all the images of the Saints were burned. Alvarado says that if the Americans intend to take Yucatan, he will leave ruins only. God rules and will save us in the end.

(2.) We have had a gloomy Thursday and Friday, this Holy Week. All our churches were closed except the "Nuns," which was opened part of the morning. It was crowded with people, who went there for the *Via Crucis.* . . . The Protestant church, on the contrary, was open all day; its bell pealed continually and the minister was not molested. The officials are so set against religion that they changed the Easter vacation in order to have class during Holy Week. All our schools are mixed and the boys are requested to kiss the girls on leaving; they are bidden to do it lovingly, however!

(3.) Holy Week was gloomy indeed, thanks to the work of fanatics against "fanaticism." Almost all our churches have been confiscated, "occupied," as the officials say. The exquisite reredos of the Cathedral and the grand organ have fallen under the blows of the hatchet savagely handled.

(4.) On Monday in Holy Week the rabble went to the Santiago church and demanded admittance in the name of the police. Entering, they broke the image of Christ to pieces; on Tuesday Santa Lucia was confiscated; poor old Father Avila was dragged off to prison, and heckled for several hours. We are constantly threatened with death; everywhere one hears the vicious cry: "Death to priests who deceive people." Farmers are punished because they "enslave" farm hands; merchants because they "exploit" people; nobody is safe. It is reported here that the American troops have invaded Mexico; some say that they have joined Villa because Carranza broke his promises to the United States; others declare that Carranza's generals have deserted him because he allowed the Americans to cross the border. Nothing is known for certain, however; it is all rumor. No news is permitted to enter Merida. Last Friday we went to Mass, some at 5.30 o'clock; others at 6 o'clock. The church was ordered closed at 10 o'clock.

This sufficiently illustrates the nature of the religious liberty promised by Carranza.

Rome.—The Board of Directors of the "Catholic Action" which recently met in Rome reported considerable progress in the work of the Association and passed several important resolutions. Thirty diocesan societies have been affiliated. A great improvement in methods and results was noticed in such works as "Mutual Help Societies," "Agricultural Unions," and "Mutual Insurance Companies" for the protection of crops, stock, etc. The transfer of the *Settimana Sociale* from Padua to Rome and its publication twice a month in somewhat enlarged form was discussed, but no decision seems to have been reached. Owing to the war a widespread movement has taken place in the country to suspend the law forbidding servile work on holydays of obligation. The Board emphatically disapproved of the agitation which it deemed especially dangerous at the present time. A commission presided over by Count Santucci was requested to consider ways and means for the inauguration of a national campaign to control the application of laws governing testamentary bequests and the assistance given to war-orphans. A national association for the clergy was also discussed. But the Board confined itself on this point to an earnest exhortation to Italian Catholics to help and foster the associations already formed or to be formed in the various dioceses under ecclesiastical authority. Attention was called to the beneficial results to be derived from the amalgamation of these particular bodies into a Central Federation.

"Catholic Action"

PACIFIC SCHOOL

TOPICS OF INTEREST

II—The Charities Investigation: Its Inspiration

THE recent attack by the officials of the Department of Public Charities of the City of New York upon certain child-caring institutions in that city and its vicinity can be regarded only in the light of a conspiracy to effect certain very definite purposes. Evidently, one of these purposes was to supplant by a paid Board of three members, the present unpaid, representative and independent State Board of Charities, composed of twelve members from various parts of the State, who visit and inspect child-caring institutions, as well as others that are in receipt of public moneys. The smaller paid board, if established, would not only be subject to very direct political manipulation, but would also be more responsive than the present State Board of Charities has ever been to dictation from the self-seeking representatives of certain private charitable organizations which have for many years, with varying degrees of success, sought to impose their views upon public officials engaged in charitable work. Another and correlated purpose was, undoubtedly, to secure through such proposed paid board more direct control over the child-caring institutions of the State. Logically, the genesis and the subsequent history of the attack admit of no other explanation.

The main forces back of this movement are the representatives of the State Charities Aid Association and some of their immediate allies engaged in so-called organized charity work in the City of New York. For years these forces have sought to rule with an iron hand the charity work of the city and of the State, and whatever body or individual interfered with their self-appointed purposes soon became the object of their displeasure. As long ago as 1906 they attempted without good reason to interfere with the selection of a secretary for the State Board of Charities, but their advice was not then heeded. Two or three years ago they tried to dictate to the Board what it should say in its annual report to the Legislature on the subject of hospitals for the treatment of patients suffering from tuberculosis, but again their suggestions could not be accepted at their face value. Without any conference with the State Board they have frequently sought to secure amendments to the State Charities Law, as well as to other laws affecting the institutions under the Board's supervision. They were angered because the Board approved the recent legislation which provided public relief for the children of widowed mothers, and especially because the Secretary of the Board, as director of the investigation carried on by the special State Commission on the subject, brought to light facts which showed that organized charity in the City of New York had completely fallen down in its attempt to provide adequate help for such children.

The State Charities Aid Association in particular has long given definite evidence of religious intolerance, in so far as the institutions for children are concerned. For years it regularly published in its annual report a series of tables showing the amounts paid by the City of New York to Catholic, Jewish and Protestant institutions respectively, but it omitted to explain that the moneys were earned by the institutions in caring for duly committed inmates at per capita rates, and that the Catholics received the largest amount because they did by far the greater part of the work. The evident inference sought to be conveyed was that the Catholic institutions were being unduly favored in the distribution of city money, when the real fact was that the more inmates they cared for, the more they had to make up out of their own private funds, for both plant and maintenance. The general attitude of the representatives of the State Charities Aid Association toward public officials who disagree with them is well illustrated by the statement of Mr. Homer Folks, the secretary of that organization, in an address made at the Sixth International Congress on Tuberculosis, held at Washington, D. C., in September, 1908. In the course of the address, he outlined a platform for compelling public officials in small cities and rural communities to do their duty, from his point of view, as follows: "The municipality or the county, according to the plan of local government in the State, must be petitioned, *threatened,* entreated, persuaded, *browbeaten, bullied* into doing its duty."

The records of the State might be searched for many years without finding in them the admission of any other man in public work that he used, or intended to use, either threats or any other weapon of the browbeater or the bully, to secure the carrying out of his particular kinds of reform in public charitable work.

With the appointment of Mr. John A. Kingsbury to the position of Commissioner of Public Charities in 1914, came the opportunity to carry out plans, apparently long nourished in secret. At last the chance was at hand to attack the State Board of Charities and the private institutions at one and the same time. While no one can say to what extent Deputy Commissioner Doherty and the members of the so-called Advisory Committee, in the persons of Messrs. Reeder and Bernstein, were originally parties to the scheme, it must be apparent that they finally acted their respective parts as well drilled soldiers in carrying it out. Then came the visits to the institutions to get "evidence," and finally the vague and ill-digested charges presented to the Governor. If defects in the management of the institutions for children were discovered by the investigators of the Department of Public Charities, as alleged, the question naturally arises, granting that the purpose behind the inquiry was fair and honest, why the representatives of the Department did not go to the responsible heads of such institutions, the Cardinal of New York, and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Long Island, for example, and lay the facts be-

fore them, in so far as they related to their respective institutions, requesting that such defects be remedied? This would have been the logical and orderly way of conducting the business of the Department in its relation to the institutions in question. No such course was pursued, however; on the contrary, the heads of the institutions were made aware of the criticisms of the investigators of the Department through lurid articles which appeared almost daily for a long period in the public press.

Inspired by his antipathy to the State Board of Charities, and to the private child-caring institutions, which were not made of the kind of material to yield honest convictions to either threats or entreaties, Mr. Folks—the stage meantime having been properly set by the agents of the Department of Public Charities—went to Albany at the time of the State Conference in November last, accompanied by his trusty friend and former subordinate, Commissioner Kingsbury, of the Department of Public Charities, and there pressed the complaint of the latter, involving the State Board of Charities and the management of the child-caring institutions, upon the Governor. The further important fact also appears that not only did Mr. Folks press such complaint, but that, according to his own testimony, *he actually nominated the Commissioner to try the charges in the person of his friend, Mr. Charles H. Strong.* This of itself is sufficient to cast discredit upon the whole proceeding. The State Board of Charities was to be tried for high misdemeanors. Issues of great importance to institutions largely maintained by the charity and public spirit of private citizens, were to be freely discussed by hostile minds. To speak in terms studiously restrained, it was scarcely fitting that the accusers should be allowed to influence the selection of the trial judge, much less to name him. However, since a review of the proceedings of the Commission is to be published as a separate article in the columns of AMERICA, I shall not now outline further reasons for my belief that from the beginning the Commission was necessarily biased.

Not only, as has been said, did Commissioner Kingsbury not bring the alleged defects in the institutions to their responsible heads for correction, but it also appears that early in the course of the investigation, he arranged to finance an anonymous pamphlet, prepared in cooperation with him by a "Publicity Agent" of the State Charities Aid Association, which was made up largely of newspaper headlines greatly exaggerating the testimony given at the hearings with relation to alleged conditions at some of the institutions. All this conduct tends to show very clearly that the real purpose behind the inquiry was not to secure improvement in the institutions, but to injure them in the eyes of the public.

While the attack was aimed ostensibly and primarily at the unsalaried State Board of Charities, it must be evident from its origin and history that one of the effects intended was to place the institutions for children under a small paid board. This board naturally would be more or less subject to the domination of the private charitable organizations, such as the State Charities Aid Association which has long maintained lobbying relations with many of the officials at Albany. Some idea of the sincerity of the representatives of this organization may be gained from the fact that although Mr. George F. Canfield, the Acting President of the Association, gave out to the papers of the State a pronunciamento approving the investigation by Commissioner Strong, which urged "that the judgment of the public be suspended until all the facts are known," he also, according to his own testimony, covertly gave consent to the publication and circulation of the scandalous anonymous pamphlet prepared by Moree, the "Publicity Agent" of the Association in cooperation with Commissioner Kingsbury, and financed by the latter. It is apparently true that the State Charities Aid Association later adopted a resolution deprecating the circulation of such a pamphlet while a proceeding of a judicial nature was pending, but the pamphlets had then already been given out. Properly to characterize the conduct of the "Acting President" of the State Charities Aid Association in this matter would require the pen of a Dickens or of a Thackeray. An Association with a leader of this particular "temperament" is obviously not of a kind to be entrusted either directly or indirectly with greater power over the public or the private charitable institutions of the State. ROBERT W. HEBBERD.

III—The Popes and Peace

IN the Easter message which he sent to the American people through the United Press, his Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, said:

"Peace be with you": These sweet words the Risen Saviour spoke to the Apostles, We, His Vicar, re-address them to all men. May the nations at peace preserve it, thanking God for so great a blessing. May those at war, presently laying down the sword, end the slaughter dishonoring Europe and humanity.

Throughout their eventful history it has been repeatedly the glory of the Popes to utter similar words of love and mercy. To record all that the Roman Pontiffs have done, often at great personal risks, by their denunciation of unjust wars, by their salutary decisions as umpires in world-crises and by their intervention as peacemakers between rival governments and armies, would be virtually to write their chronicles. In these articles such a task is impossible. With a few additional facts strikingly indicating the general trend of their humane policy, we must conclude.

The successors of Innocent III and the "Peace-Maker," Honorius III, imitated these statesmen. Urban IV (1261-1264) saw the German Empire convulsed by the jealousies and wars of the rival Kings of the Romans, Alfonso of Castile and Richard of Cornwall, and attempted, at least, to arbitrate their differences. If his

endeavors failed, Richard, not the Pope, was to blame. A few years later, Innocent V, through his legates worked for a reconciliation between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, the story of whose endless feuds darkens so many pages of medieval history. He also tried to mediate between Rudolf of Habsburg and Charles of Sicily. Although success did not always crown these efforts, the idea of peace and of arbitration, thanks to the Popes, gradually permeated the life and the views of the people. According to Rivière and Weiss (*Pandectes Françaises*), in the thirteenth century alone, a hundred treaties of arbitration are recorded between princes and their subjects. The people were already lifting their head. It was not in vain that a great Pope, Alexander III, had been chosen a century before as head of the Lombard League against Frederick Barbarossa, and after the triumph of the League at Legnano (1176) had, by the treaty of Venice, secured the people's liberties. It was the same great Pope, for whom even Voltaire has only words of praise, who condemned slavery on the ground that God is the Father of all and that all men are by nature free, and forced Henry II to do penance for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket.

When in 1294, Boniface VIII succeeded St. Celestine V, the Papacy was no longer to occupy the predominant power it had enjoyed in the thirteenth century. The age of the Crusader, of the man of faith and enthusiasm, was disappearing; the day of the "legists," calculating and cynical, was coming in. Gregory VII had faced Henry IV, who at one time at least trembled before the spiritual weapons of the Roman Pontiff. Boniface VIII, whose name, as Tosti says, groans under the weight of unjust slanders, had to oppose the shifty, unbending and soulless Philip the Fair of France, the King who stooped to the unkingly art of minting debased coinage and forging a Papal Bull. But Boniface stood manfully against him and forced him in one instance at least to observe the truce with the King of England. And it is to Philip the V, the son of this *faux-monnayeur,* that Pope John XXII writes: "If you reflect . . . you cannot reject or eye with disfavor the exercise of *the right belonging to the Holy See to impose a truce.*" Innocent VI labored for the Peace of Brétigny, concluded between Edward III of England and John of France. Eugenius IV, the apostle of preparedness in his day, wished to unite all Europe against the hosts of Islamism. He wrote: "In order that no obstacle in Christendom may hinder the holy undertaking, *the Pope wills and ordains, in virtue of the authority which he holds from the Most High, that the Christian world be at peace.*" And he threatened individuals with excommunication, communities with interdict, if they disobeyed. Martin V, his predecessor, witness of the havoc and disorder caused by the Great Schism, had earnestly striven to bring back peace to suffering Europe. And though Alexander VI was unfaithful to the standards of personal purity and holiness set by so many of his worthy predecessors, he was true as a prince and ruler to the peace-policy of the Holy See. Though in his time, the Papacy had lost much of its temporal prestige, Christian princes still turned to it as an international arbiter. By the treaty of Alcacevas, in 1479, Spain had accepted the decision of Pope Calixtus III, granting to Portugal exclusive trading privileges and the right of founding colonies on the west coast of Africa, between Cape Bojador and Guinea. When Columbus returned from his first journey, Emmanuel of Portugal claimed the newly-found lands on the strength of the treaty. King Ferdinand of Spain appealed to Rome. By the famous "line of demarcation," Alexander VI, with the decision and ease of the hero who undid the Gordian knot, settled the difficulty.

The boundary line between the two powers was drawn from the North to the South Pole, 100 Spanish leagues to the west of the most westerly island of the Azores; all that was east of the line belonged to Portugal, and all that was west of it to Spain.

The act was as diplomatic as it was simple. But it has been often used as a ground of accusation to prove the world-embracing ambitions of the Papacy. But says Pastor, it is absurd "to speak of Alexander VI as having given away what did not belong to him, and taken no account of the liberties of the Americans." The word *grant* used in the Papal document "signifies nothing more than the confirmation of a title justly acquired; and was understood in that sense by contemporary and later theologians and by the Spaniards themselves." Pastor adds, that the peaceful settlement of these boundary discussions between Spain and Portugal "should be . . . justly regarded as one of the glories of the Papacy."

We pass over the efforts of Gregory XIII (1572-1585) to mediate between the King of Poland and the Muscovite Czar, when the Jesuit Possevinus was the papal Envoy; of Urban VIII (1623-1644) to settle peaceably the succession of the Duchies of Mantua and Monferrat, and come to our own times and Leo XIII.

The Caroline and Palaos Islands in the Pacific Ocean had been discovered by Spanish navigators and claimed by Spain. But they had gradually been neglected and Spain had almost forgotten that she owned them. Germany's claim to these "derelicts," in 1885, stirred deep resentment in the Peninsula. Still greater anger was aroused when Germany occupied the island of Yap and raised the imperial flag over the little archipelago. For a moment the two countries were on the brink of war. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed and King Alfonso XII and Prince Bismarck requested Leo XIII to act as arbitrator. The request was an open acknowledgment of the power of the Papacy. The Pope's decision affirming Spain's sovereignty and ownership of the islands, but granting to Germany the rights and privileges of a favored power, was eminently satisfactory to both parties and was gratefully accepted. Statesmen have always admired the impartiality, the accurate historical knowl-

edge, the logic, the judicious interpretation of international law, the nobility of views everywhere manifest in this epoch-making award. Its articles were evidently the text-book from which Mgr. Alessandro Bavona, the representative of Pius X, conned his lesson when he settled, as umpire, the famous Acre rubber dispute, which had been the cause of such bitter feelings between Brazil, Bolivia and Peru.

In the proceedings of the Caroline-Palaos arbitration, Mgr. M. Rampolla was Leo's Nuncio and representative at Madrid. He had as secretary Mgr. Giacomo della Chiesa, now Benedict XV. Trained in such a school, the Pope realizes the blessings of peace. From his lofty position and with the full weight of his office, faithful to the traditions of his predecessors and true to the inspirations of his own heart, in allocution, brief and encyclical, by warning and prayers, he also proves that he has seen the vision which has haunted the Popes for centuries. It is the vision not merely of the *Pax Romana* girdling the globe with the tranquillity of order, but of a nobler peace, the Peace of Christ which unites all men in the bonds of love. On July 28th, 1915, he wrote:

> In the holy name of God, in the name of our Heavenly Father and Lord, by the blessed blood of Jesus. . . . We conjure you whom Divine Providence has called to govern the fighting nations to put an end . . . to this awful carnage. . . . It is brother's blood which is being poured out on land and sea. You bear before God and men the terrible responsibility of peace and war.

Heeded or scorned, these prayers and warnings prove that the Papacy is still the advocate, the guardian and the promoter of peace. JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

"The Rosary of a Parish Priest"

THE Catholic layman is too apt to think of the priest as associated only with Sundays and an occasional Saturday. Therefore, the vision that "The Rosary of a Parish Priest" will conjure up before the minds of most lay-readers of AMERICA is one of a black-cassocked priest piously telling his beads in the sanctuary of some parish church. Yet the word "rosary" means a garden of roses as well as a string of prayer-beads. And there is no reason in the wide world, save only the association of ideas, why the picture presented should not be as idyllic as that which Halévy has drawn of the venerable Abbé Constantine in the vicarage garden at Longueval. I suppose that to philosophic thinkers the association of ideas is wholly and easily explicable, but to me it is a bit of a paradox. Certainly, I am unable to see anything incongruous in conjoined concepts of a parish priest and the perfumed petals of the Pernetianas. Was it not a Catholic priest, Canon Sheehan, who said in his book, "Under the Cedars and the Stars": "I only speak of what I know, and that is the flowers are the fairest and gentlest things the hand of God hath fashioned from His elements of nature; and one could almost hope they had souls to be reborn forever in the sunlit valley of Paradise"? Indeed, was it not a Catholic priest, the Abbot Johann Gregor Mendel, who, as a result of eight, eye-blinding years of experimenting in the monastery garden at Brünn, evolved those laws of plant heredity that, had Darwin known, might possibly have changed his theory of natural selection, as undoubtedly as they have revolutionized the theory of hybridization? At any rate, this paper has to do with a Catholic priest and the growing of roses.

About two years ago I read in the *Country Gentleman* an article entitled "A Maker of New Roses." It told the story of the remarkable outdoor nursery of a priest who had won for himself a place in the front ranks of Western rosarians and whose work was beginning to attract the attention of rose growers in the East. The Rev. George A. Schoener, who had been stationed at Rochester, Pa., in the diocese of Pittsburgh, was ordered by his physician to go west for his health. Father Schoener was transferred to the archdiocese of Oregon City, Oregon, and became the pastor of the Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Brooks, Marion County. To get the benefit of the bracing Oregon air, Father Schoener made his sick calls and other priestly visitations on foot. In these daily journeyings, his eye was caught by the flowers of the aromatic *Rosa rubiginosa* or Oregon sweet brier. Later he visited the annual rose festival at Portland, the "City of Roses." This was his inspiration to cross these rugged roses of the West with the frail flowers of the hothouse so that the gardens of the many might burgeon with beautiful roses from spring to frost. His success seems to have been marvelous; the more so since he has not had any of the advantages that the rose specialist usually enjoys. He was a priest and therefore poor; his library was small; he trenched the soil with his own hands; his own fingers planted his seedlings; and his own pen kept his records. His first public exhibition was to be at the June, 1914, "Rose Festival," Portland, and he was to have had a section of the fair grounds at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

Thereafter, I watched for some further account of his work, but none appeared. I contemplated writing to him but was restrained by the feeling that it would be presumptuous. Father Schoener had his confessions to hear, his sermons to prepare, his sick calls to answer, and between times he had to tend his roses. What right had I to impose on him? So I waited.

A few weeks ago I received a copy of the *American Rose Annual*, the 1916 year-book of the "American Rose Society," in which was an article entitled "Father Schoener's Endeavors." I turned to it with pleasant anticipations, and was distressed to read that fire had in about twenty minutes destroyed his church, his house and his garden, and that with these went his plants, his seeds, his library, his notes and his records. The fire

was in truth a holocaust. Think what labor was involved in the achievements thus destroyed! "Father Schoener's study of the rose has been profound, and all the experiments have been based on the strictest scientific lines," says the writer in the *Annual,* who quotes Father Schoener as declaring that his " work of the past year was systematically based on the Mendelian laws of heredity." To carry on experiments along Mendelian lines it is necessary that the experimentations be of such extent and in such mode as to make it possible: (1) To determine the number of different *forms* under which the hybrid appears; (2) To arrange these forms *with certainty* according to their separate generations; and (3) Definitely to ascertain their statistical relation. For if two plants, which differ constantly in one or more characters, be crossed: (a) The hybrid will not be exactly intermediate between the parental plants; (b) One of the parental characters will preponderate; (c) The characters common to each parent will be transmitted unchanged to the hybrids and their progeny, and, therefore, in themselves will constitute the character of the hybrid; (d) Each pair of differentiating characters will unite in the hybrid to form a new character which in the progeny of the hybrid is usually variable. Hence, to experiment according to Mendel's laws, one's data must be multitudinous. To conduct his experiments, Father Schoener, in 1914, harvested 120,000 rose seeds from hybridization. These being sown, some 25,000 germinated and gave about 4,000 promising seedlings; of these, seven survived the flames. Father Schoener had no greenhouse and his equipment was of the simplest. Yet, though he worked alone, he made 1,500 combinations in roses during 1914, besides experimenting with gladioli, vegetables, fruits, ornamental shrubs and corn. In 1915 the results of the hybridization of roses were greater and the combinations were such as had always been thought difficult; moreover, they were entirely new, at least so far as any pedigreed list is concerned. It must be remembered, as Father Schoener points out, that the Abbot Mendel experimented only with peas, and that with roses the differentiating characters must be predetermined. Any grower of flowers who has ever transferred the pollen from the anther of one bloom to the stigma of another will realize what Father Schoener's labor has been, when it is recalled that in hybridizing in the open each pollenized bloom must be protected by a paper bag from the danger of fertilization by bees and other adventitious agencies.

"The Rosary of a Parish Priest" is now a fire-swept waste, littered with the ashes of roses; the precious, patiently prepared notes and records of the hundreds of crossings and the resulting progeny are now an impalpable dust. And I doubt not the heart of this parish priest is heavy, as the Abbot Mendel's was heavy for another reason. There is but one man who can rewrite these notes, as there is but one man who can rewrite these experiments. And the thought in my mind is, must he do this with the same handicaps that hemmed him about when he began the design? Burbank has been capitalized, incorporated and published in an *edition de luxe,* yet in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, 1906, it is said that he "has not formulated any new or additional laws of species-change, nor do his observations and results justify any such formulation, and we may rest in the belief that he has no fundamental laws to reveal. . . . He has at his command the knowledge of no new fundamental scientific principle." Father Schoener, however, seems to have proceeded more scientifically and to have discovered the existence, if not the exact nature, of some new laws, and at the least to have extended Mendel's laws from herbaceous to woody-stemmed plants. Are there not among our Catholic men of wealth some who, for the advancement of the scientific aspect of floriculture and to make practical demonstration of the fact that the Church is the patron of science, will furnish Father Schoener with adequate equipment to continue his work? In any event that Catholics of today may know something about Father Schoener and his work, I have written this paper; otherwise perhaps the priest's endeavors, like Abbot Mendel's, would become familiar to succeeding generations only.

FRANCIS A. MCCLOSKEY.

The Silver Wedding Ring

THE position of woman during the pre-Christian epochs of civilization has become a favorite study in our time. The conclusions drawn are mostly false or misleading. The greatest difficulty presents itself in establishing the status of the Jewish woman. Her condition in holy wedlock, regarded as the vocation of every maiden, is of particular interest. Not iron, as under paganism; not gold, as under Christianity; but silver, dimmed in its brightness, was the wedding ring the Jewish woman wore. Though robbed indeed of its jeweled preciousness of unity and perpetuity, it still retained much of the beauty God had given it in Paradise.

Woman's position was no longer what it had been from the beginning. Her place in Oriental society had been traditionally determined long before Abram went forth from Ur of the Chaldees. Even where the primal Revelation was still clearly preserved amid pagan surroundings, monogamy was in general a lost ideal in Oriental civilization. Poverty alone enforced it among the poorer classes. The fulness of time had not yet arrived, nor was a complete change in ancient customs to take place instantly. Account was taken by Almighty God of the weakness of fallen nature and of the temptations which encompassed man. Many of the accepted practices were therefore to continue as before. Woman herself may thus have been preserved from greater evils that else might naturally have befallen her. It was sufficient for God's purpose that the paths to the heights of pre-Christian virtue and holiness were laid wide open to

both sexes. The fruits of sin had left bitterness upon the palate of both.

A peculiarly instructive picture of woman's condition during the early patriarchal period is given in the life of Rachel. Few women ever won from man such love and such devotion as Jacob bestowed upon her. Her memory as a model wife remained enshrined in the hearts of her people. "The Lord make this woman who cometh into thy house, like Rachel and Lia, who built up the house of Israel," was the exclamation of the bystanders at the marriage of Booz and Ruth. Even to the present day the Church retains her name with that of Sara and Rebecca in the Nuptial Mass.

The first fact impressed upon us in this connection is the righteous horror of the Jews for the marriage of their sons with the women of the heathen nations. "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth," said Rebecca to Isaac. "If Jacob take a wife of the stock of the land, I choose not to live." This was a noble word. Like a true mother and a true wife she fulfilled her high function, gently but firmly pointing out to husband and son the evil they were bound to avoid. Woman had therefore realized her supreme power and obligation of inspiring man with noble ideals and of keeping his feet steadfast upon the path of duty. "Juda hath profaned the holiness of the Lord," was the sad wail of the prophet in later centuries, "and hath married the daughter of a strange god." Had woman neglected her task and failed in her duty of guidance?

As a shepherdess Rachel was tending her father's flock when Jacob met her. The unnatural restraint placed upon woman in modern Oriental life, because of a false religion which has robbed her of her finer sense of womanly delicacy, was then unknown. Her purity was sacred to man. "Rachel was well favored, and of a beautiful countenance. And Jacob being in love with her said [to Laban her father]: I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter." For twice seven years he was to toil before he won his bride.

Taking into account the difference of time and custom, we might almost see by anticipation a trait of Christian chivalry in the devotion of Jacob for Rachel. It is no less pure than ardent; it is no less constant than heroic. In the midst of a heathen civilization the chosen people of God were already giving proof of the power of religion to purify man's regard for woman.

But many likewise were the dark shadows in that picture which were not to be dispelled until the coming of the new worship in spirit and in truth, when woman should be raised to the summit of her dignity. The idols which Rachel stole from her father's house and hid beneath her camel's furniture when he came to search for them, were a symbol of the Babylonic abominations which still degraded woman. Such superstitions continued for a time within the heart of Rachel side by side with the pure monotheistic religion.

Seven years of hard work made up the exchange Jacob was to give for her. Finally, outwitted by Laban, he received instead the elder daughter, Lia. She had willingly, it seems, made herself a party to the deceit which strikingly reminds us of that practised by Jacob himself when he won the paternal blessing in place of his brother, Esau. Accepting Lia for wife, he consented to serve another seven years for the love of Rachel. "Make up the week of days of this match," said the unsentimental Laban, "and I will give thee her also, for the service that thou shalt render me other seven years." The bargain could not have been stated more bluntly. The feelings of Rachel were not consulted, nor did they enter into consideration on the father's part.

Not only was there polygamy, but other customs likewise survived at this period which are repugnant to our Christian instincts. The consequences were preferences on the part of the husband, disagreements and jealousies on the part of the wives and quarrels among the children of the different mothers. That such practices were tolerated by the Jewish law itself is not surprising. Referring to the bill of divorce, Our Lord said: "Moses by reason of the hardness of your heart permitted you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so." Similar reasons existed for the legal toleration of other abuses, such as polygamy.

Divorce itself was a law favoring the husband, though it could not be invoked by him except for grave offences on the part of his wife. The moral laxity we behold about us in our own "advanced" civilization was not tolerated by the Jewish code, though abuses crept in against which the prophet Malachias inveighs in terrible words. The weeping and tears of the cast-off women before the altar of the Lord, he tells his people, caused God to reject the sacrifices offered Him and to refuse all atonement: "Because the Lord hath been witness between thee, and the wife of thy youth, whom thou hast despised: yet she was thy partner, and the wife of thy covenant." Thus true religion ever protected woman.

Woman's dignity suffered sadly, yet her place among the Jews was immeasurably superior to the position occupied by her in the surrounding paganism. It was higher and worthier than in the rehabilitated paganism of our own day. There was no false liberty allowed to man or woman outside the bounds of the law. If any one seduced a virgin he was to dower her and take her to wife, nor could he ever be divorced from her all his life.

Divorce was strictly limited. The most reverential obedience was to be given to the mother as well as to the father in the Jewish household. There was even a foreshadowing of the sublime Christian conception of marriage in that union of God with His chosen people described as the union of husband with wife. Israel and Juda are the "two women, daughters of one mother," whom the Prophet Ezechiel calls "Oolla the elder and Ooliba her younger sister." The same figure is used by the Prophet Jeremias. Conforming His words to the

accepted custom of His people, God thus gives sacredness to the marriage bond, and impresses upon husband and wife the duties of love and fidelity.

The pure monogamistic ideal was proposed in the book of Genesis. There is mention of only one wife in the Book of Job, who says of himself: "I made a covenant with my eyes, that I would not so much as think upon a virgin." The love of man for woman found its Divine expression in the Canticle of Canticles, symbolizing the pure love of Christ for His Church; and an inspiring picture of true wifely dignity, virtue and usefulness is given in the Book of Proverbs. A few verses will suffice to show the loftiness of the ideal the Jewish woman might attain in her state of wifehood:

Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.

The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no need of spoils.

She hath put out her hand to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle.

She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor.

She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow: for all her domestics are clothed with double garments.

She hath made for herself clothing of tapestry: fine linen and purple is her covering.

Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day.

She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue.

She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle.

Her children rose up, and called her blessed: her husband, and he praised her.

Thus in this queenly woman, the wife of a leader in the land, we find realized all the highest aspirations of the Jewish woman's heart in the holy state of matrimony. Religion itself had not failed. Though only a preparation for Christianity, it had produced in a single small land, and among a people hard of heart, more great and wonderful women than all the rest of the vast pre-Christian civilization could boast.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

I—Irish Priests and Their Flocks

SOMEBODY once said excellently that the priest holds the secret of Irish life. I have always liked the society of priests, and some of my best friends have been of this body, but it is only, I think, when one comes to live in Connaught that one arrives at a proper appreciation of the priest. When, however, your tent is pitched at the very center of the operations of the "Congested Districts Board," which has bought up the landed properties and divided them among the tenants, thus reducing the place to a wilderness for all but the tenant farmers, it is then that the priest comes as an alleviation of your lot.

I have often observed that men who are not under feminine influence, whose society is wholly or in the main masculine, keep their youth longer than the harassed family man. Indeed, sometimes they keep it to the end. Single men in barracks are apt to be a pack of wild schoolboys. The same I have observed particularly in communities of priests. When humor has been driven out from everywhere else, she will find her last refuge in the "community room" of a Religious Order. The priests "rag" one another like schoolboys, but the ragging is humorous. A dear canon of my acquaintance holds that it is the recompense of the man who has given up the human ties that he dies young,—though he live to fourscore and more.

I have been thinking of community rooms of English monasteries. In a country where humor is by no means general,—much money-making has driven her out,—I have hardly ever met a priest who had not a quick and an overflowing sense of humor. Being of the friendship, I have been privileged to hear of the community room pranks and quips and they were of the best brand of laughter.

Here it is again among these Irish priests. All around us the little farmers are very busy making money, too busy to make a joke. The loveableness of old, the dear delightful characters, one finds now only among the old people. There may be wisdom and poetry and quaintness and gentleness among these dear middle-aged farmers and the young people growing up, but so far I have found no trace of it. I turn for it to the old, and to the priests. Perhaps the difference lies in having your horizon bounded by America and by Heaven. The Saints were, I think, nearly always gay. St. Teresa and St. Philip Neri might be cited as examples.

I have just sat an hour or two with a priest who lives sixteen miles from my place, and at least as far from any other place. His stipend amounts to about $750.00 a year out of which he pays a subscription to the *Times* Book Club. There is not a house in all these wide spaces to which he can go for a meal and a friendly chat, unless it be to another priest. He said to me the other day that the life made you very shy. "When I go for a holiday," he said, "I leave off where I ought to begin. When I go away I'm afraid to look at anyone, but when I come back I talk to the people in the train just as though I knew them."

Unlike the priests of the prosperous eastern and southern counties and cities, who have many a hospitable board spread for them, the western priest has only the society of his fellows. His hospitality is only bounded by his housekeeper's good-will. The priest's housekeeper may be much more tyrannous than a wife, and she may be less, very much less, efficient than any mistress of a house would tolerate. Within these limitations the priest is only too glad to be hospitable. And it may be within your own power to smooth the way for the priest's hospitality.

When the priest knows you are his friend you have only to welcome him to your hearth and let him talk, for what he has to say is vastly more important than what you have to say, and you will presently learn more about the secretive people than you ever knew before. It drops out quietly. This afternoon we were talking about recruiting.—I trust this subject remains "neutral" enough for American readers. The priest seized on a phrase of mine with an eagerness which flushed his thin face, "The joy of battle."

"Tell the boys," he said, "about the joy of battle if you go recruiting. They were always a fighting race." He was strongly in favor of recruiting, though some people have denounced it, claiming that no enemy could ever come to Ireland. I know of one case where one such person remarked that the Blessed Virgin would never permit an enemy to get so far as Ireland. I mentioned this to a scholarly, pleasant young priest. He said, "But it would be very ungallant to leave everything to a Lady!" My visitor of today says:

> The best went first, the lads from the towns. What you call "joy of battle," comradeship, appealed to them. It never gets near the country boys. Some of the wild fellows who have gone out, were always up before the magistrates for one thing or the other, they're not bad

inside. It's the lonesome life that makes them break out. They make grand soldiers. You may pitch into them and abuse them, and the next morning they will meet you and it will be, "Good morning, Father." I'd rather have them to deal with than the countryside. You know what they're thinking of you.

This reminds me first of the saying of an Irish bishop, which I think equal to the finest sayings of the Saints and Sages: "I don't care what a man's actions are as long as his heart is right."

In the second place, I think of the contact between man and man which, with the townsman, is a sort of education. With people on your own level you talk as man to man. With the townsman it is much the same. You speak honestly and he hears honestly. With the country people in the changed order of things, you cannot be sure. Strive you ever so hard to convince them that you are honest, you are not sure that they believe, nor that distrust of you is not behind that barrier of flesh which is the hardest of all barriers to pass.

Perhaps it is America, those who come back having suffered a sea-change. The last ideal that they will lose is love of country, else why should they come back at all? But they bring with them a contempt for the old simple ways and they make the lot of the priest harder.

"The old people would listen," says the priest, "but the son is an American. He thought that he knew better than an old Connaught priest." The same priest said of what we are accustomed to call loveless marriages: "They are seldom what they seem to you. These boys and girls will have played together as children, gone to school together, known each other as boy and girl. There isn't the indiscriminate match-making you think."

As to Irish wit, I have not yet found a western priest who will not rock over the story I could tell about the beggar woman who said of a frugal-minded priest: "Sure, I wouldn't be wishing he was dead, the poor man, but all the same, I wouldn't be grudgin' him to his Maker. No, indeed!"

Another story they delight in is of a certain priest who said to his brother, a great man for his people, who gives and gives, and trusts in Heaven to send more: "You should save, Patrick, you should save. How are you going to provide for your old age? You might die in debt the way you're going on and that would be an awful thing for a priest."

"Ah, don't be minding that," said Father Pat, "I'll be very quiet and comfortable with the money you'll leave me!"

Here is another story, not exactly germane but full of the humor of this part of Ireland. An old Connaught peasant—the old people are really beautiful—said the other day: "I do often be thinkin' of John the Baptist and the quare thing it was that him bein' a friend of the Almighty, that He'd let the head be cut off him through a bould hussy like that. But there, sure the Almighty does quare things. Why shouldn't He? There's no man to hinder Him."

This is a story the priests laugh at, being so sure of God as Friend and Father that they forget to be afraid of Him.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Father Damien's Leprosy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a communication to the *Scientific American* for March 26th, headed "Concerning Leprosy," Mr. J. R. Fraser of Dayton, Ohio, has the following paragraph:

> Father Damien developed leprosy, but I have indubitable evidence that he did not do so by fair means. Father Damien's one burning ambition was to die a martyr of leprosy and become a saint in the calendar of the Roman Church. I was in the settlement at the time of his death. I was personally well acquainted with him.

I wrote to Mr. Fraser at once, desiring a brief statement of the evidence in question, and remarking that from the context I judged him to allude to self-inoculation. His reply submitted three proofs: the weight of his own article, whose very object was to show that leprosy is not transmitted by contagion; the testimony of an unnamed "Prince of the Roman Church," which, however, he does not feel at liberty to reveal; and thirdly, two public documents drawn up respectively by Dr. Strong, the resident physician at Molokai, (the resident physician's name was *Swift*) and Mr. Reynolds the resident superintendent. Mr. Fraser protested, moreover, that he meant no injury to Father Damien, and failed to see how his charge, even if true, could touch the real merit of his work.

Meanwhile I had looked through some dozen sketches of Father Damien, and found no mention of inoculation. So, thinking I might still be in the dark as to his meaning, in my second note I asked Mr. Fraser to tell me precisely what sort of means he referred to and what was the gist of the two documents. His answer left no room for doubt. Anent the documents he says:

> In his report Dr. Strong admits that the inoculation of Father Damien may have been quasi-accidental, in that he may have had abrasions of the skin when handling lepers through which the virus may have entered his blood, . . . but while admitting the possibility he scouts the probability; his other hypothesis being that Father Damien inoculated himself deliberately. In his report Mr. Reynolds takes the latter stand absolutely and does not admit the possibility of pure accident.

Mr. Fraser then declares: *"Personally I think there can be no question that he practised self-inoculation* as a result of his intense religious zeal, and after he saw the hopelessness of expecting to acquire the disease simply by living in the same community with the lepers." He goes on to say that a certain Father C., a Jesuit (*sic*), a friend of Damien and of himself, told him explicitly that Damien "deliberately inoculated himself," and that he, Father C., had gone there with the same intention.

My last letter to Mr. Fraser is too long for citation here. Suffice it to say that after pointing out what his accusation really involved, I took up his proofs one by one, and showed how very far short they fell of constituting "indubitable evidence." I subjoined this postscript:

> To avoid misunderstanding, I wish to insist on an obvious distinction: that it is one thing to say Damien's leprosy was due to careless exposure or lack of personal cleanliness, and quite another to say he developed it deliberately and voluntarily, as by inoculation. We of course refer only to the latter course, which alone is suicidal.

An answer has just reached me. In this communication of over twenty-five-hundred words, only four short sentences deal with my letter, the rest relating to another controversy in which this same accusation seems to have entangled Mr. Fraser. The four pertinent sentences run:

> In concluding your letter you insist on what you call an obvious distinction between "careless exposure" and inoculation. I presume that by the latter you mean by a knife or other instrument. . . . If you can bring yourself to call such conduct [Damien's toward the lepers] "careless exposure" there is no common ground for us to stand on. What I would call fair means of contracting the leprosy would be the case of a man who, in the presence of the disease, took reasonable precautions not to come in actual contact with it, and yet became a leper.

Comment seems superfluous. Mr. Fraser's "unfair means," which he explained so unmistakably as signifying deliberate self-inoculation, have suddenly shrunk and dwindled down to mean nothing more than "the case of a man who, in the presence of the disease," failed to take "reasonable precautions not to come in actual contact with it"; this too, though his aim all along was to show that "no greater mistake could be made" than to suppose leprosy contagious. I do not concede that Father Damien failed culpably to take such reasonable precautions. But in either case Mr. Fraser's imputation is a grievous injustice to Damien's memory.

St. Louis, Mo. LEO W. KEELER.

Inexcusable Mistakes

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Christian art, like many another medium for expression of Catholic ideals and spirit, offers peculiar difficulties to the present generation of non-Catholics, because of their ignorance of hagiography and their lack of sympathy with the Catholic mind. An example in point, which is the more to be regretted on account of its presumably authoritative character, is the description of some of the detail subjects of the St. Anthony of Padua Madonna, popularly known as the Morgan Madonna, and now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

The bulletin, issued by the Museum to explain this painting from the Morgan collection, states that the female figure on the left of the Virgin is Saint Anne. This is incorrect. The figure is undoubtedly Saint Cecilia, as is evident from the martyr's palm, the book and the crown of paradise roses, the emblems of Saint Cecilia. The bulletin also states that the figure on the right of the Virgin is Saint Rosalia. This is another error. The martyr's palm and the wheel on which her right hand rests, the symbol of her execution, clearly indicate that the figure represents Saint Catherine of Alexandria, the patroness of Christian philosophy. Saint Rosalia was not a martyr but a hermitess. She is the patroness of mariners and her statue stands on Mount Pelegrino.

It is not of course necessary to be a Catholic in order to discuss Christian art, but for a correct interpretation of it, some knowledge of what its Catholic patrons and the Catholic artists themselves intended to convey to the world is absolutely indispensable. On such points, however, our educators and critics seem to have little curiosity. The ignorance shown in the present instance is the more remarkable as the painting is one of such importance. The mistake should be corrected, as it makes us ridiculous in the eyes of Europe. Incidentally it should also be a warning to our non-Catholic friends to consult Catholics when they are endeavoring to identify Catholic saints. Antiquarians have long since learned the lesson of asking Catholic scholars to assist them in interpreting Catholic inscriptions and symbols on recent "finds." If non-Catholic lovers of art would avoid blunders they should do likewise.

New York. ELLEN KIRK DOWNS.

A Proselyting Scheme?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of AMERICA there appeared a letter signed J. L. M., which sounded a warning against a society called "The Fatherless Children of France." The writer declared this association to be a specious attempt to rob the children of France of their faith. As a member of the general committee of the society in Boston, I have seen nothing to suggest that anyone here has any such aim in view. It is the terrible need of these helpless little ones which has touched so many hearts in the United States and in Europe. The Society states explicitly in its printed prospectus that the object aimed at is to keep the children in their own homes, and that they are to be brought up in the religion of their parents. It was necessary to obtain a legal status for the organization, and this explains why the name of the French President is at the head of the committee. The management of the association, however, is quite independent of Government officials. It was stated in the newspapers that a distinguished prelate had given his sanction to the society. I have seen no notice of the withdrawal of his name. It would be a tragedy indeed if a society founded for such a praiseworthy object should deteriorate into an anti-Catholic crusade, and I still cling to the hope that the sinister rumors concerning it, which have recently been published, will prove to be unfounded.

Boston. J. G. ROBINS.

Thrift and Extravagance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The strikingly forceful manner in which a forlorn truth was driven home in the issue of AMERICA of April 29, prompts the question as to the amount of wholesome good which might be accomplished for all the readers of your paper, young and old, by a series of articles on the matter only touched upon in the account of the shrewd but kindly property-owner, who dissuaded a young couple from engaging a sixty-five-dollar apartment on a forty-five-dollar monthly income. In my humble opinion the writer of the comment on the extract from the *Gateway,* only outlined the picture, and it is a pity that we should be deprived of the benefit that would come from a series of articles on the results of the extravagance not only of the young, but also of the average Catholic. I venture the suggestion that you invite contributions from your readers on the questions of thrift and extravagance, with the purpose of calling attention to the compelling necessity of making popular and universal among our people, practices which are born of true Catholic teaching. Thrift is the handmaid of religion, for the truly religious are never extravagant.

Dorchester, Mass. JAMES D. RUSSELL.

Efficient Censorship

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Mohler's article, "Censorship Needed but Not Wanted," in AMERICA for April 8, and Mr. Murray's communication in the succeeding issue, have the right ring and should awaken echoes in many Catholic breasts. The latter contribution, especially, pleases me by its militant appeal. Evidence increases day by day of the strength of the hold that the flesh and the devil have on the theater. Meanwhile the world looks on and approves. For example, the *Saturday Evening Post* which boasts of two and a half million readers—among them doubtless multitudes of Catholics who never look at a Catholic paper—joins in the gibes of metropolitan journals against legislative censorship of "movie" films. In this connection it is pertinent to remark that our press as a whole is largely under the domination of its advertizers. The receipts from this source are so enormous that they exert a very powerful influence over editorial utterances, for it is a well-known fact that this class of patrons has large investments in the theaters, and is far from fastidious about the moral standards of the pictures and plays produced in them. What commercialized art seeks above all is revenue.

Many Catholics, uneasy and anxious at the growing and ubiquitous evil of licentious or suggestive motion-pictures, must, like the writer, be asking themselves why our leaders have not more positively and systematically lent the weight of their influence to the campaign against this and kindred evils, and why they have not raised their voices in favor of efficient censorship.

Clarksville, Texas. G. J. R.

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Faith or Tooth-Brushes?

THE lengthy commendation of the Panama Protestant Conference, appearing in the New York *Globe* for May 2, is an interesting and, in some respects, an exceedingly truthful document. While the writer refers to the Conference as "a religious congress," he regards as "reactionary" the statement of "a clerical brother from Cuba," who affirmed that he knew nothing about the commerce, industries or politics of his native isle. "These things," averred the clergyman, "are none of my business. My business is to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified." This eccentric cleric must have felt as lonely as a bee on Broadway, for, comments the *Globe*, "the tone of the conference was against him." From the published accounts, it seems but too true that Jesus Christ crucified had very little to do with that gathering for the conversion of the "decadent Latins." There was no room for Him in discussions occupied by matters of higher import, for

> Reports indicated that the Christian workers were applying themselves to the most intensely practical problems of the people throughout South America. . . . The missionaries are attacking tuberculosis, teaching the use of the tooth-brush, feeding half-starved children so that they can go to school, showing the authorities that they ought to let the little ones play in the public parks, and teaching them how to play; they have cooking-schools, sewing-schools, and type-writing-schools; they are fighting flies and mosquitoes; they have come down out of the temple and are grappling with the *real needs* of the people.

The high priests of the modern religion have indeed "come down out of the temple," not to grapple with "the real needs of the people," but, apparently, to teach that it is more important to know the use of a tooth-brush or a typewriter, than "to know thee, the one, true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." No paragraph could more pointedly mark the essential difference between the Catholic and the modern Protestant missionary spirit. Like his Master, the Catholic priest is mindful of the temporal needs of the people, but all his teaching is founded on the Divine principle, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his justice." If the *Globe* is to be believed, the Protestant missionary substitutes courses in hygiene, social science and domestic economy, for the saving truths of the Gospel. Yet what the world needs today is not more bodily comfort, but more supernatural religion. And where will the modern world find "religion, pure and undefiled," save in that Church which has never ceased to teach that man's first duty is the care of his immortal soul?

In Defense of Optimism

WHENEVER editors are at a loss for matter to fill their pages, starting a "symposium" is always an unfailing solution of the difficulty. The question chosen for discussion is a matter of only secondary importance. The prime requirement for a successful symposium is to have enough men and women of name and fame airing their views on the subject selected. Indeed, the more varied in character and competence are the parties to the discussion, the more interesting it is sure to be. A popular actress's attitude toward Anglican Orders, for example, is likely to be more entertaining than a bishop's; and a champion golfer's views on the cause of the war will probably be more amusing than a veteran diplomat's. But a living authors' symposium, held not so long ago, on the well-worn question: "Is the American novel inferior to the British novel?" resulted on the whole in the utterance of more wisdom than is common in such discussions. One American novelist yields the palm to England at once, saying: "Americans demand from writers an evasive idealism instead of a straightforward facing of realities. In England the demand is for a direct and sincere interpretation of life." Moreover, we are hopelessly addicted on this side of the water to "sham optimism." But as it turns out that the American novels most widely read in England are the very ones that are positively exuding "evasive idealism" and "sham optimism," the original assertion was warmly controverted.

Several of our clean and cheerful American writers then took up valiantly the defense of the optimistic and idealistic outlook on life, saying:

> Thus it seems to be constantly taken for granted that "sentimentalism," say, is a concrete and measurable thing, like red paint; that "truth" is as obvious and recognizable as a brown derby; that the "philosophy of life" roughly described as "pessimism" is obviously truth, and the philosophy known as "optimism" no less obviously false; that great artists are invariably "pessimistic" or "realistic," while "optimism" or "romance" is a palpable tin horn played by charlatans to tickle the poor rabble, and so on. . . . A great many brilliant men and women, whose lives are in their country's history, have been "optimists" and "evasive idealists." That is to say, they have profoundly believed that life had a meaning and a beneficent one, and they have strangely regulated their personal lives in response to an "ideal" which they never saw, took up

in the hand, tasted or rang upon a counter. . . . "Idealism," true or false, seems to play a large and often a commanding part in the lives of the vast majority of Americans. Our novelists consequently seem to be quite right to represent these lives as thus influenced and, occasionally at least, thus rewarded. Whatever the commands of realistic criticism, it can scarcely be the business of the novelist, of every novelist, to invent new and original codes of morals. And while I too have been sickened by "sugary philosophies" which seemed to me to have no relation with life, I am convinced that I have read "pessimism" which was as false as any "optimism" and "realism" which traduced life beyond the dreams of romance. . . . Just why the "realities of life" should *always* mean the filth and brambles, sticks and stones and stumbling-blocks of our daily pathway I have never understood. But such seems to be the case. To most critics there are evidently no pleasantly agreeable, decent "realities of life." But—I believe that there are and that these pleasantly agreeable, decent "realities" may lend themselves to just as sincere and direct an interpretation of life as may—the other kind.

Well said! By an unfortunate perversion of language "realism" has come to connote in the literary jargon of the day only what is ugly, sordid or unclean. But whatsoever things are modest, lovely and of good repute, it must be remembered, are thoroughly "real" too.

The New Criminology

A HOPEFUL client of the new criminology now languishes in a Kansas jail. The recital of his misdeeds, which include the murder of a girl of ten years, so revolted the hardened inmates of the jail, that they attempted to remove him from their midst by means of a short rope and a tree. Of course, this bestial person is not a criminal; he is a victim of society, and by his own confession, poor dear, is an invalid. Years ago, he relates with composure, he was kicked in the head by a mule. Unfortunately, the discerning animal's blow was not lethal; but since that dark day, the invalid, although by no means unable to take his place in society and earn a fair living by his trade, has been quite unable to distinguish between right and wrong. In a touching letter, he prays the aid of a surgical operation, "that I may be restored to a normal state." The invalid's pitiful appeal has drawn Niagaras of tears from the weak-minded and the morbid. Why think of the dead, the innocent little one, first ruined and then murdered? For her no tears; no indignation for the outraged majesty of the law; nothing but a revolting and horrible sentimentality founded upon perversion, and poured out upon a wretch whose very presence darkens the earth.

Forty years ago, half in earnest and half jestingly, the subject was reviewed by Mark Twain:

The petition had been largely signed; many tearful and eloquent meetings had been held, and a committee of sappy women had been appointed to go in deep mourning and wail around the governor, and implore him to be a merciful ass and trample his duty under foot. Injun Joe was believed to have killed five citizens of the village, but what of that? If he had been Satan himself there would have been plenty of weaklings ready to scribble their names to a pardon-petition, and drip a tear on it from their permanently impaired and leaky water-works.

Has the humorist gone beyond the facts? Rather, he has understated them. Nor is this disease confined to Kansas; it is growing frightfully common. We have much tenderness for criminals; but we exercise our severity upon the physically and mentally afflicted, who as "wards of the State," may be freely used for vivisection and other experimental work. Thus do we preserve the threatened balance of justice.

Duties to Things

MOST people will agree that the President left himself open to very grave misconception when he said in the course of his recent speech at Chevy Chase, that "we do not owe any duty except to those things we believe in." Perhaps it would be quibbling to point out that the expression, "duty to things," is a clear perversion of the very notion of duty, for everyone knows that although we have duties *concerning* things, we have no duties *to* them. Duties are correlatives of rights, and neither rights nor duties have any place except in intelligent beings. Man has no duties save to God, to his fellow-men and to himself. This mistake, therefore, may be attributed to a slip of the tongue; it is not likely that the President's careful pen would have made it. The more serious misconception to which he has laid himself open is contained in his restriction of the sphere of duty "to those things we believe in." The editor of the New York *Sun* takes exception to this statement as being wanting in "accurate philosophical postulation." This characterization is rather cryptic, but it needs only a glimmering of ethics to see that the sentence is susceptible of very dangerous interpretations. No matter what thought may have been behind it, its phrasing leaves much to be desired.

"We do not owe any duty except to those things we believe in." This is obviously incorrect. Facts are not changed by any one's attitude toward them. Ignorance concerning them does not alter their objective reality. Rome exists, and the actuality of its existence is not in the least affected by refusal to believe in it. Duties spring from actually existing relations between intelligent beings. Given the relations, the duty is inevitable. One may not be conscious of the duty, if he does not believe in it, but his ignorance or his disbelief does not do away with the moral obligation. The belligerent nations do not believe in our rights to travel and trade, or at least not in the fulness of those rights as we understand them. If the President's dictum were true, we should be wrong in insisting that they have the duty of respecting those rights. If "*we* have no duty except to those things we believe in," it is inconsistent to hold that the nations at war have duties to things *they* do not believe in. This is but one example of the logical sequence of an erroneous principle. From that false principle would flow all sorts

of conclusions, disruptive of social relations. What would become of law and order, if men were free to repudiate obligations because, forsooth, they did not believe in them?

Those who speak much can scarcely hope to speak on all occasions with wisdom. Therefore it is that the Scriptural classic on the use of the tongue is extremely blunt in its counsel that men be "slow to speech." Certainly in a matter of this kind there is need of tolerance of judgment, for language is at best a difficult medium for the expression of thought. At the same time there is also need of prudence and reticence, lest by inaccurate statements harm be done. This caution is applicable especially to those whose high place gives to their public pronouncements an adventitious authority quite apart from any intrinsic value. Of such men we have a right to expect that, when they treat of ethical principles that have far-reaching consequences, they phrase their thoughts in such way as to exclude the very possibility of anarchical interpretations. The expression, "we owe no duty except to those things we believe in," does not meet this requirement.

The End-Seat Catholic

THERE is a certain type of Catholic whose striking characteristics sharply distinguish him, or as often perhaps her, from the rest of the Faithful. Not that he is notably pious and devout. Indeed, when the ordinary evening services of the Church are going on, his chronic absence has been observed, and even at Sunday's Low Mass, he is often the last to enter the church and the first to leave it. Being a man of many duties and anxieties, he requires, of course, all the rest and recreation he can possibly crowd into the only day of comparative leisure the week affords him. Social engagements, moreover, of a most momentous nature have been known to make him even omit Mass on Sunday altogether.

But he is a most enthusiastic admirer withal of the Church's beautiful liturgy and is passionately fond of assisting at high functions, when the ritual is particularly splendid, when the surpliced choir has an elaborate program ready, when an eloquent preacher has been announced, when the pews are thronged with fashionable folk, and when the sanctuary is filled with clergy and the bishop is on his throne. On such occasions, particularly at Christmas and Easter, our ritual-loving friend suddenly becomes punctual and pious. Reaching the church betimes he selects a desirable pew, solemnly seats himself at its outer end and becomes absorbed in his devotions. From that moment all who essay to enter that pew, even though they be meek parishioners who have held sittings in it for years, he regards as insolent intruders. First they must undergo his angry scrutiny and then humbly implore permission to enter their own pew. On deliberately weighing the justice of the petition, he may decide that he can grant it, provided he does not lose thereby his advantageous place at the end of the bench. So he graciously allows the interlopers to pass with difficulty in front of his ample person and find narrow sittings at the other end of the pew. Each time his devotions are thus interrupted by inconsiderate parishioners, our end-seat worshiper grows more and more angry and impatient, so that his soul's peace is hopelessly gone long before the sermon begins. Indeed, so perturbed in spirit do these outrageous interruptions leave him that the splendid ritual, the soothing music, and the fervent discourse are equally incapable of restoring his wonted calm. Nay, even the "plate" passes him by unnoticed and unheeded. But all would have been so different had he only yielded to another that end seat!

Modern "Christianity"

"SIXTY-FOUR out of sixty-seven members of the New York Presbytery," writes an indignant correspondent to a New York newspaper, "admit to the ministry these young men who will not affirm the Virgin Birth, and who openly doubt the resuscitation of Lazarus and other Gospel miracles. Can we go much farther?" In common with the usual practice of the press, the correspondent utterly confounds the Virgin Birth with the Immaculate Conception; but he is surely correct in suspecting that the limits of orthodoxy have been fairly overstepped by this latest action of the always erratic New York Presbytery. Reduced to plain terms, the admission of these young men to the ministry means that, in the mind of the Presbytery, men who believe neither in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, nor in the inerrancy of the Scriptures, are fit persons to occupy the pulpits of the Presbyterian Church. John Calvin held many doctrines from which the Catholic turns with horror, but he never faltered in his belief that Jesus Christ was in all truth God, nor did he regard the Holy Scriptures as human, fallible documents. It would surely be unjust to charge the apostasy of a single Presbytery upon the whole body; yet if such authorities as may exist in the Presbyterian communion do not disavow the action of their New York confrères, the reproach of denying Christ must be visited upon the whole organization.

Here precisely is the difficulty. Logically no authority with power to speak with finality exists within any Protestant communion. The more orthodox brethren may grieve, deplore, and withdraw the good right-hand of fellowship, but these are mere external actions to which no sanction binding in the innermost conscience corresponds. If my prayerful, earnest reading of the Scriptures leaves me with the conviction that Lazarus was not dead, but merely in a cataleptic state, and if, further, I accept a philosophy which teaches the impossibility of miracles, both reason and my God-given, but Luther-won, right of private interpretation form an

amply sufficient justification before God and man. "Here I stand," and, in the language of the day, "What are you going to do about it?" Practically this is the point of contention between the New York Presbytery and all Presbyterians official bodies which yet retain an unshaken belief in the Divinity of God's Son. They can do nothing but protest, and the protest can embody no obligation in conscience to submit. Only to the Church of Christ is it given to bind the souls of men.

LITERATURE

XXVI—"Father Prout"

ON Friday, May 18, 1866, in his little *entresol* at 19 Rue des Moulins, Paris, there died, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, Francis Sylvester Mahony, in the sixty-second year of his age. At his bedside were his sister, Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, and his faithful friend and confessor, Abbé Rogerson, of the Church of St. Roch. Ten days later in St. Patrick's Church in the City of Cork, Bishop Delaney sang the dead priest's requiem, and he was buried in the graveyard of St. Anne, Shandon. There, from the belfry that he has made forever famous, "The Bells of Shandon" have chimed for fifty years over all that was mortal of the gifted "Father Prout." As the poet Denis Florence McCarthy sang:

> So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest
> Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
> While the Bells of Shandon
> Shall sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

McCarthy was a true prophet, for together the "Bells of Shandon" and the name of "Father Prout" have traveled and still travel the world over, nor, while one lives, will the other ever be forgotten.

Regarding the rare but erratic character of this Irish *litterateur's* genius and personality, no one perhaps has summarized it better than has Father George O'Neill, S.J., in his admirable essay on "Father Prout." He writes:

> A clerical student obstinately bent on ordination yet early slipping into the rôle of the professional jester; a priest who shows capacity for splendid labor and self-sacrifice yet turns into an erratic combination of the dilettante and the hack-writer; a vigorous panegyrist of the Society of Jesus who is always ready for a fling at the older Religious Orders; a Roman ecclesiastic who from Rome acts as correspondent of anti-Roman English journals; an Irish priest of the Repeal days who is a violent hater of O'Connell; an Irish Catholic *litterateur* who delights in heckling Moore; a lover of literature equally enthusiastic about the sage Cornelius à Lapide and the frivolous Béranger: such, and yet more than these, were the antitheses combined in that remarkable man Francis Sylvester Mahony. . . . If in long distant centuries the microscopes and knives of what is called "higher criticism" ever come to be applied to him, the "higher critics" will have no difficulty in cutting him up into three or four Mahonys in addition to two or three Prouts.

One of the things which will then undoubtedly support the theory of multiple Mahonys or plural Prouts is the fact that three years of his life, from his thirtieth to his thirty-third, will seem to have contained practically all the work by which he lives in literature. His first contribution to *Fraser's Magazine*, "Father Prout's Apology for Lent" appeared in April, 1834. Almost every month thereafter up to the end of 1836 *Fraser's* contained a "Prout" paper; then they stopped and thereafter there is nothing of importance save a few scraps of verse published in *Bentley's* in the following two years, a poem or two a little later, and an "Inaugural Ode" for the *Cornhill Magazine* started by Thackeray in 1860. His "Letters of Don Jeremy Savonarola," written from Rome to the London *Daily News*, under Dickens' editorship, are of little more than slight literary interest, which is true also of his correspondence from Paris to another London paper in the closing years of his life (1858-1866) a part of which has been collected. In those three short years (1834-1836 inclusive) he published that amazing and utterly unique collection now known as the "Reliques," the perpetual joy of those who in these days can appreciate a type of scholarship and culture which, as Father O'Neill says, "was one which flourished in the schools and in the choicer society he haunted, but which has quite passed away from schools and society since his time."

When Mahony was a boy, education began early and was a serious matter. At eleven he entered Clongowes Wood College, a Jesuit school which reeked so of the classics that he learned there to write Latin verse that *Blackwood's* was glad to print. At fifteen he went to St. Acheul near Amiens and at sixteen he entered the Jesuit novitiate in Paris. Two years of probation being completed the young Jesuit was sent to Rome for his "philosophy." I need not enter here upon his "vocational" difficulties; suffice it to say that he spent several years in Rome in study of a most varied kind. Father O'Neill writes:

> Rome indeed seems to have been Mahony's Capua; where the delights of desultory reading and the charms of light verse-making destroyed his power of serious application, and where discipline lost the power of controlling his whimsical instability. The peculiar type of *litterateur* he afterwards became was forming itself on a multifarious diet assimilated by a rarely-gifted memory; but his priestly ideals, his power for definite usefulness were being frittered away. He became master of a wealth of classic and neo-classic poetry and prose; of the pearls and sediment of Horace and Béranger; with jewels from many an Italian lyrist; of scraps of solid gold from the Fathers and later divines.

Of these things are made the "Reliques." It was, in fact, in those Roman years which preceded his ordination at Lucca in 1832, that he filled his chest with the treasures which he afterwards scattered with so lavish a hand in the pages of *Fraser's*. Thus it is easy to account at one and the same time for the rapid succession and early cessation of the "Prout" papers. Some years before becoming a priest, it should be said, Mahony ceased to be a Jesuit.

Now it would be a hopeless task to attempt anything like a description of the "Reliques," as hopeless as to attempt describing the flavor of good tobacco, the scent of a rose, the "bouquet" of "Margaux, 1870." But whoever is competent in Latin, French, and Italian,—I will not say Greek, but there is also Greek!—whoever likes English verse of the kind that sings itself, and is rich in the assonances, alliterations, and infallible precision of rhythm so characteristic of all Irish versification of the nineteenth century, whoever can appreciate English prose of a singularly elegant character, exhibiting a marvelous delicacy of balance in the construction of sentences, will find infinite enjoyment in Father Prout. Of such a one it may be said, as I once ventured to inscribe in a copy of the "Reliques" presented to a young lady who *was* so qualified: *Felix quæ potuit Prouti diligere versus.*

Let us at once concede all the faults that may be proved: a careless ease in his handling of Latin and a deliberate sacrifice of "classical elegance" to "rollicking gaiety and go," together with utter impatience of the polishing file and an inordinate fondness for rhyme and "jingle"; an utter defiance of the rhyming laws in his English verses and a lordly disdain of meticulosity in the choice of words save in the matter of their sounds; a profligate waste of talents upon common material and occasional descents into ordinary buffoonery and something not far removed from what in these days might be called scurrility; yet there remains a feast of incomparably varied richness, to which one can return again and again and never exhaust. "Caviar to the general" it undoubtedly may be, but it is the very best caviar made of Volga sturgeon as served at the table of the Czar himself!

Mahony wrote in four languages with complete facility; whatever criticisms can be brought against the elegance of his Latin verses fail regarding his Latin prose, as Abbé Rogerson testified to Charles Kent. His French and Italian have been pronounced good by Frenchmen and Italians; "very good for a foreigner" is the faintest praise that they have elicited. No one will claim for his English verse that it is "great" poetry, but one has only to read it aloud and the music and the rhythm in it will stifle the impulse to criticize almost before it is born. For myself, I own to a growing appreciation of his prose. The following quotation from his paper on "Dean Swift's Madness," is an excellent specimen of Father Mahony's prose style:

> There is a something sacred about insanity: the traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The poet who most studied from nature and least from books, the immortal Shakespeare, has never made our souls thrill with more intense sympathy than when his personages are brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason. The gray hairs of King Lear are silvered over with additional veneration when he raves; and the wild flower of insanity is the tenderest that decks the pure garland of Ophelia. The story of Orestes has furnished Greek tragedy with its most powerful emotions; and never did the mighty Talma sway with more irresistible dominion the assembled men of France, than when he personated the fury-driven maniac of Euripides revived on the French stage by the muse of Voltaire. . . . But let us look into our own breasts and acknowledge that with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason we cannot face the breathing ruin of a noble intellect undismayed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that gaze, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features, still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to our eye, strike us with that awe which the obelisk of the desert with its insculptured riddles inspires into the Arabian shepherd.

It seems to me that it is in passages like these that one may find the truest measure of the man and of his thoughts; the words seem to move with solemn step in stately procession with grave music to their cadenced close. I counsel lovers of the "Reliques" who know by heart their favorite verses to take the book down again and see if they cannot find a new thrill in some of the prose.

In January, 1841, when he was thirty-seven years old, Mahony wrote "The Redbreast of Acquitania" and he has left us in no doubt at all of the sad personal significance that lies in the closing stanzas of the poem describing the death of the robin in the waters of the Garonne. I cannot quote it all here, but as the quaint marginal summary says, "Old Father Proutte sadly moralizeth anent ye birde—Ye Streams of Life—A younge man of fayre promise—Hys earlie flight across ye streame," and then follow these verses:

A newe object calleth his eye from ye maine chaunce

But while thus he flew
Lo! a vision new
Caught his wayward view
With a semblance fair,
And that new-found wooer
Could alas! allure
From his pathway sure
The bright child of air.

Instabilitie of purpose a fatall evyll in lyfe

For he turned aside,
And adown the tide
For a brief hour plied
His yet unspent force.
And to gain that goal
Gave the powers of soul
Which, unwasted, whole
Had achieved his course.

This is ye morall of Father Proutte's humble ballade

A bright Spirit, young
Unwept, unsung,
Sank thus among
The drifts of the stream;
Not a record left,—
Of renown bereft,
By thy cruel theft
O Delusive Dream!

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

REVIEWS

England and the Catholic Church Under Elizabeth. By ARNOLD OSKAR MEYER. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.60.

Father J. R. McKee of the London Oratory has here given us a good translation of a valuable work written by a professor of the University of Rostock. In his preface is expressed what will doubtless be the verdict of every judicious reader: "That Dr. Meyer's work should contain views which a Catholic historian would reject, and should pass over considerations which he would emphasize, goes without saying, but no one who reads it can fail to be struck with the author's endeavor to be always fair and impartial." Dr. Meyer gives accurate information from the best sources, studied at first hand, and interpreted correctly. With German thoroughness he has sifted the evidence found in the Vatican archives, in those of Venice, in the British Museum, the Bodleian, etc., and in the records of the Society of Jesus. On some points the Lutheran professor has had the aid of an English Jesuit, Father J. H. Pollen, who according to Dr. Meyer, is hardly surpassed as a specialist in Elizabethan Catholic history.

The Rostock historian's views of the great religious and political struggle under Elizabeth do not solve all the difficulties of the subject, but they shed considerable light everywhere. The many pages where Philip II of Spain and his policy are described do not fully unravel the very tangled skein of his rather tortuous policy but they give a fair insight into the complexities of that puzzling individuality in which piety blended with an iron harshness of temper, and in which grandeur of conception and ideals was too often marred by imprudent and unpractical policies. Dr. Meyer feelingly denounces the barbarities of the torturer Topcliffe. "No blot," he says, "is more foul on the history of Elizabeth's later years than the name of Topcliffe." And he concludes his indictment with these words: "Had he not been sure of the Queen's approval, the wretch could not have plied his trade." Of Blessed Edmund Campion he draws a sympathetic portrait, saying he "realizes our ideal of what a missionary and a martyr should be." As a pendant to Campion's picture, the historian places that of Father Robert Persons of whom he writes: "The conception of Persons as a political intriguer, . . . does not give a true idea either of the depth and earnestness, or of the brilliant gifts of this richly endowed man." But he passes a rather severe judgment on Father Persons and Cardinal Allen for their advocating a Spanish succession, although he admits that Persons had no idea that in doing so and in planning an invasion he was acting unpatriotically. Dr. Meyer has brought a very important document to light by publishing a letter of the Cardinal of Como to the Nuncio Sega at Madrid. It will be the duty of Catholic theologians and apologists to solve the difficulties which it presents. Dr. Meyer has tried everywhere to be objective, and just, and has written a work of great interest, and of permanent historical value. J. C. R.

Shakespeare's Theater. By ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE, PH.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants. By O. L. HATCHER, PH.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

Neither of these volumes is intended primarily for the general reader, unless, happily, the historical sense of that worthy individual has been notably stimulated by the Tercentenary celebration. Each work is a specialized monograph, clearing a way

of approach for a better understanding of Shakespeare's times and Shakespeare's theater; they are of value, consequently, chiefly as works of reference and sources of authoritative information. Dr. Thorndike presents a comprehensive and scholarly survey of the beginnings of the modern English stage, dating his history from the year 1576 when James Burbage leased ground to the north of London for the first permanent playhouse in that city. The author then traces in detail the evolution of the Shakespearean theater, and as the drama of Elizabethan England was the transition from the medieval to the modern stage, the narration reflects much of the popular life of the times as well as the literary and historical environments of the century in England. There are chapters on Shakespeare's London, the playhouses, the material stage, the court theaters of Elizabeth, of James I, and of Charles I; interesting lights on governmental regulation of drama, histories of the leading companies, actors and producers, together with an intimate sketch of that clamorous rabble, the Elizabethan audience: all being profitable reading and absolutely necessary for students of English drama. The character of the subject-matter demands a rather formal and scientific presentment; chapters, therefore, dealing with the human elements, such as those on "The Dramatists," "Actors and Acting," "The Audience," give most scope for pleasing writing. Sources and documents are copiously indicated both in the footnotes and in the two appendices. The bibliographies are extensive and will be of great directive value to research students desiring more detailed information on any subject treated in the respective chapters. These bibliographies are an acknowledgment of Dr. Thorndike's indebtedness to the remarkable achievements of German scholars in the matter of historical criticism of Shakespeare and his age.

Dr. Thatcher in his book treats the same subject and covers much the same ground as Dr. Thorndike, but from a slightly different viewpoint. His purpose is not only to unearth facts about Elizabethan drama, but to aid, in a practical way, reproduction by modern plays and pageants. He presents to his readers a vivid pen-picture of the man Shakespeare and his contemporaries, set against the ornate background of his age. The treatment falls into two parts. Part I is a treasury of Elizabethan and Shakespearean detail describing the life and customs of the period, its sports, buildings, court festivities, its stage and drama, the dances, songs, music and even the food and drink that satisfied Elizabethan appetites. As is evident, the author's field is much wider than Dr. Thorndike's, hence the treatment of similar topics is necessarily more summary. The text is illustrated by some 200 portraits and pictures, mostly from contemporaneous sources; there is even musical notation for the songs and dances. Part II proposes plays and subjects for Shakespearean celebrations, describes settings, simple Elizabethan structures, costumes, gives directions for dances, games and other forms of Elizabethan amusement. It is, in a word, an instructive, literary "prompt-book," half-historical, half-practical, edited to encourage accurate presentation of Shakespearean dramas and true pageantry. There are several appendices, a bibliography, a glossary, and an alphabetical index; all of these enhance the usefulness of the book. The author has succeeded in uniting erudition with practicality.

E. A. W.

The End of a Chapter. By SHANE LESLIE, M.A. Cambridge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

As the note of pessimism that is sounded in the preface of this charming collection of anecdotes, epigrams, and reminiscences does not recur in the rest of the book, we may attribute to the fact that the author was at the time "invalided in hospital" his somber conviction that he had "witnessed the suicide of the civilization called Christian." Non-Catholics may, perhaps, be pardoned for thinking that the preservation of Christianity and culture altogether depends on the success or failure of this or that belligerent, for Protestant Christianity is necessarily national. But a Catholic like Mr. Leslie who believes that the Church is indefectible, and who knows her history, must be well aware that Christianity has already survived worse cataclysms than the present one. This war has wrought nothing like the moral upheaval that attended the French Revolution, for instance, or the Revolt of Luther. While the Church endures, Christian civilization is safe.

Being an enthusiastic Eton and Cambridge graduate, the author has a wealth of pleasant recollections of both places. "The Headmaster of Eton," he writes, "has more to do with the soul of England than the Primate of Canterbury. . . . The cry of *Floreat Etona!* is the *Ave Maria* of the devotion of all who have been there." As "Eton contemns other schools just as England despises the rest of the world," a football challenge from Beaumont "the Jesuit Eton," was received with a scornful "What is Beaumont?" The noble answer promptly came: "Beaumont is what Eton was—a school for Catholic gentlemen." Mr. Leslie's chapter on "The Religion of England" is full of clever Chestertonian epigrams: "Anglicanism spells an ideal of temporal followed by eternal comfort. It is the historical attempt to combine the advantages of the Catholic and the Reformed faith. It implies tradition without mystery, bishops without authority, an open Bible and a closed Hell." When the Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar, "whose see was Southern Europe," was having an audience with the Pope, his Holiness remarked, says Mr. Leslie, "I believe I am in your Lordship's diocese." The benediction the same merry Pontiff gave Anglican bishops who asked one of him, is said to have been "the formal blessing reserved to incense *before burning.*"

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

With Prospero, Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban as central figures, Percy MacKaye has written and prepared as a Shakespeare Tercentenary celebration an elaborate masque called "Caliban by the Yellow Sands" (Doubleday, Page, $0.50). Ten scenes from the tragedies and comedies are introduced and the interludes give glimpses of the dramatic art in antiquity, in medieval times and in Elizabethan England. The vast scale on which the masque is to be presented at the City College Stadium, New York, beginning May 23, is described in detail, so that other communities purposing a similar entertainment should find the book just what is wanted. The stage pictures the author has devised ought to be very striking, and his musical verses give adequate expression to the various characters' emotions.

"The shocking immorality that prevails in Latin American countries is largely due to the exorbitant marriage fees the clergy demand. Being quite unable to pay the unreasonable sums required, the poverty-stricken people dispense with the marriage rite altogether." That is the calumny that often falls from the lips or the pen of the Protestant proselytist who is ready to neglect his countless backsliding brethren in the United States provided he can collect the money that will enable him to flash the "gospel light" into the darkened minds of Mexican and South American "Romanists." The current *Catholic Mind* is well filled with authoritative refutations of Latin America's calumniators. Father John Navarette, a Mexican priest of wide experience, contributes a paper on "Marriage in Mexico"; Mr. Edward Eyre, an English Catholic who has lived many years in South America, critically examines Lord Bryce's much vaunted "Observa-

tions and Impressions" of that continent; there is a short paper on the alleged "Failure of the Mexican Church" and the number concludes with Dr. Walsh's convincing article on "The Re-Re-Discovery of the 'Dawn of Man.'"

It is hard to know just what to make of John Oxenham's new story, "My Lady of the Moor" (Longman's, $1.35). "Beatrice Chase," the "Lady" in question, is the author of a book on Dartmoor, favorably reviewed in our issue of October 9, 1915, but she also seems to be identified with a well-known English Catholic writer who has the high privilege of being the "Lady-Guardian of the Blessed Sacrament" in a little chapel she takes care of on Dartmoor. This novel, which the publishers state has been "written with her full consent and approval" is largely concerned with the life-story of "Beatrice Chase's" two lovers, one a would-be murderer who has served a term in prison, and the other a well-born profligate, whom she reluctantly dismissed because he proved to be only a "Lancelot," though she thought him a "Galahad." "How much of this book is biography and how much fiction?" perplexed readers will ask. Then if they are Catholics they will exclaim: "What a lamentable want of prudence and good taste, to take no higher ground, the author betrays! That lonely little chapel seems to need a new 'Lady-Guardian.'" There are many fine descriptive passages in the book.

Thugh numerous books of sermons are based on the Sunday Gospels, there is a dearth of good homilies on texts taken from the Sunday Epistles. To fill this want the Rev. Edmund Carroll prepared a good volume of "Sermon Plans on the Sunday Epistles" (Peter Reilly, Philadelphia) which has been edited by the Very Rev. W. M. Cunningham. These well-sketched discourses will be welcomed by busy priests.——The Rev. Ferreol Girardy, C.SS.R. in his volume on "The Mother of My Lord" (Herder, $0.75) gives simple meditative commentaries on the Hail Mary which aim at bringing out Our Lady's chief prerogatives and at holding up her life and virtues for her clients' imitation. The author supplements his own work by selections from Bossuet's sermons, from Bronchain's meditations and from ecclesiastical history. The book ends with some considerations on the Divinity of Christ and will afford suitable spiritual reading for the month of May.——"The Passion and Death of Jesus," (Benziger, $0.75) by Philip Coghlan, O.P., is a continuous narrative, told in clear and simple language, of the tragedy of Calvary. The Evangelists are followed closely and the reflections are not too long.

Mr. Louis Heft, in "Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes: Their Rights and Remedies" (Dutton, $2.00), has afforded the general public an intimate knowledge of bonds and notes, and an understanding of the nature of securities. Prospective investors in railroad bonds and notes will find here a careful and accurate analysis of their rights, and the relation that exists between them and other creditors of the road. The simplicity of the author's language and the minute table of contents for each chapter make the book easy to read.—— In view of the various investigations going on at the present time regarding the administration of public monies, "Bankrupting a Great City" (Published by the Author, Tribune Building, New York, Cloth, $0.75), by Henry H. Klein, will be found of value to those interested in public utilities and their management. The author examines the disbursement of the city's wealth, and gives startling illustrations of how waste and misuse lead to financial disaster. He contends that our cities must recover the bulk of the profits made on public franchises by private individuals, otherwise taxes will become uncollectable. The book sheds light on economic conditions in New York City, and offers arguments for municipal ownership.

As Mr. J. E. de Hirsch-Davies is thoroughly acquainted with the Welsh vernacular records, he presents in "Catholicism in Medieval Wales," (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.) the very words of bards, chroniclers and ecclesiastical writers as proofs that the religion of Christian Wales was the religion of Rome. So he easily refutes Mr. Willis Bund's assertion that Welsh Christianity resembled modern non-Conformity. The author shows that in the early Church of Wales, Mass was celebrated, the Sacraments administered, the Blessed Virgin honored and the Pope acknowledged.——Roscoe Lewis Ashley's text-book of "Medieval History" (Macmillan, $1.10) is hardly a work that the Catholic teacher will find of value. The Protestant theory of the Pope's primacy is adopted, the Church is called a medieval religious empire, Innocent III is represented as desiring universal temporal dominion, "Bloody Mary" is prominent in these pages, and Gairdner could have given the author considerable information about the suppression of the English monasteries.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Abingdon Press, New York:
The Church in the City. By Frederick de Land Leete. $1.00.

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
A New German Grammar for Beginners. By Paul Valentine Bacon. $1.25.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:
Dictionaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique contenant les Preuves de la Vérité de la Religion et les Réponses aux Objections tirées des Sciences humaines. A. d'Alès. Fascicules I–XII. 5 fr. le fascicule.

The Cosmopolitan Press, New York:
The Rational Memory. By W. H. Groves. Second Edition. $1.35.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York:
G. K. Chesterton: a Critical Study. By Julius West. $2.00.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Old Judge Priest. By Irvin S. Cobb. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:
Under the Country Sky. By Grace S. Richmond. Illustrated by Frances Rogers. $1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Thinking as a Science. By Henry Hazlitt. $1.00; Studies in Seven Arts. By Arthur Symons. $2.50; Stars of Destiny, the Ancient Science of Astrology and How to Make Use of It To-day. By Katherine Taylor Craig. $2.00.

D. C. Heath & Company, New York:
Freshman Rhetoric. By John Rothwell Slater, Ph.D.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Counter-Currents. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. $1.25; Canoeing in the Wilderness. By Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Illustrated by Will Hammell. $1.00; Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park. By James Willard Schultz. With Illustrations. $2.00; Those Gillespies. By William John Hopkins. Illustrated by Lester G. Hornby. $1.35; Union Portraits. By Gamaliel Bradford. $1.50; The Life of William McKinley. By Charles S. Olcott. Vols. I and II. $5.00; The Proof of the Pudding. By Meredith Nicholson. With Illustrations. $1.35.

B. W. Huebsch, New York:
How Diplomats Make War. By a British Statesman. Introduction by Albert Jay Nock. $1.50.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
Four Dimensional Vistas. By Claude Bragdon. $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. In Two Volumes. With Illustrations. $5.00; American University Progress and College Reform, Relative to School and Society. By James H. Baker. $1.00; Adelicia of Louvaine, the Rose of Brabant. By M. D. Huger. With a Frontispiece. $1.00.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston:
That's Why Stories. By Ruth O. Dyer. Frontispiece by John Goss. Decorations by Lester M. Chace. $1.00.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Centennial History of the American Bible Society. By Henry Otis Dwight. Two Volumes. Illustrated. $2.00; Commencement Days, a Book for Graduates. By Washington Gladden. $1.25; The Ideal Catholic Readers. Third Reader. By a Sister of St. Joseph. $0.40.

John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia:
The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism. By Frank McGloin, LL.D. $1.00.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Conscript Mother. By Robert Herrick. $0.50; The Stories of H. C. Bunner. First and Second Series. $1.25 each.

EDUCATION

The Kindergarten

GRADUALLY and persistently the kindergarten has achieved its present place in the modern field of education. The validity of its principles and the efficiency of its methods are now recognized by most educational leaders. Indeed, if the ideals and aims of the kindergarten were thoroughly understood, I believe that all opposition to its further extension would surely cease. Froebel, who has given the world so much knowledge of child-nature, believed that education was "the effort to lead and guide man to a clear knowledge of himself, to peace with nature, and to unity with God." At the foundation of Froebel's philosophy of life is his concept of man as a member of a whole, bearing within himself the full potentiality of that whole, but able to make it actual, only in and through his cooperation with the whole body. Man, he held, is "a conscious, realized, thinking activity"; an immortal being, made to the image of God, and possessed of intellect and free will.

The First Steps

This individual member, thus perfect in his kind, can achieve his destiny only by the exercise of his intellect and free will, working in accordance with the plan revealed by God to the human race. The complete union of intellect and will with this ideal plan, brings the individual to the fulfilment of the end marked out for him, his own perfection, and as far as in him lies, the perfection of the whole of which he is but a part.

The kindergarten, then, undertakes primarily to develop, the child's unfolding powers of thinking and willing. The method by which it proceeds has been termed the Genetic Development Method. The point of departure is the act of the child. "From the deed," teaches Froebel, "true education must proceed; from the deed it must germinate; out of the deed it must grow." The child's conscious deed, his spontaneous reaction against his environment, gives an initial view into his nature, and the kindergartner must now stimulate the child to reflect upon his act. If the act is positive and constructive, she encourages him to repeat it; if it is "negative," she will strive to suggest its positive counterpart, i. e., the positive act which he might have performed.

Presenting Ideals

The presentation of high and noble ideals is intimately connected with Froebel's methods. To put the child in possession of the best traditions of the race, he considers the task of education. Race ideals have come to us, as adults, largely through literature; therefore in the kindergarten, Froebel would present daily, simple, childlike stories, embodying ideals of truth, sincerity and bravery. The human race has gone through many experiences of a "negative," or worthless nature, has followed and is still following many a "wandering fire." The kindergarten, would embody only those ideals that are of positive constructive value, and for this purpose Froebel has planned a series of typical experiences, called "Mother-play," to be presented through play and symbol. By play, the prerogative and necessity of childhood, he would lead the child to discern worthy ideals and imitate worthy deeds, that through this contact and imitation, he may grow into a practical realization of truths of universal application and value.

"Mother-play"

The Mother-play sequence, therefore, includes games illustrating ideals of family life, of the trade world, of the State and of religion. Kindergarten songs and plays are selected and organized with regard to church festivals, national holidays, and the phases of nature revealed in the change of the seasons. The ideals of religion are approached in a series of plays, "the Light Songs," dealing with that majestic wonder of nature. The commentaries on these songs, for the kindergartner, deal with the awakening of the child's spiritual nature, while the songs used by the children are of the vast heavens and the heavenly bodies.

The hand, Froebel tells us, is a gift of God, an instrument of the soul, to be used for creative activity. God is act, the Creator; man in some measure rises to a further likeness to God, by becoming in a limited sense, a creator. Now as is well known, the child first shows his desire to transform matter by destructive impulses. The ascent from destructiveness to creative activity begins when the child uses matter to accomplish a conscious ideal, which is to issue in some definite and worthy result. To foster this creative power Froebel has organized certain materials known as "Gifts" and "Occupations." The Gifts are planned to illustrate as far as possible, the geometric magnitudes, solid, surface, line, and point. Blocks, square, circular, and triangular, counters, sticks, and rings, lend themselves, first to the teaching of geometric forms, next to exercises in rhythmic and symmetrical arrangement, and finally, to architectural work of an elementary nature, and "pictures" of familiar objects. The Occupations are concerned with more plastic forms of material, and include pricking, sewing, weaving, folding, cutting, and pasting, and cardboard modeling; while an effort is made to illustrate the Gift Work and to encourage free artistic effect.

Misconceptions

Kindergarten songs, games, and work are not planned simply to amuse the children, to keep them occupied and out of mischief. This is a very common objection based upon an absolute misconception of Froebel's work. All are the result of careful thought. They are systematically and logically arranged to lead the child to true self-expression by making use of the child's spontaneous activities.

Kindergarten means the "children's garden." The true kindergartner has the nurturing attitude toward each individual child committed to her care. They are as seeds which may afterwards bloom as flowers in God's presence:

> . . . Good ye are, and bad, and like to coins
> Some true, some light, but every one of you
> Stamped with the image of the king.

In a garden, not turmoil and license, but law and order must reign. And the law upon which Froebel lays greatest insistence is the new law of love and redemption; "This do and ye shall live."

Ilse Bosch.

SOCIOLOGY

Paganizing Charity

MANY years have passed since God was thrust triumphantly out of the schools, and the door locked against Him. The expulsion was effected without much of a struggle; the revolt against God in philosophy, literature, science, and history, had done its work well. With the wise and the learned, religion was a matter of opinion; with the great ones of the earth, morals had become an affair of convention. Rousseau ruled the political thought of the country; wherefore politics, once a noble branch of human knowledge and research, became in practice a name of malign omen, signifying selfish plans and sordid schemes in which neither God nor His law nor common honesty had part. Ours, we said,

is a non-sectarian government, or something of that nature; and we concluded that the smaller the place of religion in public life, the better for the ultimate peace of the commonwealth. With these principles premised, it became plain that there was no room for God in the schools of the community. We stamped "In God We Trust" on some of our coins, and denied the declaration in our educational system. It was a conventional statement; no affirmation of a fact, or even of a principle.

GOD IN THE SCHOOL

Here and there, in some little school maintained by "Papists," or "Romanists," a low, ignorant people for the most part, God was allowed some jurisdiction in the process of education. But persons of this tolerated class were not to be considered in the public or social life of the country. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water; they swept the streets, and digged the sewers, and graded the railways; in the estimation of certain lovers of American institutions, they were the helots existing in the bosom of a higher civilization and no more. But history must reverse the judgment. With a magnificent spirit of sacrifice which only heroes know, they founded the American parochial school, the noblest monument ever erected in any land, in defense of the principle that God must have the first place in the mind and heart of the child. Themselves, for the most part, sons of men despised for their ignorance, after the means of education had been wrested from them by social and governmental persecution, in the sweat of their brow they saved and labored that their sons and daughters might enjoy advantages they had never known; and that, above all, with secular knowledge, their children might imbibe the most excellent knowledge and love of God.

Meanwhile, city outvied city in erecting temples of primary and secondary education in which no knee might be bent, nor head bowed with reverence, at the sacred name of Jesus Christ. Education, or whatsoever passing fad laid claim to the name, became an American god. We cried out that our work was good, that great was our new god, enshrined in the little red schoolhouse.

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY

Generations were gathered to their forefathers. God was out of the schools, hopelessly out, with no chance of a return, for by this time it was admitted by the many that education pertained primarily and immediately, if not exclusively, to a State which recognized no God. But there was still some place for Him in the hospitals, orphanages, and other refuges of the broken and desolate. Catholics, at least, were not prepared to agree that either charity or education was the exclusive function of the State. They thought that they might, without leave and sanction of a salaried official, give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ, and not lack a reward. With the schools, therefore, the Catholic institutions for the care of dependents, increased year by year.

They were, it now appears, mistaken. Events have moved swiftly in the last decade. To the omnipotent State the philosophy of revolt has extended the right of life and death over the private institute of charity. The cup of cold water may indeed be given, but only after investigation, and only in the name of the State. For modern sociology has arisen to teach that the whole system of charity, individual and collective, founded on the precepts and example of Jesus Christ, and elaborated through the centuries by the Catholic Church, is essentially wrong. And why? The reason is at hand. Every human being is a ward of the State. The physical and mental welfare of the individual is the exclusive concern of the State. Therefore, if in need, he must be succored by the State, nor may any aid be given, without the consent of a strictly-supervising State.

Further, the private charity, especially as fostered and governed by the Catholic Church, is anti-social, since it will not recognize the complete supremacy of the State. It resolutely opposes race-suicide, divorce, lawless marriages, sterilization, and such like evils, suggested by modern sociology to the consideration of man's supreme guardian, the State. In other words, the Catholic Church insists on the inclusion of God and His law in the consideration of every phase of life. Modern sociology regards this insistence as a relic of superstition, akin to the tabu of Tahiti.

THE OMNIPOTENT STATE

It is true that certain private charities may, in the opinion of modern sociologists, be permitted a temporary existence, provided that they engage in work which, for the present, the State cannot conveniently assume, and provided further, that they act purely as agents of the State. This, however, argues no right of existence for the private institution, but merely the toleration of the civil authority. Following Aristotle, Catholic philosophy holds that the State is bound to assist the citizen in those necessary activities which the individual cannot conveniently secure for himself; today, however, the principle has been reversed. Modern sociology proposes to suppress legitimate individuality, by merging, as far as human nature will allow, all activities in the State. "It is no part of its (the State's) function," wrote an English publicist, Mr. W. S. Lilly, some years ago, "to do for them (the citizens) what they can do for themselves better, or even as well."

> The false paternal theory of the State's functions makes it not merely a high, but the only factor of human development, as the *creator and arbiter of the rights of its subjects.* . . . This school (Rousseau's) insists that man belongs wholly to the State. . . . Statolatry is a barbarous word which I write with reluctance. It expresses, however, an indubitable fact. The falsely democratic State, exalting itself above all that is called God or is worshiped, is exhibited as an earthly Providence, and the only real one; the sole object entitled to man's reverence and awe. . . . It is merely a revival of ancient Cæsarism. . . . It is a negation of that fundamental truth that human authority is limited and fiduciary, and subject to the eternal, imprescriptible, and indefeasible laws of ethics. (*"First Principles in Politics," Chapter iv, passim.*)

In the view of modern sociology, these reflections merely prove the "reactionary" character of Mr. Lilly's principles. But the attempt to establish "statolatry" in American life is "an indubitable fact." It is also an indubitable fact, that we Catholics must arouse ourselves to the importance of employing every legitimate means, to overthrow this return of paganism, if we wish to remain secure in the exercise of our right to conduct institutions of education, charity, and reform.

"CHILDREN OF THE STATE"

"The time will come," said Rabbi Stephen Wise at the Free Synagogue on April 30, "when the State will suffer no subsidized institution, and perhaps least of all, no sectarian institution, to stand *between it and its children.*" In this significant statement, Rabbi Wise who, it may be believed, does not speak for the great majority of his co-religionists, openly declares the modern sociological tenet that children are the immediate wards or property of the State:

> The moment the State begins to support child-caring institutions, that moment it must become not only a partner in the enterprise, but the dominant partner, not the silent or absent partner as has largely been true of it during the last decade, but a partner dominating by virtue of its wisdom and its devotion to the well-being of the child.

Here we have the ultimate aim of the modern philanthropy, aggressive, plausible, and thoroughly pagan. So far as the recent New York inquiry is concerned, even those in the least acquainted with the situation, Rabbi Wise among them, must know that the Catholic charitable institutions were never opposed to the most thorough investigation on the part of city and State officers, and that they were never, in any ascertainable meaning of the word, "subsidized." They rendered certain services to the city, for which an inadequate recompense was duly paid and gratefully received. All resulting financial deficits were made good by the charity of the Catholic citizens of New York.

A PLAN OF PREPAREDNESS

It will hardly be denied that the plan proposed by the modern sociologist, contemplates the withdrawal from the private institution of the legal right to exist. While it is not probable that this plan will be quickly realized, we must not be lulled into a false security. Our enemies are many; their methods, as recent events in New York have proved, are dark, devious and unscrupulous. Possibly the following suggestions may pave the way for a more effective program of "preparedness":

(1) Let no calumny against our Catholic institutions remain unanswered. Unless dealt with summarily, the modern sociologist will set no bounds to his policy of lying. (2) Every legitimate means must be used to prevent the appointment or election of pagan sociologists to public offices exercising supervision over institutions of charity and reform. This is no question of petty politics. It is a question of whether paganism which regards man as a ward of the Cæsarized State, or Christianity which holds that he is made to God's image, shall prevail in this country. (3) Catholics must show a deeper practical interest in their local institutions, by visiting them and learning of their splendid work. The religious men and women who conduct these homes of mercy, have given up all to follow Christ, but they are still human. Intelligent interest on the part of Catholics will stimulate them to even greater efforts. (4) Few if any Catholic institutions are endowed, even in part. Not one has at its disposal the millions lavished upon secular institutions. For themselves, the religious ask not one penny. But sympathy and indolent interest will not buy food for the little ones who have asked for bread, nor shoes for the bare-footed boy, nor a gingham dress for little orphan Annie. She has come to their house to stay, and they must provide for her. Or rather, you must. The Catholic flock is not wise in the wisdom of this world, but it has a heart for giving, when its attention is properly directed. Are you going to do your share, contributing in full measure, pressed-down and overflowing, to the poor and afflicted who represent Jesus Christ Himself; generously, out of your poverty, as did your forefathers in this country? "Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That is the issue at stake.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY

There can be no doubt as to the answer. We have our traitors and our weak-kneed brethren, who with a penny's worth of help or none at all, contribute volumes of criticism. Happily, these are few, and some of them are now known. But, measured in legal tender, how much is your undoubted sympathy for the calumniated Catholic institution worth? The destiny of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, may hang on your answer.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The clergy of the Hartford diocese recently celebrated the sixth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Nilan. During the brief period of his episcopacy the Catholics of the diocese of Hartford have increased from about 400,000 to over 500,000, and now number some forty per cent of the inhabitants of the State of Connecticut. A little less than three-quarters of a century ago, according to the *Catholic Transcript,* the Bishop of Philadelphia wrote to the Irish College at Rome, regretting the establishment of the Hartford diocese: "The unfortunate haste with which Little Rock and Hartford were made sees in a former Council should make us pause when a new see is to be erected." Less than thirty years later it was found necessary to divide the latter diocese, taking from it one of the two States which it originally embraced. Today but two dioceses and five archdioceses of the country exceed it in population. When in 1844 Bishop Tyler was made the first incumbent of the see, which then included Rhode Island and Connecticut, the total number of Catholics in both States was 9,937. Today, under its seventh bishop, the Catholic population of the latter State alone is 503,498.

So long as secular or operatic music is offered to our people in the Masses selected to be sung for them, says the *Catholic Choirmaster,* there will always be danger that the sacred functions may be regarded as an accompaniment to the music. Remarks like the following need not then surprise us:

> Wasn't Miss Q. in good voice today, and didn't her duet with Mr. Doe in the "Credo" remind you of "Cavalleria" a little?
>
> How thrillingly Mr. X. sang the tenor solo at the Offertory; I couldn't help but think of De Reszke, and the way he used to sing that aria in "Lohengrin."
>
> I like the *Dona nobis pacem* of that Mass, it is so lively and bright, and seems so appropriate for the "closing number"!

The official bulletin of the Society of St. Gregory sees hopeful signs for the development of liturgical music in the patronage given it by many of the higher dignitaries of the Church, "who neglect no opportunity to forward the cause." It quotes with great satisfaction the words recently spoken by one of our bishops: "One thing I miss greatly, and that is Gregorian Chant. When I go to administer Confirmation or preside at other functions I rarely hear Gregorian Chant. I am a lover of the Chant and nothing would please me more than to hear those wonderful melodies. I prefer the Chant to the modern compositions, for it is so prayerful."

As doubtless the most suitable place for such a venture, the stockyards district in Chicago has been chosen for the site of a birth control clinic to be established in that city. Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the propagandist of this unclean paganism of our day, expresses herself as delighted both with the reception accorded her and the interest manifested by people of all classes. She finds herself "fairly swamped" with letters from women eager to receive practical information on this subject. No less significant was the demonstration given in New York's largest hall to the anarchist agitator, Emma Goldman, on her release from prison, where she had been incarcerated on account of her birth-control propaganda. In open defiance of the authorities of the city, as well as of public decency, Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, wife of the Socialist millionaire, J. G. Phelps Stokes, distributed on that occasion sheets containing forbidden information. Men and women, boys and girls, struggled to obtain them. Chairs were overturned and property damaged in the scramble. "Capitalist society has not succeeded in making me bitter, but it has succeeded in making me unafraid," she said, "therefore, be the penalty what it may, I here frankly offer to give out these slips."

No attempt was made by "the gentlemen of the club," as she politely termed the police, to interfere with her. Thus all reticence is cast aside and the law of God is publicly flouted. Noted journals even fling their defiance to heaven and proclaim the rule of license and voluptuousness, free from obligations. Passion has become a god once again; the result will be as ever, decadence, if not entire ruin.

Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebrations have been a feature of this year in many of our Catholic colleges and academies. Historic presentations of the plays after the Elizabethan style have likewise been attempted. A varied program of this nature was prepared by the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn. The celebrations began April 29 with a reproduction on the college campus of the peasant and court revels of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and with pastimes of an earlier date. On the morning of May 1, after an academic procession, lyrics from the poet's dramas were sung after the manner of his day. The program of Shakespearean music was followed in the evening by a presentation of "As You Like It," after the historic fashion of the Elizabethan stage. The following day Doctor James J. Walsh delivered a Shakespearean Lecture. Although this closed the commemoration exercises, yet five more Shakespeare events are to follow before the scholastic year closes: the acting of "The Merchant of Venice" and the monologue recitals of "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Macbeth" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." A prize commemorative address, written by one of the students, was likewise part of the Shakespeare celebration.

For the first time in the history of the American nation violence and assassination were openly justified upon the floor of the House of Congress. The speaker was the Socialist Representative, Meyer London, and the occasion was the discussion of the Porto Rican Bill. That the denial of the right of franchise to "three-fourths of those people" would lead to organized insurrection, was his first contention. He then proceeded to lay down the following principles as stenographically reported:

> Three-fourths of the working people who will be disfranchised will have the right to use the revolver and will have a right to kill Governors. Do you deny to a man the right to his views through civilized methods? He has the right to use every weapon at his command and every protection. The man whose vote you take away will have the right to put the knife of an assassin into the heart of any man who attempts to govern him against his will.

A doctrine similar to this had been as clearly proclaimed in writing by his Socialist predecessor in Congress, but had not been made within the House itself. It is a doctrine common among Socialist agitators even of the more conservative kind. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Mr. London, however, found to his cost that the American people are not yet socialistically educated to admit the right of cold-blooded assassination. He was interrupted by Representative Austin who demanded that his words be taken down. "They are a disgrace to the American Congress!" he shouted. White and shaking, Mr. London realized he had overshot his mark, and sought to offer an explanation; but the members of the House had distinctly heard what had been said, and Representative Mann demanded a withdrawal of the offensive remarks. "I ask to withdraw them," Mr. London replied, "and I am heartily sorry if I offended the House." The impression created will, however, remain, and the incident should be a lesson to American voters. Mr. London had merely repeated what many other leaders of American Socialism have just as plainly said before him and deliberately expressed in cold print.

The fear of disease communicated by dust from books is one of the latest inconveniences of our library-building age. To investigate this subject Yale University instituted a chemical analysis of book-dust and found that its constituents are mineral matter, paper fiber, wood fiber and molds. No dangerous bacteria were discovered, nor is their presence to be feared unless the books have been used by persons having infectious diseases. The *Christian Herald* moralizes on this subject and suggests that such germs are rather to be found in the interior of the books. They may often be far more numerous and fatal in the latest "best sellers" than in the ancient moldy tomes that have gathered dust for centuries upon the shelves of neglected libraries:

> There is a good deal of dust, and dangerous dust, too, on the inside of many books. The bacteria of moral smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, and bubonic plague are there; some of them easily seen, others concealed in hint and insinuation, all so fascinating and damaging to character, and all so easily and widely disseminated. A number of modern writers have dealt too boldly with the diseased, the lawless side of human life.

If we would escape these dust germs of moral infection and spiritual death we must turn to the literature which deals with those things to which the Apostle St. Paul calls our attention as the fit subjects of study and thought: "Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things." Surely an ample field of reading and speculation!

Bigotry has reached its climax in Florida. On Easter Monday three Catholic Sisters were marched as prisoners through the streets of St. Augustine. Their crime was that they had taught colored children to read and write and to worship God. There is a law in the enlightened State of Florida forbidding white people to teach the colored children in schools erected for them. The law, though held to be unconstitutional, was placed upon the statute books of Florida. It was not, however, applied until in 1916 the "Guardians of Liberty" came into power. They have now given the entire country an illustration of the liberty and enlightenment they have pledged themselves to secure for our land. The conditions existing today in the State of Florida are thus described by the New Orleans *Morning Star:*

> From one end of the State to the other paid vilifiers of everything Catholic are abroad preaching a gospel of hate. Discarded preachers, itinerant Socialist operators, scoundrels, caring nothing for God or man, are now paid salaries by the bigots of Florida to shower pornographic filth against the small Catholic population of the State. And, be it said, to the eternal disgrace of the men in high office, that they who were elected to represent a whole people and whose oath of office binds them to measure out justice to all citizens of the State, regardless of class or creed, are now self-seeking bigots, tools in the hands of the State's worst enemies—the vilifiers, misrepresenters, hate-preachers. Florida invites settlers. But it is no place for men who love fair play and justice, who stand squarely on American principles of liberty, so long as the State is controlled by so-called men who hate justice and trample on the rights of fellow-men. Here and there some individual or some journal may utter a word of condemnation, but the manhood of the State seems to be paralyzed by fear of the banded, blind bigots. Hence the silence, in the face of the injustice and violation of American principles.

Six poor ignorant negroes were urged to petition the Government to enforce the law against the Sisters teaching in their negro parochial school. It was stated by them that some Protestant children were likewise being taught the catechism in this school. Whether true or not, the statement is entirely irrelevant. The law which is violated by the State itself in its "Institute for the Blind," is in no way concerned with the teaching of Protestant children by Catholics. The Sisters were made victims at the instance of religious bigotry. Such bigotry must defeat itself when brought to the public notice.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—On the outskirts of Dixmude there have been violent but unsuccessful artillery duels between the Belgians and Germans. Northeast of Vermelles, the Germans succeeded in capturing 500 yards of the British trenches, some of which were lost the next day. At many points of the line between Loos and Verdun there have been minor engagements, which have not altered the general situation. In the Verdun district, early in the week, the offensive passed from the French to the Germans, who, after bombarding with great violence the French positions south of Haucourt, on the west side of the Meuse, made a series of seven infantry attacks on the sector between Hill 304 and Hill 287. The only result of their efforts was to extend somewhat their trenches on Hill 304. East of the Meuse, both French and Germans have been on the offensive along the Douaumont-Vaux line, but without notable success for either side. Nothing of importance has been reported from the Italian fronts. In Albania there are signs of renewed activity on the part of the Austrians. Near Pinsk, and in the Pripet region, the Austrians have been on the offensive, and in Galicia they have been attacked by the Russians, but these operations have not been on a great scale.

Bulletin, May 9, p. m.-May 16, a. m.

In Armenia the Russians have made progress. Along the Black Sea coast, they have advanced more than twelve miles, and are now south and southeast of Platana. Further south the Turks report two successes, near Baschkjoel, southeast of Mamahatun, and at Bathli, northeast of Mount Kope; but neither seems to have been of a decisive character, for the Russians claim two subsequent victories in the same region and have now reached a point about thirty-five miles east of Erzingan. Northwest of Musch a minor engagement has ended in favor of the Turks, but southwest of the same city the Russians have driven the Turks back in the direction of Diarbekr. In Persia, the Russians have advanced from Kirind, and have occupied Kasr-i-Shirin, at the headwaters of the Diala River, close to the Turkish frontier. They are now about 100 miles from Bagdad. A Russian army has entered Mesopotamia from the north and has taken Rowanduz, sixty-two miles northeast of Mosul.

The only development in the submarine controversy between Germany and the United States has been the admission by Berlin, in an official note, that a German submarine torpedoed the Sussex. This conclusion was reached partly on the basis of the facts, submitted by Washington, and partly on additional evidence which has come to light. The note declares that although the submarine commander acted in good faith, believing the Sussex to be a war vessel, he did not exercise the particular care which his instructions called for:

The German Note

> In view of these circumstances, the German Government frankly admits that the assurance given to the American Government in accordance with which passenger vessels were not to be attacked without warning has not been adhered to in the present case. As was intimated by the undersigned in the note of the 4th inst., the German Government does not hesitate to draw from this, resultant consequences. It therefore expresses to the American Government its sincere regret regarding the deplorable incident and declares its readiness to pay an adequate indemnity to the injured American citizens. It also disapproved of the conduct of the commander, who has been appropriately punished.

A similar note, deploring the incident, and promising to compensate the families of the Spaniards who were lost in the attack on the Sussex has been sent by the German Government to Madrid.

France.—In a timely and eloquent letter published in *La Croix*, the fighting Catholic senator, M. de Las Cases, answers a critic who says that the Catholic senators and deputies "are doing nothing" and are as "dumb as milestones." "J. B." in an editorial of the same paper, after paying a well-deserved tribute to the keen logic and orderly presentation of facts offered by the great Catholic senator in refutation of the charge, states that the accusation itself is, especially at the present time, a downright insult. It is made at the very moment when M. de Las Cases himself, and MM. de Lamarzelle and Jénourier are fighting so sturdily in the Senate, and not without success, for freedom of education and the protection of the rights of the family over its children. And while in the Upper Chamber this splendid work is being done, Catholic members in the Lower House are doing their share also. "J. B." cites as a striking example the energetic and courageous conduct of the delegation made up of members of the Right, "Action Libérale" and the Independents who recently protested in a body to the Prime Minister against the anti-clerical campaign waged in certain influential journals. The delegation which called upon M. Briand was headed by M. Piou and was composed of the following Catholic deputies, whose names deserve to be remembered: MM. de Gailhard, Bancel, Groussau, Joseph Denais, V. Rochereau, Admiral Biendimé, Galpin, Ferdinand Bougère, De Baudry, D'Asson, Jules Delahaye, and De Kernier. The protest has had its salutary effect. M. Briand's favorable answer was chronicled in last week's AMERICA.

Courageous Catholic Senators and Deputies

Germany.—The resignation from office of the Minister of the Interior and Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, Dr. Clemens Delbrück, has given rise to considerable comment. At the beginning of the war he found himself confronted with the complicated food problem. His success in dealing with this, though not complete, was such as to merit the highest admiration. Free to issue laws and ordinances he was hampered by the fact that he did not control the executive power which alone could make his regulations universally effective. This complicated the situation still further until, through illness and overwork, Dr. Delbrück has been obliged to retire from an office which, like all others previously occupied by him, he administered with great ability. The *Tageblatt* says of him:

Dr. Delbrueck's Resignation

> He leaves office overworked and a sick man. The tasks imposed upon him were too much for him. Most of those who criticize would have met the same fate. The only conclusion to be drawn is that there must be a complete separation of all food questions from the Interior Department, already over-burdened in peace times. When this, to which Dr. Delbrück himself in the last days gave the initiative, is accomplished, one ought to be able to judge the parting Minister more justly. He was a Prussian official of splendid capabilities, whom a chain of coincidences placed in one of the most difficult posts in the complicated transition period.

The food problem confronting Germany is not a question of insufficient supply, but of adequate distribution. Such minor disturbances as have arisen because of food difficulties were due to the conviction of the people and of the press that in view of the existing supplies, prices were so unreasonably high that the masses were subjected to unnecessary hardships. It is not certain that anything in the nature of a food dictatorship, such as Maximilian Harden suggests, is contemplated by the Government. Although no immediate appointment is looked for, it is thought that the great Catholic statesman, Count von Hertling, President of the Bavarian Ministry, will be chosen to succeed Dr. Delbrück.

Great Britain.—Despite the fall of Kut and the recent troubles in Ireland, the Coalition Ministry remains in power, and although an apparently suspicious Parliament has ceased to be a mere machine to register the wishes of the Ministers, no present indications point to the dissolution of the Cabinet. The *Nation* states its belief that while the motives of the "crisis makers" may not be uniformly selfish and unpatriotic, yet "it is manifest that their cooperation is a national peril in war time." Quoting the same journal, the *Catholic Times* writes that "Mr. Asquith has been evilly handled. He has had enemies at his own board. And chief among them is Mr. Lloyd George." Discussing Mr. Asquith's change of opinion in regard to the question of conscription, the *Times* outlines a puzzling state of affairs, which has mystified more than one student of current English events:

The Mystery of Conscription

> We shall not know until the war ends, perhaps not even then, the real reason for Mr. Asquith's decision on the question of conscription. Yet some things are clear. We have huge numbers of men under arms, literally millions. We have great forces in France and Flanders, at Salonika and in Egypt, and a host of men at home. Why so many men are being kept in Egypt nobody professes to know. Why, if our navy is sufficient security for our coasts, we need so many troops in England is a problem. And report describes our front on the Continent as being amply furnished with men and munitions. Yet the War Office people demand more men, and help to precipitate a political crisis by their demand. Is there some mystery?

The *Times* does not answer this question, but after pointing out that since the industries of England must be maintained if the war is to be won, and that compulsory conscription will necessarily cripple these industries, already suffering from a serious shortage, proceeds to advise the Premier to "face his enemies boldly, stick to his position, exert his power, choose, if need be, fresh colleagues from the popular sections of Parliament, and he will have the country at his back." As to the "crisis makers" whom the *Times* believes backed by "the ambitions of politicians who aspire to posts of the highest importance: Until they are dealt with sternly by the authorities or the people, it is vain to expect that

we shall have a stable Government, whatever may be the ability and efficiency of the Ministers."

All this discussion emphasizes the main difficulties connected with conscription in England: the elimination of the selfish politician and the proper staffing of the industries.

Ireland.—During the past week events moved rapidly in unfortunate Ireland. Dispatches of May 8 announced the execution of Cornelius Colbert, Edmund Kent, Michael Mallon and J. J. Houston; those of May 10 made known the execution of Thomas Kent, at Fermoy; those of May 12 announced the death of James Connolly and John McDermott, after sentence by a court-martial. Arrests and imprisonment are too numerous to record. It is known that the number deported from Ireland for trial is 1,706. Among the more prominent people arrested were Count and Countess Plunkett, whose three sons were tried for complicity in the uprising; one of these was executed, the other two were sentenced to penal servitude. Up to May 10 seventy-nine prisoners had been tried; twelve of this group were shot, four were sentenced to imprisonment for life, twenty-one to ten years in jail, and forty-two to shorter terms. On April 26, F. Sheehy Skeffington, the editor of the *Irish Citizen,* was executed apparently without just cause and certainly without proper trial. On April 7 he wrote a letter to the *New Statesman,* declaring that trouble was brewing on account of the overbearing attitude of the "military authorities" in Ireland. The last sentence of his communication was: "I write in the hope that despite the war fever there may be enough sanity and common sense left to restrain the militarists while there is yet time." His fate became known through this letter written by his wife:

Results of the Uprising

My husband was arrested on April 25, when returning home on the second day of the rising, was tried (charge unknown) and shot forthwith. He was unarmed and a non-combatant, being well known as an earnest pacifist, but also as an Irish Nationalist. I would take it as the greatest favor to his memory that you would see that these facts are known at once in England to prevent further tragedies while there is time. I have these facts from a most reliable source, but I have had as yet no official information and have not been allowed even to see my husband, receive his message or take away his body for burial.

Later Mrs. Skeffington gave details of her husband's death, asserting that not even a priest was allowed to attend the condemned man. The British Government declined to assume responsibility for this execution and promised to court-martial the officer who had commanded it. Two other journalists, it is said, met the same fate as the editor of the *Irish Citizen.* Meanwhile feeling was running high. Mr. Dillon asserted in the House of Commons that there appeared to be a "roving commission with authority to carry out these horrible executions." The speaker continued:

If Ireland were governed by men out of bedlam, they could not pursue a more insane policy. You are letting loose a river of blood between two races, which, after three hundred years of hatred, we had nearly succeeded in bringing together. You are washing out our whole life work in a sea of blood. . . . In my opinion the present government of Ireland is largely in the hands of the Dublin clubs. What is the use of telling me that the executive authorities acted in close consultation with the civil executive officers of the Irish Government? Who are these officers? There are none; they have all disappeared. There is no government in Ireland except Maxwell and the Dublin clubs. Everybody in Dublin knows that. Before the civil officers took flight the military officers treated them with undisguised contempt, and from the day martial law was proclaimed the civil government came absolutely to an end. The men of the old "ascendency" party are going about the streets of Dublin today openly glorying in the rebellion; they claim that it brought martial law and real government into the country. That is what makes the situation so terrible. If that program is to be enforced in Ireland you had better get ready 100,000 men to garrison the country. And then what sort of appearance will you make as the champions of small nationalities?

Following in the same strain, Timothy Healy declared that the death of Skeffington "would never be forgotten while the years grew and water ran." The English press is not very sure in its treatment of the problem. However, the Manchester *Guardian* recently called the executions "an atrocity" and demanded for the untried Irish leaders the same treatment as that freely accorded to Casement, a public trial. George Bernard Shaw, in a letter to the *Daily News,* stated that

Until Dublin Castle is superseded by a national parliament and Ireland is voluntarily incorporated with the British Empire as Canada, Australia, and South Africa have been incorporated, an Irishman resorting to arms to achieve the independence of his country is doing only what Englishmen will do if it be their misfortune to be invaded and conquered by the Germans in the course of the present war.

During all this agitation the country remains under martial law. Wimborne and Nathan have resigned and civil government has been abolished. A commission headed by Lord Hardinge has been appointed to investigate the causes of the uprising, and Asquith has hurried to Ireland. Apropos of the commission the Irish Parliamentary Party passed the following resolutions:

That any inquiry into the Irish situation must, if it is to be of any value and satisfy public opinion in Ireland and Great Britain, satisfy two conditions: 1. The personnel of the commission must be in touch with and satisfy the public of its impartiality and capacity to conduct an Irish inquiry effectively and without favor. 2. The terms of reference must allow of full investigation of all circumstances which led up to the arming of large sections of the people of Ireland and the recent insurrectionary outbreak, the nature and extent of the outbreak, the fitness of the present form of execution in Ireland to deal with such troubles, and actual steps taken by the Irish executive during the last three years to deal with conditions which led up to the outbreak and with the outbreak when it came.

On May 15 Casement was brought from the Tower to the Bow Street Court for a preliminary hearing on the charge of high treason. Up to the time of this writing the only evidence of importance adduced indicated that Casement, out of a desire to set up an Irish republic, had planned to land several expeditions on the coast of Ireland and elsewhere in the British Isles.

Mexico.—Many problems harass unfortunate Mexico: villages are in ruins, disease and famine are doing a deadly work; but despite all this the so-called rulers of the unhappy country find time for robbery and religious persecution. Their present attitude is illustrated by the following citation taken from the Carranzista organ, *La Vox de la Revolucion,* dated April 21, 1916:

Attacks on Religion

Good Friday: This is a day on which that farce, the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, celebrates one of those pompous feasts which are such an insult to civilized humanity.

Science, the goddess of truth, teaches that a lie in religion has prevailed ever since the foundation of the Church, that it is through ignorance priests captivate their followers, an ignorance that has covered up odious robberies. Throughout the whole narration of the life of Christ, from His birth to His Passion, we come across statements that are physically and scientifically (*sic*) impossible. An effort is made to prove certain physical facts, of the impossibility of which we are convinced. Yet in spite of the proved truth of this impossibility . . . in spite of the glorious Mexican revolution . . . here in Progreso all work was stopped on Good Friday. Thus we are face to face with a psychological phenomenon as curious as it is difficult to study. The toilers who quit work today are the very ones who of their own accord rushed to destroy the idols of the Catholic reactionaries of Merida, the very workmen who constituted the liberal and revolutionary vanguard in Yucatan. . . . How, then, can they celebrate today a feast of the Church which they destroyed, when they burned its saints, threw down its altars and changed the muffled knells sounded by the priesthood into gladsome and sonorous peals that herald liberty? But let no priest or his followers boast of victory. No, the workmen of Progreso are not celebrating Good Friday; no, a thousand times no. We are convinced that it is only a mad and insane atavism that has induced them to suspend labor. They no longer feel in the depth of their hearts the respect, much less the veneration, felt some years ago for a bit of wood more or less painted, a bit of wood that was made to pass for something sacred and miraculous. Those workmen have said to themselves: "Let us suspend work in order to rest and because our rules order it, and for no other reason."

The article cited ridicules those who are "not advanced enough" to dishonor Good Friday, characterizes abstention from work on that day as a "farce," "ignorance," "a backward movement," advocates anti-religious societies and calls upon all to do away with religious sentiments, as they would expel "venomous rattlesnake poison from their bodies." The same paper grows ecstatic over the feasts given to school children on Good Friday and finds especial pleasure in the fact that images were smashed in the presence of the children: "which being interpreted" is the religious liberty promised by Carranza.

The Mexican bandits still continue their forays into the United States; Villa is still at large; dispatches place him now north of Pershing's line and now south of it. Nothing definite is known about him, and in fact little is known about the general situation. More troops have been hurried to the border and the President has called into service the National Guard of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, so that the total number of men now under Funston's command is about 38,500. The conferences between Generals Scott and Obregon have been discontinued, and General Scott has been called to Washington to report to the Secretary of War. Before he left El Paso the following statement was issued:

International Relations

After several conferences, marked throughout by conspicuous courtesy and good-will, at which conferences mutual impressions were exchanged and information was collected upon the military situation upon the frontier, it was agreed upon by the conferees to suspend the conferences and report back to their respective Governments in order that these may be able, through their respective Foreign Departments, to conclude this matter. The ending of these conferences does not mean, in any way, the rupture of the good relations of friendship between the conferees nor between the respective Governments.

A. OBREGON,
H. L. SCOTT,
FREDERICK FUNSTON.

Despite these fair words there is a general feeling that at present the relations between Mexico and the United States are very strained indeed.

Rome.—The *Cittadino* of Genoa, quoted by *Rome* in its latest number, says it learns on good authority that there is no truth in the rumor that the Vatican Council is to be reopened shortly after the war. Reports that it would be reconvened have been widespread for the last ten years. One of the chief reasons assigned for the necessity of a General Council is the promulgation of the new Code of Canon Law. This argument, however, does not seem absolutely convincing. After twelve years of preparation, the new Code is now practically ready. It has been elaborated by Cardinal Gasparri, by a commission of cardinals, by a body of about fifty consultors including the most learned professors of canon law, and by over a thousand bishops assisted by as many canonists in every part of the Catholic world. The Code, it is thought, will be promulgated by a Pontifical Constitution. A second reason advanced for the reopening of the Vatican Council is the alleged necessity of settling many difficulties connected with the Holy Scriptures. But the Biblical Question, in the opinion of many, forms a reason for deferring rather than hastening the reopening of the Council. For the Holy See, realizing that this is a period of active Biblical study and research, has made ample provision for collecting, collating, and sifting results. This explains the establishment of the Biblical Commission, consisting of a number of cardinals and a large body of learned consultors; of a Vulgate Commission formed of Benedictines under the direction of Cardinal Gasquet to restore the text of St. Jerome's version; and of a Biblical Institute entrusted to Jesuit professors and scholars, whose aim is, not only to train teachers of Scripture, but to register and analyze the latest results of Biblical research and scholarship. Just where the present rumor about the reopening of the Vatican Council arose, it is hard to say.

Will the Vatican Council be Reopened?

TOPICS OF INTEREST

III—The Charities Investigation: The Hearings

THE record of the hearings of the Strong Commission is perhaps one of the most voluminous of modern times. It begins at page 1534 and ends at page 8763, excluding hundreds of "exhibits." To gather the "testimony," picked investigators, acting under instructions, were engaged in inspecting the child-caring institutions; their "findings" were whipped into elaborate reports which excluded nothing, however small or untruthful, provided it would serve to injure or discredit the private institutions. The charges were filed, the stage set, the Commissioner appointed from a list submitted by Mr. Homer Folks, whose pet aversion is the private charity, and with an atmosphere of hostility created, the enemies of the private institutions, were ready for the public attack.

The quiet and sober rooms of the New York Bar Association were selected for the hearings which began on Monday, January 31, and continued with interruptions until April 24. The Department of Public Charities, led by Messrs. Doherty, Kingsbury and the astute W. H. Hotchkiss, began the attack. As "experts," backers, aiders and abettors they called Messrs. Reeder, Bernstein, Devine, Folks, Bruère, Canfield, Moree, Miss Katherine B. Davis, Miss Madeline Doty, Mayor Mitchell, and a few lesser lights.

Dr. Reeder attacked the "shut-in schools" and the "shut-in staffs" of the child-caring institutions. His specialty was retardation; but incidentally he spoke of the "scramble for children" and the "profit accruing from their care." When asked on February 9, by Commissioner Strong, "Why the scramble?" he hesitated, and Mr. Hotchkiss encouraged him by saying, "State it Doctor." "Well," replied Dr. Reeder, "they are a sort of revenue to the institution." Commissioner Strong inquired where the revenue went; Dr. Reeder enlightened him. *"It might be* to sustain, or to continue, or to build up a Religious Order" (*page 2587 of the record*). Dr. Reeder admitted that he too had assisted in the "scramble"; but the Commissioner, solicitous for his reputation, asked "Just what do you mean, that you helped the institution in the scramble to get children? It seems to be a reflection upon your own character, does it not? I don't want you unintentionally to leave the testimony in that condition." What kindness! Dr. Reeder was well able to take care of himself, but if he limped now and then, Mr. Strong was ready to help him over the difficult places.

Dr. Bernstein attacked the social activities of the institutions. These had to be according to his standards or fall under his condemnation. Mr. Brooke criticized the plant, buildings and equipment; while the social service inspectors from the City Department of Charities had each his or her own line of work, which made the testimony given about food, clothing, physical conditions, bathing and lavatory facilities, tooth brushes and towels, most illuminating.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Strong did not act on the writer's suggestion, and go to the institutions to see for himself the actual conditions. This, however, would not have suited the purposes of the prosecutors. It would be a short cut to the truth, and the enemies of the institutions had no stomach for the truth. There were twenty-six institutions on the controverted list. Some are so small, both in population and plant, that they can be inspected in half a day and the charges against them disproved. As a rule when disputants meet to talk over their differences, much, if not all of the ground for dispute vanishes. Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty had no desire to adjust differences or bring about improvement of conditions in the institutions in a quiet, orderly manner. Since taking office they have hungered and thirsted for publicity. A quiet adjustment of difficulties would not suit their purpose; hence the defects found or alleged were not brought to the attention of the institution managers with the idea of bettering affairs. The public must be made aware of the alleged shortcomings, the public appetite for scandal must be satisfied, the press of the city must be set in motion in such a way that the newspapers would select the "high spots" and such items as were most striking and startling. In this way public sentiment would be aroused and the enemies of the institutions could carry on the propaganda for the secularization of all the private charities of the State. No plan was ever more wickedly conceived. The testimony of Madeline C. Doty, on February 15, (*record* 3112 *to* 3125), makes these methods manifest. This lady has a mania for publicity. She went to jail for a month some years ago, to get first-hand experience, so as to add value to her magazine articles. While on the stand she testified that her investigations showed that an enormous number of criminals in our State Prisons came from child-caring institutions. She declared that she examined the record of twelve hundred convicts, and found two-thirds of them had been in some childrens' institution; she asserted that many of these men attributed their down-fall to the fact that they had been brought up or lived for a time in a child-caring institution. No proof was offered for this: no names were given, no effort was made to check up her data. She herself *said* that *she* was an expert in penology. That was sufficient. Who could doubt her?

Let us hope that Mr. Strong will visit many, if not all the institutions criticized before he sends his report to the Governor. As an intelligent man, he should be able to see whether or not our institutions are recruiting stations for prisons. It will not take him long to discover that our institutions are making strenuous and successful efforts to train their charges for decent citizenship. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If some of the former inmates of the institutions fall by the wayside

and become criminals, this is the fault of the individual and not of the institution.

The "over-lords" and the "experts" in the field of charity and philanthropy were called in turn, and were listened to with bated breath. For two whole weeks after the hearings began, the entire press of the city gave full publicity to this campaign of vilification and abuse of the institutions, their management, methods and motives. Nothing was left untouched. No gibe was too bitter. Not one good word was said for them, nor the slightest effort made by Commissioner Strong, to curb the defamation which, as the Commissioner well knew, was based on mere hearsay or opinion and did not conform to the rules of evidence, but was nevertheless cloaked under official sanction. Messrs. Doherty, Kingsbury, or some of their "expert" witnesses *said* it. That was quite sufficient. During this time, while the institutions and their friends writhed under the sting and humiliation of false imputations and slanderous charges, the "atmosphere" of the hearings and the attitude of Commissioner Strong, were, to our mind, openly partial to Mr. Hotchkiss and his clients who were using the "institutions that were not on trial" as a battering-ram to beat down their opponents in the State Charity Board. Under the circumstances, Commissioner Strong should have quickly discovered the parties to the quarrel, and the first elements of justice should have dictated that he protect the rights of non-combatants. Did the Commissioner do this? He did not. A reading of the record will show how the Commissioner and his attorney, Mr. John Kirkland Clarke, constantly collaborated with Mr. Hotchkiss and his clients. During the early days of the hearings, which were a time of great suspense for the institutions and their friends, the Commissioner must have been aware of the irreparable harm done in poisoning the public mind, but he never made a vigorous effort to set the public right. He did mention once or twice that "the institutions were not on trial," but it was done in so feeble and half-hearted a manner that no one paid any attention to him. "Murder" was being done, the reputations of honest men and women were being assassinated, their motives and work misrepresented, and it was high time to call a halt. A distinguished citizen has remarked that, "When a man's wife is insulted, it makes little difference what he does six months afterwards." It was no time to consult the niceties of language, to resort to paper diplomacy or to indulge in "watchful waiting." It was an occasion that called for action. Then began the battle of the pamphlets. This opened the whole situation to the public in a manner that had not been possible before. It smoked out the sinister allies of the interests of the State Charities Aid Association, the Russell Sage Foundation, the Charity Organization Society, the City Club, the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, Homer Folks, John A. Kingsbury, Alfred T. White, and their activities with the Governor and his Commissioner. After the publication of the pamphlets the atmosphere at the hearings changed, although even then Commissioner Strong could not altogether smother his solicitude for one side of the issue. When a subpœna was requested for Mr. Canfield of the State Charities Aid Association, the Commissioner demurred, stating that a request for his presence would be sufficient. But, after that, subpœnas were issued by him for Mgr. Dunne; Father Dineen, Bishop Hayes's secretary; Father Farrell; myself and others. I do not believe that Commissioner Strong has any religious bias, but his associations and contact with one faction made him a decided partisan in spite of himself. In a future article we shall consider certain phases of the testimony and the effects the testimony was intended to produce.

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A Plea for Novel-Reading

THERE has always been a certain odium attached to the idea of novel-reading. In the eyes of some good people it is to be classed with bear-baiting and other Puritanic aversions of Cromwellian days; in the view of others it is held not so much a reprehensible fault, but as an unimportant work of supererogation, deserving of no merit. A few years ago a popular professor at a large American university read in the journals of the day a hundred jesting jibes directed at a new college course on the contemporary novel which he was about to offer. Only a few months since certain critics of life with perhaps rather unromantic views on living advocated that the novel be banished from the New York public library. Well, the course on modern novels is being given, and the fiction shelves of the library are still intact; and it is difficult to measure the harm or benefit that has resulted from the innovation at the university and from the unchanged custom of the city library.

That there are good grounds for criticism of the novel from the moral standpoint it is needless to dispute. Everyone who does not take a thoroughly hedonistic view of life knows that many novels have done and are doing incalculable injury. Novelists there have been who have not left their native air sweeter for their words. Balzac was one, though a man of rare talent; de Maupassant was another; such was Smollett and such was Laurence Sterne. Today too there are writers who have given their souls away, men who have sold their knightliness and women who are glancing back toward the unholy cities. *Noblesse oblige* as a heraldic device seems to have been blotted from their escutcheons; it is indeed hard to be noble, and it is extremely easy to write in one of the fashionable modes of the twentieth century. It is an occasion of regret that the fallen ideals of so many readers allow them to taste the fruit of the forbidden tree and call it good.

There is, moreover, another danger from novel-read-

ing beside the moral harm. A person may grow so fond of novels that he may wish to read nothing else. Novels are easy to read; the plot keeps us to the task, the development of character holds us rapt, the element of uncertainty makes us certain to keep awake and alert until the tale is told. If a person allows himself to read nothing but novels, he will often, as we have just said, find himself in the position of not caring to read anything else; for he will find the other species of reading too quiet, too dull, too devoid of action. Only the novel will stimulate, only the plotted story will make the heart glow, and the nerves tingle, and the brain work like a tireless thrall. And so the devoted novel-reader will become very one-sidedly romantic, or idealistic, or quasi-realistic, without winning the saving grace of intellectual balance, which a variety in his reading would have given him. To draw so close to the creation of Cervantes is rather too much of a luxury, and perhaps it is a little hard on the windmills.

Reading certain novels may injure the soul; reading nothing but novels may dissipate the mental powers and seriously impair ability to do intellectual work requiring a more concentrated effort. But the individual reader must refrain from these follies, just as he refrains from bearing false witness against his unpleasant neighbor or from turning a deaf ear to the church bells on a rainy Sunday morning. It is unreasonable to ask the decent and prudent people to forego the happiness that comes from the novel simply because there are other people who are forgetful of propriety and wisdom.

It is quite impossible to measure the gladness and good cheer and general well-being that the novel has brought into the world. It is idle to fancy in how many ways the nineteenth century gave joy to millions of souls that would have found the eighteenth an age of commonplace. Scott gave the first real bloom of color and fragrance to the romance of the Middle Ages; Dickens revealed the humbler class of Victorian England in a semi-realism of humor; Thackeray, in an easy, familiar tone, told the story of the world's drama, following the actors through war and peace, depicting in a mellow wisdom the weaknesses and stupidities and kindnesses of the lowly and the great; George Eliot, in a fine, feminine analysis of character, showed the psychology of the human soul's decadence, or of its rebirth through suffering and sorrow; Meredith presented his philosophy of life by a similar psychological method, subtler and less easy to follow; Stevenson unfolded in exquisite prose the magic glamor of the lands and seas of adventure; only Mr. Hardy, of the greater English novelists, has touched life's sinister chord unhopefully, and sounded the note of gloom, a long, dirgeful song of man's inability to placate the stars that have fated his fall.

In glancing over the ranks of the American novelists, one may count Cooper, with his tales of the sea and of frontier life; Hawthorne, the supreme artist of the lights and shadows of New England life; Marion Crawford, whose novels of many lands have been more widely read than the works of any of his contemporaries; Mr. Howells, who has written rather fully the record of American life; and a writer who was American so long that we forget to acknowledge his British citizenship, Henry James, whose recent death has given to his varied work an added interest.

Let any one who has read the chief novels of British and American authorship say whether or not they have made his life happier, or better, or fuller of meaning. Let him bear witness who has read, we shall say, the following books: Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" and "Emma"; Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman"; Disraeli's "Coningsby"; Bulwer-Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii"; Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield"; William M. Thackeray's "The Newcomes," and "Henry Esmond"; Trollope's "Barchester Towers"; Charlotte Bronté's "Jane Eyre"; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford"; George Eliot's "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch"; Meredith's "The Egoist"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "The Master of Ballantrae"; Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Miss Mulock's "John Halifax, Gentleman"; J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister"; Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed"; Cooper's "The Spy" and "The Last of the Mohicans"; Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables"; Holmes's "Elsie Venner"; Eggleston's "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"; Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur"; Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona"; Mark Twain's "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"; Henry James's "Daisy Miller" and "A Portrait of a Lady"; Marion Crawford's "Saracinesca" and "Katherine Lauderdale"; W. D. Howell's "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes."

Or again, let him answer who has read some of these, for the most part a galaxy of lesser luminaries: Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella"; Mrs. Craigie's "The School for Saints"; Canon Sheehan's "My New Curate"; Henry Harland's "The Cardinal's Snuff Box"; John Ayscough's "San Celestino"; Joseph Conrad's "The Typhoon"; Benson's "By What Authority?" Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "Great Possessions"; Lucas Malet's "The Far Horizon"; William de Morgan's "Joseph Vance"; Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune"; Edward Noyes Westcott's "David Harum"; Paul Leicester Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling"; Miss Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold"; Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and "Coniston"; Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana"; Owen Wister's "The Virginian"; Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth"; Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne"; Thomas Nelson Page's "Gordon Keith"; Miss Frances Little's "The Lady of the Decoration"; W. S. Harrison's "Queed"; and F. Hopkinson Smith's "Felix O'Day."

Banish the novels? As well ask for clouds in exchange for blue skies, tears for laughter, old lamps for new. Many a man has found in the novel his only

romance in life, his only sweetheart, his only riches, his only home; many a man before the novel's sway has faltered at the pathway of dishonor, and turned away, back from shame, to the ideal enshrined within the pages of a book; many a man and many a woman have found there the sympathy they have sought elsewhere in vain, the friendship they have wished for, the delights of far, unvisited cities, with all the beauty of God's world; some have even found God. Novel-reading should indeed be reckoned an act of virtue, or at least of worldly wisdom, which may often lead to supernal merit. The world for most people is too real and too earnest, and the gateway to a happy sanity lies open in the pages of romance.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

The Boys of Our City: St. Louis

THE city of St. Louis, with a population of some eight hundred thousand, is the fourth in size in the United States. Of these, nineteen per cent perhaps consist of foreign-born, transplanted sons and daughters of Europe: Jews, Russian and Polish, Magyars and Croatians, Syrians and Serbs, Poles and Rumanians. Fully twice that number are native-born of foreign parents. Another six per cent are of the negro race. It is an old city, with many dilapidated dwelling-places; there is too great congestion in certain districts. Because of these important factors—the city's size, the complex character of its population, and the unhealthful environment in particular neighborhoods—there is a boy-problem of some magnitude. A populous city always puts difficulties in the way of the boy. The lure of its lights, the restlessness and unnatural desires of its life, the ease with which a young person can be lost in its vast labyrinth, the temptation which its amusements offer, make the situation one which demands the most careful attention and the most vigorous methods.

A metropolitan city has always a great army of juvenile street-traders, newsboys, bootblacks, sellers of flowers, fruit-venders, whose occupation, at least for those of a very tender age, spells immeasurable dangers, moral, mental and physical. In St. Louis there are almost two thousand newsboys alone; the number of lads in other occupations is much more difficult to estimate. Other American cities, for instance, Milwaukee and Boston have endeavored with the best success to regulate these young merchants through a license system, prescribing the age at which they may engage in this work, the school conditions which they must have fulfilled, and the number of hours they may be on the streets and in other public places. St. Louis has done nothing as yet in this regard. In 1912, as a result of a survey of conditions among newsboys carried out by the St. Louis School of Social Economy, an effort was made to have the scheme at work in Boston introduced there, but it failed of adoption. Another attempt at street-trade regulation is now on foot, under the particular auspices of the Catholic District League, the local Federation of German Catholic societies, and the Social Service Conference. The difficulty is to frame an ordinance which can be enforced. At the same time a Commission working on the revision of the State laws so as to provide a children's code such as exists in Ohio, is considering the amendment of laws to meet the perplexing exigencies. The present regulation on the Missouri statute books sets down ten years as the minimum age for street-traders. Seven o'clock is the hour at which all children should cease work, and this applies to those engaged in independent activities as well as those employed by another. Adequate machinery for the enforcement of these laws is not provided, so that they are practically unenforced, despite the efforts of the State Factory Inspector. While the old picture of the boy rising from his job on the streets to a place of prominence and power may be still true in certain instances, it is much less so than its exploitation in the public prints suggests. The majority of street-trades are "blind-alley" jobs, with no opportunity for advancement. The work in public places, often necessitating contact with forces far from elevating, with many sources of temptation, is not a work for the boy of tender years. Regulation of these occupations and their prohibition to boys of certain ages is necessary.

Poor housing, too, has its vital effect on the lives and welfare of the children living in the objectionable quarters. Two and three rooms, sometimes only one, in buildings in which are to be found other families, cannot afford proper play space for the growing boy; the street and alley, as a consequence, become his playground, unless other places are provided where play can be carried on in an organized way. The widespread movement for public playgrounds has arisen in response to this need. In St. Louis eighteen of these playgrounds are maintained at the present time. It is the immigrant child who is most affected by congested home conditions. He has come to be called the "child of the city streets." Because of the fact that he is in many instances wiser than his parents as to the language and customs of America, and acts as their interpreter, transacting much of their business with the outside world, he presents a special problem of his own. The independence which this advantage gives him and his misunderstanding, on certain occasions, of the liberties allowed by American life do not always work for his good. It is a common assertion of social workers that the second generation in this country furnishes a higher ratio to the ranks of delinquent children than their proportionate numbers justify. If this be so, the latest report of the Probation Department of the Juvenile Court of St. Louis does not bear out the contention. The child of the immigrant compares more than favorably with other classes of children. There is no doubt, however, that in many ways, because of his peculiar environment, he is deserving of our first attention; particularly when we as Catholics remember that he is so often of our Faith.

The Catholics of St. Louis have not been indifferent to their duty in regard to the boys of their city. They have made several attempts, perhaps somewhat too spasmodic and not well enough organized as yet, to meet the situation. Father Dunne's "Newsboys' Home," no longer dedicated to the service of that particular class, but to dependent lads in general, is a permanent institution with a systematic program of activities. A "Big Brothers" organization among Catholic men, established some time ago, has recently been resuscitated, and is now working in conjunction with the probation officers of the Juvenile Court. Among the Italians of the downtown districts a division of the Boy Scouts was formed by the Jesuit Fathers there, but it has not fared as well as it might have done. Out on "Dago Hill," where the Jesuits have conducted their splendid catechism classes with a membership numbering fully six hundred children, some sodality work has been carried on. The St. Elizabeth's Settlement of the Central Verein, in the south part of the city, has done much for the Hungarian lads there, though the organized work which is to be done for them by that institution has not been fully developed. The Polish boys need a great deal of attention, more than has so far been given to them. Crystallization and systematization of the activities in this field is perhaps the greatest need of the present time.

The proposed Sodality Union, now in the process of formation in St Louis, will contribute both toward this effort at systematization, and to the wider extension of the work among the boys, if it realizes its opportunities. The sodality, properly conducted, can be made an instrument of social effort in almost any quarter and with any class. There can be attached to it any form of organization which any specific locality may require. The ordinary American boy of native parents of the middle class can be reached by it as well as the immigrant youngster in the foreign quarter. Those who are members of a branch in a comparatively wealthy section of the city can lend their aid to the endeavors of a sodality in a less favored neighborhood. They can furnish recruits, for example, for "Big Brother" work.

The sodality members can most effectively carry on this work, if they learn to view the boy as he really is. His environment, inherited prejudices, and beliefs must be understood. This does not require any great effort at study or analysis, but it does demand patience and appreciation of those things with which the boy comes in contact and which serve to influence his actions. Above all, the fact that he is a boy must be understood, that though he has a desire for vigorous play, he is capable withal of education in higher things, intellectual and spiritual. Apropos of this it is well to remark that sodality members or voluntary workers of any class should not ignore the co-operation and advice of those Catholic men who are devoting all their time and energies to the solution of these problems. While there is without doubt such a thing as becoming too "expert" and "systematic" in these matters, there are certain problems whose solution requires more than good will and patience.

Our boys certainly deserve the attention of the Catholic people. They are to be the men of the next generation. It is most imperative that we devote our attention to them and to the peculiar problems and difficulties which are theirs. There could be nothing more profitable for well-disposed and intelligent Catholics at the present time than to spend some of their leisure in working in this field. A splendid opportunity is here offered to our Catholic men. A great city gives them hosts upon hosts of chances to do something effective for the boys. Their assistance in this matter would be productive of great and beneficial results.

LOUIS BUDENZ.

A Venture in Church Music

AN event of unusual interest and importance to musicians was the *Missa Solemnis* which opened the first annual conference of the Auxiliary Committee to the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music. The Mass was sung at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York City, on May 10, and invitations were sent to many of the prominent musicians, Catholic and non-Catholic, of the city and the surrounding districts. The program was admirably planned to illustrate the three types of church music approved by the Holy See, and to give some sense of the relative prominence attached to each by the *Motu Proprio*.

The impression produced may well have been that which the Committee intended when it placed the three styles of music side by side. Those parts of the Mass which stood out, both for their incomparable beauty and sublime devotional quality, were precisely those which were sung in Gregorian chant, that music which the Holy See has always held up as the "supreme model" for use in the ecclesiastical services of the Church. Those free and soaring melodies seemed to the listener to convey the full savor of the liturgical prayers themselves and to embody the beauty, free from all complexity and mannerism, which makes them so sincere an expression of the thought. Here indeed the inspired prayers seemed to find full expression in music, in an art alight with the same holy flame, giving forth the deep, brooding spirit of the Church's prayers, the soaring flight of her love and the tender depth of her humility. All other music, "human music," as Huysmans calls it, seemed earthy when compared to these inspired melodies.

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Rev. John J. Wynne made an eloquent address giving a historic outline of the development of the Church's official music from the days of the Old Dispensation, when "the choirs of the Temple chanted in numbers which sometimes exceeded five thousand." He traced the development through the period when the early Christians, the persecutions having ceased, renewed the custom of singing holy songs and canticles, down through the fourth and fifth centuries illustrated by the zeal for hymnology, displayed by St. Ambrose and St. Hilary respectively. In the sixth century, the great promoter of Christian chant, St. Gregory, arranged in the form of his antiphonary all that was considered most devotional and most proper and most enduring of the chants in use up to his day.

Father Wynne described the spreading of the Gregorian chant by the missionaries, by St. Augustine in England and St. Boniface in Germany; its installations by the emperors of Gaul in their court and cloistral school on the model established in Rome, so that the knowledge of it became so common, both to monks and pupils, that all the people could join in it. So, for a thousand years from the time of St. Ambrose, and eight hundred from that of St. Gregory this form of music obtained in all the churches

and was considered just as much a part of Divine worship as the words of the prayers. Then there followed a succession of abuses and corrections until finally the growing taste for a mere worldly type of music which invaded the sanctuary became a cause of perplexity and grievous sorrow to the Pontiff and Bishops of the Church, who had the decorum of public worship so much at heart.

But, in the middle of the last century, a renewal of Christian fervor took place. Pious-minded men returned to the monasteries, and began to study the past and to restore this lost art of church music. At Solesmes, Mechlin and Ratisbon, men were found studying in their own way the notations of the Gregorian chant, endeavoring to reproduce its practice, as best they might, in order to exemplify the dignity and stateliness of this music and win the people back to it. Regulations were issued by the Popes, by Pius IX, by Leo XIII and finally, in our own day, by the great Pius X, who made the very second message of his fruitful Pontificate an earnest exhortation for the restoration of the Gregorian chant to its own place in the worship of the Church.

At the time that the Holy Father's "code of the laws of liturgical music" was published, various opinions were expressed. "All agreed with the motive."—How could they differ?—when he said that he wished to restore all things in Christ. Among these were the dignity of Christian worship, the decorum of the House of God where, as he told us, the people were to gather to perform the sacred mysteries and to receive the grace of the Sacraments, to partake of the Body and Blood of their Saviour, to adore Him in the tabernacle, to take part with the ministers of the Church in the solemn liturgical functions. He remarked that whilst there were everywhere churches of great beauty, ceremonies of remarkable precision, and ministers of great fervor, there was this one thing lacking. Every other form seemed to be observed. But that which most helps priests and people to utter the praises of Almighty God worthily seemed to have been lost forever, until by the patient efforts of men who had been studying it for nearly a century, it was possible to do what an ordinary mind might consider impossible: to restore a lost art, the Gregorian chant. Pope Pius X had confidence in the power of the tradition of the Church. He knew that it was just as forceful and living, and as capable of restoring what was befitting Christian liturgy as the power of the graces animating the Church, because the Church lives by this tradition.

"Events have justified the Holy Father's faith." Despite conflicting opinions and prejudices and wretched customs, the laws of Pius X are being established and put into effect. No longer, nowadays, do we hear from any one who is familiar with the subject, that restoration of the chant is impossible, that the music itself has no beauty; seldom, if ever, do we hear, what was once common, a theatrical performance in the organ-lofts of our churches, or if we do hear it, priests and people remark it as something that is fast becoming antiquated.

Pius X did not think that by the mere utterance of his *Motu Proprio,* he could reestablish a lost art. He was not a reformer, but a restorer. He did not work by agitation, by arbitrary mandates, but by the patience of wisdom, and he knew that the abuses that had taken four centuries to gain a hold in the Church, might take at least one century to eradicate. In his message on this subject, although he speaks of it as code, he did not say, "I hereby command and enjoin." In his paternal manner he called upon the Cardinals, and the Hierarchy, the heads of seminaries and Christian schools everywhere, to help him restore this beautiful treasure of the Church. His standard was that every form should be truly religious, truly artistic and as universal in its appeal as the liturgy itself.

Now, what is most encouraging about this movement within the Church, for the restoration of proper music in its liturgy is this: It is twelve years since Pius X issued his code of laws on liturgical music. There has been time to air all objections, there has been time to show reluctance to such a restoration, and the objections day after day disappear, and the reluctance disappears. Everywhere respect is shown for proper music, and no one any longer says that such music is impossible or undesirable. In Rome there is a Pontifical school of music and it is one of the significant signs of the heart of the present Pontiff that, when he first ascended the chair of St. Peter, he took care to state that he wished the *Motu Proprio* of his predecessor, Pius X, to be considered the code of laws of church music, and he gave his blessing and hearty support to this school. Throughout Europe, and this country, there are priests, and with them a number of the laity, endeavoring to fulfill the wishes of Pius X. We are fortunate in having a number of the laity, who have the sanction of the Pope, and many prelates through the land, joined in an endeavor to increase the interest of the laity in the matter of proper church music, and with great success.

First of all, they are calling attention to the chant, they are bringing numbers to see that not only is it the sincere wish of the Sovereign Pontiff and of the Hierarchy, but that in itself, apart from any mandate coming from higher authorities, it is the only true form of music for the Church. They are obtaining support for the Pontifical school of music in Rome, support for various musical enterprises that are being attempted here in our own country, and they are providing the means, above all, by which the complete restoration may be brought about. As Pius X foresaw, it is very difficult to cultivate singers, organ masters, directors and composers, above all. But he counseled that a beginning be made with the children in the schools, remarking that this chant is soft and sweet and easy, and when the young really are made to appreciate it, they become enthusiastic over it and learn it without difficulty.

We already have vocal training in our schools, and therefore it is easy to provide methods for training in the knowledge of Gregorian chant. This fact will really bring about a restoration. What was it, after all, that first propagated Gregorian chant? It was the school of singers and cantors in Rome under the immediate attention of the Holy See. The school was famous; out of it came at least five Popes within a century and a half. The schools of St. Gall, Metz, and those established at the Courts of Pepin and Charlemagne, and, in England, by Gregory and his successors in the various sees created there, were all modeled on this Roman school.

Here is something worthy of our deepest interest and attention. This service of the Church, the Mass, is the Divine drama of our Redemption. It is something that must be worthily performed, or not at all. Pius X established the fact in our mind, that this music is not merely an accessory and an attraction but that it must be treated as an integral part of human worship, just as necessary as the form and ceremony in our public liturgical service.

These words of the preacher at the *Missa Solemnis* express the motive which prompted the committee to request that such a Mass be sung, and that motive is a desire to hasten the day when the Faithful will once again break into Gregorian song in response to the priest, thus taking their part in the august Sacrifice of the Altar. A. L. M.

Irish Priests and Their Flocks

WHAT is it in these men that differentiates them from their kin? Very often they come from peasant or farming stock. Occasionally they have relatives who are an affliction to them. The last thing one would think of doing would be to unburden one's soul to these people, the kinsmen of the priest. Yet every priest is a man or honor. It is a happiness to sit down by the fireside with one of these priests and talk freely, knowing that you are as safe as in the confessional, and that the priest gives you honesty for honesty, friendship for friendship, that you may say everything without being misunderstood. It is good faith. None of the queer barriers, which remind us that Ireland was once a country of warring tribes, come between you and the faithful priests.

Before we came west one or two southern men said to us as a speeding: "Never trust a western man." Doubtless the western men would speed us south with the formula reversed. The thing

is always cropping up. The Galway man has no liking for the Mayo man just across the invisible frontier. The Mayo man will explain of an unattractive group of peasants: "They are Kerries. They made a plantation here about three generations ago." Of another part of the country: "They've mixed Tyrone and Kerries there." And again explaining a certain cupidity of a class: "They're Welsh. Are not the two commonest names in the country, Welsh? You remember 'The Vengeance of the Welshman of Tirawley.' They were planted on us. The whole west of the county carries their traces." In the same way they will tell you in the east: "A Wexford man will never look the way of a Tipperary man, because Tipperary did not rise in the Rebellion." And one remembers the battle of New Ross which decided the fate of Ireland in 1798, that while the battle raged one side the Barrow River, on the other side the Kilkenny peasants peacefully tilled their fields. It was Wexford's battle, not theirs. And, again, one remembers how Con of the Hundred Fights

> Pillowed his head o' nights
> On the corpse of a Connaught man.

In the priest one finds none of these warring elements. Be he Ulster, Munster, Leinster or Connaught you can trust the priest. True religion is, after all, the sense of honor. The priest has it in perfection. An Irish Protestant, realizing the great restfulness of having to do with a body of men entirely trustworthy, asked me: "What is it?" I answered, "Divine grace."

This is a country where a priest's head fetched twenty-five dollars in the Penal Days. There is a long story which I might tell you some day of the *Shawn-na-Sagart* and how he met his end, and of the heads that hung in the cellars of a mansion not far from where I write till the price was paid and they could be buried.

One of my friends among the priests referred to this picturesquely in a sermon. "It isn't a hundred years," he said, "since the priests were running over the hills and valleys of Ireland with five-pound notes on their heads."

This priest is full of quips and cranks and oddities. He serves his Master so merrily that it took us some considerable time to recognize the man as he is. He has been to America and back, so he is a man of the world, and he sits on certain boards, so that he has influence beyond the priestly. He has trained a good many young priests, and as one knows him one comes to recognize why he was chosen. I wonder what he lives on. There is no such thing here as a seat-rent. His little church is as free as air. He will not even read from the altar the list of his "dues," lest those who gave little or not at all should be ashamed. He troubles himself with neither scrip nor purse. One remonstrates with him that he spoils the people. They throng his confessional on Sunday morning after he has sat all day Saturday, and he will not send them away. "Ah, well," he says to the person who asks why they do not come on Saturday, "you see they might be from a distance." While he waits in the confessional he bursts into impassioned prayers, as he does sometimes kneeling before the altar like an old peasant, such an old peasant as was heard to say leaving the church, "Goodbye, *Mavourneen,* till I can come back again."

You might live here a long time and know little of the ways of the people if it were not for the priests. They are a very secretive people to the outsider. Once in Tyrone I thought I traversed a desolate country and discovered later that in all kinds of hidden dips and folds of the bog country there were tucked away little farms.

In this part of Mayo at least, the land teems with life. The small farmhouses have a stack-yard of ricks which would not disgrace an English farm. I did not think that there were as many pigs in Ireland as I have seen going to the monthly fairs. There is little laughter among the owners. I have seen none of it. If there is an incident for laughter it has a somewhat sardonic humor. Once we stopped a man coming home from a fair who was striking his donkey with his stick, rhythmically and not reasonably. He was hardly in a state to argue the matter, but his helpmeet dropped a curtsey: "It's very kind of your Honor to instruct us," she said. "Sure we're only poor ignorant people that couldn't be expected to know any better." "Turning the other cheek," commented the parish priest when I told him the story. "With her tongue in it," I added.

I pricked up my ears at a phrase in the curate's sermon. The curate is a very lonely person except for his dogs. To catch a sight of him on an upland against a splendid wintry sky, his black cassock with the wind in it, tall and somewhat gaunt, with the two half-breed dogs at his heels, is to savor the loneliness of these parts and his life. The phrase was: "It is not keeping the Sabbath holy to go to Mass in the morning and to spend the night drinking at balls."

"Drinking at balls!" It was worth inquiring about. I found that it was possible for those outwardly-seeming dour peasants to dance not only Sunday night, but other nights of the week. Inquiries of the priests told me more. They visit one another of evenings, play a game of cards, and are home by eleven o'clock. You have only to read the country newspapers to discover for yourself how much histrionic ability there is in the country. Every village and town seems to have its dramatic society. It is musical as well. People who think of Connaught as lonesome bogland where a vexed peasant farmer strives to wring a scanty substance from an arid plot are mistaken. The people dance and sing and play.

Their standard of living has been greatly raised of late, since they became proprietors of their own farms. They have learned to beautify their own cottages, or perhaps they beautified them long ago, for the really pretty cottages, of which one sees a good many side by side with hovels, are not new cottages. The naked new two-story houses of what they call the "Congested Board" do not show in my experience any attempt at beautifying. So, perhaps, the pretty cottages for which I was hardly prepared, belonged to the days when Mayo had landlords.

The emigration, the priest will tell you, will start again after the war with a tremendous rush. Where there are three or four boys in the family the land will not support them. There are no manufactures, few and small industries. "If there was a peat industry now. . . ."

The priest who has neither scrip nor purse made a personal effort to stop the running away because of the fear of conscription. It was, by the way, the mothers' panic not the boys.' But, after all, the priests, too, turn a face which tells you nothing if you are not a friend, and they only smile at the presentation of them in such a book as "Father Ralph," by one who was long one of their number. KATHARINE TYNAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

A Good Old Custom

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the course of a meditation given to the Xavier Alumni Sodality during a recent retreat in New York City, Father Campbell, S.J., spoke very feelingly of the custom that used to prevail among lawyers and judges of attending in a body the Mass of the Holy Ghost, in order to prepare and fortify themselves for the ensuing year's work. It occurred to me, and the same thought must have struck others also, that it would not only be possible to revive such a laudable practice, but that it would be highly desirable and practicable to do so. There is no doubt that the proposed project is feasible. A conveniently situated church could be selected, and the date of the Mass fixed sometime toward the end of September or the beginning of October, when the lawyers are not too busily engaged in trial work. Other difficulties also could be easily removed. Success

would be assured if the lawyers would only decide to carry out the plan. Why can we not make such a Mass an annual event in each of our large cities?

New York. A SODALIST.

From "Androcles" to "Marie-Odile"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

While I have no desire to enter upon a controversy, certainly not to utter any note of personal censure, I hope it may be permitted me to offer some points for the consideration of your correspondent who, in connection with an article on the Drama League, addressed a communication to AMERICA, mainly referring to "Androcles and the Lion." I do not know to what degree this writer shared in the Catholic agitation over "Marie-Odile," but, in view of the comparison suggested by him between that play and the others he mentioned, I judge he has no excuse to offer for "Marie-Odile." I happen to know of a Catholic scholar and gentleman, highly esteemed in educational circles, who, with his family, saw "Marie-Odile" and came away impressed only with the beauty and artistry of the production. This gentleman was astounded and abashed when made to realize that his fellow-Catholics, in every class and condition of life, throughout the whole country, were profoundly disturbed over what they considered a base intrusion upon their most intimate and sacred beliefs. Not so much anger but a sharp pang of consternation and sorrow pierced the very heart of these Catholics, oppressing them with forebodings as to the next assault which might be made upon all they held sacred, even to the extremity of an attack upon God's altar itself. The instance of this educator I have cited may seem an extraordinary one, and yet it can be understood that an easy tolerance for, and positive enjoyment of, such dramas as "Androcles and the Lion," "Pygmalion" and "Fanny's First Play" can, in many cases, make for a complacent and admiring acceptance of "Marie-Odile." As to "Fanny's First Play" it need only be noted that the one sensible and attractive personality, as drawn by the author, is that of an abandoned woman. In "Pygmalion," we are asked to laugh, and we are so inoculated with a poisonous virus that we do laugh, at one Alfred Doolittle who, to quote Shaw, "seems equally free from fear and conscience"; one called by his dutiful daughter an old liar "touching" people for money to get drunk on. This reprobate, who is made to say he can't afford to have morals, offers to sell his daughter for £50. Instead of being kicked down stairs he is treated with mirth and banter, the audience obligingly contributing to the effectiveness of the situation which Shaw has contrived their quota of unrestrained laughter. It was not alone a Jesuit Father who took exception to "Androcles and the Lion." The Parents' League, an influential body of society people whose children attend the fashionable private schools in this city, recalled a bulletin commending this play, and for reasons as applicable to older folk as to their children. The *Sun* and *Evening Post,* neither to be accused of pro-Catholic, not to say pro-Christian, proclivities, had in their issues of January 28, 1915, these respective comments:

> If Christianity's most solemn legends are not openly ridiculed as the martyrs await their appearance in the arena, it would be difficult to decide what the sense of the act is.
>
> It is full of humorous ideas and sparkles with many felicitous phrases, but, much of the humor is of the cheap kind, associated with irreverent and exceedingly obvious mockery.

Shaw has published one of his interminable prefaces to "Androcles and the Lion," punctuated here and there by a blasphemous utterance. I use the word "blasphemous" in the old, literal, Catholic sense though it may seem rude and blunt to the ears of the more sophisticated. Finally, may I direct the attention of the correspondent to AMERICA and of all Catholic students of the drama to the quotation which I again find in the *Catholic World,* in an article on "The Faculty of Moral Indignation" by Dr. Kerby of the Catholic University of America?

> The baneful extremes to which the sense of humor has gone in American life, helps to paralyze the sense of moral indignation against evil. All forms of it which take on the appearance of humor and offer occasions for a smile, seem to escape condemnation for the sake of laughter. Our sense of humor respects neither the elementary decencies of life nor the finer loyalty to high ideals that reconciles us to life. A cursory examination of much conversation and of the literature of humor will show us how far we have gone on the way of laughing at evil instead of weeping for it. Nothing enjoys the right of sanctuary against the spirit of our humor. It inundates our souls, breeds indifference to ideals, disintegrates convictions, destroys moral sensibilities and makes us flippant to a degree.

This is well worth the consideration of all students of the drama.

New York. ALFRED YOUNG.

National Greatness

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You printed, in AMERICA for April 8, a portion of Cardinal Luçon's Pastoral Letter, in which he calls upon the French episcopate to unite in a "national crusade of prayer" in order to bring France back to the Faith. In his Lenten Pastoral, Monseigneur Marty, Bishop of Marseilles, also speaks of the need of restoring in France the rights and privileges which have been lost to the Church. He says:

> In order to restore the rights of God in our country, it is necessary to believe literally in the words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come." We must believe that the reign of God should extend as a supreme dominion over all created things upon the earth, but especially over mankind; we must believe that a nation lives, prospers and grows greater in the measure in which it accepts the reign of God; that it degenerates and dissolves according as it rejects Him, and dies when it has banished Him altogether.

These words express the spirit and almost repeat the text of a similar warning of General Washington who refers to "the Divine Founder of our blessed religion without an humble imitation of whose virtues *we can never hope to be a happy nation.*"

Cincinnati. M. L. S.

The First St. Patrick's Church

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of March 25 there appeared a communication from J. D. H., in which the writer said that to his native Baltimore belongs the distinction of the first St. Patrick's church in America. The date he assigns in proof of his statement is 1809. In his own words I will say that, "this is not correct history," for to the diocese of Portland, Maine, belongs the honor. The Rev. Father Cheverus, afterwards Bishop of Boston, celebrated Mass in a lumber-shed owned by Matthew Cottrill, the first Catholic settler of Damariscotta, Maine, in 1797, which shed or barn, was transformed into a well-appointed chapel and served as such, under the name of St. Patrick, until 1803, when it was replaced by the present beautiful brick church, St. Patrick's, in which Mass was said by the Fathers Cheverus and Romagné in 1804. It was not dedicated until 1808, but it bore the name of St. Patrick from the first. Having attended the place over thirty years ago and as I was pastor of the church for six years a quarter of a century ago, I know whereof I speak, both from documentary evidence and from living tradition, for I conversed with those who knew the first settlers and the history of the place. See also John Gilmary Shea, Vol. II, pages 437-612 and following. St. Patrick's, Damariscotta,

has also the distinction of being the oldest standing Catholic church in New England.

Orono, Me. J. M. H.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The little Pennsylvania town of Carlisle challenges Baltimore's claim to the honor of having the first congregation in the United States organized under the patronage of St. Patrick. This claim also is founded on the authority of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, who in his "Life of Archbishop Carroll," (p. 292) says:

> At the old Catholic center, Conewago, the energetic Rev. James Pellentz was still laboring. . . . Writing to the Prefect-Apostolic, he mentions that he had aided the Rev. Mr. Geissler to purchase a house in Carlisle, "to keep service in." . . . This was the foundation of the mission at Carlisle under the Rev. Lucas Geissler. The first chapel is said to have been a log-house on Pomfret Street, and it was used by the Catholics till the present church of St. Patrick was completed in 1806.

Fathers Pellentz and Geissler were among the zealous pioneer Jesuit missionaries who worked among the Catholics of Western Pennsylvania and followed Father Wapeler who began his labors at Conewago in 1741. Evidently the log-house chapel at Carlisle was used for a sufficient number of years before 1806, the local tradition is from the year 1779, to entitle us to claim seniority over Baltimore. Father Pellentz erected also the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Conewago, the first, according to Dr. Shea, of that title in the United States. Its cornerstone was laid in 1786, and the structure was finished the following year.

Carlisle, Pa. F. X. W.

Consumers' League Garments

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If shoppers would demand garments bearing the Consumers' League label, they would greatly help the cause of poor factory girls. This label guarantees that the garment, to which it is attached, was made under sanitary conditions, and that in its manufacture State Factory Laws in regard to wages, etc., were complied with. If enough people could be induced to refuse to accept any garments except those bearing this label, a great step would be made toward the disappearance of the sweat shops, with their menace to health through infection by contagious diseases and their many other evils. The good that the Consumers' League is doing is not generally known.

Pueblo, Col. CLAIRE GALLIGAN.

Catholics and Public Libraries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Much has been written and said of late on the dissemination of Catholic literature. My experience leads me to believe that Catholics are very wanting in interest in the matter. As librarian of one of the public libraries of the Middle West, I have an opportunity of knowing how wide is the circulation of Catholic books in most communities, and my deliberate judgment, based on a good deal of observation, is that Catholic literature is not read to any great extent by our people. In fact whatever demand there is for it comes, for the most part, from our Protestant friends and patrons. The fault does not lie with the library officials. The public library in the city, from which I write, is governed by a board, composed of nine members, of whom eight are Protestants and one a Catholic. We have a very fair collection of Catholic books, besides the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and publications such as AMERICA. To this collection additions are constantly being made, and the new Catholic books are advertised like others. My position enables me to recommend them to our people, but I must confess that in nine cases out of ten my efforts to get them read prove unavailing. Many of our Catholic young people know nothing of the works of such persons as John B. Tabb, Francis Thompson, Robert Hugh Benson, Agnes Repplier and Alice Meynell; and what is more, are not even aware of the fact that they were or are Catholics. This is a shame. Our Catholics should read them. Why is it that they do not? Where does the fault lie?

Iowa City. M. M.

Catholics in Prisons

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A recent issue of AMERICA dealt with the religious census of Joliet Prison. It appears that publications hostile to the Church tried to make it out that the vast majority of the inmates are Catholics. I should like to say something of the conditions prevailing in the penitentiary at Frankfort, Kentucky; for having been connected with the institution in an official capacity for the past four years, I am in a position to state facts. On May 1, 1916, there were 1,512 names on the prison list. Of these not a single woman was a Catholic, and only twenty of the male prisoners were Catholics, one-half of this number being negroes. Among the white Catholic inmates one never finds, to use the term employed by reformers, "an habitual." The Catholic prisoners are generally men who have held good positions, and have had a good education and considerable training. Extravagance frequently has led them to embezzle. As a class, they are very tractable and truly penitent. The negro Catholic inmates are also far above the ordinary prisoner in conduct and intellect, and this is especially true of those who have attended the parochial schools. The one bright light in the prison gloom is the weekly visit of the nuns who come every Sunday to instruct inmates and to distribute Catholic literature. Copies of AMERICA, even when old, are read with avidity. Readers of Catholic publications would greatly help their unfortunate coreligionists, if they would give the papers and magazines they have read, to the societies that see to their distribution in various institutions.

Frankfort, Ky. P. J. MULKEM.

A Correction

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wish to call your attention to a misstatement in the review of Dr. Badé's book, "The Old Testament in the Light of Today," which appeared in AMERICA for May 6. The book has not been introduced as a text-book in the University of California.

Berkeley, Cal. THOMAS LANTRY O'NEILL, C.S.P.

Proper Ecclesiastical Titles

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The ecclesiastical documents published by the Catholic Record Society of Ireland under the name of "Archivium Hibernicum" show that the title "Father" was not unknown in Ireland as early as the seventeenth century. Thus in "A Particular Acct. of the Romish Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin, March 2, 1697-8" we find that "Father Dempsey, Parish Priest of St. Michan's, is said to be a Titular Bishop and lodges at my Lady Clanmaluras in ye said parish" (A. H. iv, 80n). In a "Report of the State of Popery in Ireland in 1731," the term is applied to both regulars and the secular clergy (A. H. iii, 156). It occurs also in the wills of Bishop Theophilus MacCartan of Down and Connor, dated Sept. 20, 1777 (A. H. i, 175), Archbishop Francis Burke of Tuam, August, 1723 (A. H. ii, 220), and twenty-five times in that of Dr. James Phelan, Bishop of Ossory, dated July 1, 1693 (A. H. iv, 85).

New York. ANDREW A. MACERLEAN.

AMERICA

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Investigators and Persecutors

ON the morning of April 28, 1916, Dr. J. N. McCormick, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western Michigan, M. W. Jopling, W. H. Loutit, Mayor of Grand Haven, and Stewart Hanley, formerly Judge of the Probate Court of Detroit, appeared "without previous notice" at the gate of the Detroit House of the Good Shepherd. These gentlemen, of whom but one, Mr. Hanley, is a Catholic, constitute the Michigan State Board of Correction and Charities. Their purpose was to make, by request of the Rt. Rev. John Foley, D.D., Bishop of Detroit, "a thorough examination of the institution," which for some years has been the object of a vicious persecution, engineered by certain ignorant or malicious inhabitants of the Michigan metropolis. "Full and complete opportunity was given," reads the official report of this visitation, "to inspect the records, examine the inmates, and visit all the buildings and departments. A score or more of the inmates, chosen at random, were examined privately, and apart from anyone officially connected with the institution."

The results were distinctly disappointing to the misguided individuals who, with rare and unsuspected bravery, had openly preferred charges against the institution before the State Board. Two recommendations of a minor character were made by the investigators; one regarding a single room which was not well ventilated, the other, directing that fire drills be held more frequently. Other results are thus recorded in the official report:

> Every room in the institution was carefully inspected and found to be almost immaculately clean.

This comment would not please certain New York "investigators." It would merely prove that the rooms were never used.

> The discipline was excellent, while the attitude of the girls was most cheerful. There is no corporal punishment of any kind. . . . The girls all appeared healthy and well-fed. None, upon inquiry, had any complaint to make about either quantity or quality of food. The storerooms and kitchens verify this. . . .

The banal charge that Houses of the Good Shepherd are "nothing but jails" is thus disposed of by the State Board:

> The spirit of the place is remarkable. There is nothing that would indicate to a stranger a reformatory. During the recreation periods the girls enjoyed themselves in much the same manner as girls outside. Upon inquiry the only complaints made by the inmates were from some there under commitment who expressed a desire to return home. In the laundry many were singing while at work. During the recreation periods, we found groups around several pianos, one of the number playing, the rest singing. The younger children were engaged in the usual childish games. There appears to be the greatest affection between the girls and the Sisters.

In conclusion, the investigators write their unanimous opinion:

> The Board is unanimously of the opinion, after a searching examination, that the charges and complaints are unfounded, that the institution is doing a most commendable work and is conducted in a praiseworthy manner. The Board does, therefore, express its approval of the purpose of the institution and its methods of operation.

The document is merely another proof that Catholic institutions have nothing to fear except from pagan sociologists, the evil-minded, and "investigators" with an axe to grind. Further comment is superfluous, except to remark that there is an essential distinction between a persecutor and an investigator. In New York, for instance, the difference is not universally understood.

Peace and the Sword

THAT the Catholic Church is a sower of discord, is a reproach as old as Christianity. It is a reproach deserved, but a reproach that is her glory. Not to all is the Cross of Christ, a symbol of peace; to the Jew it is a stumbling block, to the gentile, foolishness. "Think not," proclaimed the Prince of Peace, "that I am come to send peace upon the earth. I came not to send peace but the sword." In the moment when like wild dogs His enemies encompassed Him, He who had refused twelve legions of angelic defenders, again opened His mouth in Divine contradiction. "He that hath not," said Christ, who had called peacemakers the children of God, "let him sell his coat and buy a sword."

Even in apparent contradiction, the Church follows her Master. She sanctifies the tenderest relations of man and woman, and about the home she casts the glory and the strength of love. But she recognizes that there is a higher ideal, for which they who are called, must leave father, mother, and all that in imperfect human hearts is made beautiful by the throbbing of noble affection. Because of this yet more perfect way, discord, like the sword which Christ urged upon His followers, has cut

across the peace of countless homes. "I will go forth from my father's house into a strange land," says the young man, accepting the call of Christ. "The spirit and the bride say: come." And though the invitation may "make tender Aprils" of a daughter's eyes, yet "Surely, I come quickly" is her answer as leaving all she turns to Christ: "Amen. Come, Lord Jesus." The sword of Christ has fallen again. For the Catholic Church that would lose a kingdom to defend the sanctity of even one poor home, counsels the breaking of all home-ties, if by the breaking some chosen boy or girl may more securely walk with Christ.

It is all a kind of Divine paradox. He who came to draw all men to Himself was likewise a sign of contradiction, a scandal and a failure. His dwelling with us should have been the dawn of spring in all hearts, yet to many it has brought the chill winter of discontent. But to men of good will, it is not a paradox that mocks. There is a peace that is of God; there is a peace that is not of God, but of the world. Christ scorned the peace that the world giveth; against it, He set the sword of truth and justice. God's peace brings with it the sword that pierces many hearts, but the peace of the world, for comfort's sake, makes compromise with error and injustice. Herein is the paradox made clear. Peace must spring from truth and justice. Else it is not the peace that through many tribulations binds the heart to the feet of God, but delusion.

The New York "Post" and the Philippine Bill

AN excellent example of indirect accusation occurs in the New York *Evening Post* for May 8. The *Post* is a frequent sinner in this respect, especially whenever the Catholic Church is concerned. The subject was the Philippine Independence Bill, and in headlines as glaring as this somewhat stodgy publication permits on its inner pages, the *Post* solemnly informs its pantalooned and bespectacled readers that "Catholics Helped Kill the Philippine Bill." With this statement no fault is to be found. Certain members of Congress who are Catholics did, it appears, help to kill the bill; Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and members of "the Big Church," also participated in the slaughter. Nevertheless, the reader is prepared for a development of the insinuation contained in the headline, and he finds it quickly, "Leaders Warned Beforehand of Church Opposition." The emphasis has shifted from "Catholics" to the Church; logic of a piece with the conclusion, that the *Post* would be guilty of treason were its cubbiest reporter to adhere to the enemies of the United States, giving them aid and comfort. Of course, the *Post* offers proof in the body of the article, and it may be conveniently arranged under three heads:

(1.) Of the thirty Democrats who voted against the bill, twenty-eight or twenty-nine were Catholics.

(2.) Of the 164 Democrats who voted for the bill, only two or three were Catholics.

(3.) "One member of Congress," religious affiliation not stated, "who voted against the bill, in a moment of indiscretion remarked that certain Church dignitaries wanted the bill killed. He mentions names, too"; the estemed *Post* does not follow this praiseworthy example.

The conclusion to be drawn from this weighty mass of evidence, is that twenty-eight or twenty-nine Catholics voted against the bill, and that two or three voted for its passage. In the logic of the *Post*, this Falstaffian army of twenty-eight or twenty-nine, flanked by the hidden battery of "certain Church dignitaries," marshaled by an unknown but indiscreet Congressman, constitutes the Catholic Church, and speaks for it with authority.

The *Post* needs either a new headliner or a new Washington correspondent. More than either, it needs a sense of humor.

The Audibly Devout

"REAL fervor in prayer is so rare a grace," the sapient Abbot Smaragdus once observed, "that those who have merited it should in all charity and lowliness conceal their good-fortune from their less happy neighbors. For when cold-hearted, worldly-minded men, who go to church merely from a low sense of duty, are forced, while there, to be ear-witnesses of a fellow-Catholic's tender devotion, such a throng of wicked, envious thoughts surge up in the hearts of these graceless wights that the audible fervor of the worshiper actually becomes to his weaker brethren a proximate occasion of sin."

Thus far Smaragdus: and how just the cenobite's observation is let those patient thousands judge on whom the audibly devout have unwittingly inflicted suffering. For who has not encountered at Mass and Benediction the noisily fervent Catholic? She is equipped as a rule with a rosary bearing divers unmelodious medals that rattle in her nervous fingers. She is so fond of emphasizing the *S*'s in the words of the prayers she repeats that the sound of sibilation suggests serpents being driven out of Eden by her strong petitions. Or perhaps our audibly devout neighbor, out of a praiseworthy ambition to accompany the sacrificing priest, feverously turns over the crisp pages of her Missal in a mad search for the Collect or the Secret of the day, and when she at last finds it, widespread is the congregation's rejoicing.

Fervent worshipers who give audible and visible expression to their contrition by thumping their chests right soundly when the sanctus-bell rings out have been known to awake thereby the wrath of less demonstrative but more rubrical fellow-Catholics. Perhaps a place in the catalogue of the audibly devout should also be found for the numberless members of the venerable order of "shinglers." So eager are they to have their petitions reach Heaven before those of others, that in reciting even the Church's public prayers fervent shinglers easily outstrip both priest and people, and where congregational singing is practised they are generally two notes ahead of the other men and women.

It is not at all clear, however, just what can be done to ameliorate the condition of those ill-starred Catholics whose hearts the audibly devout have filled with envy and bitterness. Perhaps the latter could be brought to realize practically the superior advantages of mental over vocal prayer, or they could even be taught an orthodox and innocent kind of quietism. Old-fashioned courtesy and consideration for others should lead some of the offenders, no doubt, to moderate in public their transports of devotion. But for chronic cases there would seem to be no effective remedy save the revival of the obsolete Order of Anchorites and Anchoresses. Then all who cannot pray quietly in church could perhaps be induced to seek the solitude of a hermitage and send up from thence their sonorous orisons without disturbing their less fervent neighbors.

Working Conditions and Accidents

THE annual number of industrial accidents in our country has often been compared to the casualty lists of the war. Dr. E. R. Hayhurst, a specialist on accident statistics, rates the number of deaths from preventable causes at 250,000 yearly; the California Industrial Accident Commission places the total of industrial accidents in that State, during the year 1914, at 62,211, and according to official reports three persons are killed and 150 injured every day in the State of Pennsylvania. Many of these accidents are evidently due to employees themselves, though we can hardly suppose that these hundreds of thousands of persons who can least afford to lose time and money rush blindly into serious danger. Yet even where they are actually guilty of negligence it is to the interest of employers that occasions of such mishaps, as well as of all others, should be carefully removed. A conviction is gradually growing that sound economic principles, no less than charity or philanthropy, dictate that the workingman be kept in good condition. Thus, after introducing into his mills the best possible machinery, the General Manager of the Ray Stocking Mills Co. of Manchester, N. H., urges the necessity of caution upon his men, in language that might have been inspired by the oriental imagination of a Rabindranath Tagore:

> Be careful. The most important safety device is care. I can replace broken machinery but I cannot replace you. Nothing on earth can smile but man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared to an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is the charm that even they cannot claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sadness is night and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both—more bewitching than either.

In itself this effusion is laughable, but it bears with it the significant and consoling fact that workmen have begun to count for much with their employers. There was a day when this was not true; output at the least possible expense was the only concern in many shops.

Cheap labor was a sure consequence of such a policy. And in the end cheap labor under untoward conditions proves most expensive. Unskilful men, tired men, sick men, who work long hours over rickety machinery cannot be a source of lasting profit. Their work will be inferior, accidents will be frequent, and the greedy employer will find his coveted gold slipping rapidly through his fingers. A recent issue of the *Square Deal* emphasized this fact when it declared that "advanced superintendents are now beginning to realize that the workmen are just as important as the equipment, and everything which will keep them in top-notch condition is provided." This is economic wisdom: done from a high motive it becomes Christian charity, a saving virtue which alone can solve the numerous problems arising out of our industrial life.

The American Bible Society Centenary

THE American Bible Society has just completed a century of endeavor, and throughout the country there has been ringing a chorus of congratulation. Almost the only voice not heard is that of the Catholic Church. As a consequence many have been wondering why it is that the Church, which has devoted and is devoting the best talent of its members to the preservation and diffusion of the Word of God, has been so conspicuously silent on the success which has attended the efforts of so many clergymen and laymen to put the Sacred Text in the hands of the nations of the world. Not only this. In addition to its silence, which under the circumstances, is naturally and properly construed as disapprobation, the Church has frequently expressed its opposition to the Bible Societies. What is the reason for this attitude of hostility?

The first reason is that the American Bible Society, from its very inception, has raised the standard of revolt. The Church, from the time of the Council of Trent, has repeatedly forbidden that any versions of the Sacred Scriptures should be printed without the sanction and approval of the Bishops or the Apostolic See. As the Divinely appointed custodian and interpreter of revealed truth, she has striven to keep the Word of God pure and undefiled, and has accordingly jealously guarded it from change, interpolation, omission and mistranslation. In order to attain this purpose she has insisted that all translations be submitted to her tribunal for approval. The American Bible Society has refused to recognize the existence of this law. Unauthorized and unguided by an authoritative teaching body this association has during the past century, promoted the translation of the Scriptures into 164 languages and has, also, distributed 119,000,000 Bibles. And in every copy, thus translated or distributed, there have been passages more or less tinctured with dogmatic error; from every copy,

too, whole books of the Sacred Text have been omitted. How then could the Church congratulate any society on such an achievement?

Besides the Church wishes by her opposition to emphasize her entire disapproval of the underlying principle which is the motive force of all the activity of the Bible Societies. It is a cardinal Protestant principle that the Scriptures are the one and all-sufficient rule of faith, that the individual reading of the Bible, without assistance from notes or commentaries, is the sure guide to revealed religious truth. Not such is the doctrine of the Church, which has always held that the Scriptures are a supplementary, not the primary, and much less the exclusive, source of Revelation; that Christ's doctrines, in the economy He Himself established, were to be conveyed to the world by the preaching of the Apostles and their successors; and that Holy Writ is to be interpreted, not at the individual reader's pleasure, but strictly, in accordance with the sense of living tradition which has come down unbroken from the Apostles. This doctrine the American Bible Society denies; in its opinion each reader may interpret the Bible as he thinks best. Such a process gives rise to wrong conceptions of the meaning of the Bible, a result which is the more inevitable because of the false interpretation of passages concerned with important dogmas. In a word, the activity of the American Bible Society, by its very nature and of set purpose, spreads heresy. Such a movement, as is clear, the Church cannot in any way approve.

LITERATURE

Robert Hugh Benson*

MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON was unusual progeny for an Anglican Primate, as Father Martindale in another way is an unusual son of St. Ignatius. The combination makes a distinctive and fascinating book. Father Martindale has worked out the multi-colored patterns of this Life rather like a beautiful Turkey carpet—in compartments. The woof is stuffed and illumined with bright critiques, pleasant padding, exciting excursions, quaint undertones and no slight psychological insight. It is the most refreshing Church literature the reviewer can remember.

As a variant to the subject, we glean a great deal from the biography which is on a very high level of Catholic writing. In fact the contrast makes one feel regret that Benson so often wrote second-rate. Father Martindale brings out his literary defects as gently and properly as he sifts and excuses the weaknesses of his temperament. But his touch is velvet. The work is not so much a record or dry summary of Benson's life as a series of excursions into literature and temperament.

Not unpleasant are courtierly letters of Randal, Archbishop of Canterbury. Like many Anglicans he looked on Hugh Benson as a spoilt child and possibly as a prodigal son for whom the fatted calf might one day steam the Lambeth chimneys. In early days, when Hugh wished to become an Anglican monk, the Primate was "keenly interested," and in a typical sentence speaks of the correspondence of Ritualist training with his own views as "really a minor though a most important subject"! So also in the Anglican compromise is the Virgin Birth or the Divinity of Christ "a minor though most important subject."

Benson's life was always sheltered: as a child behind the walls of Lambeth Palace, as a scholar in the Eton cloisters, as his father's son at Cambridge. Guarded he was but not always guided. He was liable to behave as he was treated: like a child! There was just a touch of boyish wilfulness in his becoming a Catholic. He must have enjoyed the situation and apparently the Anglican Church forgave him. There is no bitterness in the book, except some anti-Papal hysterics from Bishop Wordsworth. There was no home break for Hugh. His bibliofusive elder brother Arthur, an incomparably charming old mother, and a tedious nurse follow him through the whole two volumes of biography. Like an ecclesiastical Peter Pan, he never seemed to grow up.

Father Martindale restrains himself from painting the situation of father and son in comic relief, content to notice that there was no "radical and total schism of temperaments" between them. But Archbishop Benson reminds one of a dear old fussy Anglican hen, who took a duckling down to the shallow waters of Ritualism to sip, and who, had he survived, would have been aghast to see Hugh swim away Romeward. Hugh, it is interesting to learn, always said Mass for his father's soul and in a frank moment gave him about five minutes purgatory!

It was to the Dominicans that Benson turned to pull him aboard the Church. There followed a period of hectic study and mental convalescence at Rome, and after being priested within a year of his reception into the Church, the neophyte returned conquering and to conquer! But a severe check was imposed. His new Archbishop simply forbade him to exercise his ministry publicly for a year. It was a discipline better and wiser than the hairshirt. At Llandaff House he learnt to restrain and equally to express himself. Here Benson received full liberty, silent meals, severe criticism for immature writing, and a sound working idea of what the Church can do and cannot do in England. Here he conceived his mission to combat the conventionalism, pharisaism and materialism of the University. When the year was up, he entered the pulpit and, with biretta perched on his boyish brow and gaudy stole about him, he railed and ridiculed, mystified, stupified, pleaded and wept. But he made the University listen, and Llandaff House became a hive of Bensonians, who looked to him to found a new Order. The Order of Friar Novelists was at one time suggested.

Father Martindale is wise in not proving his hero a saint, for he leaves him no less lovable. He picks out "a certain basic weakness" and tenderly develops his theory as to the Bensonian temperament. Even his loneliness was never "the solitude of the Saints." He lived nearer to excitement than to ecstasy. A "certain externality of mind," while it made him a novelist, prevented him from becoming a Jesuit or a contemplative. He was too buoyant and artistic ever to become meditative or mortified in the uttermost sense. He struggled fiercely for self-expression and felt all the joys of artistic creation. Father Martindale even detects "a layer of hardness" which he used in self-protection of his delicate and sensitive gifts. He was troubled between his sacerdotal duty of being all things to all men and yet keeping his artistic soul alive.

Besides his priesthood he felt a real call to write books *pro Ecclesia*. He was deeply fond of colors, vestments, sunsets, fancies, flowers and all that make the artist's heaven, though not the ascetic's. In fine, he cared intensely for many things—call them his whims, his toys, his hobby-horses—for he brought them like a child with him into the Church. "At

*The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. 2 Vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

the foot of Peter's throne he plays like the Innocents on the altar steps," says his biographer.

Hugh Benson was no saint, and to spite the ladies who insisted on his supernatural piety, and proved such a trial to him, and doubtless to his biographer, he slipped the word *peccator* into his epitaph. He could not be a saint because he got too much fun out of life, but he was the next best thing, a child! He always remained afraid of the dark and the dentist. He preferred ghosts to scholastic logic to buttress his belief in the unseen. His was "the summons of the weird." But in hilarious moments the universe seemed a Divine "movie-show" as of God at play with himself. He cried out: "Oh, my dear, isn't it all tremendous? Isn't it sport? Isn't it all huge fun?" So it is sometimes. During the years of his Cambridge apostolate he would seem as radiant as an orthodox Apollo one moment and like a petulant boy the next, when a favorite toy goes wrong. An incident not in the book gave us great amusement. Hugh had once solemnly blessed the new house of a Catholic pair in order to impress a Protestant neighborhood. Soon afterwards they left, incidentally leaving the "blest" furniture unpaid for! Benson was hugely mortified, but the Bensonians agreed that it was "somehow all very Roman Catholic."

There is very little omitted from the book, though Benson's relations with his Archbishop are barely touched upon. It would have been interesting to bring out the contrast between the fervid and emotional dreamer and the keenly logical (may we say artistically ascetic?) Cardinal who still rules Westminster. The discipline the Cardinal laid on him was galling, but it was wise. The Bensonians felt sore that "Archie" (Bensonian for Archbishop) was warring against converts, but in the end all came to recognize a keener-sighted and more generous man than they thought. If Benson and his Cardinal did not always understand each other, it was typical that Benson should leave him his house and playthings in his will, and that the Cardinal should go a long journey in order to bury him in the rose-garden where he would lie, for of such is the Catholic religion.

And Hugh Benson dying at the outbreak of war was as sudden, symbolic and sympathetic as his whole self. Perhaps it was a little careless to his friends and perhaps it was not altogether inartistic. But before the blasts of Armageddon he flickered out like a sanctuary lamp, and neither he nor his friends could be really ungrateful to Death, the Snuffer. To follow death must have been far sweeter to him than to follow the war. And the quest of the supernatural, which he had followed all his life—and been so disappointed at never seeing a ghost or finding a stigmatic—was fulfilled as he died. The very night that he passed away in the grimy Midlands it befell that the Bishop of Menevia slept in the bed wherein Hugh was accustomed to sleep at the Benedictine monastery of Caldey, and behold it was revealed to the Bishop in a dream that Hugh had died that night, all of which was a sign and a symbol to the good monks. And so, like a figure of the medieval ages, which he had wished to re-live in modern England, passed away *Robertus Hugo Benson, sacerdos Catholicæ et Romanæ Ecclesiæ, Peccator Expectans ad Revelationem Filiorum Dei.* SHANE LESLIE.

REVIEWS

Leçons de Logique; Leçons de Morale; Leçons de Psychologie et de Theodicée. Par ABBÉ A. ROBERT. Quebec: Imp. de l'Action Sociale Limitée. $0.50 le volume.

Histoire de la Philosophie. Par ABBÉ A. ROBERT. Quebec: La Flamme & Proulx. $0.75.

These four books or manuals of Catholic philosophy are commendable from many standpoints, but chiefly because they have popularized and show how to popularize in other languages the essentials of the system of rational and practical thinking of which the Church can boast she has been the custodian throughout the centuries. They are not treatises but simple lessons of philosophy adapted to the capacity and the needs not of graduates from the college or of students of the university, but to those of youths still in the high school or academy. Statistics will doubtless show that at most, only a small percentage of those who are graduated from secondary schools continue their studies in the college. Of the other large proportion many go to schools of medicine or of law, while all have been sufficiently educated to take an interest in all subjects that are current in magazines or newspapers. In most if not all of our high schools these graduates receive no inkling of the laws of logic except through the medium of a debating society, and their training in ethical thought or in the elements of psychology is limited by the covers of a catechism. By such manuals as these under review, much could be done in the formation and the information of high-school students along lines of simple and practical philosophy. Though complete treatment of the different subjects is, of course, beyond the scope of these manuals, yet clear and positive assertion of the essential tenets can be supported by sound and convincing reasons, and the pupils can be fitted to meet with a critical and discerning mind many philosophical questions that come up in their reading.

One particular quality in these books should be emphasized; it is their condensation. This has been brought to the perfection of an art and of an art that conceals itself, for while the author has omitted the pursuit of the useless and the urging of the obvious, yet every topic of worth seems to be adequately treated. The Catholic doctrine on suicide, for example, is not only set forth clearly, but all of the popular fallacies frequently urged in favor of suicide are fairly exposed and then convincingly demolished. All of these manuals with the exception of the volume "Histoire de la Philosophie" have reached their second edition and that one will doubtless share the same good fortune, for it bears the marks of clarity, practicality, interest and proportion that are evident in the other manuals. J. P. M.

Counter-Currents. By AGNES REPPLIER, Litt.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25.

In this attractive volume, Miss Repplier has gathered up, lest they be lost, nine essays that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the past three years. In these essays we see the kindly, witty and cultured spirit of the author cropping out at every turn, but it is when she is thinking least of the present European conflict that she is at her best. Though advertised as a book giving Miss Repplier's "impressions of the war and of issues arising from the war," most of the essays have to do with conditions that have little or no connection with the war, for they ante-dated it, and in part, at least, bid fair to be corrected by it. In the "Cost of Modern Sentiment," "Our Loss of Nerve," "The Repeal of Reticence" and above all, "Popular Education," the author lays bare in her genial but incisive way, some of the fallacies and follies that have been afflicting the so-called thinking circles of America. Parents and school teachers will applaud many of her strictures upon the prevalent educational policy of "molly-coddling" and enfeebling our youth. "The Modest Immigrant," while containing much that is incontrovertible, leaves one wondering just to which Indian tribe Miss Repplier belongs. The essays touching on the great conflict, which are supposed to give the volume its timeliness and chief spice, many will probably find the least-convincing pages in the book. The dozen or more volumes of high literary value which Miss Repplier has written during the past thirty years have deservedly won for her a distinguished place in American letters. To her fellow-Catholics especially, this should be very gratifying.

J. F. X. M.

Songs and Satires. By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

London, One November. By HELEN MACKAY. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

Verse. By ADELAIDE CROPSEY. Rochester: The Manas Press. $1.00.

In the chorus of praise that greeted the appearance of "The Spoon River Anthology," it would be hard to find a single voice, outside a certain set, that called the author a poet. "Powerful," "vitriolic," "kaleidoscopic," "tragic,"—and let us add, "indecent,"—all that those sketches might have been; but "poetry" they were called by very few. In his new book, however, Mr. Masters has definitely challenged the world as a poet, for here we have between two covers both forms, the "legitimate" one of poetry, and some vaudevillian *vers libre*. What are their qualities? A mediocre sense of poetic values, and among their positive defects, poor rhymes, frequent bathos, halting lines and a "realism" that verges constantly on the ugly—physical and moral. He has a genuine power, however, of satire and invective, a gift for dramatic character-sketching, and he can rise occasionally to pure passion. Pessimism, black and unrelieved, stalks through Mr. Master's pages, and lewdness is depicted in all shades of suggestiveness, from the vague to the vivid. His cynicism will be taken by the shallow-minded as something deep and new, whereas it is only the oldest of sophisms, and when he touches a sacred subject he become blasphemous.

In her new book, Helen MacKay offers a series of pictures of varying merit, wholly in *vers libre*, of London and Paris in war-time. Using her form skilfully, she gives the reader vague sensations of the changes in the two cities. As to the form itself, clearly it cannot be judged by the usual standards of poetry. It has without any doubt, the form, rhythm and often the thought of prose. Call it poetry, if your theory permits it, but by no stretch of imagination can it be called verse, the essence of which is meter, or at the least, recurrent rhythm. But there is absolutely no meter, and what rhythm she affects, is essentially the rhythm of prose. For example:

> The white arc-moons showed the houses asleep,
> and made them very strange,
> as if they could not be houses that people lived in.

Save for the purely accidental and artificial form of short and long lines, this is prose; poetry prose, if you will, but still prose. But even in this broader sense of the word poetry, *vers libre* frequently falls short, it seems cursed with a fatal tendency to bathos. Thus at the end of "Things in Paris," we find:

> The children romp at recess in frozen gardens.
> The old crones go into the churches,
> where it is warm, and there are candles.

The *vers libre* writers will probably go down in history as a set that rediscovered the rhythm of prose, and mistaking that for poetry, cut it up into lines with plenty of *libre*, and precious little *vers*.

The little posthumous book by Adelaide Cropsey, much too high-priced, by the way, for its worth, is chiefly remarkable for "an original verse-form," the "quintain," consisting of five lines of two and three feet, encasing thoughts for the most part trivial and obvious. The other verse in the book is delicate and gently turned, far removed from the "passionate revolt" announced in the foreword.

J. W. P.

The Onion Peelers. Being the Early History of Sir Albert Jenkins, Kt., One of His Majesty's Judges of the Court of King's Bench. By R. P. GARROLD. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60.

Under this rather unenlightening title, the Rev. Richard P. Garrold, S.J., the well-known author of a triad of superior boy-stories, has again entered the literary field. "The Onion Peelers" is the tale of a poor boy with a foolish, fond mother and a vain, drunken father, and of the various vicissitudes that mark his career from early school life until, despite his unpromising start, he achieves an Oxford education. Though the setting of the story is completely English, the author has such a grasp of boy-psychology that he has been able to produce a book that, notwithstanding the strangeness of its machinery, will hold and interest the American no less than the British reader. One excellent feature of the book, an excellence it shares with the author's previous stories, is its appeal to the adult as well as to the juvenile mind. Father Garrold's books are written not merely to amuse and benefit the boy-world; they have as an equal aim the opening of the eyes of parents and schoolmasters to the true inwardness of boy nature, a thing of the utmost importance to those who deal intimately with boys, if good influences are to be exerted. The fact of the author's being detailed for duty as a military chaplain with the British forces and of his consequent inability to revise the proof-sheets, will excuse the few blemishes of the book.

J. F. X. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Those who have the praiseworthy custom of practising mental prayer find it stimulating to change their meditation book occasionally. Such persons will be interested in the new two-volume work entitled: "Meditations on the Mysteries of Our Holy Faith, Together with a Treatise on Mental Prayer, Based on the Work of the Venerable Father Louis de Ponte, S.J." (Benziger, $3.00), which the Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J., has written. The well-known division of the purgative, illuminative and unitive ways which the great Spanish ascetic follows is adhered to, but no attempt has been made, of course, to imitate his fulness of treatment. The author furnishes considerations for the use of priests, religious, and laymen while on retreat and adds for "colloquial" purposes a collection of hymns and prayers for some of which, notably the *Stabat Mater*, it would seem that better translations could have been found. A courageous publisher ought to bring out in English a new and complete edition of Father De Ponte's admirable work on mental prayer. For unction, learning, and thoroughness it stands alone.

Stephen Leacock entertainingly discusses in his latest book, "Essays and Literary Studies" (Lane, $1.25), important questions of the day. Our educational system he calls "the golden key which will unlock the door of the temple of learning—not to let the student in but to let him get out." We are anxious to turn pupils out, not careful to educate them. The old traditions handed down from Padua and Bologna when a professor wanted to teach and pupils wanted to learn are gone. "We find saturating our literature, the new worship of the Strong Man, the easy pardon of the Unscrupulous, the Apotheosis of the Jungle, and the Deification of the Detective. Force, brute force is what we now turn to as the moral idea and Mastery and Success are the sole tests of excellence." All this happens too because "the Devil is passing out of fashion."——Taking a Protestant's point of view Estelle Ross contributed a well-written biography of "Oliver Cromwell" (Stokes, $0.75), to a children's "Heroes of All Time" series. The author does not minimize the horrors of the ruthless Puritan's invasion of Ireland but her high estimate of his character is not borne out by the deeds of his life. There is the usual cant about Cromwell's devotion to religious liberty. We are told that he received "with tears" the

news of the massacre of the Vaudois, but he seems to have had his emotions under better control when the slaughter of Catholics was going on at Drogheda and Wexford.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien prepared himself for the publication of "The Best Short Stories of 1915" (Small, Maynard, $1.50), by reading "over twenty-two hundred stories in a critical spirit." Surely, then, criticism has had its due, and the present volume should be reviewed in the spirit of wonder, and with a charity which heralds a virtue while it barely hints a fault. Mary Synon contributes a Lincoln story which is above the average, and in a brief two-hundred words, Mary Boyle O'Reilly vignettes war's ruthlessness and hidden sorrows. Mr. O'Brien's introduction is excellent.——Frances Duncan's novel, "Roberta of Roseberry Gardens" (Doubleday Page, $1.25), raises the question: Are the "Gardens" because of "Roberta" or is "Roberta" because of the "Gardens"? You move among flower-beds through all the seasons of the year and learn much about plants and the culture of nurslings. Two caretakers are at Roseberry: Trommel, whose German philosophy is wicked, and the Dooley-like Michael, who can bud and prune but cannot graft love for his client on the heart of Roberta, for she, as simply as buds to the warmth of spring, responds to another.——In "Viviette" (Lane, $1.00), William J. Locke has written a long short-story with a familiar triangle plot. A coquette keeps two brothers dangling after her until matters come to such a pass that to save the situation she is ready to accept a third suitor she does not love. Even Mr. Locke's pot-boilers have an artistry about them, however, that many a novelist might envy.

During the year 1915 1,500,000 copies of the Catholic *Heimatgrüsse an unsere Krieger* were sent to the front, the barracks and the hospitals by the War Committee of the Charitas League for Berlin and its suburbs. All the year's numbers are now bound into a single volume (M. Gladbach: Volksvereins-Verlag, M. 4), which is no less interesting than edifying. It is filled with instructive articles that have helped to quicken the faith of the Catholic soldiers. Countless details are given about the war and the nations engaged in it, and special Scriptural prayers are suggested even for the U-boat sailors and the airmen. The former can appropriately use the invocations of Jonas in the belly of the fish; and the latter are offered ejaculations from the Book of Psalms: "O Lord, thy mercy is in heaven, and thy truth reacheth even to the clouds. . . . The children of men shall put their trust under the cover of thy wing."——Another volume of considerable sociological value from the same press, is the practical "Abriss der Ländlichen Wohlfahrtspflege" (80 Pf.) by Johannes Schäfers. It is an outline of welfare work in country places and is intended in particular as a handbook for women's colleges and similar institutions.

Here are some booklets and pamphlets that have lately come to the reviewer's desk: "At the Feet of the Martyrs" (Benziger, $0.35), is a collection of short meditations which "A Nun of Tyburn Convent" has compiled from the devotional writings of the English martyrs. "The Happiness of Duty" (Christian Year Pub. Co., Fort Thomas, Ky., $0.15), is a translation, edited by the Rev. J. M. Lelen, of Bishop Gay's excellent "Treatise on Obedience." From Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind., comes a new and revised edition of Father Noll's valuable pamphlet on "Defamers of the Church" ($0.10), and "The Mass: the Eucharistic Service of the Catholic Church" ($0.15), by the Rev. George Moorman, who explains the Catholic doctrine of the Mass, describes everything used at the altar, and expounds the meaning of all the ceremonies and the prayers that are prescribed by the Missal. A similar little work is Abbé Hallet's "Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass" (Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, $0.15). "The Holy Sacrifice of the Altar" (Pustet, $0.10) is a pamphlet teaching school children methods of hearing Mass, and Father Joseph J. Baierl of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, has out a new edition of his little book on "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Explained in the Form of Question and Answer" ($0.50 and $0.25).

"Learning to Earn" (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.25), by John A. Lapp and Carl H. Mote, is a purely radical and utilitarian work. The authors hold that "the first problem of man's existence is self-preservation," physical, of course, and they postulate as a basis that "education be an adjustment of the individual to his environment," nor does this environment include God, religion or morality. In spite of repeated protests against the too broad curriculum of our elementary schools, the joint authors would have all children attend school between the years of six and twelve or fourteen, during which time "all youth becomes acquainted with its environment [past? present? future?] and acquires the simple elements of chemistry, physics, biology, business practice, art, music, physical training, civics, social economy, agriculture," and of course the R's, three of them but not the fourth. Then on to a vocational school, where anyone may learn nearly everything about anything. Girls, for instance, need a broader training, for "building material, plumbing fixtures . . . and the ingredients of paint properly belong to the wife," besides "Mother, as a source of information on babies, is unreliable and inadequate." Toward the end of the book we are told: "It becomes the duty of the public to take charge of the entire educational system," based of course, on "the activities which essentially make up life" as arranged by Herbert Spencer. The day is coming when the private school will have to fight and fight hard to preserve its autonomy.

In a paper contributed to last week's *Ireland,* Mr. Shane Leslie remarks that "of those who signed the proclamation of the Irish Republic no less than three were true poets." He quotes in proof the following passage from P. H. Pearse as the "words of a poet, not of a president": "Freedom is so splendid a thing that one cannot worthily state it in the terms of a definition; one has to write it in some flaming symbol or to sing it in music riotous with the uproar of heaven." He then cites these fine stanzas of Joseph Plunkett:

The stars sang in God's garden,
The stars are the birds of God;
The night time is God's harvest.
Its fruits are the words of God.

God ploughed His fields in the morning;
God sowed His seed at noon;
God reaped and gathered in His corn
With the rising of the moon.

The sun rose up at midnight;
The sun rose red as blood.
It showed the Reaper, the dead Christ,
Upon His cross of wood.

For many live that One may die,
And One must die that many live.
The stars are silent in the sky,
Lest my poor songs be fugitive.

And from Thomas MacDonagh this little poem:

What is white?
The soul of the sage, faith-lit!
The trust of Age,
The infant's untaught wit.
What more white?
The face of Truth made known,
The voice of Youth
Singing before her throne.

Mr. Leslie observes in conclusion: "If the British Empire is to be saved . . . it will not be by shooting dreamers and poets against the feudal background of the Tower of London, with the whole sea-sundered Irish race listening, and beginning to wonder, and to wonder terribly."

EDUCATION

I—Going to College

ONE afternoon in early November I journeyed up to West Point to watch a football game between the team of the Military Academy and that of a western university. It was an ideal day, one of those delightful autumn days that speak to you softly of Saint Martin and the Indian summer. From the ascending tiers of seats about the parade grounds you could see the high hills across the Hudson, glorious and splendid, even in a waning splendor and a dying glory; and full of faith and hope, they seemed to be standing on tiptoe to watch every movement of the players struggling for victory. It was a game worth the watching, as fair an example of the American college game as one could wish to see; with plenty of wonderful, thrilling plays in the open field, as well as scrimmages in massed charges that try the stoutest heart. It matters little to you or me which team won; for football is not the subject of my story.

When the game was over and the crowd had melted away, I walked about the grounds, taking the pleasant paths across the wide campus, past the officers' houses, and onward toward the chapel-crowned slope above the bend in the river. Students passed me from time to time, seniors, some of them, almost ready to leave the war college; plebes, too, the veriest tyros in military technique. In every cadet, from the man who in half a year would be a second lieutenant in the United States army to the youth who had not yet lived six months within the call of the bugle, there was the same characteristic trait to be observed, an identical, uniform mark that would not be escaped. In the eyes, in the walk, in the general bearing of all there was that, which, if one might sum it up in a single word, one would call *purpose*. Once you detect it, and it is quite ineluctable, it flashes the message to you: "I belong to a soul that has a sure point of view and a definite goal." It is the badge of every West Pointer, a chevron as insistent as his dress uniform or his military salute.

THE "PURPOSEFUL STUDENT"

Now, the intent of this paper is not to seek into the reasons for military preparedness, nor to recall the glories of dead heroes; *arma virumque* is not my song. But up there on the plains overlooking the river, as I tried to study those youths with their minds quickened to their goal in life, I could not but think of the uncounted students in the colleges of this land, living in academic enclosure for four years, with no such definite aim. It is probably very clear what is meant by the quality of purposefulness as possessed by the student at West Point. His purpose, without doubt, is to become an efficient officer, capable of serving his country on the battlefield, and willing, if need be, to die in her defense. That is a very definite program of endeavor, simple and all-sufficient. Preparation for this scheme of life is the purpose of the cadet; that is the reason of his four years spent in the rigorous discipline of military training; that is why he goes to West Point. It would be harder, of a certainty, to find the aim of the average college student. And as the train carried me down to the city, while I looked out on the silent, shadowed river, or watched the little villages flash by, one by one lighting up the gloom of night, I thought of college life in America, of its meaning and its worth.

Everybody goes to college now, or, at all events, there is nobody who may not go. Time was, and not so long ago, when only selected individuals attended college; students particularly gifted, or boys looking forward to the professions of law, medicine, or theology; or sons of wealthy fathers. But today the rich and the poor, the scholar and the dullard, the ambitious and the aimless, mingle together in a quasi-democracy on every college campus. The bachelor's degree is becoming more and more the *sine qua non* in American life today. Going to college is the fashion of the times; it is the custom of the country.

Apparently, moreover, everybody is going for the same reason. If you ask a wealthy man his purpose in sending his son to college, he will answer without hesitation that he wishes to educate his boy. He will think you a very stupid person for your query, and may wonder if you realize the meaning of life at all. If you ask a poor man why his son is absenting himself for four years from a gainful occupation, he, too, will reply, and in no tone of doubt, that he wishes to educate his boy. The first man may have been the fifth of his line to carry his name to his Alma Mater; the second may have fled a pogrom at Warsaw. But for both the word education possesses a magic charm which weaves a never-failing spell. Education is the glorified fetich, the unknown god before which America kneels down and adores. It is the great religion in this modern Athens, and if one does not believe in it, one makes pretense of faith, and passes as an orthodox worshiper; there are no heretics willing to admit their sin.

The sons, too, are just as sure of their intentions. The boy who alights from his sixty-horse-power motor for his first consultation with the college dean will tell you that he is coming to college for an education. The less prosperous-looking youth who is filling out the perilous blank spaces on a questionnaire will cheerfully admit that education is the motive for his determination to spend a considerable fraction of his life in college. And so we have a pleasing unanimity on this point.

UNEDUCATED COLLEGIANS

From the almost daily complaints on the subject, it would seem that there is growing a rather unpleasing unanimity on the negative proposition; to wit, that though the youth may get college, he does not get education. He leaves home, sometimes a light-hearted, sometimes a serious, and usually an amiable lad, fresh from high school or academy, and comes back, it is charged, with his light-heartedness, or his seriousness, and his amiability tempered with a complacently patronizing attitude toward the world that is willing but not too anxious to give him a trial. It is contended that most college graduates know a little of everything, but nothing comprehensively of anything. And the intense desire, on the part of many, is that the new bachelor of arts will forget his four years' dream and settle down, as soon as may be, to the actualities of wide-awake life. In his present state, he is an interesting, but an unimportant phenomenon; his only hope lies in outgrowing the fantastic illusion that he has been wholly prepared for life by the college course. So cry the critics in a chorus of many variations.

Life is so hard at its worst, or so easy at its best, that one may sometimes wonder if it serves any practical purpose at all to be even a little analytic of the vagaries of human nature; if it solaces the heart or feeds the soul to divulge some of the arcana of college life. That it takes all sorts of people to make up the world will be a proverb, one ventures to say, a thousand years from now, if the earth lasts so long. And I am not overhopeful that the college world at the end of this millennium will be populated by one sort of student: the sort of student that plans with a certain amount of wisdom his future years. Indeed, it is of precious little consequence to any of us to worry over the possible outcome of a possible vaticination.

SONGS AND SAVANTS

Everyone remembers the amiable gentleman who would ask only the boon of making a nation's songs, and would leave the

unimportant matter of legislation to somebody else. One is allowed to suppose that the essence of patriotism would breathe through those songs; I wonder if one can say that the essence of college pervades our college songs. If one remembers aright, most of them chant the charms of friendship and loyalty, and the pledging of faiths for aye and aye; indeed, a thoroughly laudable and proper manner of song-making. There is very little in verse about the mental growth of the student through the discipline involved in a study of Greek syntax or six-point logarithms, very little save in a jesting vein. There is very little in lyric mood of the broadening of the intellectual vision, of a widening of the human sympathies, of a perceptibility or invisibility enhancing appreciation of the art of living, of the attaining to a more or less satisfying condition of culture in all or any of its many-sided expressions, of the welding of heart and mind into the composite of sturdy character. And undeniably we should be thankful for this; human nature does not abhor such a vacuum. The singing Muse is glad to leave the charming and divine philosophy of the evolution of the youthful soul to another of her sorority, who may tell the tale without the linked sweetness of poetic phrase. And after all, it is more than barely possible that the songs of college, infused with the spirit of fraternity, of gaiety, of unsophisticated optimism, are more truthful tale-bearers of college life than the learned dissertation of a dusty savant. J. F. W.

SOCIOLOGY

The Way of the Good Shepherd

THE perfect love that casts out fear makes a glory in her peaceful eyes. For her there is no past; no memory of searing nights and haggard dawns, of dragging days of misery, remorse and scorn. Only the perfume of the broken box of spikenard, symbol of a bruised and contrite heart, lingers to tell that many sins have been forgiven her who has loved much. She sits at the feet of Christ, and is content. She has found Him in the House of the Good Shepherd.

Thus year by year, nay, week by week, in these quiet homes, sacred to love and penitence, for our solacing and lest the world think the Gospel only an idle tale, is retold the beautiful story of her who, after many wanderings, came to know why God put love in the human heart. Within these sheltering walls, the hapless objects of the world's cold contumely follow Magdalene to Calvary, there to wash the stained robes of their womanhood whiter than snow, in the crimson tide that flows from the riven Heart of Christ. They that were lost have been found.

Not an Economic Problem

The modern civilization which calls evil good and good evil, has lured into the desert many souls for whom the Heart of the Shepherd mourns. The hot words of Buckle, flung like acid into the face of a degraded public opinion, that "There has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of the moralist can dwell," need not be accepted in their main import, even by those who are well aware that she, on whose "degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame," still abides in all degrees of society, at once a source of physical and moral corruption, and, paradoxically, a possible shield against even greater evils. Harried and hounded, when she has not been enveloped in a hurtful sentimentality, she has been the theme of countless volumes elaborated by psychologists and moralists, and the occasion of much well-meaning but inefficient legislation. Dealt with often and by many forces, but not always wisely, she has occupied much of the public's attention; and in the chorus of conflicting opinions, the charge has been made that the Catholic Church is derelict in dealing with an unfortunate class which constitutes what is now termed a problem in economics or social hygiene.

The Spiritual Element

The Catholic Church will not accept the discussion of the problem on these grounds alone. Certainly, they are not to be slighted, much less rejected. But they are secondary, not fundamental. When one is cold, wet and hungry, when life holds out nothing better than an immutable sentence of toil and want, resistance is not easy. Hence, like her Master, the Church would supply, as far as may be possible, the reasonable temporal needs of her children, "lest they faint in the way." But even under the most unfavorable circumstances, resistance is not impossible. Despite the flood of sentimentality poured out by the popular magazines and some State reports, it is fairly evident that the stability of the girl who works is not dependent upon her wages, and that she who would gladly choose death of the body rather than of the soul is not an uncommon type. The Church, so thoroughly acquainted with the weakness of human nature, is not unmindful of its nobility. She knows well the serene heights to which human nature, ennobled by grace, can and does rise. Man does not live by bread alone, nor perish in its absence. Even admitting the dangers to youth, such as lack of proper housing, food, and necessary recreation, usually connected with poverty, it still remains true that no one was ever dragged into the depths of vice whose gaze had been firmly set on the ideals made practical by the teachings of the Catholic Church.

Materialistic Reconstruction

Physical comfort, the goal of modern sociologists, freedom from care, opportunities for education and social refinement, can no more insure chastity than the most grinding poverty, involving the lack of all things from a temporal point of view desirable, can wreck it. Fifth Avenue does not necessarily connote heaven, nor is an East Side tenement always an anteroom of hell. When Henley wrote that he was the captain of his soul, his spirit of defiance made the claim an empty boast. The Catholic Church teaches that, with the help of God, it is a fact. Therefore does she refuse to countenance the materialistic view that the problem of vice can be solved only by a reconstruction of society which will give to every man according to his temporal needs. Man is not a creature of the State, nor is he dependent upon the State for the truest achievement of life's purposes. Society can hinder or help, but of itself, cannot prevent him from attaining the end for which he came into existence.

The Catholic View

What, then, is the policy of the Church in dealing with this dark disorder? It can be stated simply. She sees neither safety for the innocent nor salvation for the erring save in a firm adhesion to the teachings of Jesus Christ. She does not propose to reconstruct the sin-wrecked soul by substituting courses in music or domestic economy for a humble, hopeful acknowledgment of the fact that sin is a moral disorder calling for personal reparation. Only He who made the soul can heal it, and she brings it to Him and leaves it in His hands. Her dealings with the sinner are dictated by the words of Christ to Magdalene, "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven." Not because they had no objective existence, but because love, working through penitence, has restored the balance in the moral order, and by putting all past transgressions into the merciful hands of God, has done away with their guilt forever. This is the basis of all the

reconstructive measures employed by the Church. It is the way of the Good Shepherd; it finds a beautiful modern expression in the institutions consecrated by this touching name of the Saviour.

Sin and Responsibility

On the other hand, she has no sympathy with the current opinion that sin is simply a pathological condition beyond personal control, like mumps or measles. She will not admit that sin is due solely to malign social conditions, and that, in consequence, the individual is the victim and society the sinner. Not so are human beings made. The Church knows and common experience teaches that day by day men and women, with eyes open to the guilt and consequences of sin, and utterly beyond the reach of "malign social conditions," freely transgress the moral law. A principle of modern pedagogy which bids the teacher "never to tell the child that he has done wrong, but to place before him ideals of positive constructive value inducing him to do what is right," has long been adopted by agencies of reform outside the Catholic Church. But sin is not a mere pathological condition or a social disorder inducing no personal responsibility. It is an act whereby one, knowing good, chooses evil, thereby violating the moral order; hence the reconstruction of the individual must include an adequate reparation of the moral order violated by the culprit. But there is nothing to reform if there has been no sin, and no repentance is possible unless the disorder has been acknowledged. The Church, then, sees no true reconstruction in the process which does not admit this violation, and which, while endeavoring to lead the erring soul to love virtue, does not teach it to hate vice as well.

Catholic Preventive Work

It has been alleged, not wholly without bitterness, that the interest of the Church begins only when the individual has become a social menace. The charge is utterly without proof. On the contrary, in the extent and efficiency of its preventive work, no organization can be compared with the Catholic Church; a fact of which even some of her children seem unaware. She does not undervalue the constructive aids suggested by modern needs, such as playgrounds, social centers and vocational schools, but she does not place her chief reliance upon them. By developing character on supernatural lines, she strikes at the very root of delinquency. Defending, as no human organization dares defend, the sanctity of the home, she secures the foundation of human society. Marriage she regards as a Sacrament; to every mother she holds up as the ideal, the love of Mary for the Infant Redeemer, and to every father the patient sacrifice of Joseph. Her watchfulness follows the child into the schools. The houses she builds for the little ones of the flock are dedicated to Christ, so that from the beginning they may associate every activity with some thought of God or religion. But her greatest aid is in the Sacraments, those sacred rites which strengthen the soul, not by asking for the grace of God, as prayer does, but by conferring it. In her schools, she trains more than one and a half million children; an equal number are subjected, in greater or less degree, to her tireless influence. What child-caring institution in the United States, however vast its resources, can equal or even vie with this record of preventive, genuinely constructive work?

The Only Remedy

That we can be saved only in the name of Christ, is as true in sociology as in religion. Despite the reformers, it is probable that the social evil will always afflict society in some degree, an evidence and effect of human weakness or human malice. But they are working most effectively to lessen the evil who instil into the souls of the coming generation, principles of self-restraint not founded on appeals to the child's budding sense of social justice, but upon the grace of God. In this as in all other disorders the only sure remedy, as Leo XIII so often declared, is to be found in a return to Christ, the Shepherd and Ruler of souls.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The educational value of giving special attention to the Catholic press in our schools and colleges is gradually being appreciated. Special stress is laid upon the study of current journalistic literature in many non-Catholic schools, but there is particular need of acquainting Catholic students with their own Catholic literature and of educating them to show a lively interest in its regard. In this way we shall be able to develop in future a Catholic literature worthy of the great Church which it represents. At least one Catholic college magazine, the *Saint Angela Quarterly,* of New Rochelle College, has recognized this need by devoting a special department to the subject. Attention is drawn to leading Catholic magazines by discussing interesting articles contained in them. This is one of many ways in which the students can be made familiar with the excellent Catholic journalistic literature which we already possess, and which we may hope will steadily grow in value and importance according to the measure of intelligent support accorded to it.

A pithy aphorism of a noted French writer is quoted in *Our Dumb Animals.* "The dog," he says, "is almost always the mirror of his master, and he who sees the one sees the other. Show me your dog and I will tell you what you are." Observing the dames of fashion parading on Fifth Avenue, in New York, and the canines which are led by them or lead them, as the case may be, it might often appear uncharitable to leap to the conclusion which this principle would suggest. Yet there is no little truth in the shrewd observation: "The ruffian has for his dog a scoundrel; the thief, a thief; the stupid peasant, a stupid dog; and the man courteous and kind, a dog gently bred." This will sufficiently explain the psychology of the saying, "Love me, love my dog." The comparison between dog and master or mistress is not, however, to be applied too curiously. In particular it may not always be possible to see in the poor pampered pet the vices of a mistress who seeks by means of a beast and similar unworthy objects to fill the void left in her heart by the absence of the love of God and of His little ones for which nature itself craves. How dreadful the bathos of the modern world!

The cost of conducting the present war, so far as it could be ascertained during the past month, is thus summarized by the *American Review of Reviews:*

> Great Britain spent in the year ending April 1, $8,000,000,000, over four times her income under the new taxes. One-fourth of this expenditure, however, was in the shape of advances to her colonies and allies. The German Treasury announces that the expenditures for last December were $500,000,000, at the rate of $6,000,000,000 a year, but that since December the disbursements have been smaller. Germany has just closed her fourth war loan, to which there were subscriptions of $2,600,000,000, making a total of $9,000,000,000 borrowed since the war began. The French Minister of Finance states that war expenditures in 1915 amounted to $4,400,000,000, with estimates of current expenses running somewhat above that rate. In April, France arranged to borrow $100,000,000 in the United States, all or most of which is to go toward paying Americans for purchases here. Several of our bankers have underwritten this amount as a loan to the French Government, which will deposit with them certain securities to be collateral for debenture bonds offered to the public. Russia has borrowed

$4,000,000,000 since the war began, and is now incurring war expenses at the rate of $6,000,000,000 per year.

Stupendous figures have become so familiar to us that they barely impress our imagination. To realize fully their meaning is impossible. This will come home to the nations, however, when the war-madness has passed and the day of reckoning is at hand. Some one must pay the accounts, or some one must incur the loss of these enormous debts.

The relative healthfulness of city and country is strikingly shown by the recent census tables. The death rate for 1909, 1910 and 1911 among white males under one year of age in cities of approximately 10,000 or more inhabitants was 13,380 out of every 100,000 children, whereas in smaller places at the same time it was only 10,326 out of the same number. The death rate of white females under the same conditions was respectively 11,123 for cities and 8,497 for rural localities, or twenty-four per cent less than the urban rate. The expectation of life, at birth, for white males is 7.7 years greater than in cities and at the age of ten, 5.4 years greater. Until the age of thirty-nine is reached there is a margin of more than five years in favor of the country. Thereafter the difference becomes gradually less, but is always in favor of the country until the age of eighty-eight is reached. After this period of life the cities show a slightly greater longevity than the rural localities. The difference between urban and rural longevity in the case of white females is somewhat less than in the case of males, though it still remains sufficiently pronounced. At birth the woman's expectation of life is 6 years greater in the country places, at ten years it is 3.3 years greater, and until the age of forty-six years is reached it continues to be 3 years greater. After the age of eighty-three years the city women have a slight advantage over their country sisters.

"Total abstinence from intoxicants," writes a Jewish organ, "may be said just now to be the principal doctrine of the Protestant church. This is the doctrine preached by Mohammed some thirteen hundred and odd years ago." The paper concludes that the Church which makes itself responsible for such teaching has taken a long time "to catch up with the Koran." Neither the Old nor the New Testament can be made sponsor for such a doctrine, and yet there is no mistaking the tendency on the part of some to confuse total abstinence with the spirit and even with the very teaching of Christianity. While men are laboring or legislating to combat the abuse of drunkenness we can all heartily sympathize and cooperate with them, but when they would make of total abstinence a touchstone of true Christianity they are setting up a private standard of religion. There may be many who regard prohibition as the only possible remedy for existing abuses. This is a purely personal conviction from which, to say the least, others have a right to differ. But no excuse can be pleaded for men who seek to impose the practice of total abstinence upon others as a religious doctrine or as a test of practical Christianity. There is no prohibition of the rational use of spirituous beverages in any part of the Gospel of Christ. To reprobate the use of them as in themselves sinful is to merit the comparison our Jewish brethren suggest. It is clear that in many sections a decided confusion of ideas exists in this regard. When essential doctrines of Christianity are cast aside queer substitutes are likely to be accepted in their place.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association will be held in Baltimore, June 26-29. The opening Mass will be celebrated in the Cathedral of the Assumption on June 27 and the convention proper opened at a general session in Calvert Hall by the President-General, Rt. Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D. The College Department will hold its meetings in the Cathedral school; and the Parish School Department, in Calvert Hall. The subjects to be discussed the first day in the latter department are, "The Gary Plan," which has attracted such wide attention, and "To Teach Pupils to Study." The next day these various problems in school management are to be considered in this section: "Accurate Keeping of School Records," "Good Classroom Management," "To Train for the Formation of Good Habits" and "To Teach Them to Speak Their Mother Tongue Correctly." Other papers in the same department to be read during the Thursday session, are, "The Problem of Feeble-Mindedness," "The Lesson Plan" and "The Books Every Catholic Teacher Should Read." The Deaf-Mute Conference will be opened on Tuesday by the Rev. F. A. Moeller, S.J., and the Seminary Department by Rt. Rev. Mgr. John B. Peterson, Ph.D. At the general meeting of all departments for this day a paper on "The State" will be read by Very Rev. John F. Fenlon, S.S. On Wednesday afternoon the Rev. Lawrence A. Brown will preside at the meeting of the local and visiting teachers and representatives of religious communities. The report of the Committee on Educational Legislation will be presented at the general session of Wednesday evening by the Rev. M. J. Ahern, S.J. The presence of pastors, teachers and of all who have the interest of Catholic education at heart is earnestly invited.

"The place where Roman Catholics go after death," was the little Protestant girl's definition of purgatory. Today, the *Irish Theological Quarterly* remarks, Protestants are beginning to change their views upon this subject, and some no longer fight shy even of the use of the word "purgatory" itself. Others are willing to admit the fundamental truth of the doctrine, but hesitate to commit themselves to the term applied by the Church. As an illustration of this attitude a passage from "The Great Hereafter," by so "sturdy" a Protestant divine as the Rev. J. D. Jones, is quoted by the aforementioned review. After some "antiquated but judicious attacks" on the alleged abuses of the Catholic Church, which may serve to make his views palatable to Protestant readers, he says:

> Nevertheless it may be permitted to a sturdy Protestant to say that when our fathers in their revolt against the abuses of purgatory, swept away the very idea of a probationary life, they went too far. There was a real truth in this doctrine which had been held by the Church for centuries. No doctrine which persists throughout the generations can be dismissed as wholly untrue. There is no principle of vitality in what is a mere falsity. If a thing endures, it is because, mingled very likely with much that is erroneous, there is a real truth at the heart of it. And now that the fierceness of controversy has died down, Protestant theologians are returning to a belief in a probationary life after this one.

The word substituted by him and other Protestant writers for the Catholic term, "purgatory," is unsatisfactory. The souls of the dead, who have died in the state of grace, but with the stains of venial sins upon them, and other effects of their transgressions still following after them, undergo a purgation but no further probation. The state of probation is limited to the present life. But it is well to notice how clearly the admission is made that Protestant theologians are returning to a belief in what the writer considers the fundamental truth of the Catholic doctrine. That this doctrine has at any time been mingled with errors in the mind of the Church is an assumption which further study should enable Protestants to set aside easily. The doctrine of purgatory is simple, Scriptural, and in complete conformity with human reason. It has not changed in the course of centuries. Protestants in common with Catholics must realize the need of a term of purgation for the soul not deserving to be rejected eternally and yet not worthy to be admitted instantly to the vision of God, because of guilt not wholly expiated.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Flanders the Germans have bombarded the Belgian positions near Dixmude but without notable results. North of Ypres, between Steenstraete and Het Sas they have repeatedly endeavored to cross the Yser Canal, but without success. In Artois the British have lost from 100 to 300 yards of trenches on a front of more than a mile on the heights of Vimy. In Champagne the French have blocked a number of attempts on the part of the Germans to advance in the Somme-Py sector between St. Hilaire and St. Souplet. In the Verdun region the offensive has been mainly on the side of the Germans, who have made gains south and north of Hill 287, in the ravine between Hill 304 and Mort Homme Hill, and on the northern slopes of Mort Homme Hill. East of the Meuse the French have recaptured the Haudromont quarries and a portion of Fort Douaumont.

Bulletin, May 16, p. m.-May 23, a. m.

In Russia the Germans have been on the offensive near Illuxt, Lake Miadsiol and in the vicinity of Smorgon, south of Krevo, at Pulkarn and Olyka, and at Novo Alexinetz. The Russians report that in these places they have repelled all attacks. In Galicia, along the upper and lower Strypa there have been a number of engagements between the Austrians and the Russians, but the general situation in this district remains the same. In Egypt, near the border of Palestine, British warships have shelled El Arish. In Armenia there has been fighting between Bitlis and Diarbekr, where the Turks have apparently checked the Russian progress. In Persia, however, the Russians have captured Sekkis and arrived at Bade. Further south they have advanced from Kasr-i-Shirin and are now facing large Turkish forces five miles from the Mesopotamian border at Khanikin. The British War Office has officially announced that a force of Russian cavalry has joined the British on the Tigris, about twenty-five miles south of Kut-el-Amara.

The surprise of the week was the sudden development of the Austrian offensive in the Alps. The attack began with a violent bombardment of the Italian positions from Lake Garda to Montefalcone. This artillery fire became very intense between the Adige River and the Val D'Astico. The Italians, it seems, were taken unawares and were unable to withstand the infantry assaults which followed. Accordingly the Austrians forced the evacuation of Mori and advanced on the west side of the Adige as far as Monte Baldo, which is still held by the Italians. On the east side of the Adige the Austrians captured Marco, cleared the Terragnola plateau, took the villages of Moschera and Piazza, and attacked Monte Maggio from the south. At the same time they drove the Italians from the northern portion of the Lavarone plateau, and began the attack on Monte Maggio from the north. The Italians were outnumbered and were inferior in artillery, and as a consequence they retired south from the ridge. Crossing after the retreating Italians, the Austrians captured Costabella, and began to bombard the Italian positions on Monte Santo. Meantime they had descended the Arsa valley. Monte Santo was thus brought between two fires and the Italians found themselves unable to hold it, with the result that this important position fell into the hands of the Austrians. Further to the east the Austrians also drove the Italians from the northern side of the Val Sugana, and are now seriously threatening Borgo. The Austrians' advance varies from three to five miles, and in some places has crossed into Italian territory. Both sides are hurrying reinforcements, and the battle is rapidly developing on a large scale.

Austrian Offensive in the Alps

France.—Owing to the efforts of M. Maurice Barrès a "Fédération Nationale d'Assistance aux Mutilés des Armées de Terre et de Mer," has been organized to unite all local associations for the help of French war-cripples. The Federation proposes to procure for the crippled soldiers and sailors the artificial limbs needed, to teach them some suitable trade and to find them a situation. The *Écho de Paris* has already raised $340,000 for the work. The Federation has affiliated associations and homes for the cripples in most of the larger towns and cities. Of the $340,000 raised by the *Écho de Paris,* $100,000 have been reserved for the provincial associations. Near Lyons, the first school of agriculture has been opened for war-cripples who have been farmers. Here they are trained to continue their work with the aid of artificial limbs. A similar school is to be opened near Beauvais. It is a difficult task to provide the wounded with the artificial limbs suitable, as the Government has commandeered the supply, and has at times to furnish apparatus not fitted to the work intended. As a rule the Federation supplies artificial limbs only to the mutilated soldiers who are being "reeducated" in its homes. Up to January 1, 1916, 1,080 apparatuses had been furnished.

Helping the War-Cripples

Two classes of cripples are "reeducated" in Paris, those who stay with their families or friends, and those who are housed and lodged by the Federation. One hundred and fifty cripples belonging to the former class are "retaught" their former trade of shoemakers, tailors, tinsmiths, etc., in the various homes. Others are taught glass-blowing, toy-making, etc. To these non-resident cripples the Federation allows about seventy cents a day and pays all the expenses of their "reeducation."

Crippled soldiers without home or friends are cared for at the Federation Home, 28 Quai de la Rapée. The report issued from the above address and from which we are gathering these details, says that the Home treats all with impartiality "without distinction of politics or religion." A committee of ladies looks after the welfare of the inmates. Many of the latter are "retaught" various trades, and with their work have managed to some extent to make the home self-supporting. The average cost for each cripple per day is about ninety-four cents. A savings system is arranged so that the men may have a small sum on leaving. The work is becoming quite popular. The Paris report informs us that the Federation for French War Cripples has an American Bureau at No. 20 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Germany.—It is mentioned as a very gratifying sign for Germany that while various belligerent countries are struggling with recruiting difficulties Bavaria has been able to recall from the front all soldiers who have completed their forty-fifth year, restoring them to their peaceful occupations. In accounting for the abundant supply of men which Germany is said to possess in spite of the long duration of the war the following reason is offered in *Heer und Politik:*

Bavarian Soldiers Recalled

> Since the Quadruple Alliance actually has many more men at its disposal than Germany and her allies, it is natural to ask how it is possible for the preponderance shown by Germany to extend itself likewise to her supply of troops. The main reason is to be found in the skill of our leaders, who achieve the greatest results possible with the smallest losses, not merely in defensive warfare but likewise in correctly launching their attacks. A Swedish paper recently spoke of the Verdun offensive as a model of its kind, since the attacks were almost entirely carried on by artillery and the greatest saving of men was effected. The art of German generalship consists in saving the men; the loss of our enemies, in squandering their soldiers.

Though desirous of peace, Germany claims to have vast resources of men for all future emergencies. The continued offensive of Germany and Austria is certainly a sign of strength.

Since October, 1914, an American relief kitchen has been conducted at Berlin by voluntary contributions from Americans only, furnishing warm midday meals to several hundred families. The undertaking was prompted, according to the American Association of Commerce and Trade in Berlin, "by the many acts, both official and private, indicative of good feeling toward Americans sojourning in Germany." Such sentiments, it adds, "between two countries which have for centuries lived in harmony and friendship" should be regarded of value, "even in a business sense." That commercial relations between the United States and Germany will be more close after the war than ever in the past is the opinion of the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, Dr. Karl Helfferich:

Germany and the United States

> Then, no doubt, our relations will be more direct than ever before, since up to now a large part of the business transacted between the United States and Germany was negotiated through Great Britain. Great Britain has lost, certainly with the Central Powers, and, I venture to say, more or less with the whole world, its standing as the world's commercial agent. What happened to private individuals of German nationality in Great Britain, the confiscation of privately owned goods and securities, may be inflicted on the citizens of any other nation in some future war.

The recent excellent American banking reforms, he believes on the other hand, will enable our country "to finance the world's commerce in a manner worthy of the United States."

Great Britain.—The Compulsory Service Bill passed the House of Commons on May 17, and is now before the Lords. The Bill will become effective one month after its passage. While the enactments provide for the establishment of an army reserve for industrial work, it is generally recognized that this is the weakest clause of the proposed measure. England's power to carry on the war depends very largely on her ability to maintain

Progress of the Conscription Bill

the policy of "business as usual." This she has done up to the present; whether she will be able to continue it, depends upon the wisdom of the present legislation and the prudence with which it is applied. "The slackers in general," reports the *Month*, "made the Compulsory Service Act necessary. The married slackers are now making it odious. The resulting reluctance of the attested married men to serve is doubtless natural, but more natural than exemplary." Eight members of an association styling itself "The National Committee of the No Conscription Fellowship" were recently punished for the publication of a pamphlet denouncing the war as immoral, and demanding the repeal of the Act. Other signs of dissatisfaction have also been noted, but there is no reason to believe that the measure does not receive the approval of the country as a whole.

Increased Direct Taxation

The tremendous growth of direct as compared with indirect taxation was recently commented upon in the House of Commons by Mr. W. S. Hewins, who warned the country against underestimating the economic strength of the Central Powers. In reply, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India, agreed with Mr. Hewins to the extent of admitting that it is a wiser policy for any country to conserve and develop its own resources, rather than to place reliance on the possibility of economic failure on the part of her enemies. The Secretary held, however, that compared with the wealth of Great Britain, the financial powers of Germany were small, and that although the increase in direct taxation was doubtless a burden, the abundant returns proved that the country was bearing it without undue strain.

The Uprising

Ireland.—News from Ireland has begun to arrive. During the week the Cork *Weekly Examiner*, the Dublin *Sunday Independent* and the *Irish Catholic* reached the office of AMERICA. Unfortunately the able and courageous *New Ireland* and the *Leader* have not as yet arrived. The Cork *Examiner* carries a long article on the uprising, taken from the English *Daily Telegraph*. There is also an editorial in which the uprising is called a "mad project;" the Nationalists are declared out of sympathy with the whole affair, and Carson and the Kaiser are denounced. The *Independent* fixes the blame primarily on Birrell, secondarily on Carson, and the *Irish Catholic* expresses its opinion in these words:

> We have no intention at the present moment of expressing at length our view of the partially socialistic and partially alien outbreak which has just been suppressed in our midst, but not before it had inflicted grievous anxiety, loss, and sorrow on many of the most worthy among our citizens of every class and creed. The movement which has culminated in deeds of unparalleled bloodshed and destruction of property in the capital of Ireland was as criminal as it was insane. Only idiots or lunatics can ever have supposed that it could prove successful. Traitorous and treacherous as it undoubtedly was, it was most of all traitorous and treacherous to our native land. To us, however, it seems that the immediate practical need is for the Parliamentary representatives of the country and our leading citizens of all sections to unite in pressing on the responsible authorities the imperative importance of adopting measures, financial and otherwise, for the removal of the difficulties which now confront many of our people. Cruel and enormous losses have been inflicted on numerous law-abiding citizens, and it seems to us that, in face of this regrettable fact, it is the bounden duty of the Government to make known their readiness to provide at once the credit or the funds required to mitigate the disastrous effects of an intolerable outrage, not only against the law but against all the principles of common sense and the primary instincts of loyalty to Ireland. The Treasury has helped with generous hands the victims of German aggression in England, and we fail to recognize how any other attitude can reasonably be adopted in the case of this country. Dublin, happily, has no need to ask for alms, and there is no reason why any Governmental aid afforded should not be of a kind repayable within a reasonable period, but no one who realizes the present shattered conditions of a once prosperous city can fail to realize also that, if she is to speedily regain the position she long occupied as one of the most beautiful of the capitals of the world, generous assistance must be extended by the State to the victims of a deplorable disaster. We feel that we need add nothing at present to what we have already written, save to invoke the prayers of our readers for those who have fallen in the conflict now ended.

Strangely enough many of the secular papers take a more lenient view of the matter. Thus the *Nation* declares that Liberals expected a more deliberate and merciful dealing, as well as a more authoritative intervention of the civil power. Continuing it says:

> Who was the true author of the Irish reaction to force? Who but Sir Edward Carson? Of his acts and words the shattered streets in Dublin and the dead boys and men, English and Irish, that strewed them are the sad monuments. When the Ulster rebels captured post-offices, cut telegraph and telephone wires, held up coast-guards and custom-house officers, . . . they furnished the working model of the Dublin *émeute*.

If the opinion of the editor of the English *Observer* can be taken as a criterion, a compromise would not be unacceptable to certain classes in England. He says:

> The only real method of an Irish settlement is to revive the Buckingham Palace conference, which broke down before the war chiefly on the narrow question of Tyrone. We assume that this will be the Premier's main proposal. It is desirable that the settlement be molded between the Irishmen themselves, and we hope that if the Buckingham Palace conference is resumed, its basis will be somewhat enlarged so as to embrace men like Sir Horace Plunkett, who was not included before. But, above all, more depends upon Sir Edward Carson and John Redmond than ever depended on Irishmen before. Cannot Redmond and his friends concede the exclusion of Ulster at the outset in order to get an immediate settlement? Cannot Carson and his friends agree to joint sessions, meeting alternately in Dublin and Belfast, for the management of common Irish affairs? Let every effort be made at first for inclusion, and if this does not work, then let all Ulster be excluded for a time. On such terms there will be in a few years one Irish Parliament for one Irish nation.

That the proximate settlement proposed would be acceptable to the vast majority of the Irish people, is most unlikely.

Mexico.—The following letters written by Yucatanians give some faint idea of the savagery of Alvarado and his bandits who are continuing their work of destruction:

Two Pitiable Letters

DEAR FATHER TIERNEY:

Alvarado, the man designated by Carranza to put into practice the ideals of this revolution in the unhappy State of Yucatan, has just committed the most scandalous outrages imaginable against the religion of the majority of the inhabitants of this unfortunate region, which for more than a year has been suffering untold martyrdom at the hands of the Constitutionalist leaders, who persecute us with impunity because they are supported by the recognition and friendship of the United States. Besides the outrages which you have already noted in your valiant review, the following occurred in Merida during the first week of the current month. On May 1 Labor Day was celebrated. A few Spanish and Cuban agitators brought together a group of 200 street-car men, whom they inflamed by anarchistic and anti-religious speeches. This done, the leaders led the mob, with the consent and approval of Alvarado, to the few churches which still remained open. There they indulged in acts of vandalism, destroying the statues, the altars, the sacred vessels and everything they found. After this work of destruction, they closed the churches and went through the city, carrying the fragments of the sacred objects and shouting blasphemies against God and religion. Later in the day they attempted to break into private houses in order to destroy the statues and other pious objects therein, and to "defanaticize" the residents, as their phrase has it. The inmates resisted, not with arms, because Alvarado has deprived us of all kinds of weapons, but with boiling water, chairs and whatever was at hand. The assailants gave way before the onslaught and did not carry out their purpose.

In two of the churches attacked, groups of Catholic citizens fought a hand-to-hand fight with the bandits, but the latter, supported by the soldiers, were able to accomplish their purpose. Next day Father Ortiz went to the church to say Mass. He managed to gain entrance and to celebrate amidst the wreckage, but he was immediately reprehended by the officials who forbade him to exercise his ministry. Later Alvarado decreed the expulsion of the few priests left in Yucatan, so that soon we shall be entirely deprived of the Sacraments and of the right to practise our religion. This is Alvarado's purpose. On several occasions he has declared that he intends to abolish religion completely and forever. The most intense anguish is in the heart of every decent citizen of Yucatan. A lady of the city (Merida) described our feelings when she said: "The day has passed and the only thing that can give us consolation is the thought that we are a little bit nearer to eternity and that so too are the bandits." The poor people of Yucatan know that in the United States dwell well-nigh 20,000,000 people who feel and believe as the Yucatanians feel and believe, and it hurts us to think that your great republic, mother of liberties and protector of rights, has held out the hand of fellowship to bandits and oppressors.

These bandits are the men who, according to the words of your President, are attempting to give freedom to the submerged eighty per cent of the Mexican nation! On May 7 the Catholics of Merida held a meeting to protest against the savage outrages committed. Alvarado at once ordered the people dispersed. They gave way under pressure of force and went in a body to police headquarters. The police came forth in fighting array and threatened to fire into a group of women. These women called the police cowards and dared them to fire. In the end a great number of people were arrested, laborers and manufacturers and capitalists and in general people of all classes and conditions, including a number of women and girls who, to the consternation of their relatives, were kept in prison for several hours. In the prison the manifestants kept up their loud protests against the attacks on religion. This is happening, dear Father, in a part of Mexico where the Carranza régime boasts that it is in absolute control and where nobody has opposed it by any real show of force. All this gives you an idea of the much-vaunted liberty promised us. Will you not make a fervent appeal to Americans, in your own ardent and energetic way, protesting against this awful tyranny sanctioned and supported by the United States? Ask for American sympathy for us, the sufferers, not for the despicable bandits. Tell your people our sorrow; let them know that our grief is indescribable. They cannot mean to torture us, who have never injured them, by giving support to tyrants, blasphemers, ravishers of women and girls. Our tribulation is great, but one conviction supports us. We cannot believe that the gates of hell will prevail.

The second letter, written after the one just quoted, reads in part:

On May 8, nothwithstanding threats, some four thousand people gathered in St. John's Square and paraded through the streets, acclaiming God and Our Lady of Guadaloupe and demanding that the churches be reopened. The manifestation reached such proportions that Alvarado became frightened and ordered two churches to be opened.

This is the condition of Yucatan: conditions in other parts of the country are worse.

Rome.—*Romè* reminds us that on Pentecost Monday, June 12, this year, occurs the eleventh centenary of Pope St. Leo III. For 1,100 years he has slept in the chapel of St. Leo I, the Great, in St. Peter's. A still more striking memorial of this great Pope is the disc of porphyry set in the center of the pavement, one of the first objects to strike the visitor on entering the Basilica. It was on this disc formerly occupying the center of the sanctuary in old St. Peter's that Charlemagne knelt to receive from the hands of Leo III "the imperial crown which renewed the Roman Empire of the West, created a new Europe, and established peace on a firmer basis than it had known for many centuries." Leo's motto: *Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis,* is still recorded, *Rome* adds, in the ancient mosaic of his *Triclinium* which may be seen on the external wall of the *Scala Santa,* with the word *Pax,* occupying the summit of the arch.

Two Papal Centenaries

On July 16, another Papal anniversary will be celebrated, the seventh centenary of Pope Innocent III, whose remains rest in St. John Lateran. Leo XIII looked to Innocent as his model in the Papacy and chose to be buried beside him. Innocent III in the thirteenth century raised the Papacy to the height of its power, and as *Rome* well says, the princes, kings and emperors of the eastern and western world appealed to him to settle their disputes. According to some authors, it was Innocent III who introduced into the *Agnus Dei* of the Mass the third response: "Give us peace," instead of "Have mercy on us." These two centenaries coming so close together will emphasize the truly beneficent and world-wide influence exerted by the Pope in the cause of permanent peace and order.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Charities Investigation: The Testimony

ALL things considered the testimony given before the Strong Commission by the enemies of private child-caring institutions of New York City is unfair to a scandalous degree. This is all the more significant because the witnesses knew the truth: they knew that the institutions which they attacked are safeguarding the health and morals of the inmates, and promoting their education; yet these men employed most sinister methods in an effort to create the contrary impression.

It is quite impossible to examine all their testimony and happily it is unnecessary to do so. A few examples chosen at random are amply sufficient to establish the thesis that crafty men used crafty means to discredit what they should have praised.

Amongst the chief witnesses, heroes in a sordid drama, were Messrs. Kingsbury and Folks, the latter a very Cassius to the former, or perchance his friend, guide and philosopher. For apparently Folks directed Kingsbury along the dark, devious path of intrigue, a fact that the Commissioner of Charities was loath to admit.

These two men lunched together in New York, on November 17, 1915; after lunch, that same day, they went together to the Albany train; they boarded that train together, about three o'clock in the afternoon; they spent four hours together on that train; they took dinner together on that train; they were together in Albany on the night of their arrival there; they were together in that city the day after their arrival there. In other words they performed together a series of acts extending over a long space of time, a fact which all men who are not intellectually abnormal can and do remember with some degree of distinctness. But behold, what took place a short time afterwards! Mr. Kingsbury was on the witness stand; Mr. Kingsbury, the man who criticized the ethics and the pedagogy of private institutions, was testifying. The topic under review was the Folks-Kingsbury trip to Albany. The witness was asked: "Where did you *meet* Mr. Folks?" He answered: "In Albany." He was then asked: "By appointment?" He replied: "Well, I *was there* attending the State Conference of Charities." Later Mr. Kingsbury's questioner again referred to this subject as follows: "By the way, you said you *met* Mr. Folks in Albany when you took the letter (of complaint) of the Mayor to the Governor?" The witness weakening a bit, responded: *"I think* that is my recollection." Just here his temerity returned and he added: *"I did."* This was Kingsbury's *first* testimony. This is the only thing he remembered about an incident with which were connected a lunch with Folks, a journey of four hours with Folks, a dinner with Folks on the train, a companionship with Folks through at least one evening and one day in Albany;—and it is as good an example of evasion and chicanery as any in history. Moreover, an interesting psychological problem is suggested by it. The function of the memory is to preserve, recall and recognize knowledge *once had.* Mr. Kingsbury's memory preserves and recalls knowledge he *never had.* Or is his memory faithful while his words lack coordination with the whole truth, formal and objective? Peculiarly enough the Commissioner has the unusual faculty of recalling most vividly things that are not so, especially when they tell in his favor. He is therefore a fit subject for the laboratory; experts might be able to determine whether his kink is intellectual or moral.

The testimony just cited was given February 14, 1916. From that day to March 22, 1916, the Commissioner's memory remained quite as perverse as a froward child. On March 22, 1916, his friend, Folks, the other hero in the melodrama, was on the stand. And Folks has a wretched memory too. In the present instance that was most fortunate, but for a time only. The subject was the Albany trip. The opposing counsel queried: "You said this morning, in your direct examination, you did not go on the train (to Albany) with him (Kingsbury)?" The witness replied: "That is my recollection." This question followed: "Do you remember going up with Commissioner Kingsbury on the train the day before the report was presented?" "I do not remember." "Do you remember taking lunch on the train, or dinner with Commissioner Kingsbury?" *"No."* "Do you remember Dr. Higgins and Father Ludlow at the same table?" (The transformation of the memory of the witness begins here, but it is never completed.) "I remember Dr. Higgins and Father Ludlow sat at the table with Commissioner Kingsbury and myself." "Did they, the day before this report was presented to the Governor?" "I am not sure, it may have been." "Does that enable you to refresh your recollection?" "I could verify it from my office, but I cannot from memory." "Did you know at the time you went up there, that he (Kingsbury) was going for the purpose of presenting a report to the Governor?" "I presume I did." "You have heard it? Did you hear it on the train or in Albany or in New York?" "I think I did" (*sic.*) This happened March 22, 1916. Mr. Kingsbury had testified February 14, 1916. For slightly over a month his memory remained dormant; it was dormant, February 14, February 15, February 26, March 1, March 2, March 10, March 18, March 19, March 20, March 21, March 22, at four o'clock in the morning, at five in the morning, at six, at seven, at eight, at nine;—the crisis is coming: Folks is on the stand, the partial truth is being jerked out of him: Kingsbury is "touched from on high," he recovers his wits and on the day of miracles, March 22, 1916, "corrects" the testimony given February 14, 1916. Conclusions are in order and the intellect of Aristotle is not required to draw them.

But Mr. Kingsbury did something more remarkable than "correct" testimony. He took occasion to spread

incorrect and scandalous statements. Here his freakish memory was most active in the strangest possible way, in his own favor. His words were pathetic too. Here they are:

I can describe some of the things for you. For instance, in the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, I shall never forget the melancholy picture that was presented to me by Commissioner Doherty verbally, and subsequently in his reports, of these little children, heads cropped, sitting at the sides of a long table, on backless benches, eating out of tin dishes, *as I recall it* (with their fingers in most cases), some without anything to eat at all. Then I *remember very well* how he described how they jumped up in military fashion at the end of the meal, took their pails, emptied them into the can from which the soup or stew had been dished and that the same can was later taken out, *as I remember,* to feed the pigs with. *That is one thing that I remember.*

This is quite marvelous: the man who could not remember anything about his important Albany trip recalled every detail of a verbal report which included the remarkable fact that some children ate from tin dishes, without eating anything at all. (*sic.*)

This testimony is horrible, soul-stirring; it was wired to all corners of the country; it made a splendid headline; it furnished copy to a hundred papers—and it was a downright untruth. Sister Felicitas, the lady in charge of the dining-room in the accused institution, was called to the stand and with a calmness born of truth gave the lie direct to Doherty or Kingsbury, or both. Here is her statement:

"Is it true that the food which was left in the dishes of the boys was poured back into the pails in which it was brought and then taken out into the barns?" "They were not taken to the barns; they were taken to the scullery, emptied into the garbage can in the scullery, and not taken out, as was in the paper the other day." "Were the tin pails that were used on the table ever taken out to the pigsty?" "No, sir, they were not." "Were they ever taken out of the building?" "No, they were washed immediately." "And scoured?" "Scoured and shined; they are made of tin."

Her testimony did not furnish scare headlines for the papers. It was the truth; moreover she could not afford to hire a press agent and she was serving God not the devil. Why then should papers stress her words? Did Mr. Kingsbury correct his misstatement? Not he. Good men and women, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, had been shocked by his statement—and Mr. Kingsbury? He helped to give the calumny permanency and to spread it still further. For one Moree, with the consent and financial aid of Kingsbury got out an anonymous pamphlet of this nature. On the front page was a picture of a pitiable waif, pale and wan. Just over the child's head, in the most prominent place, in heavy, black type, was printed the lie: "Orphans and Pigs Fed From the Same Bowl, City Charities." Practically the whole pamphlet was made up in this way; there were dozens of "scare" headlines and "colored" abstracts from papers friendly to Kingsbury. And, mark it well, this document with its false and exaggerated statements was issued, with the aid and under the sanction of Kingsbury, quite early in the investigation which should have been judicial and therefore free from even the suspicion of calumnious bias. By whom was it issued? By Kingsbury and his friends, I repeat. The pamphlet was anonymous; but its authors were soon discovered.

Then Mr. Kingsbury became a very lion of courage. On March 25, he told an audience in the Plaza Hotel, that Moree, the man who compiled the odious document, informed him he could issue the pamphlet if he had the money to pay for it, otherwise he could not do it, and, continued Mr. Kingsbury, "I went to a friend of mine that night and told her we needed $500 for this pamphlet, and she gave me the $500. Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins paid for this pamphlet and she is now proud she did it." That is bad enough, but there is more. When Moree was on the stand objection was made that the pamphlet was not fair. He answered with the naïveté of a cave-man:

The objection to it seems to me to be more or less beside the point. *I have a right to be unfair or not, if I like. That is my right.* As long as I do not violate any legal obligations of this Commission or of the institutions, I have that right.

In other words private institutions were under attack by a man who was *unfair,* knew he was *unfair,* claimed the right (*sic*) to be *unfair* and sent out an *unfair* document in order to score a point against opponents. What is to be thought of a cause that relies on such tactics? What of the men who employ them? They may be passed over with the speculative remark that men who do such things and defend such principles are generally classed among moral perverts.

The publication of this pamphlet involved Mr. Folks, yet he did nothing to prevent it; it involved Mr. Canfield, another enemy of private charities, yet here is what he thought of the matter:

"And yet, Professor Canfield, with the proof of this pamphlet submitted to your committee and the opinion being expressed by all the Board that it would not be a proper thing for the State Charities Aid Association to do, you did not lift your hand to stop the assistant secretary who had charge of the principal work of publication of the association from circulating it?" "We did not lift our hands because we did not feel it was necessary." "In other words, you were glad to have it go out, but you did not want the responsibility." "No, I personally regretted that it was going out." "You regret it now, or did you then?" "I did then." "But you did not think you had a right to stop it?" "No, I don't think I had a right to say to Mr. Moree that he must suppress something that he was doing." "And it never entered your mind that it would be the right thing to do to say to him that neither would the State Charities Aid Association stand sponsor for it, nor should it go out by direction of one of its assistant secretaries?" "No." "That is right, is it?" "That's right."

Just here another actor appears on the stage, one Oseroff, an "uplifter" who makes an easy living by poking into other people's business. In 1915 he "investigated" private institutions in western Pennsylvania, and, of course, found that the "State has burdened itself with institutions which are a shame to the State and a detriment to the charitable system of which they have

parasitically become a part." The gauntlet had been thrown down; a joint commission of twelve men appointed by the Pennsylvania Legislature investigated Mr. Oseroff's investigations and rendered this decision:

> In the opinion of the Commission this statement is untrue, misleading, and scandalous. It was this statement which gave the keynote to the various articles which appeared in the public prints. The Commission considers the whole statement as untrue in fact and reprehensible in the highest degree.

Yet this fellow who in the opinion of twelve men issued an untrue, scandalous statement, was called to testify against gentle Sisters who in striking contrast to the paid charity worker, Oseroff, have given their lives to the poor, without pay. The man from Pennsylvania testified with keenness, just as all professional fault-finders do. He found that the dentist's cards in one institution had been tampered with. Pressed for particulars he became confused; he did not know how many cards he had examined, he was not sure that the cards had been "doctored," and altogether he made a wretched showing. A Sister from the accused institution followed and denied firmly and unequivocally that the card had been changed in any way. Oseroff quietly disappeared after the benevolent Mr. Strong had allowed him to return to the stand to rehabilitate himself. No doubt he will be heard of again through the legislature of some other State. He must make a living.

Little remains to be said about this investigation which was conceived in iniquity and carried on in hate by the base methods described. The little that is unsaid refers to wire-tapping and the "stolen" telephone conversations. There is a great flurry over this: "real naughty" words are spoken, appeals are made to patriotism, there are cries of treason and a great deal of loud bluster which deceives nobody. Wires were tapped; there is the first outstanding fact. Under the circumstances this was a beggarly, unethical act, destructive of all confidence in officials. At first those who ordered the tapping denied it, but ultimately in the face of cumulative evidence, they admitted the deed. They might as well have admitted it from the beginning. Hardly had the wires been touched, when warnings were flying thick and fast through the city. Then the fun commenced; conversations over the wires were "faked," and forthwith subpœnas began to alight everywhere, much to the amusement of the initiated. And, imagine it! there is circumstantial evidence that Mr. Kingsbury's counsel used some "stolen" conversation as a basis for his questions. The fox thought he was playing with the goose, and the goose proved to be the fox's grandfather. Grandfather fox toyed with kitten fox, by indulging in bogus telephone conversations of this kind: "Are you keeping under cover?" "It might be well to stay away until the blows are over," etc., etc. This is amusing; the aftermath has proven a discomfort to the tappers. But the daily papers have made this abundantly plain. They have not dwelt much on these facts however: that the stolen conversations *were handed over to Mr. Kingsbury for use against his opponents,* and that when they ultimately came into Mr. Strong's hands, he magnanimously returned them to the tappers. In other words the gentleman who presided over the *judicial* investigation we have been considering turned over to the accused the evidence against them! This in boastful New York of the twentieth century! But the end is not yet. In conclusion, perhaps amongst the enemies of our private institutions there is one who will consider this dilemma: Either the accused institutions were guilty of the gross neglect attributed to them or they were not. If they were not guilty, why all this prosecution and persecution? If they were guilty, where the necessity of intrigue and lies and wire-tapping and all that to prove it?

THE EDITOR.

XLVI—The Young Man and Chemistry

ONE of the unexpected consequences of the world-war now desolating Europe is the sudden revelation to the modern world of the vast importance of the science of chemistry, an importance not restricted to the invention and production of death-dealing substances, but one felt in all the affairs of life. Chemistry touches us in health and in sickness; we depend upon it for much of our food and raiment when we are well; and for medicine when we are ill. The marvelous expansion of the iron industry is due almost exclusively to the chemist, whose discoveries have made the ores available in their most perfect forms. The farm, the stockyard, the factory, now depend largely upon chemistry for their successful operation. The tanner's, the weaver's, the dyer's craft, without the aid of chemistry would still be in their primitive stage of development, instead of being extensive industries that now give sustenance and employment to thousands and thousands.

Consequently the chemist, working in seclusion, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot," has at one bound been exalted as the master of modern technical industries. Chemistry is now a profession that offers the most alluring inducements to young men of ambition, industry and a scientific bent of mind; that type of mind that can patiently and ploddingly work at a problem in spite of obstacles and disappointment, until tireless effort is crowned with merited success. Such young men must of course have an imagination quick enough to find the solution of the average chemical problem, enough courage to persevere undauntedly in the face of adverse criticism, and an intellect sufficiently well-balanced to avoid being misled by vain illusions.

To men of talent, the rewards of the profession are high in the industrial field. The young chemist, fresh from college, receives, of course, a comparatively small salary, for, however well-grounded in theory he may be, he is deficient in practical experience. His first work is of a routine nature, and is carefully supervised and checked. In large concerns he may be set keeping appa-

ratus in condition, graduating from that to the work of making analyses of products or to similar tasks requiring care and attention to detail. After some experience, a competent man is entrusted with more complicated and delicate analytical work, which presents difficulties calling for greater resourcefulness. The final step in the career of the analytical chemist, is the testing and standardizing of methods of analysis, the improvement and refinement of old ways and the development of new. He aims at the simplification of processes by the application of fresh principles to familiar problems. It is in the laboratory that the chemist is thoroughly tested in regard to his capacity for undertaking successfully particular branches of work in the industry that employs him.

The analyst, when his fitness has been demonstrated, will be ready to supervise the manufacturing operations of those industries in which chemistry plays so large a part, such as the refining of petroleum and the making of dyes and chemicals. He may then have a technical foreman's position or assist in some capacity the plant superintendent, a place to which he himself may aspire in time, if it lies within his abilities and is in line with his ambitions. In the natural course of events, he may finally become a consulting expert, or even an inventor, and then his path to great success is secure.

As for the financial rewards of the calling, the young chemist may receive from $600.00 to $900.00 a year; after sufficient experience as an analyst, he may get $1,200 to $1,500. Then there is practically no limit to the money he can make; all depends on the chemist's industry, ambition and ability. For instance, Dr. L. H. Baekeland, of baekelite fame, was once a chemist with the Eastman Kodak Company; his invention of a noted photographic paper, and of other things, made him a millionaire before he was forty-five. One of the most eminent and successful chemists of the day is Dr. J. B. F. Herreshoff, whose improvements and inventions in methods of copper refining and sulphuric acid manufacture have richly rewarded him.

Instances could be multiplied of chemists both here and abroad, who from small beginnings have risen to affluence and eminence in a profession of great attraction to the profound student, who while working for a future desires to be as free as possible from the sordid cares of the business struggle. In the profession of chemistry, men not molded for the intense warfare of competition may attain competency and even wealth in a congenial pursuit, while even plodders will be able to earn a living, and this too under conditions that must seem very attractive and agreeable.

J. D. DE LA TORRE BUENO.

This Way for Loot

DOWN beyond the Rio Grande an unhappy land is in its death throes. Its coinage is debased; its fields lie waste; the hum of its industry is hushed; famine and disease have wound their yellow fingers around a thousand throats; hearts are bruised, torn, broken; souls are caught in the mill of pain and a cry of agony is in the air, the cry of little girls that were once mirthful and ignorant of the shame of life, the cry of distraught maidens and mothers and consecrated virgins, a cry that is like a wail from the dying in the night.

Mexico is now a land in which vultures are rejoicing, foul creatures that delight in noisome odors and fetid food. Carrion birds are at home there, and bandits, their kin in spirit. Through the streets of the cities brutal generals and colonels and what-not pass and repass, gleeful in their ghoulish work of robbery and outrage and murder. Round about them are the starving people, some passing like phantoms in the twilight, others wild in their desire for food. But the officers are not hungry; they are well-fed. Why should they not be? Most robbers are. These men are robbers, every one of them from first to last. They have looted homes and churches and chapels. Their hands still dripping red with the blood of victims have seized chalice, ciborium, monstrance, chasuble, cope, everything that could be carried off. Good! But what became of the loot? Ah, there's the rub. The thrifty Yankee, the soulless trafficker, was at hand. Mexico's misfortunes would be his fortune; out of the ruins of the Catholic Church he would rise, a rich man. He followed on the heels of the Mexican bandits fresh from their orgy of lust and rapine, rattling his money in his criminal hand, and striking a bargain for stolen goods. He nosed about like a hungry wolf in alleys and side streets, buying other people's property at special rates. And now vast quantities of these goods, the property of poor, unfortunate, maltreated Mexicans, as well as church furnishings, are safe in this country, actually shipped as household effects through our ports, free of duty. Through New York and Galveston and Laredo it has come, this loot, in trunks and barrels and boxes. Chalices there are and copes and chasubles, and all are household furnishings, free of duty! Milady uses the chasuble as a dressing gown no doubt, and the cope as a bathrobe perchance. Be that as it may, they are household goods. Mark it well: sacred vessels and vestments are household goods and according to the testimony of one importer the "officers" at Galveston and Laredo "never questioned the right to bring such articles in," free of duty. Perhaps the "officers" of Galveston and Laredo can explain why so much of this household furniture was sold for high prices to dealers on Fifth Avenue, New York. If they cannot explain it, maybe an investigation of the ports of Galveston and Laredo would bring out interesting facts. Some of the goods, meantime, rest in the appraiser's stores in New York, other some is in the Boston Storage Warehouse, more was in the Lincoln Storage Warehouse in New York. And all the while the Mexican people are being uplifted by priests and priestesses of humanity; and the uplifting consists in prating about ideals, robbing decent

people of their property and supplying guns and bullets to bandits whose only form of worship is phallism.

It is well for American people to know these facts; it is well for all sincere, fair-minded folk, Catholic and Protestant alike, to know that Americans have not only been engaged in this nefarious traffic, but have actually aided and abetted the most shameless bandit of the twentieth century, Villa. The Guardians of Liberty, a collection of bilious ministers, henpecked husbands and a lone general who wears gold braid even on his bathing suit, congratulated the wretch on the work against the Catholic Church and actually sent him money to help on his cause. So it ever was: low-browed, slant-eyed men, a disgrace to their race and their religion, have never hesitated to join hands with our country's enemies, when they thought that by so doing they could destroy Catholicism. They would run with the devil, if that would ruin the Church. This is not rhetoric: it is sober fact. It has happened every time an attack has been made on Catholicism. It happened in the Spanish-American War, for instance, as this document will testify:

WASHINGTON, D. C.
UNITED STATES OF N. A.
July 2, 1898.

MY VERY DEAR AGUINALDO:

I hear that you are a member of a society to protect the people against the machinations of the accursed Roman Catholic priests. I am a member of the American Protective Association, commonly called the A. P. A., having the very same object in view. It is a secret *society*, and we now number several hundred thousand good men and many women; but unfortunately our rulers either do not understand this plotting, scheming, thieving, and murderous priesthood, or they fear the gang so much that the Church of Rome is rapidly increasing in power here, and we fear a great civil war may come upon us in the near future on their account. I hope you will issue a proclamation confiscating all the estates of the monks, nuns and all other ecclesiastics, before the affairs of the Philippines fall into the hands of our republic; for according to our laws these estates cannot be confiscated. I hope you will write me in answer to this, and I will read your letter in one of our secret council meetings. I enclose a clipping from the *Times* of this city, showing the strength and influence of the A. P. A. We admire your course, and bid you God speed in your efforts for freedom! ROME is the enemy. You have millions of admirers in the United States!

Yours ever,
[Signed] C. ROYS,
Formerly Chief Justice of the A. P. A. in the District of Columbia.

Interesting that! An American writing to a "near-enemy" of his country tells him he has millions of admirers in the United States and urges him to commit a basely immoral act. And this American was not ashamed of his infamy. He acknowledged it thus in answer to a query:

W-n, D. C., No. 631 "F," N. W.
April 9, 1902.

DEAR SIR:

I recd, your letter, dated the of April, in due course of mail. I have been unusually busy in the Supreme Court of D. C., and this must account for my delay in answering.

I remember that I wrote a letter to Aguinaldo, and I think I sent it c/o Admiral Dewey. I have been looking over some "copies of important letters" which I keep, to try and ascertain what I said in that one; but I have not found any such copy. My recollection, however, is, that I advised him to issue a proclamation confiscating the *Friar lands,* as we could not well do so under our Constitution. It was certainly very kind of you to notify me, as you did, and I appreciate your kindly act, very highly. It seems to show that soldiering has not corrupted your Christian morality. It is remarkable that the letter should fall into the hands of one of our citizen soldiers, and under such singular circumstances. You may publish it if you wish in the *"American Citizen,"* whose editor and office are at 127-A Tremont st., Boston. I will ask only that you relate the circumstances to the manager, Mr. Long, and request him to send me the original, after it has been put into type. It would be a keepsake to me, and of little interest to any one else.

Thanking you most heartily for your notice, and offer to return it to me, I am sincerely

Your Most Obt. Servt.
CHASE ROYS,
Atty. &c.

P. S. I enclose 2 stamps for your expense in sending note to me; and I hope you are well and may live long and happily upon the earth.

C. R.

Words would but obscure the import of these documents. Only one remark is in order. Soldiering did not corrupt the Christian morality of the inquirer, but an A. P. A. ,who urges a man to an act equivalent to banditry is scarcely a judge of virtue.

And Catholics? They were ever such, shouters down the wind, a disorganized flock of sheep and lambs, many ignorant of their rights, others too indifferent or politic to care for those rights. R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.

Artificial Immunity Against Infectious Diseases

WE have known always that if a person recovers from certain infectious diseases, as smallpox, typhoid fever, or measles, he cannot, as a rule, be reinfected with these maladies, although there are exceptions. Recovery from other infectious diseases, such as diphtheria and pneumonia, does not confer such immunity. It is also certain that when a person convalesces from an infectious disease his body commonly cures itself. The physician sustains the patient by meeting adverse symptoms, but the sick man's body makes the antidote that finally restores health. In the recent medical treatment of a few diseases the physician injects into the patient's body a specific remedy for the malady, which is sometimes a drug like quinine or salvarsan, or an antitoxin, or the like, but these medicines are not available for many of the infections.

Several of the infections are caused by micröorganisms. The bacteria, protozoa, or other microbes, which cause tuberculosis, diphtheria, leprosy, pneumonia, influenza, cholera, bubonic plague, septicemia, typhoid fever, malaria, and other diseases, have been isolated. There are some diseases, as smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, chickenpox and typhus, the causes of which have

up to the present eluded us. Bacteria which cause disease are extremely minute vegetable organisms. If a bacterium is shaped like a round dot it is called a coccus; if like a hyphen, a bacillus; if spiral, it is a spirochete. A coccus magnified 800 times is as large as a period in the type on this page; a typhoid bacillus enlarged 800 times is just like a hyphen in this type. The influenza bacillus is much smaller. Bacteria which do not produce disease in a given subject are called saprophytes, but that which is a saprophyte for one animal, may be malignant for another animal. Bacteria which cause disease if injected in large quantities are called half-parasites. Pure parasites are such bacteria as cause disease even in the smallest doses. If an emulsion of the bacillus of hemorrhagic septicemia is diluted in five million gallons of water, one minute drop of this very homeopathic dilution will kill a rabbit in twenty-four hours. That bacillus, however, is a saprophyte for human beings.

Parasitic bacteria multiply by fission in the body with extreme rapidity, and either their own substance or their exudates are so poisonous that they injure the cells of the body and cause those symptoms we call collectively pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid, or the like. If the poison overwhelms the man's resistance, enough of the cells are destroyed to cause death; if his resistance is good, his body cells make "antibodies," which either neutralize the poison, and such an antibody is called an antitoxin, or destroy the bacteria, and such an antibody is a bacteriolysin; or they so alter the bacteria that the white blood corpuscles can destroy them, and such an antibody is a bacteriotropin or an opsinin. These three types of immunity are called antitoxic, bactericidal, and cellular immunity.

When the blood serum of an animal contains antibodies formed during convalescence, that animal has "active immunity." The serum of such an animal will immunize another animal, and this second animal then has "passive immunity." Both active and passive immunity here are "acquired," but there is also an immunity called "natural"; that is, some animals are congenitally resistant to certain diseases. Man is naturally immune to hog and chicken cholera: Algerian sheep are not affected by anthrax but European sheep are killed by it; swine will not take glanders which kills horses; monkeys are susceptible to tuberculosis, while dogs are practically immune; negroes seldom take malaria or yellow fever; they have acquired partial immunity as a race by long sojourn in the tropics, as we have acquired partial immunity to measles which is extremely fatal in a race newly infected. Active immunity against several diseases can now be conferred artificially, by injecting substances into living animals which excite their bodily cells to form antibodies. The substance injected is called an antigen, and it may be a living virus, a dead virus, a bacterial extract or a bacterial toxin.

The use of a living virus, especially a pathological bacterium, is so difficult to control that it is tried only with attenuated or weakly infectious viruses. Such a method is called jennerization, and vaccination against smallpox is the type. This vaccination consists in inoculating with vaccinia or cowpox, which is an attenuated form of smallpox. The attenuation in virulence has been brought about by the passage of the virus through the bodies of calves, which are less susceptible to smallpox than man. Pasteur used attenuated viruses to immunize against hen cholera, swine plague, anthrax, and rabies. He found that rabies can be transmitted to dogs by injecting under their brain membranes the brain substance of rabid animals. This virus is called "Street Virus." The incubation period of rabies is long; the disease shows from three weeks after the bite up to 584 days, or even longer. Pasteur took advantage of this fact rapidly and artificially to immunize the patient before the rabies from the dog or wolf bite had time to develop. Rabbits are especially susceptible to rabies and the antigen is obtained from these animals. Rabies is passed through several rabbits until the time of incubation is reduced as much as possible, that is to seven days; the spinal cord of the last rabbit is dried and is called virus *fixe*. When a person has been bitten by a rabid animal a minute quantity of an emulsion of the spinal cord of a rabbit which has been killed by a virus *fixe* is injected. This cord has been dried for fourteen days. Later a less attenuated virus is used, that is, one from a cord which has been dried for a less number of days; then a less attenuated one, and so on, until finally portions of cords which have been dried for only three or four days are injected. In this process the man's cells are excited to form antibodies, and these are ready in his blood and tissues to meet the *materies morbi* from the bite when it appears. There are various modifications of this method, and now the virus *fixe* itself is used from the very beginning of the process. This is an example of immunization with a living virus.

Immunization with a dead virus or antigen is used to protect against typhoid, paratyphoid, cholera, pneumonia, and several pus organisms. The bacteria, say, of typhoid, are isolated and grown in an incubator on agar; they are suspended in solutions and then carefully killed by a heat which is not enough to destroy their virulence while it prevents their growth. The dead bacteria in standardized doses are injected to excite the formation of antibodies. Typhoid fever is now under complete control in armies where as late as our Spanish War it was a plague. Today soldiers are vaccinated against typhoid as children are vaccinated against smallpox.

A third form of immunization uses bacterial extracts as the antigen, because the extracts are more readily controlled than the pure parasite, and for other technical reasons. Bacteria are injected into the the pleural cavity of an animal, and after the animal dies the exudate in the cavity, is cleared and sterilized, and used as an antigen. This kind of an antigen is called an aggressin, and it seems to be the product of broken down bacteria.

Koch's tuberculin, which is a valuable diagnostic aid in obscure tubercular conditions; mallein, used in diagnosing glanders; and nastin from the *streptothrix leproides*, are made by the aggressin method.

The immunizations so far considered are effected by bacterial substances and extracts. Immunization against diphtheria, tetanus, snake venom, and several other dangerous pathologic conditions, is brought about by using the secretions or toxins of bacteria, or in snake poisoning the venom itself, as the antigen for the antitoxin. If a person is infected with anthrax the bacillus will be found in the blood, lymphs glands and viscera, but the tetanus bacilli do not so appear. In diphtheria the bacillus is localized, and the circulating toxin does the damage.

Formerly when a child was infected by diphtheria it either made enough antitoxin itself and recovered, or it was overwhelmed and died. Now when the diphtheria is diagnosed we inject a certain dose of antitoxin, made in the body of a horse, at once neutralize the diphtheria toxin, and the child recovers, provided there has not been too great a delay in giving the antitoxin. Antitoxin cures every case when it is injected on the first day of the disease; if a delay of six days is made half the children die. Antitoxin for tetanus and snake poisoning must be given early; tetanus antitoxin before the symptoms show. The use of whiskey in snake poisoning only adds alcoholic intoxication to the venom.

The first diphtheria antitoxin produced in the United States was made in Washington in 1894, by Dr. Joseph Kinyoun, then Professor of hygiene in the Georgetown University Medical School, and the writer of this article, then bacteriologist to the District of Columbia, worked with him.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

A Great Sodality's Centenary

EVEN in a year of brilliant commemorations so modest yet noteworthy a centenary as that recently celebrated by the Sodality of the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart should not be overlooked. In 1816 Blessed Madeleine-Sophie Barat organized among the children under the care of her religious a confraternity known as the Association of the Sacred Heart. The second degree of this confraternity was a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, which in 1818 was affiliated with the Archconfraternity in Rome, and is distinct from other pious associations in virtue of its canonical erection in 1825. In 1876 Pius IX, by an Apostolic Letter, confirmed in perpetuity the indulgences and privileges bestowed by his predecessor, and in his turn granted the sodality still other favors.

We live in times which have seen the birth of a movement called feminism, in the name of which woman is clamorously urged to take what is known as "her place in the world." Strangely enough, although her theories rested on a vastly different foundation, this was precisely the object Mother Barat had in view when she undertook to educate the young women of post-Revolutionary France, for she aimed to fit them to take their places in the world. "You are to act as apostles," she told them, "in the midst of a perverse world." In this she had no intention of turning out a set of self-conscious reformers, but of developing women who should have sound reasons for their faith, who should live lives untainted by infidelity and worldliness, who should be filled with great tenderness for the poor and suffering and a determination "never to descend from the high thoughts of the children of God."

So, when Mother Barat happened to be visiting the convent at Lyons in 1832, she determined to admit to membership in the sodality not only the children then in the school, but the former pupils as well. The first rule of the sodality had been compiled in 1820, by Father Varin, who had been instrumental in founding the Society of the Sacred Heart itself, but the rule now in force was drawn up by Father Druilhet, S.J. Thus came into existence a society whose power for good cannot be accurately measured because the works of its right hand are unknown to its left. There are extant interesting records dating from those early times, and in the yellowing pages stand out many striking and edifying facts.

Many of the early sodalists were very holy women. Such a one was Madame De Cormis, President of the Children of Mary at Lyons; another was the Vicomtesse de Vergnette, both of whom God, having tried, found not unworthy of Himself. From Paris in 1870, well called *la cruelle année*, comes a strangely familiar account of ambulances and the nursing of wounded soldiers. The meetings of the sodality, we are told, were not interrupted during the first siege, but during the second "the shells fell like rain" in the vicinity of the convent, and the director, Père Olivaint, soon by a martyr's death to be numbered among "the fair chivalry of Christ," announced that if the shells should prove too terrifying all were free to absent themselves from the meeting. But sometimes another note is struck. From Lyons, for instance, comes a description of the festivities celebrating the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and from Lille in 1864 mention is made of a gift of vestments and altar linens to his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman.

The roll of the years has contained distinguished names. At the fire which destroyed the Charity Bazaar in Paris, the Duchesse d'Alençon, who was President of the Children of Mary, sacrificed her life to her duty, and her charred body was recognized by the silver medal she used to wear, with its inscription, *Cor meum jungatur vobis*. In England, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, likewise President of the Sodality, typified Catholic womanhood at its best, in Spain there was the munificent Duchess of Pastrana, and in France again Madame la Maréchale de MacMahon. Eugenie de Smet, who founded the Helpers of the Holy Souls, was a Child of Mary of the Sacred Heart, another was instrumental in bringing to the United States the *Sœurs Réparatrices*, and still another has founded an Order for work among the colored people and Indians. That the sodality's influence for good has not been wholly unrecognized is evident from the fact that when Pius IX wished to effect a reform in the fashion of dress which prevailed in Roman society it was to the Children of Mary of the Trinità de' Monti that he looked to set the example.

Nor has the sodality failed to meet the exigencies of more recent times. For example, when the French Government confiscated the convents of the Sacred Heart and drove the nuns into exile, the Children of Mary kept up the poor schools. In Paris a house is maintained where the sodality's monthly meetings have been held almost without interruption. In Mexico, where Madame Porfirio Diaz was an exemplary sodalist, Catholic schools have been made possible through the zeal of the Children of Mary, and in Spain the work of the Tabernacle Society, of which the Queen is a member, is done on a magnificent scale. The sodality is active in Chile, Argentina and Peru, its influence having been especially felt in Buenos Aires in effecting a reform of the

drama. In England the Children of Mary have taken over the support of St. Vincent's Home for Cripples, organized by Mr. Norman Potter and conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

To deal at all adequately with the sodality's activities in this country would require much more space than the limits of a single article allow. In an age of organized charity our American Children of Mary have not been found wanting, while they also bring to the work that element of personal consecration which sets the width of heaven between charity and philanthropy, and which Our Lord had in mind when He promised to consider Himself served in the persons of His poor. It is this heart-service which explains the Home for Consumptives founded in Boston in 1887 by a Child of Mary who gave her own house for their shelter; it explains also the day nursery maintained in New York entirely at the expense of a Child of Mary, and the settlement house supported by another. The St. Louis sodality has an outing home where young women devote themselves day and night to the care of poor children brought from the congested districts; Cincinnati has its day nursery, and Philadelphia a working girls' club that makes an annual retreat. The Detroit sodality, which is over fifty years old, has a Barat club and conducts a lunch room. The sodalities of the three convents in New York maintain the Barat Settlement House and Day Nursery, and St. Elizabeth's Gild in Albany was founded by a Kenwood Child of Mary. A similar gild in Boston had its origin in a day nursery founded by the Children of Mary in 1889. The Chicago congregation maintains various centers for the teaching of Christian doctrine together with a mothers' club and a citizens' club, and the work of visiting hospitals is carried on systematically.

This paper does not pretend to enumerate the various congregations nor to give an exhaustive account of those that have been mentioned. The aim of the article is simply to show that the hundred past years of the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart have not been inglorious, and that for a generation with such traditions the outlook is full of splendid promise.

B. M. K.

The Spanish Elections

I AM now in a position to give you the results of the elections which have recently taken place. They were everywhere marked by the greatest quiet and order. Even in those districts where the contest was relatively bitter and hotly contested, there were no serious disturbances. But a great number of electors stayed away from the polls. In spite of the penalties established by law against absentees, it is estimated that about one-half only of those entitled to do so cast their votes. Political apathy and neglect of the most important and vital civic duty are daily growing more and more noticeable in the country. Profound discouragement, complete skepticism have taken hold of our people. "Why trouble ourselves about the elections," they say, "when they are under Government control and manipulated according to its pleasure for the victory or defeat of the candidates?" There is a great deal of truth in this. In Spain, deputies and senators are not elected by the people, but practically appointed by the Ministry. Often elections are a farce and a lie. Long before election day, the Government makes out a list of those who are to compose the future Cortes, with the various candidates classified according to parties, groups and factions. In some districts strange and startling things happen. Men are elected there who are not residents, whose family does not belong to the place, who have no property or interests of any kind in the locality. They are returned because the Government wants it, has so ordered it, and for no other reason. These men are the sons, the relatives of Ministers and other Government officials, and they are given their commission to the Cortes just as easily and as jauntily as if the present were an automobile or a scarf-pin. Can we then wonder at the discouragement, the indifference, the skepticism, the venality spreading on all sides? In Spain electoral contests are not carried on with the methods followed in other countries which have a parliamentary system. No party programs are set forth, there is no exchange of ideas and ideals, we have no public meetings and reunions, no oral or written campaign for the purpose of winning over the different candidates. There is nothing of all this. Those who aspire to represent the people in Parliament, instead of going to the people to win sympathy and to present some program embodying national ideals and aspirations, go instead to the Department of the Interior and there enter into a regular bargain with the Government, the result of which, ultimately gives them their commission to Congress. Thus, as I have often said before, the Spanish Parliament in no wise represents the people; it represents the Government and the Ministers, nothing else.

If we consider now the positive result of the recent general elections, there is one outstanding and indisputable fact, the breaking up of the Republican Party. To prove this, here are figures and statistics with regard to the capital. In the elections of May, 1910, when Canalejas was Prime Minister, the Republican candidates in Madrid received over 42,000 votes; in March, 1914, when Dato was in power, the Republican candidate polling the greatest number of votes, had only 23,000; in the present elections, the same candidate had only 19,000. Thus the Republicans have lost in these two years 4,000 votes and more than 13,000 in the last six years. The fact is more striking still when we remember that the Radicals were fighting alone in 1914, but that in the recent elections they fought united with every section of the Republican party. And the increase of the Monarchist vote corresponds to the loss in the Republican. In 1905, the most popular Monarchist candidate had only 18,000 votes; in 1914, this number rose to 23,000; in 1916, the same candidate had 26,000 votes. And in order to seize the full meaning of the preceding figures, we must remember that it is in Madrid that the elections are the most thorough and give the true and genuine trend of popular feeling. Moreover, electoral absentees are to be found in the Monarchist party alone and are scarcely ever met among Republicans. Thus we can in all confidence proclaim as a certain fact the decline of the Republican party.

What are the causes of this evident decline? In my opinion, the paramount cause is the discouragement of the Republicans, their absolute lack of faith and trust, not in the ideals which they profess, but in their leaders. The Spanish proletariat, which constitutes the great mass of the Republican party, is becoming more and more convinced every day that the individuals who figure at the head of their party are men who turn politics into a means of livelihood, personal advantage and gain; men who, to an evident intellectual incapacity add an inordinate ambition and boundless egotism, and whose conduct and acts are in open contradiction with their promises and protests. Hitherto, with leaders of the intellectual caliber and austerity of conduct of Pí y Margall, Castelar, Salmeron, the Republicans constituted a real and positive power in the country. Today with mediocrities and leaders thoroughly discredited before the people, such as Lerroux, Soriano and others, Republicanism has become a gradually waning and disappearing power. So true is this, that in the recent elections, of the six Republicans running in Madrid, only two were returned, and that with the greatest labor and trouble, the journalist Señor Castrovido, editor of *El Pais*, and the Socialist leader, Pablo Iglesias. In the provinces, the defeat of the party has been almost as complete as in Madrid.

With regard to the results, Catholics have no reason to be dissatisfied. In the future Cortes, our number will be somewhat increased. Moreover in some districts, where hitherto it seemed

almost impossible to engage in an electoral struggle against liberal "bosses" whose word had long been law, we made a brilliant fight. And that is the first step toward victory. Finally, with regard to the Mauristas, it must be noted that they made their fight alone, that is, independently of the other Monarchists, and of the "liberal" Conservatives of Señor Dato. In spite of this they received 17,000 votes in Madrid, 6,000 more than in the preceding general elections. Thus the followers of Señor Maura had more votes in Madrid than those of Count Romanones or Señor Dato, considered separately. According to official figures, the future Congress of deputies will be thus made up: Liberals 235, Conservatives 94, Mauristas 16, Catholics of every party, 13, Republicans 19, Socialist 1, other parties 31, 409 deputies in all.

NORBERTO TORCAL.

COMMUNICATIONS

Catholics in Protestant Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your late numbers of AMERICA quite a deal has been said of Catholic education, especially in our boarding schools. Allow me to leap immediately *in medias res* by asking a very pertinent question. Why will Catholic parents insist on sending their children to non-Catholic boarding schools? Here in our jurisdiction we have five such institutions, one for girls, the others for boys. The former is a Methodist school, both in faculty control and student membership, *advertised as such.* Yet four young Catholic girls have been sent there by Catholic parents, to imbibe Southern culture and lose their religion. The schools for boys tell a similar story, but a sadder one, for *fifty-four* Catholic lads are at these four institutions. Recently the twenty-five boys at one of them missed Sunday Mass. Upon inquiry I learned that a gentleman of the Y. M. C. A. had delivered a Sunday-morning lecture to the assembled student body. This was deemed a *sufficient substitute* for all Sunday services, and no boys were allowed to go to church that day. Our Catholic boys had to miss Mass to listen to a Y. M. C. A. orator talk on goodness, virtue, honesty and other vague topics. A vigorous protest brought forth this statement from the authorities: "We thought your boys wanted to hear Mr. So-and-So."

Everyone knows that the South is an especially bigoted section. Yet Northern Catholics, without rhyme or reason, will pay high tuition fees to have their children educated at such schools rather than at Holy Cross, Fordham, Mt. St. Mary's or Georgetown, not to mention others, in all of which a far better education can be had, and in which clean Catholic principles of morality will be insisted upon. These few lines are written in the earnest hope that some Catholic parents may pause and consider well the school to which they intend to send their children next fall. May it not be a Protestant boarding school, above all in the South, where their religion will not only be practised with difficulty but very often treated as a byword and a jest. Fifty-four Catholic souls placed in jeopardy, not by enemies but by their parents! And the sufficient reason? Maybe Solomon could give it.

Staunton, Va. E. A. B.

Dr. Badé's Book

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is a pleasure to learn from Father O'Neill's letter in last week's AMERICA that Dr. Badé's "The Old Testament in the Light of Today" *"has not been introduced* as a textbook into the University of California." The statement was taken by me from the publishers' book notice, sent to reviewers. It was in keeping with Dr. Badé's assertion that "A first draft of my tentative conclusions was published in the *University of California Chronicle,* a little over a year ago, under the title, 'The Decalogue, a Problem in Ethical Development.'" Perhaps the Doctor's last draft about the Decalogue is worse than the "first draft" that the University of California publication fathered. I have not the issue of that publication at hand. Dr. Badé's lectures were originally given in the Berkeley Summer School of Religion. I wonder if this school is connected with California University in Berkeley?

Woodstock, Md. WALTER DRUM, S.J.

The Priestly Title

To the Editor of AMERICA:

About the use of the word "Father" as applied to a secular priest; is he not our "ghostly father" in the Sacrament of Penance, and do we not say in the Confiteor "I confess to Almighty God . . . and to thee, *Father?"* And he is surely (*secular* or *regular*) a spiritual father when he baptizes us. I wouldn't willingly give up addressing a priest thus.

Grand Rapids, Mich. A. K. GIBSON.

A Legion of Defense

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Yesterday I was disturbed and disgusted by reading of the arrest of three Catholic Sisters in the city of St. Augustine, in the State of Florida. We Catholics have been a long-suffering people. We have been patient and have endured a general campaign of slander; we have watched men defeated for office simply because they were Catholics; we have cowardly stood by unaffected while we have been misrepresented, mistreated, misled. We have submitted to everything. We have been passive even under the "Charity Probe." But now comes the climax of fanaticism. Three Catholic Sisters arrested in a city founded by Catholics, named after a Catholic! And for what? For teaching the Catholic religion in a Catholic school! Patience has ceased to be a virtue. What can be done? Are we going to stand by like helpless old women and let things take their course, as we have in the past, or are we going to arise like men and throw off the shackles of silence and loosen the bonds of indifference?

I have given much thought to the question of religious bigotry, and I am firmly convinced that most of it is due to ourselves. All the *Menaces* and all the Guardians of Liberty in the world cannot hurt us. We have none to fear but ourselves. The most dangerous diseases come from within, not from without. We take great pride in asserting that we number eighteen millions, but we do not exert the moral influence of eighteen children? We are indifferent, criminally indifferent, to the cause of Christ and the defense of our religion. We are going the way of France and Mexico. Indifference was responsible for the revolution against the Church in both these countries; indifference is growing in America; like causes produce like effects. We can save the day if we will only arouse ourselves from our lethargy. We have tolerated all kinds of slander, ridicule and abuse. It is time to call a halt. We must grasp this serpent of bigotry, grapple with it, strangle it.

Would that we had a few men like St. John the Baptist. He was strong, a lover of good, a despiser of evil. He was a fine militant apostle. He was born for a principle, he lived for a principle, he fought for a principle, he died for a principle. And that principle was the cause of Christ. We need some of his fighting spirit. We need a "Catholic sense" that will be sensitive to insult and alive to the interests of Christ. We need concerted efforts to defend the Church. Who will organize a legion of defense?

Brooklyn, N. Y. P. SCANLAN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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May Days in Ireland

AN act of rebellion is an act against God. The hand that is raised against lawful authority in State or Church is a hand raised against the Almighty Himself, from whom all well-ordered authority receives its final sanction. No ebullition of patriotism can take from rebellion its true character as an act derogatory to the majesty of the God of men and nations. Such is the prescription of the natural law, reenforced by the law of Revelation and the teaching of the Catholic Church. From it there neither is nor can be an appeal that is justified in Heaven.

With all this said, who shall undertake to judge the motives of any man who gives his life that his country may live? The beginner in philosophy or law can define the nature of rebellion. But who will say that an attempt to free one's country, prompted by present wrong and the recollection of centuries of dishonoring oppression, implies in those who make it, the moral iniquity of rebellion? The crumbling walls and blackened ruins of Dublin tell why Pearse and his followers died; but from them at whose hands they died, the world may look for no truthful story of their motives or of their deeds. For the history of conquered Ireland and oppressing England is ever the same; a narrative of savagery and blood, met by intrepid patriotism and unswerving fidelity to the teachings of Jesus Christ. This is no assertion, inherited from an ancestry springing from the little Isle, set like an emerald in the gray silver of the northern seas. It is a fact which all whose eyes are not held by the red mist of hatred, plainly see.

They who in this month of May have fallen, that Ireland might take her place among the nations of the world, met their fate like men. For them no pity; their names are made forever glorious in the love and devotion of their countrymen. But all who understand their motives and many who do not, will breathe a prayer, that the God who searcheth the hearts of men, yet searcheth with an infinite love, may give them rest; and that in His own good time, He may bring their country, not the Niobe of nations, but the strong-hearted mother of saints and heroes, to the consummation reserved for peoples, as for men, who give Him all the devotion of a ready and a generous heart.

Fair Play

FAIR play is admirable, foul play is odious and scandalous. Most men play fair: not all, however. Some have no standard of honor, others have such a standard, but they lapse from it, sadly at times. Why, it were bootless to inquire.

Strange to say these defections from high ideals occur commonly enough when ministers of the Gospel foregather to discuss the interests of Christ. A notable example of this is given in these words of the *Epworth Herald*, recording an action of the Methodist Conference, in session at Saratoga.

Saturday, May 6. The gavel this morning is in Bishop Burt's hands. Dr. Wedderspoon of Washington has a resolution against the giving of government money to sectarian—that is, Roman Catholic—schools. The Conference promptly approves the resolution. Greetings are sent to the two African Methodist General Conferences now in session.

That is not fair play, far from it. The Methodists themselves have never hesitated to do the very thing which they set forth as a Roman Catholic trait. True the people were willing that this should be. But are not the people willing when Catholics are in question? Are our citizens so unfair that they refuse to Catholics what they grant to Methodists? Do Catholics take the money by force, rob the public treasury?

From extrinsic evidence it would appear that this motion of the "General Conference" in session at Saratoga refers to moneys appropriated for Indian schools. If so, the action of the Conference is an astounding lapse from honorable standards. The resolution calls upon our Government to violate a treaty obligation, and that is dishonorable. The resolution contains a gross misstatement of fact, and that is dishonorable. Government money is not appropriated for Roman Catholic schools. The pittance given does not and never did belong to the United States. It is the property of the Indians; the money is theirs; the United States is its guardian, not its owner, and our Government is bound in conscience to distribute that money in accordance with the legitimate desires of its owners, the Indians. They wish that a portion of it should be given to their schools, a legitimate demand which the Methodists would gainsay, thus adding another injustice to the many crimes committed against the Red Man.

A peculiarly odious feature of this thoroughly odious campaign is that all the while the sects were fighting "sectarian appropriations" for Roman Catholic schools, they themselves were recipients of these so-called ap-

propriations, receiving money with an eager and a glad hand from the Choctaw and Chickasaw fund. The Presbyterians received a bounty for their schools at Hugo and Durant, Okla., the Campbellites for their school at Chickasha, Okla., while up to a short time since the Methodists, the very people who are now clamoring against appropriations for Roman Catholics, demanded and got money for their school at Ardmore, Okla. Each year they took the money eagerly, without hesitation or scruple until finally they sold the school building to the Government, losing nothing either in money or school influence by the transfer. Farther west the Episcopalians fought the Sioux appropriation, refused to take money from the fund; but they actually took from the Government food and clothing bought with the very money they had rejected, a fine distinction without the slightest difference. Finally this year and hereafter, sects will receive money for their schools, yet the Roman Catholics alone are the object of attacks.

Much more might be revealed in this regard, but enough has been said to show that dignified and honorable as fair play is, it is sometimes forgotten by men who are supposed to "live" it.

Bishop Burgess and the Investigators

ADDRESSING his Annual Conference at Garden City, Dr. Frederick Burgess, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Long Island, affirmed his belief that the recent "investigation" of the private charitable institutions of New York, "was not started with sincerity of purpose." The Bishop only states what is now a fairly common conviction. "Honest investigation," said Dr. Burgess, "has no need to resort to dishonest and unworthy methods," yet "at the hearings all sorts of evidence seemed to be admitted, and the public, reading the public press, received an utterly false impression." As is now fairly plain, it was the main purpose of the enemies of the private institution, to create this false impression; and to deepen it, reports were permitted

To go out from an official hearing that our babies are brought up in filth, that our children are fed as pigs are fed, that they are beaten so that the marks remain on their bodies, and so starved that Mr. Squeers' boarding-school would seem a luxurious home.

The self-styled reformers took for granted, that few who read these slanders would prove them false, by the simple device of a personal visit to the maligned institutions. However, here as always, malice overreached itself, and there now seems no good ground for believing with Bishop Burgess, that "irreparable harm has been done by these false reports." The Strong Commission gave the "reformers" a vast amount of rope, and in their use of it, they have verified the proverb. Whether or not the Grand Jury returns indictments against those of our white-souled reformers, who tapped the telephone wires in a vain attempt to secure further "proof," is really not of much consequence to the present issue. By their own confession, these paladins of civic righteousness have written themselves down as the merest of eavesdroppers. Weak indeed is the cause that invokes their assistance.

Buying a Reformation

NO film-manufacturer produces improper moving-pictures. For proof we have the assertion of many in the trade. Neither does any impressario lend his skill to the arrangement of films not utterly correct, nor can any commercial censorship be found to bless them even with a forced smile of approval. Nevertheless, moving-pictures offensive alike to good taste and morality, do exist; but since no one is responsible for their existence, no one, it would appear, made them. Like Topsy, they "just growed." This is a perplexing situation. Evils are most effectively checked at their source. But this evil has no source. What can be done?

A hopeful ray of light beams from an advertisement, recently inserted in many American newspapers, by a prominent firm of producers. "For the good of motion-pictures," counsel these wise persons, "sign this protest. Should the manager of your local theater show sensational, vulgar and unwholesome pictures? For your family's sake and the good of the community, speak up! Sign this protest and leave it at the box-office."

I am opposed to sensational and suggestive pictures. I want the best. I will support you in any conscientious effort toward bigger, cleaner, better pictures.

Apparently, these gentlemen have concluded that in the long run, decency is the best policy. If they are willing to live up to their profession, they deserve and should receive, the exclusive patronage of the public. Furthermore, if singly and by societies, the sixteen million Catholics of the United States are willing to act upon the advice proffered by this commercial firm, reform will speedily dawn over many a house of amusement. It can hardly be taken for granted, that all who don the sock and buskin, to strut across the stage or flicker across the screen, adopt by preference, a theme of impropriety. The choice is dictated largely by commercial considerations. Morality is chained to the box-office in our modern day, thereby making it easier to fight the devil of impropriety with money than with fire. If there is no other way of inducing the modern stage to return to virtuous ways, let us pay it to be good.

Sholem Aleichem

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT was only expressing a matter of world-old experience, when he said, "The thoughts that absorb you, will also mold you." His aphorism has just had another striking exemplification in Solomon Rabinowitz, an immigrant from Kieff. Soon after Solomon's marriage poor business ventures lost for him all he had, and he turned to literature, writing under the name of Sholem Aleichem. Success crowned his ef-

forts and for many years he wrote in Yiddish for the comforting of his people. Thirty volumes came from his tireless pen, and although he confessed that life for himself was often bitter, he was an unfailing source of joy to those who read his stories. Kindly satirical, humorously playful, he saw the rift in every cloud, and with a subtle magic charmed sadness from the mind, tears from the eye, and rancor from the heart. Though his own soul groaned in silent agony, he set himself to be a purveyor of mirth. Only his countrymen know how often he changed their frowns to smiles. He never became rich, except with the supreme riches of a growing power to give happiness to others.

His will was a fitting epilogue to his writings. Its last paragraph sums up his life work, and through it there breathes a gentle spirit of peace and resignation:

> My last wish to my successors and my prayer to my children: To protect mother, to beautify her old age, to make her bitter life sweet, to heal her broken heart; not to weep for me, on the contrary, think of me with joy; and the main thing: To live together in peace, to bear no hatred one for another, to help one another in bad times, to remember one another upon occasion in the family, to have pity on a poor man, and when circumstances permit, to pay my debts, should I have any. Children, carry with honor my hard-earned Jewish name, and may God in heaven come to your help. Amen!

To the very end he was the true friend of his people. He wanted no fellowship except with them:

> Wherever I die I want to be placed not among aristocrats or among the powerful, but among plain Jewish laborers, among the very people itself, so that the gravestone that is to be placed upon my grave should illumine the simple graves about me; and these simple graves should adorn my gravestone, even as the plain, good people during my lifetime illumined their *folkesschreiber*.

Even before they knew his last desire, the common people of the East Side whom he loved, responded to his desire. Thousands upon thousands of them attended his funeral, and their silent grief was a testimonial of a love that for all its shabby surroundings gave a nobility to his obsequies rarely seen even in New York.

"It's Too Hard"

IN an eastern city dwells an editor one of whose ears is permanently affixed to the ground. He is auscultating the heart-throb of "the great common people" by a primitive method; he is seeking to discover what the public wants. Thoughts of the uplift and of one's sacred duty to humanity, do not surge within this gentleman's placid bosom. He is not a reformer, like the social worker; not an educator, like the philanthropic moving-picture man. He is an editor. His one task and ambition is to guide the feet of his publication along financially profitable paths. His customary posture may not please the esthetic; but the esthetic are not paying his salary. But it does please the publishers, for it pays. Apparently too, it pleases the public. They give up money for it, and such sacrifice is ample proof that they want it.

When this gentleman on Sundays or vacation days unbends to exchange confidences with another editor, a smile such as lit the faces of the two augurs immortalized by Cicero, plays about the countenance of each. There are tricks in all trades. The heart-throbs of the great common people tells the earth-clinging editor that the great common people do not want to think. The public wants to be amused; and brevity is the soul of wit. If faintly reminiscent of a comic opera or a minstrel show, skits not exceeding 100 words, do not bear down too heavily upon the public's staggering intellect. These contributions, however, approach the danger-line of thought. Reading is a slow process, an involved psychological operation, and "joke-smiths" sometimes use words that are hard to understand. Pictures, therefore, are better; not pictures that are painted; but photographs. A few lines of text, just enough to label the picture, may be allowed, but not more. Above all, never publish an article which presumes to intimate that most questions may be treated from divergent points of view. It may call for the exercise of the intellect and the effort will confuse the reader. Better contented error than troubled thought.

Adhering faithfully to these simple principles, our editor with one ear to the ground has raised his magazine from the slough of despondent debt to the affluence which comes with a subscription list of half a million. But being an intelligent person, he regards his publication with what may be safely termed contempt. The outlook for art, he thinks, and literature is not dark, but quite black. "The people want to be amused, mostly by looking at pictures. If you don't put them in your paper, they'll go to the 'movies.' People don't think nowadays; they haven't the time and it's too hard." We are a great people, no doubt, but "It's too hard," is a favorite motto. Perhaps this fact explains why low, tawdry magazines have a numerous audience, and why the "movies" are on Broadway, while Shakespeare is withdrawn in favor of a "tired business man" comedy.

The Texas Lynching

THE recent lynching in Texas is a particularly outrageous instance of the altogether reprehensible assumption of authority on the part of a mob. A prisoner had been tried and convicted of a detestable crime, that was calculated to awake the righteous wrath of any man. He was found guilty and condemned to death. Justice, however, was not allowed to take its course. A group of irresponsible and unauthorized citizens forcibly seized the negro, bound him to a tree, piled fagots about him, and burned him to death. A crowd looked on and applauded.

No one indeed but a sentimentalist of the advanced type would deprecate the exaction of the full penalty for

the dastardly deeds that ended in the murder of an innocent woman. The black man richly deserved death. Nor would any normal person object if this retribution had been meted out without delay. That too would be perfectly legitimate. But the manner of the execution is another story. In the first place the men who took the negro's life had no authority to do so. They were private individuals and, as such, had no more right to put the prisoner to death than the criminal had to slay his victim. No doubt they would wax wroth over the insinuation that they are murderers. But what are they? Without authority to do so, they took a man's life. That is murder and the man who does it is a murderer.

This latest Texas lynching is particularly indefensible. The State was willing to punish the criminal as he deserved; the death sentence had been passed; there was absolutely no fear that it would not be carried out, and yet the mob defied law, order and decency and gave the world an example of brutality more worthy of savages than of civilized people. Surely Texas is not honored in these men, but then they constitute but a small fraction of the inhabitants of a great State notable for sturdy Americanism.

LITERATURE

XXVII—Silvio Pellico

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once said that he liked a little book, a book that he could take with him to the fire. I like little books too, and there are three small volumes written about a century ago that are special favorites of mine. Anyone who does not know them has a great pleasure in store, for to know them is to love them. They are Silvio Pellico's "My Ten Years' Imprisonment," Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl or the Man That Lost His Shadow," and Xavier de Maistre's, "A Journey Round My Room," and of these three Silvio Pellico's is the greatest. It is just the simple story of what happened to him, the people he met, and the thoughts that came to him during the ten years' imprisonment he suffered because he had joined a political society that was under the ban of the Austrian rulers of Northern Italy. Pellico was a poet and his story is written from so close to the heart of nature that the book will live through many generations as a treasure-trove for discerning readers, and a consolation to the afflicted, for it has been translated into all the European languages, and there are many editions of it in the original Italian.

Silvio Pellico was born at Saluzzo, Italy, in 1789, the year of the fall of the Bastille. Before he was ten years old he had written a tragedy on a theme taken from Macpherson's "Ossian." His boyhood years were spent in France, but at the age of twenty-one he returned to Italy to teach French at the Soldiers' Orphans' School at Milan. Here he met Vincenzo Monti, Ugo Foscolo and other Italian writers, wrote "Laodicea," a tragedy in classical form, and one in romantic form entitled "Francesca di Rimini." The popular young dramatist then became the tutor of Count Lambertenghi's children and met at his table the distinguished European literary folk who assembled there. He thus came to know Lord Byron, whose "Manfred" he afterwards translated, Madame De Staël, Friederich Schlegel, Manzoni and others.

When thirty years old Silvio Pellico began the publication of *Il Conciliatore,* which professed to be a literary journal, but it was very difficult to keep literature apart from politics in those days, and besides the Austrian censor was not disposed to make fine distinctions between the two. A ruthless censorship ruined the periodical within a year. No wonder, then, that Pellico, like many a young Irishman during the nineteenth century, finding himself unable to get justice by legal redress, joined a revolutionary society. Though he was the mildest of men, his literary reputation made him a shining mark and when only thirty-one he was thrown into prison, tried as a conspirator and condemned to death.

He found he could resign himself to death, but the thought of the poignant grief that would fall on his dear ones was beyond his power to endure, so he offered this noble prayer: "My God! from Thy hand I will accept all—for me all; but deign most wonderfully to strengthen the hearts of those to whom I was so very dear! Grant Thou that I may cease to be such to them now; and that the life of the least of them may not be shortened by their care for me, even by a single day!"

His sentence was commuted, however, to fifteen years' imprisonment, so the next decade of his life he spent in a cell, being released by the general amnesty of 1830. In spite of his sufferings he lived to be sixty-five, wrote a number of other poems and plays, including a drama about Blessed Thomas More, and a religious manual on "The Duties of Man."

But Pellico's greatest work is "My Ten Years' Imprisonment." The book opens with a straightforward preface which runs thus:

> Have I penned these memorials, let me ask myself, from any paltry vanity, or desire to talk about that self? I hope this is not the case, and forasmuch as one may be able to judge in one's own cause, I think I was actuated by better views. These, briefly, were to afford consolation to some unfortunate being, situated like myself, by explaining the evils to which I was exposed, and those sources of relief which I found were accessible, even when laboring under the heaviest misfortune; to bear witness, moreover, that in the midst of my acute and protracted torments, I never found humanity, in the human instruments around me, so hopelessly wicked, so unworthy of consideration, or so barren of noble minds in lowly station, as it is customary to represent it; to engage, if possible, all the generous and good-hearted to love and esteem each other, to become incapable of hating anyone; to feel irreconcilable hatred only towards low, base falsehood, cowardice, perfidy, and every kind of moral degradation. It is my object to impress on all that well-known but often-forgotten truth, namely, that both religion and philosophy require calmness of judgment combined with energy of will, and that without such a union, there can be no real justice, no dignity of character, and no sound principles of human action.

From the austere character of this foreword, it may be inferred he expected that his prison journal would prove merely a collection of the serious moral reflections of an enforced recluse. But it is a simple, familiar story of human beings. At the beginning the author was in an ordinary prison having for companions criminals of all kinds, drunkards, women of the street, robbers and brawlers. The sympathy the sensitive young poet felt for a Magdalen is most touching, and the jeers of his companions were very natural. "As it is in prison," he says, "so it is in the world. Those who make it their wisdom to fly into a passion, to complain, to defy, to abuse, think that to pity, to love, and to console yourself with fair and gentle thoughts and images that harmonize with humanity and its great Author, is all mere folly."

For a time Pellico was in the famous Venetian prison known as "Under the Leads," the cells of which, being just beneath the roof, were intensely uncomfortable during an Italian summer. The simple story of his sufferings, his resignation, his gentleness, and his thoughtfulness for those around him, even for the jailer's daughter, is a literary classic. Then came his transfer to the Fortress of Spielberg, where on April 10, 1822, he entered the underground prisons for what must have seemed practically a life-sentence. As he was never very strong, his health was soon undermined there and his end seemed near. Indeed the

patriot's death was actually reported and caused great excitement in Italy.

In the midst of all these sorrows, Pellico's unselfish solicitude for others continued, the doubts about faith that he had entertained during his earlier years were dissipated, and in the midst of his sufferings religion became his greatest consolation. Not being allowed to write, only one letter reached his family during his imprisonment, and two tragedies that he composed had to be committed to memory because his jailers refused to furnish him with writing materials, for the Government feared his manuscripts would find their way out of prison and influence his countrymen.

It was under these circumstances that one of the kindliest books in existence was written. Cervantes, writing "Don Quixote" in a debtors' prison where he was suffering for another's fault is the only good parallel case we have, and Silvio Pellico's "My Ten Years' Imprisonment" is not dwarfed even by that comparison. JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

REVIEWS

The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. By PAUL THUREAU-DANGIN, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Française. Revised and Re-edited from a Translation by the late WILFRED WILBERFORCE. In Two Volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $11.00.

There cannot be found in a single work a more satisfactory account of the "Catholic Revival" than M. Thureau-Dangin offers in these well-translated volumes. Evidently he mastered the vast literature bearing on the inception, progress and effects of the Oxford Movement, and with a French *litterateur's* unerring logic and keen power of analysis he then gathered together his material and wove it into an absorbingly interesting narrative. After sketching, in an excellent introduction, the history of the Church in England since the days of Henry VIII, the author introduces John Henry Newman, the rest of the work's 1,100 pages being practically the story of the great Tractarian's influence on his age. About him are grouped all the other actors, for the closeness of their relations with Newman determines their prominence in the book. M. Thureau-Dangin is tender toward the Ritualists. He has no doubt about the good faith of such men as Pusey, Keble and Church, and seems to believe that, had they become Catholics, the Oxford Movement would have reached an abrupt conclusion, for their conversion would have discredited in the eyes of Anglicans the ideas that led up to it, whereas the gradual adoption of Catholic practices by Protestants has brought many individuals into the Church and is preparing large groups to enter it in future. On the other hand, however, Pusey's illogical course has doubtless kept multitudes of Anglicans from becoming Catholics.

Besides writing an enthusiastic appraisal of Newman's genius, the author gives discerning sketches of the character and career of Keble, Pusey, Hurrell Froude, Ward, Church, Wiseman, Manning, Faber, Samuel Wilberforce, and the latter's gifted brother Robert, who died only a few weeks before the day set for his ordination as a Catholic priest. In the latter part of the work M. Thureau-Dangin describes the conflicts that took place between the Evangelicals and the Ritualists, gives a sympathetic account of the movement for reunion that Lord Halifax zealously strove to promote, and ends with the effects produced by Pope Leo's Pontifical Letter *Ad Anglos*. Though the author wrote this book to give his fellow-countrymen a correct idea of the Catholic Revival in England, the work has been so excellently done that American readers who desire a clear, impartial and complete account of that interesting movement should read M. Thureau-Dangin's brilliant work. The volumes are furnished with an excellent index and with portraits of Newman and Manning. It is a pity the book's price is so high.

W. D.

Studies in Seven Arts. By ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

In reading this stimulating book, we feel as one who with a cultured interpreter or guide is led from masterpiece to masterpiece through some noble museum, and hears well-poised and illuminating comments and judgments on the marbles and canvases glistening before him. Mr. Symons is original in his views and expresses them with decided distinction. His style is not only clear of the plebeian and the commonplace, it is that of a literary aristocrat. Here and there a hint and faint suggestion of Ruskin glimmers through the finely-chiseled prose. On reading the author's description of the Cathedrals of Cologne, Amiens, Canterbury and Bourges we instinctively recall the glorious picture of St. Mark's so familiar to the admirers of the great critic of "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice." Mr. Symons sets us before the writhing and tortured but living figures molded by Rodin, the paintings of Watts, Gustave Moreau, Monticelli and Whistler, makes us listen to a symphony of Beethoven, explains the ideas of Wagner and tries to solve the problem of Richard Strauss, analyzes the power and fascination of Eleonora Duse and has a word even for the "Symbolist Farce." In every chapter he is interesting. He is widely read and has a poetic insight into the beauty of the masterpieces which he sincerely admires. He thinks and writes like an artist. But he is too lenient toward art. He leaves the impression so commonly made by the neo-humanist school that art is its own law and end and that in order to represent movement, instinct, passion, life, it may dare and do anything. This is a dangerous assumption, and if logically pressed home by artists and writers of less restraint than Mr. Symonds would ultimately lead to moral depredation and the deterioration of art itself.

J. C. R.

William Joseph Chaminade. From the French of Rev. HENRY ROUSSEAU, S.M. Translated by J. E. GARVIN, S.M. Dayton, O.: The Brothers of Mary. $1.00.

It is a pleasure to welcome this English edition of the life of Father Chaminade. He is not so widely known as he deserves to be; besides, an acquaintance with this great-hearted man and his remarkable apostolate is opportune at a time when the need of greater Catholic organization is keenly felt. Born in France in 1761, he was still a young priest when the violence of the Revolution broke over his beloved country. But he was no hireling. He remained at his post, and under a thousand disguises, in the midst of imminent dangers, he rendered signal service to the cause of religion during that perilous period. Persecution did not end with the close of the Reign of Terror, and when in 1797 a new Jacobin decree obliged Father Chaminade to seek a refuge at Saragossa, what a blessed exile it proved! For there, at the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar, his future career was revealed to him. Through Mary, France was to be brought back to Jesus. During his three years' sojourn in Spain, very definite plans had been drawn up, his soul had been steeled and strengthened, and no sooner had Father Chaminade been allowed to re-enter France than he undertook his gigantic task.

Possessing a keen insight into the wants of the times, his first step was to form sodalities of young people. For this work he was so eminently qualified by nature and by grace, that he was soon surrounded by a throng of fervent sodalists. But he was not satisfied to labor for their personal sanctification only, he would transform them into zealous missionaries, and the sodality would become a center from which every kind of Catholic activity was to issue. The next step was to select from among the sodalists a chosen band known as the "religious staff." They

took vows of chastity, obedience and devotion to the apostolate of youth, and they soon constituted the soul of the sodality. The final step in this regular gradation was the formation of two religious institutes, the Society of Mary, and the Daughters of Mary. Both of these Congregations spread rapidly during the lifetime of their saintly founder and grew so fast that today only sixty-four years after his death, the Society of Mary, in addition to its numerous foundations in almost every European country, includes two provinces in this country, as well as schools in Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, Honolulu and Northern Africa.

D. J. C.

On the Art of Writing. By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

"Let me say that of all the books written in these hundred years there is perhaps none you can more profitably thumb and ponder than . . . 'The Idea of a University'. . . . It has missed to be appraised at its true worth . . . The book is so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow and a talisman on his writing wrist." That is what the author of this excellent volume thinks of Newman's great work and he frequently quotes the Cardinal's writings to exemplify the literary virtues of accuracy, perspicuity, persuasiveness, and appropriateness. Burke is another of Sir Arthur's favorites and Shakespeare too of course. These are three masters he would have studied constantly by those who would learn the art of writing. Echoing Sir Joshua Reynolds's advice to young painters the author observes: "The more extensive your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your power of *invention*, and what may appear still more like a paradox *the more original will be your conceptions.*" He urges his young Cambridge hearers to practise verse assiduously if they would learn to write good prose for there is no better means of acquiring distinction of style. Always highly practical and rich in examples, the book gives young writers such excellent precepts as these:

> (1.) Almost always prefer the concrete word to the abstract; (2) Always prefer the direct word to the circumlocution; (3) Generally use transitive verbs, that strike their object; and use them in the active voice, eschewing the stationary passive with its little auxiliary *its's* and *was's*, and its participles getting into the light of your adjectives, which should be few. For, as a rough law, by his use of the straight verb and by his economy of adjectives you can tell a man's style, if it be masculine or neuter, writing or "composition."

The chapter "On Jargon" is full of sage counsel for those fond of "bromides"; "Murder your darlings" is the ruthless command "fine" writers receive, and the pages "On Style" are among the best in the book. Though the chapters treating of "Literature in Our Universities" do not seem to belong in a volume professing to teach the "Art of Writing," they are very interesting and, like the rest of the book, are pervaded by the author's learning, humor and literary discernment.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. Stephen Whitman's "Children of Hope," (Century, $1.40) is a whimsical tale of the adventures that befall a rather seedy gentleman and his three artistically ambitious daughters, when the coming of an unexpected fortune sent them on their first trip to Europe and enabled them to spend some months in Italy. It is overcrowded with incident and somewhat lacking in unity. It is a clean story, which is high praise in these days, but not very interesting.——Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "A Great Success," (Hearst's International Library, $1.25) is built on familiar lines. A clever lecturer yields for a time to the glamour of social distinction and causes some heart-pangs to his devoted wife by his neglect. He is disillusioned in the end, and comes to recognize that he has underestimated the worth of domestic happiness. This effect is brought about by the wife, who forgets the pique of personal slights to save from a great misfortune the woman who threatens her own happiness. The book will add little to Mrs. Ward's reputation, although its faults are mostly of a negative character.——In "Alice Devine," (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.25) Mr. Edgar Jepson has strung together some satirical studies of English life in a rather amusing way. The children in the story and Alice, who is only a grown-up child, are its best feature.——"The Proof of the Pudding," (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.35) by Meredith Nicholson has a very unattractive girl as the chief character of the story. She associates with a worthless set and shows little affection for her benefactor, but secures a better husband than she deserves.——"The Strange Cases of Mason Brant," (Lippincott, $1.25) is the title of an interesting volume of detective stories by Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Radium and wireless play deadly parts in certain murders that occur, but Mr. Brant, who is rather reminiscent of Sherlock Holmes, catches the culprits.

Among recent books that little children will like are "That's Why Stories" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd, $1.00), "Seven Fairy Tales from the Portuguese and Spanish" (Benziger, $0.30), and "Little Donald" (Benziger, $0.75). In the first, Ruth O. Dyer draws on her profound knowledge of fairy lore and gives satisfactory solutions of twenty-five problems that perplex little folk who visit the country. When she has explained, for example, "Why the Dandelion's Stem is Short," or "Why the Pine-Tree Moans in Winter," the question is settled forever. Besides, there are lots of pictures. The fairy tales in the second little book are all of the orthodox type, with princesses, knights, wizards and spells figuring prominently in each. But Mrs. Innes-Browne's story of "Little Donald" has to do with the romantic adventures of a poor Scotch boy of today.

The *Catholic Mind* for May 22 is an excellent number to put into the hands of youths and maidens who, now that their school days are drawing to a close, have begun to think what career they will follow, for in choosing a calling, God's claims must not be overlooked. In the opening paper of the issue Archbishop Hanna describes the thorough training the seminary gives the young men who as priests are to be "other Christs" and, like St. Paul, "God's coadjutors" in saving souls. The Rev. Thomas M. Knapp, S.J., then tells the story of two young ladies, one of whom becomes a society leader and the other a Sister of Charity. He describes the lives they lead, and then asks the thoughtful reader which of the two really took "Her Place in the World" with credit and nobility. The refutation of a new slander that has been published about Father Damien has given the *Catholic Standard and Times* an opportunity to describe once more that heroic priest's life of sacrifice and the article is reprinted in the current *Catholic Mind* to show our young people that the Church still produces men and women of lofty holiness. The number concludes with a short exposition of the advantages of the religious life.

The valuable little book entitled "The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries according to the Conclusions of Harnack" (Herder, $0.50), is a good translation of the analysis the Rev. Jean Rivière made of this distinguished German scholar's tribute to the Church. Part I deals with "The Facts" of Christianity's spread: "The Historical Development," "Social Penetration," and "The Geographical Development." Part II takes up "The Causes": "The Environment," "The Christian Doctrine," "The Christian Life,"

and "The Obstacles." The work is an excellent apologetic. ——"Behold: Thy King Cometh to Thee!" (Wagner, $0.60), by the Rev. J. R. Taylor, is well described as "plain and practical instructions and readings for the preparation of first communicants." In an appendix are added good counsels for a child's first confession, but one of "The Seven Capital Sins" has been omitted.

The May *Month* is a highly literary number. Edith Cowell contributes a diverting paper on "Some Relatives." The Editor writes feelingly on the difference between "Poetry and Verse" and has chosen well the three poems he publishes. Particularly appropriate for May is Theodore Maynard's sonnet *"In Domo Johannis":*

Here rest the thin worn hands which fondled Him,
The trembling lips which magnified the Lord
Who looked upon His handmaid, the young, slim
Mary at her meek tasks. And here the sword
Within the soul of her whose anguished eyes
Gazed at the stars which watched Gethsemane,
And saw the sun fail in the stricken skies.
In these dim rooms she guards the treasury
Of her white memories—the strange, sweet face
More marred than any man's, the tender, fain
And eager words, the wistful, human grace,
The mysteries of glory, joy and pain,
And that hope, tremulous, half sob, half song,
Ringing through night, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Father Thurston tells about divers holy men of old who were addicted to multiplying their genuflections, St. Sabas, for example, contriving to get in 2,000 a day. H. S. Dean gives an appreciation of the late Wilfrid Ward, and the war is the theme of several other articles.

President Wilson, in his essay "On Being Human" (Harper, $0.50), confirms his reputation as a sentence-builder. The book is a letter to the people, urging a clear-headed balance in these unbalanced times. The age demands, he says, not a fiery, blustering type, but a shrewd observer, acting in accordance with the broad principles of history. Humanness is variously defined: "This is our conception of a truly human man; a man in whom there is a just balance of the faculties, a catholic sympathy—no brawler, no fanatic, no pharisee; not too credulous in hope, not too desperate in purpose; warm, but not hasty; ardent and full of definite power, but not running about to be pleased and deceived by every new thing." And again: "The art of being human is the art of freedom and of force." Mr. Wilson must, of course, suppose that the foundations of ideal humanness is a realization of the supernatural and a firm adherence to the moral law. Of these principles, however, he neither says nor hints anything.

"Under the Country Sky" (Doubleday, Page, $1.25) by Grace S. Richmond is a book that suggests the freshness and purity of the open air. Georgiana Warne is a steadfast, devoted heroine, old-fashioned in her ideals, yet modern in her grasp of situations. Born to the country, she enters urban life by her marriage to the eminent surgeon, Dr. Craig, while her city-bred cousin, finds happiness by settling in the country. The plot is well developed and leads to a satisfying conclusion. Though Mrs. Richmond is "the novelist of the home" she falls just a little this side of that reality which is desirable in novels of the home-life.——In "First Base Faulkner" (Dodd, Mead, $1.25) "Christy" Mathewson of the New York "Giants" has written a healthy and interesting story for boys about the national pastime. It is a real baseball story, dealing with the efforts of a manly fellow to win a place on the school team. The book is well written, showing the vigorous and cordial friendship of two friends, and will appeal to all boys who are interested in the great American game.——That dreary old theme, a married woman's passion for a man not her husband, spoils "Those Gillespies" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.35), Mr. William John Hopkins's recent novel. Otherwise his fertile imagination and whimsical style would have made the book worth reading.—— With his usual literary skill Mr. Robert Herrick has told the story of "The Conscript Mother" (Scribner, $0.50), an Italian woman, who in her eagerness to see her son once more, actually penetrated to the firing line.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
The Irish Orators, a History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom. By Claude G. Bowers. Illustrated with Photographs. $1.50; Lyrics of War and Peace. By William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. $1.00.

Catholic Truth Society, London:
New Thought, Briefly Considered in Seven Letters. By Leslie Moore. Three pence; Everlasting Punishment. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.; Caroline Chisholm, the Emigrant's Friend. By G. Elliot Anstruther; Chocolate Cigarettes and Other Stories. By Agnes Henderson; Pope Joan. By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.; Four Conferences. By the Very Rev. Monsignor Benson; With Mary at Communion; With Jesus at Communion; Christ the Healer; Maxims of St. Thomas Aquinas; With Jesus at Holy Mass. One penny each.

The Canadian Messenger, Montreal:
John de Brébeuf, Apostle of the Hurons; Gabriel Lalemant, Victim of the Iroquois; Anthony Daniel, Victim of the Iroquois; Charles Garnier, Victim of the Iroquois; Noël Chabanel, Missionary in Huronia. All by E. J. Devine, S.J. Five cents each.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
Discourses on the Sober Life. By Luigi Cornaro. $0.25.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The New International Encyclopædia. Second Edition. Vols. XIX and XX, Polk-Shilluk.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Mothers. By George Hirschfeld. Translated and with an Introduction by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn. $0.75; Tennis for Women. By Molla Bjurstedt and Samuel Crowther. Illustrated from Photographs. $1.25; Scouting with Kit Carson. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated by John Frost. $1.25; Wild Animal Ways. By Ernest Thompson Seton. With 200 Drawings by the Author. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Vision and Vesture. By Charles Gardner. $1.50; Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper, 1914-1915. By Christian Mallet. $1.00; The Cathedrals of Great Britain: Their History and Architecture. By the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield. $1.75.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
A Song of the Guns. By Gilbert Frankau, R.S.A. $0.50; Kitchener's Mob. By James Norman Hall. $1.25; What Is Your Legion? By Grace Fallow Norton. $0.25; Through Glacier Park: Seeing America First with Howard Eaton. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. With Illustrations. $0.75; The Latchstring to Maine Woods and Waters. By Walter Emerson. $2.00; A History of the Third French Republic. By C. H. C. Wright. With Illustrations. $1.50; How to Know the Mosses. By Elizabeth Marie Dunham. With Illustrations by the Author. $1.25; Under the Apple-Trees. By John Burroughs. $1.25.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Idyls and Sketches. By Sister M. Blanche. $1.00; The Prayer Book for Boy Scouts. By Rev. Thomas S. McGrath. $0.15 and $0.35.

Little, Brown & Co., New York:
Criminality and Economic Conditions. By William Adrian Bonger. $5.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Fruits of the Life of Prayer, Short Considerations on the Seven Words of Our Lord from the Cross. Written for the Use of an Inclosed Sister. By the late Rev. B. W. Maturin. $0.10; Devotions from Ancient and Mediæval Sources (Western). Translated and Arranged by the Rev. Charles Plummer, M.A. $1.75.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Battle and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. $1.25; Filibusters and Financiers: the Story of William Walker and His Associates. By William O. Scroggs, Ph.D. $2.50; Reveries Over Childhood and Youth. By William Butler Yeats. Illustrated. $2.00.

Monastery of Gethsemani, Gethsemani, Ky.:
Trappist Life at the Abbey of Gethsemani. $0.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
On the Art of Writing. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A. $1.50; A Month in Rome. By André Maurel. Authorized English Edition Translated by Helen Gerard. With 116 Illustrations and 32 Maps. $1.75; Unhappy in Thy Daring. By Marius Lyle. $1.35.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:
Paradoxical Pain. By Robert Maxwell Harbin, A.B., M.D. $1.25.

Silver, Burdett & Co., New York:
The Progressive Music Series. By Horatio Parker, Osbourne McConathy, Edward Bailey Birge, W. Otto Miessner. Catholic Edition. Edited by Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., and Rev. Gregory Huegle, O.S.B. Book Two. $0.35.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston:
One More Chance. By Lewis E. MacBrayne and James P. Ramsay. $1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
Father Bernard's Parish. By Florence Olmstead. $1.25.

Joseph F. Wagner, N. Y.:
Plain Sermons by Practical Preachers, Original Sermons on the Gospels or Epistles of All the Sundays and the Principal Feasts. 2 Vols. $3.00.

EDUCATION

II—Going to College

IT is a very pleasant thing to look back upon one's college days. You remember so vividly that wide stretch of campus, with the college buildings looking out over its green lawn; you remember the walks made historic by the promenades of thousands of the old boys; you remember the tennis courts, the baseball diamond, the football field; you remember the throngs of gay people who used to fill the high tiers of seats at the famous contests; you remember the days in early June when the green grass, and the budding trees, and the warm sunlight, and the blue sky were calling, calling in their insistent appeal to your willing heart; you remember the winter nights when under the crackling stars the world was a thing of white, and the snow and the cold were building fragile palaces with a defter hand than fairies ever dreamed; you remember the first days of the college year, when the old halls and the campus would wake up after the siesta of summer; you remember the companionships renewed, the glad, unselfish friendships, the month after month of joyous comradeship with those whom you loved and who loved you in return; you remember the commencement season, when after the glory of degree-giving and prize-awarding the splendor and gaiety would melt away, the fellowship of the year would dissolve, and only the lonely spirit of unavailing sadness would linger about the college grounds. You remember all these things, and many more that seem to elude the words you would voice them in, intangible things, subtle things, that steal into your soul with their facile charm and bring the tender, wistful longing to your eyes.

All this is sentimental rhapsodizing, half-poetic reverie, a kind of harmless, minor lunacy, like dreams of Italian roses and sweet-scented nights under moon-bathed skies. But none of us is disposed to ask pardon for these backward glances, for they all seem too hallowed, and too precious, and too personal to admit of reproof. Moreover, whether we have gone to college or not, we all have our recollections of old, happy, far-off things, of sweet yesterdays that creep into our todays and make them mellow and warm and endurable. It helps us live more nobly, and plan more splendid mansions for future endeavor, if once in a while we open the flood-gates and bid the tide of memories advance, and let them surge lovingly and eagerly and beseechingly, flashing their glories in a light that never was on sea or land.

But to be sentimental is a luxury; and we should not indulge too often if we would not have reminiscence become a cloying commonplace. It would be better now to view the college course a little more dispassionately and detachedly, and judge it as it unfolds itself rather than bless it with unqualified affection in after years, when days full of plotting and planning make academic life seem the golden age.

What Is a College?

A college in full operation is a plant consisting of teachers and students, books and apparatus, laboratories and recitation rooms. If you should visit a typical American college, you would be convinced that all these elements unite to form a rather busy institution. And they do. The business of education is a busy work. In the course of your visit you would hear a serious-looking youth translating into English Pliny's letter to his emperor about the proposed treatment of the Christians; another analyzing the causes of Roman enmity against ancient Carthage; a third describing the relations between medieval universities and the Papacy; a fourth explaining the matter of Doctor Johnson's dictatorship in English letters of the eighteenth century; a fifth summing up the characteristics of the times of Frederick the Great. Or you could watch students conducting interesting experiments with test tubes and dry batteries; you could hear a class discussing the advantages and disadvantages of a protective tariff system; you could listen to the details of a contrast between William James's theory of life and the opinions of Monsieur Henri Bergson.

All this is very well; one would imagine that a college training surely justifies itself. And, all things considered, it undoubtedly does. But of all those young men whom you have seen in classroom or laboratory, how many really know what it is all about? A boy learns French, and chemistry, and economics, and history, but how vital to him are all these studies, how closely do they touch his actual life, how often do they impress on his personality something that may be considered of real worth?

Current Topics at College

These are difficult questions to answer; probably in the present state of experimental psychology it is quite impossible to reach a definite conclusion. But if you go with these students to their rooms, or accompany them on their walks, or sit with them on the benches in the college yard, you will hear very little conversation that seems to demand a college education as a preparation. It would be absurd, of course, to expect the exuberant spirits of youth to make the text-book the burden of small talk, but it would appear reasonable to expect that small talk should not be the burden of conversation. It is interesting, to be sure, to discuss the relative merits of two wrestlers, the reasons for the demoralization of a favorite professional baseball team, the claims to stellar fame of a popular vaudeville artist, the improvements in next year's motor-cars, or the difficulty of playing a certain golf course in par. All of these subjects are current, entertaining, somewhat vital topics, and college men converse very fluently upon them. But there are other topics, just as alive, quite as up-to-date, and decidedly more important, upon which college men have rather unimportant opinions. Except among the students of the keenest minds there is very little enlightened talk on, let us say, the work of the sixty-third Congress, the probable causes of the present war, the expediency of an income-tax law, the most recent South American explorations, or the poetry of John Masefield.

The Plane of Intelligence

Perhaps it is not altogether needful that college youths should have much discussion on these topics; sometimes men who are quite learned, who are full men in the Baconian sense, indulge in serious conversation less often than one might expect. After all, it is quite the fashion out of school as well as within to gossip rather than to converse. Nobody seems to wish his friends to discover that he views the world as aught but a play, and a pleasant comedy at that. It is a diverting little convention to which all of us, sooner or later, in some degree subscribe.

It would be pleasing if one could be sincere in thus disposing of the matter; but one can be sincere in nothing but one's charity. For the melancholy fact is that the majority of our sophomores and juniors, yes, and seniors, too, do not know anything very valuable about some of the comparatively important subjects of the day; and their ignorance does not cause them a noticeable anxiety. Probably more than one college graduate who is out in life today will remember, when he looks back on his academic years, that the general intelligence among the students was leveled down to a not very high plane. Men who knew more than their fellows had to be rather careful not to exhibit their knowledge too often; such erudition was respected, but not precisely encouraged. To be a choice and master spirit was not identical with intellectual leadership, but rather with ability to measure up or down to the ideas of mediocrity in the mass; to be an average man, with a personality somewhat but not conspicuously above the average.

DOES THE COLLEGE STIMULATE?

There may be many reasons why a college student may wish to seem unlearned; but undoubtedly the fact that he really is lacking in information is due, at least in a large part, to the widespread apathy among college men in regard to reading the newspapers, the better class of magazines, and books other than fiction. For most college youths a newspaper means the headlines of the first page, the athletic news, and the cartoons of a popular artist; a magazine means a collection of stories known as light fiction vamped out by indifferently clever writers for the delectation of minds not given to high-power thinking; a book means a novel usually, rarely a volume of stimulating essays or a choice biography.

To be very truthful about the whole matter the college course does not seem to make a sufficiently large number of boys awake, alive, eager to make the most out of the half a century, more or less, which they expect to live. And perhaps the best explanation of the problem, even if it be not a solution, is that the vast multitude of college students do not quite realize the worth of four years, they do not know the price at which to appraise it, they do not enjoy a sure vision of a certain goal, they do not experience a feeling of genuine, sincere purpose. They say that they go to college for education, but they speak a language of the lips, without the voice of the heart. JOSEPH F. WICKHAM.

SOCIOLOGY

Brownson House: Los Angeles

IN March, 1901, Rev. John J. Clifford, then assistant at the Cathedral, urged upon a group of Catholic women of the Cathedral Aid Society the need for Catholic social work in a crowded district of Los Angeles. He had been requested to do this by the pastor of the parish of Our Lady of Angels where the necessity was most urgent. The Rt. Rev. George Montgomery, who was at that time Bishop of the diocese, gave his hearty approval to the project and until his departure for San Francisco was a strong supporter of the work. The name of the new settlement was suggested by Rev. John J. Clifford. It is the name of Orestes Brownson, the noted American Catholic writer, whose zeal in the service of truth was to be an inspiration to the work just begun. In June, 1903, the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty came to preside over the See of Monterey and Los Angeles. He at once became acquainted with the little settlement, though it was struggling to do the needed work only in a modest way and in most inadequate quarters. From that day, Bishop Conaty was the mainstay of the undertaking.

In 1904, he purchased property and built the present settlement house at 711 Jackson Street, a location which was occupied in January, 1905; and, in 1913, he again demonstrated his faith in the enterprise by securing another and larger site where a greater settlement may be built. The name of Bishop Conaty is inseparably linked with all the success and development of Brownson House.

A CONSTRUCTIVE PURPOSE

The purpose of Brownson House Settlement Association is best set forth in its constitution:

> The object of this Association shall be to establish and to maintain a Catholic Social Settlement which shall be a center for personal service and mutual helpfulness, for civic, social, and religious betterment in sections of Los Angeles where conditions of living are difficult, and where Catholics of poor circumstances and foreign birth abound; to preserve this spirit of mutual friendliness, respect and service, in all the relations of this Association with its neighbors of every race and creed.

From this, it will be seen that the aim is to do constructive social work and to do it by a really cooperative method. To make its plans still more effective, Brownson House maintains a staff of experienced paid workers who devote all or part of their time to the work. At present, there are four such paid workers. These form a substantial nucleus about which the efforts of the volunteer workers center, thus producing a higher efficiency. There are seventy-five volunteers, men and women, now in active service. In the present house the accommodation is unfortunately limited to two residents. In the proposed new settlement house there will be provision for a greatly increased number of resident workers.

The neighbors of Brownson House are of many nationalities, races and creeds. Though Mexicans and Catholics largely predominate, there are also Italians, Poles, French, Basque, Slavonians, Portuguese, Japanese and also Jewish people from many countries. The privileges of the house are open to all without distinction and with absolutely no vexing conditions.

VARIED ACTIVITIES

The activities of Brownson House are many and varied. They include a constant daily succession of clubs, classes, clinics, etc., at the settlement house besides the work which is carried on in the homes. Though it has taken many years of quiet, friendly contact to gain the influence in the community which Brownson House possesses today, yet a genuine friendship and a mutual confidence cannot be gained in any other way. Brownson House has studiously avoided all formalism and rigidity; it had striven to retain its primitive flexibility and responsiveness to all real needs and to adapt itself to all changing conditions.

The religious work for the Catholic neighbors, adults and children, has always been a prominent feature at the House. The Settlement's most important function is to preserve and to strengthen the religious faith and practice of the immigrant, and, on this sound basis, to help him to adapt himself to the best American standards of living and citizenship. In many cases, primitive necessities must be supplied and external obstacles removed, before effective religious work can be done. Often specific living conditions, or other difficulties of long standing, have entailed results which have checked the development of spiritual aspiration, and these hindrances must yet be overcome. Mass is celebrated at the Settlement House every Sunday. Religious instruction classes are held on Sunday after Mass, and during the week. Many children are prepared for the Sacraments, and adults are brought back to the earnest practice of their early faith.

CLUBS AND CLASSES

During the week the calendar of House activities reveals a full program for each day and evening. There are separate sewing and housekeeping clubs for girls from under seven to over twenty years of age; for boys there is a workshop with a trained instructor. When the boys and girls become sufficiently proficient to make salable articles, these are sold, and the young maker receives the price minus the wholesale cost of the material used. Boys over twelve years of age may become Boy Scouts; the Brownson House Troop is now regularly enrolled as Company A, 67th Infantry, United States Boy Scouts, and is doing remarkable work. There are sewing and social gatherings for women, in their own homes and in the Settlement House, with many practical benefits for the home. There is a library with good books for home reading and a story hour for little children. There are music lessons at a nominal price for children of talent. There are hot and cold shower baths, a playground, and a clothing bureau. Several mornings are devoted exclusively to the tiny children who are not old enough to go to school, and there is an English and citizenship class for men and women.

ENTERTAINMENTS AND HOME WORK

Once a month a neighborhood entertainment is given and whole families come to enjoy the program. Many numbers on

these programs are contributed by the neighbors themselves. Once a week there is a neighborhood dance, and great care is exercised by the young people to maintain the high standard of these parties. National celebrations, private parties, and other social gatherings, etc., are sometimes held at Brownson House. The holidays are all remembered, and there are excursions, "hikes," and picnics from time to time.

The Settlement keeps ever in mind the importance of the home, and always seeks to keep well united father, mother and children, in order that they may advance together and develop their own resources.

All the home work is under the direction of an experienced worker who is assisted by volunteer friendly visitors. Great care is taken to preserve always the genuine friendliness which characterizes the whole work. Mexican handiwork is sold, and employment secured, whenever possible, through the State Municipal Employment Bureau and through private sources. A great effort is made to assist boys of working age to secure positions which promise advancement.

CLINICS

There are three clinics at Brownson House each week. One is for the crippled and deformed, and is under the charge of Dr. John Carling who volunteers his expert services and is assisted by Dr. Elizabeth Saphro. Many of the children have been cured of physical disabilities, and saved from the ranks of the handicapped. Another clinic is the Maternity Dispensary for which the use of the House is given to the city on one morning each week. This work is in charge of Dr. Lyle G. McNeile, assistant health commissioner of Los Angeles, aided by Dr. Olga McNeile. Prenatal care and instruction are given to expectant mothers. Many unborn lives are preserved, and many little children come into the world endowed with a greater vitality and promise for the future, because of the care and instruction given in this clinic. The third clinic is the Infant Welfare Station, also under the Los Angeles Health Department which conducts six such stations in the city. Brownson House is placed at the service of the city for this work also. On one afternoon each week, the babies are brought for examination, proper feeding is prescribed and the mothers are carefully instructed. Miss Grace V. Ream and Dr. Elizabeth Saphro are in charge. Brownson House is also one of the city pure milk distributing stations.

Brownson House Settlement Association believes in educative and preventive work, and seeks to remove causes rather than to strive merely to palliate results. It cooperates with the many splendid public agencies of Los Angeles and keeps in close touch with them. It is endorsed by the Municipal Charities Commission and belongs to the National Federation of Settlements.

SOCIOLOGICAL INSTRUCTION

To advance the cause of education for social work in order to meet the pressing social needs of our time, Brownson House has provided lectures on social subjects. In the summer of 1914, Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S.J., of the Loyola University School of Sociology, Chicago, gave twelve lectures in Los Angeles under the auspices of the settlement. Rev. Edward F. Gareschè, S.J., of St. Louis lectured, under the same auspices, in October, 1915. Since 1914, regular monthly social study meetings have been held at the Settlement House under the leaderships of prominent local social workers. Beginning January 11, 1916, these monthly meetings were developed into a regular course of weekly lectures planned and directed by Rev. William E. Corr. All lectures are open to the public.

RESULTS AND NEEDS

Brownson House is supported by the annual subscriptions and donations of generous people, and by an occasional campaign for funds. The subjoined figures will give some idea of the conditions at the House during the year ending March 1, 1916: Residents, 2; paid workers (whole time), 2; paid workers (part time), 2; volunteer workers, 75; new patients in dispensary, 235; babies in welfare station, 70; visits in homes, 1,200; garments collected (estimated), 6,000; books in library, 1,000; weekly deposit of books from public library, 50; distribution of milk (daily), 17; aggregate attendance (weekly), 1,500.

The greatest specific need of Brownson House at present is the proposed new and more commodious Settlement House with increased provision for resident workers. In such a place as has been planned, the House can provide for the expansion and development of its many activities and yet preserve that neighborly and informal character which brings so closely together the lives of its workers and the lives of its neighbors, with so much of benefit to both. MARY J. WORKMAN.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The fifth annual report of the United States Steel and Carnegie Pension Fund shows a disbursement of $2,234,410.75 since the inception of this plan. The total distribution for the year 1915 was $659,389.42. The average age pension during this year was $62.84; the average service pension, $28.34; the monthly pension, $20.85. The smallest pension paid is twelve dollars a month, the largest not more than one hundred dollars a month. The fund itself consists of the old $4,000,000 relief fund established by Carnegie and $8,000,000 added by the Steel Corporation. In spite of the danger inherent in the power which a firm acquires over its men by the pension system, it is doubtless a great blessing to the workman provided that just wages are paid him at all times.

The summer course in Church music, conducted under the auspices of the Society of St. Gregory, will be given at Baltimore, from July 24 to August 12, for all who wish to acquaint themselves more perfectly with this important feature of Church services. The class lessons in traditional Gregorian chant will be held twice a day under the direction of Rev. Leo P. Manzetti, who is likewise director of the Schola Cantorum of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Besides the course in plain chant another class will be organized for the study and interpretation of polyphonic and modern Church music and private lessons can likewise be had. The course is "lectural" in part only. Once the students have mastered the theory and principles of Gregorian and figured music they are formed into a real *schola* for the rendition of each.

The problem of rural credits calls for most serious attention, not merely that the American farmer may be saved from frequent danger of complete ruin, but likewise that the welfare of consumers in our cities may be safeguarded. The realization of this fact led to the appointment of two commissions whose duty it was to study agricultural operations in Europe. Their recommendations brought about the introduction of the Moss-Hollis Bill now pending in Congress. Writing in the *Central-Blatt and Social Justice,* Mr. Louis Budenz states that the rural credit methods of Europe, including the famous Reiffeisen system, are inadequate for our newer and more extended needs, while the Moss-Hollis Bill will answer them satisfactorily. He has the following urgent appeal to make to our Catholic societies:

> The desirability of the proposed legislation is certainly apparent, and the review of the Moss-Hollis Bill should serve to show that that measure meets the requirements of the present time in the agricultural industry. Our Catholic societies throughout the country should interest themselves actively in this matter. This is *par excellence* a reform measure in the interest and for the welfare of the middle class. And middle class reforms, measures that will tend to strengthen that division of society and to prevent a further

deterioration of its members into the ranks of the proletariat, particularly commend themselves to us. They are in fact the objects of our special consideration and solicitude. In our district leagues and local organizations, particularly in the farming districts, this important piece of legislation should be discussed and action should be taken whereby it will be materially advanced toward passage and a place on the statute books. Up to the present time, it has been entirely too much neglected.

The Bill provides for a non-partisan Federal Farm Loan Board, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury and four members appointed by the President, all of whose time must be devoted to this work. The loans to farmers are to be made by twelve or more Federal land banks, each operating in a separate district. The further details of the Bill are briefly outlined in the article quoted.

"Preserve our ancient names!" was the appeal made to the United States Government by the Blackfoot Indians. They asked that white men's names should not be given to the mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, and other natural features of Glacier National Park, in Montana, which had been sold by them to the Government in 1896. "Time was," the Indians said, "and not so long ago, when we owned all the country from Saskatchewan to Yellowstone and from the summit of the Rockies eastward for some hundreds of miles. We desire to have some memorial of our wise and brave fathers who ruled that vast domain, and what more fitting than that their own mountains should be their monuments?" To take the Indian names from the scenic features of the National Park would be to deprive the Park of much of its charm and poetry. There is beauty as well as historic association in the ancient names that still remain throughout our land in memory of a race that has almost passed way. They are likewise, it is true, a sad and terrible reproach to the nation which has practically exterminated the tribes of the Red Man. Perhaps the darkest page in American history is that which tells of the white man's cruelty, faithlessness and injustice toward the Indian aborigines. Many of the most hideous and pitiful tales of starvation and destruction are not even recorded, or can only be learned from scattered allusions, such as may be found in Laveille's "Life of Father De Smet." Worst of all was the unscrupulous attempt made, under Government protection, to rob the Indian of that Faith which the early Catholic missionaries had implanted in his heart at the cost of heroic labors and terrible sacrifices. Catholic Spain preserved, educated and Christianized the barbarous tribes wherever the missionary's cross was planted; but Puritan and non-Catholic America relentlessly hunted, butchered or starved the Indians. The white man's plighted word was broken in the most criminal ways and his vices were communicated to the children of the forest, who in the hands of the missionary had shown themselves amenable to all the doctrines and practices of Christianity. History has scarcely begun to record the full truth. It were but fair to afford what spiritual and temporal blessings we can to the small remnant of these tribes to repay them for the wrong done their fathers.

The fiftieth annual report of St. Francis Hospital, New York, tells of the magnificent work accomplished during half a century by the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Their hospital, as the medical staff of the institution states, "occupies the enviable position of one whose sole duty is the care of the sick poor." The sixth of their house rules expressly provides that, "The poor will always be received free of charge. Those who are able will be expected to pay a moderate sum toward the support of the hospital." On May 1, 1865, one Sister and a postulant came from St. Peter's Hospital in Brooklyn to two totally empty and unfurnished houses obtained through a loan:

> The Sisters had no means whatever, and no financial support, but simply willing hands and stout hearts, and that firm belief in a Divine Providence and confidence in the generosity of the people, which have ever been the strong staff of these Sisters. The loaf of bread that the postulant brought was their sole food supply for the first day, and the empty straw tick that each carried, after being filled with straw by a friendly undertaker in the neighborhood, was the only furnishing for their humble quarters.

So the great work was begun, and in this spirit it has been carried on to the present day. Harboring 351 patients during the year 1865, the Sisters, after half a century of devoted labor, are able to show a record of 3,808 cases cared for in 1915, with 2,037 operations performed and 122,559 days' treatment given in that single year. Success has not lessened their love of poverty and simplicity. They are called "Sisters of the Poor" not merely because the sick poor have the first claim on their service, but "because they themselves are to be poor, alike in everything unto these." From the training school which is now to be established in the hospital, for the benefit of the younger Sisters, will go forth in time to come the highest type of the trained nurse. It is in such as these that the charity of Christ resplendently manifests itself within the Catholic Church.

The rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Newark, "a fashionable downtown church" of that city, was recently requested by members of his vestry to hand in his resignation. The invitation, he said, was due to his refusal to suppress passages in his sermons calculated to make sinners feel uncomfortable. Other reasons may likewise have existed, judging from the subjects of some of his sermons. The instructions which the minister claims were given him by the vestrymen of his church, afford an interesting illustration of what is likely to be expected today of clergymen outside the Catholic Church. The Newark minister thus pictures the situation:

> Not long ago I was deeply distressed by having a member of the vestry say, in a serious, friendly conversation, that his idea of running a church was that it should be run, just as a grocery store is run, to please the patrons. No one could run a successful grocery store, he told me, who let his private convictions interfere with his selling his patrons what they wanted, liquor or anything else. About the same time I was told by another member of the vestry that the plain indication on my part that I thought there were sinners in Trinity would give offense, and I was asked to strike out of a sermon that was to be published the clause in which the reference occurred. Somewhat later the same member, the dominating member of the vestry, said to me as there were probably nine sinners to one saint in the church he thought that I ought to preach to please the sinners, to preach, that is, so as not to make them uncomfortable when they came to the church, not to irritate them.

Whatever the aberrations of the Newark rector may have been, he has touched upon a vital point. We hear a great deal in the Protestant churches, as he says, of a God of infinite love whose justice is greatly ignored. Yet this too must be infinite. "We hear it said that hell is an old wives' tale, incompatible with belief in this good God. I tell you this God mentioned here is of recent man-made manufacture and never the Father of Jesus Christ, Our Lord." Sincere men are weary of the slurring and denial of essential truths. The Catholic Church offers to them the one safe refuge. Nothing is of greater importance, therefore, than that her Divine credentials be made known to the modern world, to enable men to see the one truly "evangelical" Church, in which alone the whole Gospel of Christ is preached without attenuation or respect of persons. The sermons heard in many non-Catholic churches seem to indicate that the instructions given the Newark vestrymen, though seldom so plainly expressed, are complied with frequently enough.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

The War.—The British have been on the offensive southwest of Givency and have made some slight gains at Loos. A Bulgarian force, said to be about 25,000 strong, has entered Greece and occupied the southern exit of Rupel Pass and the heights east of the Struma. Greece, after making a formal resistance, permitted the invasion, but will enter a protest as in the case of the occupation of Salonica by the Allies. The Germans, according to Russian reports, have lost heavily in a recent engagement near Dahlel Island. In Persia the Russians have occupied Sardesht, and further south they have crossed from Persia into Mesopotamia and captured Suleimanei. Still further south in Mesopotamia, the British report that the combined British and Russian forces are advancing on Kut-el-Amara, having reached Shatt-el-Hai on the left bank of the Tigris, although on the right bank they have not been able to drive the Turks from Sanneyat. In German East Africa the British War Office reports that the Germans are retreating.

Bulletin, May 23, p. m.-May 31, a. m.

In the Verdun district the advantage during the week has been with the Germans. On the west side of the Meuse, they captured Cumières and advanced on a two-mile front that stretches from that village to the southern slopes of Mort Homme Hill, and are now in possession of the Bethincourt-Cumières Road. The attack consisted of a series of infantry assaults of a costly kind, and the French withdrew. The German success is important, because it advances the German lines a half-mile on the east side of Mort Homme Hill, thus facilitating the German operations against this hill and Hill 304, and at the same time it deprives the French of a position which dominated the German lines across the river. On the east side of the Meuse the Germans have recovered the Haudromont quarries which they lost last week, and have also retaken Fort Douaumont, a large portion of which was recently recaptured by the French.

German Success in the Verdun District

The Austrian offensive in the Trentino has made further progress. Although in the vicinity of Riva and at Monte Baldo the Italians have held their own, they have fallen back in the Lagarina Valley toward Ala. Further to the east, in the Arsa Valley, the Austrians have captured Chiesa, ten miles north of Schio. Advancing from Col Santo, the Austrians attacked Monte Pasubio, but failed to dislodge the Italians. East of this mountain, however, they have advanced from Piazza, taken Monte di Laghi, entered the Posina Valley, crossed the Posina Brook and occupied Bettale. They are now west, north and east of Monte Pasubio. Leaving the Lavarone plateau, and following the Astico River, they captured Forni, and after a serious struggle stormed Monte Cimone. In the Sugana Valley region, the Austrians took Sassa Alto, Roncegno, Borgo, Cima Cista and Strigno. The Italians evacuated the entire western portion of the valley and endeavored to make a stand on the ridge between Monte Meata and Corno di Campoverde, but finally withdrew and left it in the hands of the Austrians. The advance made by the Austrians is on a front of more than twenty-five miles and has become a serious menace to Schio, Arsiero and Asiago.

Austrian Advance in the Trentino

Austria-Hungary.—In the latest utterances of the German Imperial Chancellor, the Vienna press sees distinctly hopeful signs of peace. His words, the *Tageblatt* observes, are "crystal clear, strong, sure and opportune." It concludes from them that Germany is ready for

Premonitions of Peace

any contingency, whether to continue the war victoriously or to discuss peace terms for Europe's welfare. The fact that the Teutonic Powers freely speak of peace is a sign of their strength:

That Germany today can and may speak of peace is its triumph. Nobody can discover the faintest sign of weariness on the part of the Central Powers, who, on the height of their achievements, can plant the standard of humanity. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg reminds the Entente of the terrible guilt it takes upon itself if Europe continues to be bled and mangled.

The *Neue Freie Presse* sees a great gain in the journalistic exchange of ideas between Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey, and calls attention to the new attitude which it says has been assumed by the English statesmen:

A change in the feeling of England is already to be seen in Premier Asquith's speech, in which he did not mention Alsace-Lorraine, nor even Russia. The Premier and the Foreign Secretary are swallowing their words of the past. They deny they ever desired the destruction of Germany, which Poincaré and Briand, in their fear of a collapse, still stammer about. The policy of the destruction of Germany has moved its headquarters from London to Paris.

Commenting upon President Wilson's Charlotte speech, the same paper remarks that the growing popularity of the peace idea in America has been seized by the President to further his candidacy for re-election, while he knows that the proffer of his services is not unwelcome to England. Austria-Hungary has not rejected the original idea of his mediation, but it will be necessary for him to strengthen the weakened confidence of the Central Powers in his impartiality. On this latter point Baron Hengelmüller, formerly Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, says that the United States lost its opportunity of playing a superbly great and noble rôle from the very beginning of the war:

There was a radical difference in the tone of the American notes to Germany and Great Britain. Despite its preachments about humanity, the United States never raised a word of protest to Great Britain or the Entente Powers in the Baralong, the King Stephen, the Zeppelin L-19, the Elektra and the Dubrovnik cases.

Baron Hengelmüller finds this use of a double standard all the more painful, because of his earnest desire for a continuance of friendly relations between the United States and the Teutonic Powers.

France.—General indignation has been felt among Catholics, and even among advanced radicals at a recent action of the French Senate. At a sitting held before adjourning for the Easter vacations, at which no more than fifty of the three hundred members of the Upper House were present, the Senate decided to examine the Bill for the regulation of charitable works, and adopted the main clauses in spite of the opposition of the Catholic minority and the demands for the postponement of the vote in the absence of the Minister of the Interior. The nature and purpose of the law which the Senate was in such a hurry to vote can be judged by its two essential articles, which are as follows: "For the future no work, no person and no newspaper may appeal to public charity without previously having obtained the authorization of the Minister of the Interior or the Prefect of the Department. The works already existing are subject to the same regulations as new works. Authorization can be refused or withdrawn without discussion, and without notification to the interested persons. Moreover, the interested parties may not bring such matters before the courts of justice." Fair-minded men are everywhere protesting against the measure. Its upholders say that it is meant merely to regulate and control charity. But to all sound-thinking men, it means the subjugation of charity and charitable works to the caprice of the Government. If carried into effect it would mean the strangling of all private and individual initiative. A writer in the *Intransigeant* describes the Act as "so discouraging that words are wanting to qualify it." The manner in which the clauses of the Act were passed has caused loud protests. They were adopted by an overwhelming majority of the 300 Senators, though only 50 of them were present. But these used the privilege enjoyed by members of the French Parliament to vote for their absent colleagues with their permission. The permission was this time probably abused. A Catholic senator declared: "I have been a member of the Senate for the last twenty-four years, but I never witnessed such a scandalous proceeding." It is possible that owing to the outcry raised against the measure in the conservative press, and to their credit, even in some radical journals, the Senate may adopt amendments which will deprive it of some, at least, of its most odious features.

A Snap Vote

Germany.—Important changes in office have taken place in Germany and new positions have been created. The former Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Delbrück, has been replaced by Dr. Karl Helfferich, former Minister of the Treasury. The latter post is now filled by Count von Rödern. The imperial finances are "in strong and capable hands, with ninety per cent of the war expenditure covered by long term loans, while in England more than half, and in France three-quarters are covered by short term credits." A "Food Regulation Board" has also been created, with Herr Adolph von Batocki at its head. The appointment of August Müller as a member of this Board is the first instance of the admission of a Social Democrat to any Imperial Commission. An Imperial Meat Bureau has been called into existence by the need of husbanding the meat supply which is likely to remain very limited, though an improvement in conditions may set in during the autumn. "We have vegetables enough," says a noted banker, "and can for the time being become vegetarians." A census of all meat supplies, excepting such as are designed solely for the household

Recent Developments

needs of the owners, was undertaken throughout the Empire. The food prospects of Germany depend upon the coming crop. If its present promises are fulfilled there will be an abundance on hand. Preparations for a fifth war loan by September seem likewise to be under way. A credit of 10,000,000,000 marks, it is thought, will be asked by the Reichstag and the usual interest of five per cent will be offered. The financing of the war is causing no consternation, since it is believed that Germany can better bear the strain than the hostile countries. The war expenses have been diminishing and are now considered to be less than 2,000,000,000 marks a month.

Great Britain.—By virtue of the royal assent and proclamation, the newest conscription measure is now a law. The Liberal faction in England predicts "grave developments, flowing from the principle of military conscription." "Free military service," they say, "has been destroyed in the hour of its splendid vindication and replaced by the reactionary ideal of forced service." There is more than a touch of mere rhetoric in this statement; enforced service, if necessary for the life of the nation or for its proper welfare, is quite within the lawful power of the civil authority. Yet, while there can be little doubt that the enforcement of the new law will be attended with considerable difficulties, the fear expressed by the Liberals, that "enforced service" will become a precedent, ruling not only the military but all the departments of government, does not seem to be well founded. The country recognizes the new measures as "emergency legislation," and the very temper of the nation is the strongest guard against the domination, in the future days of peace, of an unjustified spirit of militarism.

The Conscription Law

On May 23, Mr. Asquith moved and was unanimously granted, a loan of one billion five hundred million dollars. According to the Premier, the average daily expenditures during the last fifty days have been in excess of twenty-four millions, nor is there any hope of an immediate appreciable decrease. In the course of the debate which followed the Premier's motion, some interesting "observations at the front" were communicated to the House by Colonel Winston Churchill. The former First Lord of the Admiralty severely criticised certain details of the campaign in France, and considered it "a grave mistake" to allow great armies to remain inactive in Egypt and Salonica "when they ought to be employed in diminishing the number of the Allies' foes." In announcing that the non-combatants with the army included sixty thousand grooms and two hundred thousand men employed as body-servants to English officers, Colonel Churchill may have stated the reason for some of the opposition at home to the principle of enforced military service.

Military Expenditures and Military Servants

Ireland.—The country seems to be gradually settling down to normal conditions. Two items of news are of special interest: the first concerns the fate of certain Sinn Fein leaders; the second the task assigned to Mr. Lloyd George, who is to undertake the reconciliation of Irish differences. With regard to the case of Jeremiah C. Lynch, of New York, a naturalized American citizen, accused of complicity in the Dublin uprising, the London Foreign Office stated, on May 22, that General Maxwell, commanding the forces in Ireland, sent a telegram to Premier Asquith asserting that Lynch had participated openly in the uprising, having been seen frequently in an Irish uniform in Liberty Hall during the fighting. A court martial sentenced him to death, but General Maxwell, after receiving the request from the American Embassy, reviewed the sentence and commuted it to ten years' imprisonment. On the same day Ambassador Page reported that John J. Killgallon, of Long Island, N. Y., whose father asked the American State Department to intervene in his behalf, is interned in a camp at Stafford, England. Mr. Page said he hoped soon to obtain Killgallon's release. It was also officially announced that the sentence of death imposed on Peter Galligan, was commmuted to five years' penal servitude. A number of other persons were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. On May 25, John MacNeill, President of the Sinn Fein Volunteers, was found guilty by a court martial of complicity in the late disturbances. On May 30 he was sentenced to prison for life. There have been conflicting rumors as to the part he played in the recent Irish troubles, one of these asserting that he disapproved of the uprising, believing that defeat was inevitable. He is also said to have issued a general warning to Sinn Feiners against any participation in the movement. It is affirmed, too, that he and some of his immediate adherents went into seclusion in a district outside of Dublin and took no part in the actual fighting. John MacNeill, besides being President of the Sinn Fein Volunteers, was Professor of Law in the National University, and was the organizer and vice-president of the Gaelic League.

More Trials

On Thursday, May 25, the London Grand Jury returned true bills against Sir Roger Casement and Daniel J. Bailey, formerly a British soldier who is held as his accomplice. Seventy-five Grand Jurors were summoned before Lord Chief-Justice Reading, and from their number twenty-three were selected to decide whether or not indictments for high treason should be returned against the two prisoners. They decided promptly. The trial of Casement was fixed for June 26.

On May 25, Mr. Asquith announced to the House of Commons that Mr. David Lloyd George, in addition to his duties as Minister of Munitions, would undertake the settlement of the Irish question. After the announcement he appealed to the Commons to refrain from all

Lloyd George's Position

debate on the subject both within and without the House, as arguments on the subject might interfere with the difficult task. When he concluded, Mr. John Redmond, Nationalist Leader, rose and acquiesced in the Premier's request, and expressed his ardent desire for a solution of the difficulties of his country. Mr. Redmond was followed by Sir Edward Carson, Ulster Leader, who promised his support to the Premier's proposition, and by the Independent Irish Leader, Mr. William O'Brien, who also approved of the project. It is as yet unknown how soon Mr. Lloyd George will be able to arrange a formal conference and what shape the conference will take. He has been engaged for some time in informal talks preparatory to such a conference, and it is understood that besides Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, the conference will include Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, who had much to do with framing the finance clauses of the Home Rule Act. Other names mentioned are John Dillon and Joseph Devlin. In making this important announcement, Mr. Asquith said that Mr. Lloyd George's mission was one of peace and reconciliation. It is difficult as yet to see what the outcome of the conference will be; it is to be hoped that it will result in satisfying the legitimate rights and aspirations of the majority of the Irish people.

Rome.—The plans of the Holy Father for the hospitalization in Switzerland of sick prisoners of war whose condition requires special care, have been crowned with success. The *Osservatore Romano*, quoted by *Rome*, contains the following information on the subject:

The Pope's Hospitalization Plans Successful

We are glad to announce that the benefit of hospitalization in Switzerland will be shortly extended to the English prisoners interned in Germany. Since last March, measures were being devised by the interested governments to give effect to this hospitalization, according to the convention already established between France and Germany, and the Representative of the Holy See at Berne has not failed to exert himself charitably to eliminate any obstacle which might arise. Today it may be said that the realization of the humane plan is happily secured, as may be seen from the following Note, which His Excellency, Sir Henry Howard, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Great Britain to the Holy See, addressed on May 4 to His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to His Holiness.

The Note referred to is as follows:

Eminence: I have the honor to inform your Eminence that I have just received telegraphically from Sir Edward Grey the order to make the following communication: The German Government having made known that it accepts the proposal for the reciprocal removal to Switzerland of invalided prisoners of war, English and German, His British Majesty's Government hastens to express to the Holy See its warmest gratitude for having presented this project. It was inspired by those great humanitarian sentiments of which His Holiness the Pope has given such fruitful proof during the course of the war, and His Majesty's Government is convinced that the action so happily initiated by the Holy Father will be fruitful of benefits to many British prisoners of war. In renewing the assurance of my deepest respect, I avail myself of this occasion to express to your Eminence my sincere gratitude as well as that of my Government for the inexhaustible good will which you have shown in this matter.

To this official acknowledgment must be added the testimonies of gratitude which numbers of French and German prisoners have addressed to their common Father from the Swiss Sanatoriums, to thank him for his solicitude and love.

Spain.—The Catholics in the country and their friends at home and abroad have been greatly encouraged by the announcement that the long-desired Catholic Union is at last to become a reality. At a banquet given to Don Juan Vasquez Mella, to congratulate him on his recent election to Congress from Oviedo, the great tribune announced that Don Antonio Maura, the representative of the Loyalist Conservatives, and he himself, the spokesman and leader of the Integrists of the Extreme Right, would meet in September at the national shrine of Covadonga, the cradle of Spanish independence, and would there form a Union of the Right on the basis of a minimum Catholic program. The program, as announced by Señor Mella, will be social, political, and religious. It will defend the sanctity of Catholic marriage, and the freedom of Catholic education. The program also intends to give full local autonomy to the various provinces of Spain, a policy now quite popular, for the people are loudly protesting against the centralizing tendencies of the Government, which are becoming more and more galling every day. Better administrative measures are to be proposed, and above all, a strenuous campaign is to be waged against "Caciquism," or "Bossism," one of the greatest evils of the country. Fully aware of the electoral frauds which are taking place, Señor Mella intends to oppose universal suffrage as at present exercised. He will also advocate the "administrative" separation of the Church and State. Their present administrative union, he contends, makes the Church the slave of the Government.

Mella and Maura

The details of the program have not been made public, and it is impossible to say how all these projects will be fused into a common platform. The Union is to work for common ends, but it will not entail the amalgamation of the parties. The forces of "Caciquism" will be everywhere arrayed against it, but whatever may be thought of the principles and plans of the Union itself, all are agreed that it has for leaders two of the ablest men in the country, who to a keen and practical knowledge of political problems, add the highest standard of ideals and conduct. Meantime the anti-clericals are not inactive: they let no opportunity to protest pass. Recently the Minister of Public Instruction reorganized the national school for deaf mutes and the blind and put Sisters in charge of it. Immediately a great clamor was raised against this act and the Minister, called upon to explain, declared that they were the best teachers.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Mayor, a Church, a Conspiracy

THE New York Charities Investigation has had interesting and far-reaching ramifications. These followed close on the indictment of Kingsbury, the Commissioner of Charities, and Hotchkiss, his counsel, by the Kings County Grand Jury. The nexus between this indictment and the aforementioned ramifications is this: the Mayor of New York, whipped to fury and passionate indiscretion by the quandary of his two supporters, clamorously, without a shred of evidence, in violation of a fundamental law of formal logic, accused the Catholic Church of conspiracy to seize "the City Government." This is the hideous charge, uttered by his Honor of New York, and wired throughout the country to furnish copy to a vile, hostile press that lives by calumniating the Church after the manner that Mayor Mitchel employed. His Honor's statement is:

> For the last two and a half years, during the entire life of the present administration, there has been a well-organized and purposeful conspiracy conducted by a certain number of coreligionists of my own, acting with others, in the obstruction of the proper and orderly conduct of the government of charitable institutions of the city, and the care they give to 22,000 children.—(N. Y. *Evening Post,* May 23, 1916.)
>
> The *attempted seizure* by the Church of the *City Government* is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. We hold that the Government shall not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the Church and that conversely the *Church must not lay its hands* on the *sacred altar of the Government.* And, gentlemen, so long as I am Mayor of this city it never shall.—(N. Y. *Times,* May 24, 1916.)

Words could not be plainer; neither could the charge be more false or more stupidly put. Indeed, it were unworthy of notice, were it not for the nature of the institution maligned and the accidental value that attaches to the calumny, because of the office of the calumniator.

The plaintiff has made a wonderful discovery: he has found a *purposeful* (*sic*) conspiracy; a conspiring conspiracy in other words, something like a goosing goose, though in a different order. Apparently John Purroy Mitchel is a remarkable man, a rare scientist.

This fictitious conspiracy was attributed "to a certain number of his coreligionists." Later without submitting any proof for his contention, the Mayor named some four or five of these, thumped a table and screamed that the *Church* was attempting to seize the *City Government.* There may have been force in the thump and pathos in the scream, but there was no logic in the assertion. To conclude from this alleged act of four or five members of the Church to the Church itself is a sin against the very first principle of ratiocination. The Mayor of New York committed that sin, in order to fasten an infamy on a guiltless institution and thus arouse in his favor the passions of the offscouring of the people. The City Hall of the metropolis of the continent has become a hustings from which a fanatic shrieks, "No Popery" to the admiration of the ignorant mob. Or, is it that he has dreamed himself a David slaying a Goliath, only to find his pebble turned to an empty shout at the critical moment?

All this happened, May 23: the Mayor slept on his emotions and strange logic; the wires buzzed with the false charge against the Church; it was flung into our faces in conversation, and by papers, like the New York *Evening Post,* that join the sweaty rabble to score a point against the Papists. The honorable Mayor awoke and declared:

> It is *not* the *Catholic Church* which has so conspired to pervert justice and obstruct or control government, but a *small group* within the Church cooperating with a few non-Catholic laymen. It is this *group* I charge with conspiracy. This group I am convinced is not representative of the Church or of the great body of right-thinking, honest Catholics of this City.—(N. Y. *Tribune,* May 25, 1916.)

Was there ever such a proceeding? One day, the chief official of a great American city, to whom people should be able to look for fairness and habitual probity, vehemently charges the Catholic Church with a crime, the very next day he just as vehemently acquits the Church of that crime.

This is a wonderful comedy, but the chief actor may now be regretting that he put on the buskin and donned the masque. Perhaps, however, the Mayor of New York never expects to be taken seriously again.

But the real accusation is clear now, even though no one can vouch for its sincerity. So too is the consequence. The whole issue may be put this way: During the last two years and a half a small group within the Church has conspired to pervert justice and obstruct or control government. Therefore Mayor Mitchel caused wires of certain members of that group to be tapped.

Now the proof. Mayor Mitchel, burning with anxiety to defend his Commissioner of Charities indicted for wire-tapping or complicity therein; Mayor Mitchel, placed in so perilous a position by his connection with the wire-tapping that Alfred J. Talley, counsel for one of the alleged conspirators, declared without rebuff, to the very face of the Mayor, before the Thompson Committee, that his Honor escaped indictment by only one vote; Mayor Mitchel who had every desire, both for offensive but especially for defensive reasons, to bring forth proof of his accusation, confessed that his evidence would not be received in any court of competent jurisdiction, nay, *not even by himself,* fighting as he is for his reputation and security. (N. Y. *Tribune* May 25, 1916; N. Y. *World,* May 25, 1916.) In other words, the plaintiff on his own confession not only cannot prove the charges made, but he realized before he made them that he had no legal proof to support them. What has any Church to fear from such a man? He has played his last card, and lost.

The Mayor's so-called testimony can be divided into two parts: one concerns the condition of the maligned

institutions, the other has to do with the conspiracy. The first is not relevant to the issue and can be thrown out of court. The issue is the *conspiracy said* to have been carried on by *some few* Catholics against the city government, for the last two years and a half. No, not for two years and a half, the Mayor changed even that part of his original proposition; he discovered over night that the plot reaches back to 1907 and involves a man who died opportunely April 11, 1915—a year too early to defend his name against a traducer. In 1909 and 1910 Mitchel, then a petty official, was conducting an examination of the accounts of institutions and "discovered" that $5,000 had been subscribed by private institutions as a *honorarium* for Daniel Potter, examiner of private charitable institutions in the Department of Finance. When the sum was in hand, the prelate's "conscience hurt him at the thought of paying the money over to a public servant," so "he appropriated this money to his own use without asking permission or stating anything concerning his purpose to the institutions which had subscribed it." The Mayor declares that all this was admitted *to him* by Mgr. McMahon, under oath, sometime during 1909 or 1910. Good! But now for a few questions. Is this a conspiracy to seize any government, much less Mitchel's which did not begin till January 1, 1914? The collection is said to have taken place in 1907; it was "discovered" in 1909 or 1910; no objective nexus between it and any action done by priests, during the present administration, has been established. How then does it justify or help to justify the Mayor for tapping wires because of crime or suspicion of crime, done or to be done, during his administration? There is no answer to that; it exposes his Honor once again.

Just here a digression from the main topic is useful to show the peculiar workings of the Mayor's intellect or will. In the first place the intrinsic absurdity of the allegations against the dead prelate is patent even to the blear-eyed. Mgr. McMahon is accused of collecting money to give a present to a city official; at the proper time the prelate's conscience bothers him and to ease it he appropriates the money to his own use, that is, he steals it. Verily! It is as if the Mayor of Rome tapped private wires in the year 10 B. C., got a scruple and then to ease his conscience blasphemed Jupiter. A pagan mayor would not be so mad as to commit a monstrous crime to *ease his conscience* troubled over a matter much less serious. Only stupid, untrained Catholic prelates do such things.

But Mayor Mitchel offers proof. Of what? Of these two statements: (1) That Mgr. McMahon admitted to him under oath that *these funds* ($5,000) *had been collected* as a present for Potter; (2) that Mgr. McMahon appropriated the money for his own use without permission or statement of any kind. (N. Y. *Times,* May 24, 1916.) What is the proof? The confidential report of Fosdick, Commissioner of Accounts under Gaynor. (N. Y. *Sun,* May 27, 1916.) Does this prove both or either of the Mayor's statements? It proves neither of them. Nowhere, in no way does the report say or insinuate that Mgr. McMahon swore to Mitchel that $5,000 *had been collected* for Potter. That was the Mayor's first statement. Again, nowhere and in no way does the report say or insinuate that the Monsignor's conscience so bothered him that he "appropriated the money to his own use" *without asking permission* or stating anything concerning his purpose to the *institutions* which had subscribed it." That is the Mayor's second statement, and it is as foul a slander as was ever uttered. But then Mgr. McMahon is dead and his Honor is indeed a worthy man, who would not mention the prelate's act, if it *were not on record!* (N. Y. *Times,* May 24, 1916.) Can it be that such statements are not on record? They are not. These things only are on the record submitted: (1) Mgr. McMahon received $500 from *one* corporation (that got no money from the city) towards a fund for a present to Potter; (2) The money received, the plan was changed and Potter, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, was not given a penny. Mgr. McMahon did not recall whether he informed the donor of the change or not, and, continues the Fosdick report:

> He (the Monsignor) stated that at the time the proposed present came up a considerable sum of money was raised by him from various Catholic institutions to defray the expenses of his own personal supervision of their institutional work. These funds he deposited in a special account at the Fifth Avenue National Bank, and from them he made drafts to other accounts which he maintained. The incompleteness of his records made it impossible for him to show specifically how all these funds had been used.

Therefore, not one assertion made by his Honor is substantiated by this report. He speaks of $5,000 sworn to as collected (New York *Times,* May 24, 1916); the document he offers in proof mentions $500: he declares that Mgr. McMahon *swore* he appropriated the money for himself without knowledge of the *institutions* involved; the document he offers in proof mentions *one* institution actually involved and Mgr. McMahon declares he *does not recall* whether or not he spoke to the head of that institution about the change. A Mayor who can juggle with facts this way may make any charges he pleases; they will harm himself only.

But Mgr. McMahon, one of the dearest and most unselfish men that ever lived, answers the man who snatched his bones from the grave and rattled them despitefully before the public. Here is an affidavit that shows every item of the transaction to be free from the least taint of crime:

> American Consulate, Carlsbad, Austria—ss:
>
> Denis J. McMahon, being duly sworn and desiring to give full answer to inquiries from New York, U. S., deposes and says:
>
> He is the Right Rev. Denis J. McMahon, rector of the Epiphany Catholic Church, Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York City; that he is the Supervisor of Catholic Charities in the Diocese of New York, and has authority in matters pertaining to the Catholic charitable institutions there; that at the present time he is stopping in Carlsbad, Austria, having left home

for Europe in April last. That in the winter of 1906-7 he planned to organize more completely the educational work of the charitable institutions, to the end that every teacher in them might have a certificate from the Department of Education; also to establish a Catholic bureau for the "after care" of children from the institutions and the Children's Court. In order to develop these plans he opened an office with a suitable clerical force. To centralize these and other important charitable works, he requested funds from the institutions to meet the increased expenses. At first it was suggested that while raising these funds a sufficient sum be secured to give a *honorarium* to Dr. D. C. Potter of the Finance Department, New York City, who had rendered valuable and long-continued services *outside of his departmental duties;* also and particularly, the refund of disbursements incurred in connection with a set of photographic albums mentioned below. The latter part of this suggestion was finally adopted.

That these funds contributed by the institutions were used by deponent for the work of his office, a purely diocesan matter. That at no place or time did deponent pay to the said Dr. Potter any sum of money, except on one occasion when payment was made for the actual cost (amounting to over $1,000) of the illustrated albums which were sent to Europe. This work was compiled and completed in all details by Dr. Potter. Deponent has already testified in court upon this subject, where vouchers were presented. Dr. Potter received no money for his services or any profit. It was well understood that his services were gratuitous. He was not offered or given anything beyond actual disbursements.

Other than in this instance deponent never paid said Dr. Potter any sum of money, either directly or indirectly, or to any one else for his benefit.

In answer to a specific inquiry, in which deponent is informed that among the vouchers of St. Joseph's Union, *a private corporation, receiving no money from the City of New York,* though connected with the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, there is a cheque dated on or about January, 1907, for the sum of $500, (five hundred dollars,) with a memorandum on the accompanying voucher stating in substance that the cheque was to be made part of a sum proposed to be raised on behalf of D. C. Potter, which sum the rector of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin states was given to deponent. Deponent says that said $500 was received and used by him in the diocesan work described above, and no part of the said $500 was either directly or indirectly paid to D. C. Potter

Deponent further says that in asking for about $4,000 (four thousand dollars) at that time he stated the object above-mentioned openly at a regular meeting of the Superiors of the institutions, and among the contributions received for this purpose was the above-mentioned $500.

Whilst deponent may not have reported to the Rev. Rector in person the use of his contribution, he does actually report annually both to his Superior and to the Superiors of all the contributing institutions, the financial transactions of his office.

(Signed) DENIS J. MCMAHON.

Sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1910, at Carlsbad, Austria.

(signed) WILL L. LOWRIE.

Consul of the United States of America.

American Consulate, (Seal,) Carlsbad, Austria.

Moreover, Mgr. Dunn follows, denies under oath that the alleged $5,000 was collected, asserts that the books of New York and Brooklyn institutions were audited without the discovery of a trace of it; Dr. Potter follows him, swears he received no *honorarium* and affirms that the Mayor has slandered the dead prelate. However, all this is unnecessary; the very document on which his Honor relied proves his statements false; nevertheless, it is pleasant to find that document supported by the testimony of three men.

But this is a digression made to show once again that the plaintiff is entirely untrustworthy. The point at issue is: that because of an alleged conspiracy against the city government, the Mayor tapped the wires of certain priests. So far there has been no trace of a conspiracy on the part of the defendants, the priests. As much cannot be said for the plaintiff. The Mayor is still on the stand. He is now presenting the case against the priests, Mgr. Dunn, Father Farrell, Dr. Higgins, and Father Dineen, and his case is: these men entered into a criminal conspiracy to prevent justice and obstruct or control government, and I, the Mayor, knowing this, or having reasonable ground for suspecting it, had the wires tapped. That's the case, it needs constant repetition, lest the issue be befogged. The evidence? The Mayor declared before the Thompson Committee that he had no evidence worthy of a court's consideration; he admitted that he himself would not accept his own assertions as legal evidence. That needs repetition, too, lest it be forgotten. More than that, and this is most important: The Mayor stated that his so-called evidence was submitted to the Kings County Grand Jury (New York *American,* May 25, 1916); his indicted Commissioner of Charities testified before that Jury; the alleged conspirators within that Jury's jurisdiction testified before it, and yet that Jury, presided over by a careful and honorable judge, indicted the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities and the Commissioner's Counsel, a fate which, according to an uncontradicted statement, made in the presence of the Mayor before the Thompson Committee, his Honor escaped by only one vote. This is significant. But do not miss the point. For the present it *is not* that the Grand Jury *did not* indict the alleged conspirators against the city government. There are two points. The first is that the Grand Jury found no trace of a conspiracy on the part of Mitchel's co-religionists, against the city government; otherwise it would have found that the wire-tapping was justified, Kingsbury and Hotchkiss would not have been indicted and Mitchel would not have escaped the same fate by only one vote. The second point is that the Grand Jury did not find that Mitchel had reasonable suspicion of a conspiracy; otherwise it would have justified the wire-tapping, Kingsbury and Hotchkiss would not have been indicted and the Mayor would not have escaped the same fate by only one vote. Another and most noteworthy point is contained in these words from the Grand Jury's presentment to Judge May:

If, as does appear, *they* (the Mayor and Police Commissioner) approved of the conduct of those who were responsible for the tapping of the wires in question for no other purpose than to furnish counsel in private and personal litigation with information and to gratify private curiosity, and not

for the detection or prevention of crime, the conduct of the Mayor and Police Commissioner merits severe condemnation.

In view of all this, of what worth is Mr. Mitchel's proof?

Who now are the conspirators? Judge from the action of the Grand Jury. Judge from the added fact, that despite most strenuous efforts to fasten guilt on them, not one priest has been indicted anywhere for anything, and not one will be indicted, for not one is in the wrong.

In view of all this, is it any wonder that, before these indictments were found, the Mayor of New York made frantic efforts to stop inquiry into the wire-tapping? He declared that international issues were involved, that a man who would pursue such an investigation would be a traitor; he threatened "to pan" Senator Thompson. All this was good acting. (Some day, the Senator may be induced to publish the rest of that conversation now known to many. People may find it interesting. This in passing.) But after the indictment the Mayor was keen to spread his assertions on the record. In order to estimate these at their proper worth it would be well to note how they were concocted. Policemen "listened in" on tapped wires, pencil and slate at hand. As the talk proceeded, the officers wrote down on the slate the "skeleton" of the conversations, that is, a few isolated words. These words were afterwards transferred to scraps of paper and the conversation was then filled in at leisure, it would appear; then it was typed. (N. Y. *Tribune*, May 27, 1916.) Finally some two months after the first conversation was stolen the eavesdroppers were ordered to interview the accused so that the voices heard over the 'phone might be identified!

From these wonderfully-wrought, stolen, typewritten conversations that had passed through at least three processes, his Honor testified, without being able to say that *his copies agreed with the originals* which in the great majority of cases *"were destroyed,* that no information *might be disseminated* which *would be injurious to any one"!* Well might he pronounce his assertions legally worthless! Yet on them he founds grave charges against priests, while professing to be *solicitous for people's reputations!*

The process of the theft may account too for the language said to have been used by well-educated Catholic priests and a Baptist minister. Here are some specimens: "Yes, when *them* pamphlets get around there will be some time." "Well, I know that I *done* everything." "Yes this is *him.*" "I *ain't* afraid." The Mayor of New York read this twaddle as part of some conversations of priests and a minister.

But let the Mayor "testify." Surely. He has done so; he has striven manfully to prove the conspiracy which eventually turned round this point: that the priests tried to get a witness, Potter, out of the jurisdiction of the Strong Commission so that he could not be called to testify. The Mayor made assertions; page after page of them; the Thompson Committee listened hour after hour, and at the end, Senator Thompson, the Protestant chairman, declared that there was no evidence of a conspiracy. No evidence even that Potter wished to avoid becoming a witness, while Potter set the audience laughing by stating that a conspiracy to spirit him away was quite unnecessary, since Commissioner Strong declared that he (Potter) would not be asked to testify. Why go further? The Thompson Committee has cleared the priests. But then the testimony is amusing. The conspiring coreligionists of the Mayor are, as I have said, Father Dineen, secretary to Bishop Hayes, a priest well known in New York, Mgr. Dunn of New York City, Dr. Higgins of Brooklyn, Father Farrell of Brooklyn. The main allegations against Father Dineen are: (1) He told Potter over the wire that a Holy Name Society had protested to the Governor against the Strong Commission; (2) He told Potter over the wire that it was reported the Governor intended to stop the investigation; (3) He advised Potter to keep out of the way. A large conspiracy this! And Father Dineen declared under oath he *never* said such things to Potter! He appeared scarcely to know Potter, yet the latter is made to address the priest whose name is Joseph, by the familiar term "Harry." But, halt here. Father Dineen did speak to *Mgr. Dunn over the wire* in a perfectly legitimate way about a perfectly legitimate act of the Holy Name Society. That is important, for the Mayor has declared more than once that neither the wire of Bishop Hayes nor of Mgr. Dunn was touched. Despite this denial, one or both wires *had been* tapped. This recalls that there was no admission that Hebberd's wire had been tapped, until the fact became too well known to be denied any longer. Father Dineen's testimony brought the following interesting result:

"Hold on!" said Mr. Moss, (counsel for the Thompson Committee). "If that is so, if they twigged your conversation with Mgr. Dunn, they must have been tapping some wires that they have not admitted."

"I would not be surprised."

"The question that is raised on this witness's testimony," Mr. Moss went on, "is whether there are not taps that have been made, or are being made, that the police authorities do not know about and that the telephone company has not got a good record of."

"Of course there are," interjected Senator Thompson. "So far as the telephone company is concerned, why I think that is true. So far as the police are concerned, I do not care to say as Chairman of the Committee just now.—(New York *Sun*, May 26, 1916.)

Great heavens! And this is New York, not Siberia or Devil's Island. Some of us are dreadfully anxious; we talk in our sleep; a Mayor or a Commissioner of Charities may be under the bed, and the floor is sometimes dusty.

Mgr. Dunn comes to the stand. He is an arch-conspirator. He conspired with Father Farrell and Potter, putting $100 in an envelope in his office for Potter's messenger to carry off.

Before March 13, Mgr. Dunn had never seen Father

Farrell; he met him that day for the first time at Mr. Mulry's funeral. Before that time he had communicated with him once over the wire to ask for some matter for a pamphlet. This is the extent of that part of the conspiracy which Mitchel affirms is at least two and a half years old. Now for the second part of Mgr. Dunn's conspiracy, that $100 in a sealed envelope.

On March 12 the Monsignor suspected his wire had been tapped; on March 15 or 16 he informed Dr. Higgins of his suspicion; on March 23 Potter, according to the Mayor's admission, said over the wire that he suspected his wire was tapped. (N. Y. *Sun*, May 25, 1916), and yet on March 24 these astute conspirators, these wily chaps who had every reason to suspect that the "ends" of their wires ran into the ears of eavesdroppers, talked conspiracy over those wires!

Mgr. Dunn acknowledged speaking of 100, without mention of dollars, to Potter; he had reason to suspect wires were tapped; he wished to make sure; on the spur of the moment, he threw out the "bait" 100; he was subpœnaed immediately and questioned forthwith about $100; the proof was had; wires *were* tapped. The Monsignor swears to this; he swears, too, that there was no mention of a sealed envelope, while Potter swears he received no money. The Grand Jury of Kings County heard the Mayor's side of this story, and found no trace of a conspiracy; the Thompson Committee heard it and its Chairman affirms that there is no evidence that any attempt was made to spirit Potter away.

But what about Father Farrell? He is also innocent of "conspiring." He denied under oath that he ever spoke to Potter about money to go to Atlantic City; he denied that he ever heard of the Strand Hotel, to which he was said to have directed Potter; he affirmed that it was physically impossible for him to have 'phoned to Potter at the time asserted, since at that very time and for a long while after he, together with three others, was at his mother's house, where there is no 'phone. The Grand Jury of Kings County heard Mayor Mitchel's version of this, heard Father Farrell's version, so did the Thompson Committee. The result we know. No conspiracy. The last conspirator is Dr. Higgins. Under oath he repudiates the conversation attributed to him. The Grand Jury of Kings County heard the Mayor's version of Dr. Higgins's crime, so did the Thompson Committee. The result we know. No conspiracy. What does the Mayor say to all this?

> "They (the priests) were only doing what you could expect people to do who are accused of crime." (N. Y. *Sun*, May 26, 1916). Innuendoes, lies and statements of these witnesses cannot change the situation. What can you expect from men accused of crime as they are? You don't expect them to tell the truth, do you? (N. Y. *Herald*, May 26, 1916.)

Note the splendid *argumentum ad hominem* here. It is a real boomerang with a backward flight much swifter than its forward flight. The Mayor asserts that the priests perjured themselves, because they were *accused* of crime. (*Accused*, and that without evidence!) What, then, are we to think of the Mayor, a politician who escaped indictment for crime by one vote and whose official friend, Kingsbury, was actually indicted? If four or five priests of known reputation perjure themselves because of an unsupported accusation, a politician who finds himself in the Mayor's quandary does not swerve a hairsbreadth from the truth! *Risum teneatis, amici?* There is an old story of a cat that climbed a tree in a fit of blind passion, could not get down and avenged itself on innocent people by mewing night and day.

But where is that conspiracy? It never existed. And have you not noticed that the very point at issue has been passed over by his Honor? He tried to *justify the wire-tapping* by pleading *foreknowledge* or reasonable *suspicion* of conspiracy; and then he endeavored to prove the existence of that conspiracy by conversation heard *after* the wires were tapped!

This paper is almost finished. Before summing up, it is well to record this resolution of the "Society of Certified Shorthand Reporters of Greater New York":

> Be it resolved that it is unethical, unprofessional and contrary to the tenets of this society for its members to engage or participate in reporting over the dictaphone, the dictagraph, the telephone, or to participate in such service where the speaker or speakers are unseen and unknown to the reporter.

It is also well to put down this resolution adopted in Assembly Hall, Brooklyn, by the United Independent Democrats, an organization that supported Mayor Mitchel in his campaign for election:

> Resolved, That the United Independent Democrats of Kings County present this matter to the Governor of the State of New York and that he be requested to take the necessary action for the removal of John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor of the City of New York, and that a committee of five be appointed to present these resolutions to the said Governor for action.

And now the summing up. The present question at issue between the Mayor and the priests falsely accused by him, is not the condition of private child-caring institutions; it is not whether those institutions shall audit their accounts or not; it is not whether those institutions shall be inspected by city officials or not; it is this and this only: Did those priests conspire to pervert and obstruct or control government, thus justifying the tapping of their wires? Those who have read this paper know the answer. They will agree with Moss, attorney for the Thompson Committee, who asserts that the Mayor's evidence (*sic*) "would not convict a yellow dog." New York is to be congratulated on its latest "No Popery" cry. Even Oshkosh and Kalamazoo cackle. May the sacred altar of this city's government be soon released from the grip—but the grip is like the conspiracy and his Honor's evidence. It does not exist.

THE EDITOR.

The Battle against Divorce

A CERTAIN popular magazine is at present waging literary war against divorce. The March issue presented a frank article, illustrated with two expressive pictures: one a decrepit "Scarlet Sister" slinking through the city's streets; the other, a lady, luxuriating in a splendid boudoir and enjoying divorce with alimony. Which is the worse?

Whatever may be said against Arthur I. Keller's brace of illustrations as offending taste and delicacy, it cannot be denied that they reflect an important truth, and this even more effectually than does the article which they introduce. The number of divorcées, these social parasites, who, as Anna Steese Richardson observes, "toil not, neither do they spin," has become large and notorious enough to demand the attention of our practical-minded country. We have connived at the immorality of divorce, but in these days when heart-strings have become so entangled with purse-strings, we can hardly fail to be moved at the economic waste of paying women magnificently for yielding the nation nothing. Miss Richardson quotes the shameful figure of 1,008 divorces in 1914 on the Island of Manhattan alone, the average annual alimony paid being $1,000 a year. She cites pathetic instances in which the wheel was broken on the butterfly rather than the butterfly on the wheel; how men have been reduced to penury and ill-health by the necessity of sending milady divorcée her monthly check; how a male is entrapped into matrimony by a wily woman with not a spark of love in her heart but a quantity of alimony calculations in her head; how the feminists' fair boast of the independence of their sex is weakened by the swelling ranks of the misguided creatures who profitably start to court their husbands with law the minute the latter cease to court them with love.

All these facts are but further evidence of the wisdom of the Church's stand in the matter of divorce, which the unreflecting have loudly criticised as archaic, unprogressive, intolerant, and unsuited to the exigencies of the twentieth century. The altogether outrageous abuse of alimony is the latest argument to support her attitude regarding our great national evil. As divorce is now so largely a question of finance, the Church's stand cannot fail to impress the American mind. For when the rupture of the marriage bond is proved poor business, the American public cannot but take notice of the evil. On seeing the extravagance divorce involves, the public may pay some attention to the Church's teaching on the subject and realize that her dogmas have corollaries suggesting material success and advantage.

It is to alimony that court-rooms owe their great popularity with the ladies. By clipping off the attractive pecuniary trimmings from decrees, except, of course, when wife and children would really be destitute, the State could keep the divorce-rate from soaring so high. As for religion's work, Joseph Morschauser, Justice of the Supreme Court, New York, wisely observes: "When the Christian churches combine to take drastic action against divorce and its effect on society, the statute will be repealed." The Catholic Church is the unquestioned model in this suggested campaign, and around her the others must rally, for was it not she who lost a whole nation rather than allow the marriage bond to be broken?

In a late issue of the magazine already referred to, appeared a well-written short story full of little lights on the details, incidents and consequences of divorce. The author dug beneath the social crust, and revealed the significant situation that even people who mutually and peacefully seek divorce may be quite dissatisfied with themselves and each other after they get it. If this be true, it is only another indication that the Church, in shielding her children from divorce, is really protecting them from themselves. The man and woman who have lived together for years, have grown so closely into each other's life, that when the sword of civil law cuts this intimate union, spiritual wounds, if not moral death, to say nothing of the unsavory repute which follows one or both persons, must be the results of the separation.

But, though the reasons against divorce, old and new, make a formidable array, those in favor of it are thought by many to be anything but slight. This opinion owes its popularity, in no small measure, to our up-to-date novelists. Divorce is replete with possibilities for salaciousness and "human interest." All a romanticist needs nowadays to be noticed, is sensation. Hence we have been having tales and plays urging the necessity of the divorce court. H. G. Wells, in his book, "The Passionate Friends," plausibly pleaded for a more liberal English divorce law. The plot of Rupert Hughes's "What Will People Say?" turns on the heroine's inability to gain freedom, for the reason that her husband's mother, a Catholic, is opposed to the simple modern specific. Eugene Walter's lurid drama, "Just a Woman," which pleased so well in New York, exploits the court-room as a climax in the lives of its characters. Such torrid fiction appeals to the emotional rather than the logical faculties of its patrons. Hence when the sexes get their lives into hopeless tangles, divorce seems the only obtainable way of cutting the Gordian knot. Consequently, the Catholic Church is censured as a disregarder of human values, even by many who are not blind to the evils of divorce. Indeed, some of her own children, who prefer Chambers, Morris and Johnson to Benson, Sheehan and Bazin, wonder at her lack of lenity.

If the world would look a little more deeply and sincerely into the Church's attitude, however, it would be found that she is really more considerate of her flock than any sect is of its members. Instead of divorce, she permits separation, which does not preclude future reunion, but invites it rather. She allows no trivial matter to tamper with the marriage bond, and so keeps her children from the ridiculous excesses which are turning our court-rooms into vaudeville theaters. While

recourse can be had to civil law only at the price of painful publicity, the Church has a tribunal of her own in which matrimonial cases are investigated with quiet dignity and earnestness. It is a court, moreover, altogether free from reporters and scandal-hungry gapers.

The idea is inexcusably extant among non-Catholics that, if a priest once makes the marriage pronouncement over people, the Church cannot possibly be brought to think the couple are not validly married. Those outside the Church do not realize that there are several fully recognized impediments to the validity of the Sacrament of Matrimony.

Indeed the Church, by the decree of the Holy Office of 1889, permits a bishop, or his delegate, to settle certain cases even without trial and without appeal to Rome, when the nullity is evident and the *defensor vinculi,* or priest officially appointed to investigate such cases, is satisfied with the evidence. These cases respectively obtain, when one person is baptized and the other not; when one is already validly married; when both are related by consanguinity, affinity, or by a spiritual tie; when the marriage has been performed before an unauthorized minister.

In other instances the Church reasonably requires a trial. The most common of these latter instances is lack of consent in either person, without which, of course, there can really be no marriage. Strange that novelists persist in making their characters throw frenzied fists up to the sky and demand to know why it is that the "mumbling of a mere priest" should weld two lives together forever. The two lives freely weld themselves; if the union hurts, why blame the priest?

The heroine of David Graham Phillips' last story, forced against her will to marry an onion-eating yokel, in all probability did not marry him at all; and, if she had been a Catholic, instead of desperately plunging into the merciless tide of life, she might have quietly betaken herself to her parish priest or confessor, who would have told her how to put her case before the ecclesiastical courts. On the pronouncement of nullity by two of these courts, Susan Lenox would have been relieved from the obnoxious bond, and her sickening story, which unhappily is proving so absorbing to our morbid high-school misses, would have been halted at the start. To be sure, even ecclesiastical trials cost money, and this much-suffering damsel had none. The Church, however, never disregards a case for pecuniary reasons. The civil courts are not so obliging.

From even this little exposé of truth, it is clear that the Catholic Church deals with remarkable prudence toward mésalliances among her children: separating persons when they should not be bound together, keeping them bound when they ought to be, and, in either event, preserving intact the strength and beauty of the matrimonial ideal. As a result, Catholic marriages are not hasty, nor is the motive mere passion. For the most part they are pure, happy, fruitful, and genuine blessings to the commonwealth. Outside the Church no successful campaign against divorce can be waged without an investigation, adaptation and promulgation of her methods, which are neither excessive nor lax, neither adamantine nor over-sympathetic. They are just plain commonsense.

EDWARD F. MURPHY.

The Charities Investigation: An Oliver Twist School

LET us begin with a few choice headlines. Headlines are the fashion nowadays, especially with the New York press; direct, pithy, lying headlines. Those quoted below refer to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, a training school for boys and girls at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, New York; they are taken from a pamphlet issued by one Moree, a salaried "charity" publicity agent and paid for by John A. Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities of the City of New York, now under indictment for wire-tapping.

Orphans and Pigs Fed from the Same Bowl—Worse Than Anything in Oliver Twist—Likened to Oliver Twist—Children Live Amid Squalor—Had One Toothbrush for 400 Children—Boys' Home Looked Like Pig Pen—Oliver Twist Outdone in Staten Island Home.

Keep your eye on Oliver Twist. Brush up your Dickens, and picture a domineering, drunken, hypocritical brute, Mr. Bumble, and find his modern counterpart in the Rev. Malick Fitzpatrick, Rector of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. This is what Mr. Kingsbury's pamphlet asks you to do. Recall a miserable, dirty, underfed little boy, shrinking from a look as from a blow; a parish child, as Dickens says, the orphan of the workhouse, a humble, broken-spirited, half-starved drudge, to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, despised by all and pitied by none. He will represent, according to Mr. Kingsbury's erstwhile anonymous pamphlet, the boys and girls of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. And with these impressions firmly fixed, witness the deepening of the picture, as with a tear in his eye and a choke in his voice, he of the singular memory, Mr. John A. Kingsbury, testifies before the Strong Commission concerning "the melancholy picture" which he "can never forget" of little crop-headed children, "some without anything at all to eat," and others eating "with their fingers out of tin dishes" food "dished" from a bowl which also served the pigs of the establishment.

I do not know the condition of Mr. Kingsbury's eyes. I do not know what he regards as a proper standard of truth. But I know that on December 8, 1915, a few months before he sobbed out his sad story before the Strong Commission, Mr. John A. Kingsbury in company with his Deputy, Mr. William J. Doherty, visited the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. They were hospitably received by Mr. Bumble in the person of Rev. Malick Fitzpatrick, and in the afternoon were his guests at a play given by the little girl-drudges in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Furthermore, before their departure,

Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty publicly spoke in praise of the Rector, of the Sisters who are his aids, and of the excellent work that was being done in an establishment which, however, was "worse than anything in Oliver Twist," "looked like a pig pen," and was wont to feed "orphans and pigs from the same dish." Where does the truth lie? In December, 1915, the Commissioner of Charities and his Deputy are well pleased with the institution; at least, they publicly proclaim their satisfaction. Three months later, they search Dickens for types of wretchedness, squalor and misery.

I do not pretend to share the exalted standard of truth and morality raised by Mr. John A. Kingsbury. But this I know and assert: that to characterize the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin as "worse than anything in Oliver Twist" is an absolute untruth.

On Monday, May 21, unannounced I visited this maligned institution. Here, "Children Live Amid Squalor," says Mr. Kingsbury's headline; but as we drove through the park-like enclosure, a square mile in extent, I was struck by the singular beauty of the surroundings. A bright-faced, rosy-cheeked boy took my card and ushered me into the home that "Looked Like a Pig Pen," but which to me, looked immaculately clean. I must consult my oculist who, by the way, happens to be the oculist of this institution. Nothing more unlike Oliver Twist could be imagined than this boy at the door. He carried himself well; his teeth were good; and he had "washed behind his ears," final proof to all mothers that he was well instructed in the arts of personal cleanliness. I did not have the heart to insult this little chap by asking him if he had ever fed from the same bowl with a pig, but I did inquire if he had enough to eat. With a look in his eyes, much the same as the look in your eyes were the question put you by a total stranger, he answered simply, "Why, of course, Father."

Here let me dispose, once for all, of the question of starvation and dirt at this institution. Neither exists at the Mission, nor ever did. I noted but one suspicious circumstance during my visit. Every boy of the many whom I interrogated, replied that the food was plentiful. This does not square with my experience with growing boys; I have seen few who were not habitually hungry. I cannot explain the contrary phenomenon at Staten Island; but perhaps the simple abundant food which I saw served, and the typed dietary of which I have a copy, together with the refrigerators, storerooms, truck-farms, dairies, chicken-yards, the famous "piggery," and the shining, thoroughly-equipped kitchens of the institution, make it less of a mystery. The squalor and dirt are as imaginary as the famine. Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty seem to have noted none on December 8, 1915; I saw none, though I looked for it, on May 21, 1916. I inspected the washrooms and the facilities for bathing; I was present when the boys, each with his individual towel and soap, were "washing up." Their skins are clean, also their *uncropped* heads, and at the risk of weariness it may be repeated that each boy has a toothbrush and uses it. Likewise their clothes, changed weekly or as required, are clean. The dormitories are large and airy; the floors, scrubbed to the grain, the beds and bedding, which I examined carefully, are spotlessly clean. I do not "remember" these facts from the report of another; I, a casual visitor, saw them myself. And anyone who knows boys and institutions will admit that this cleanliness is not a hurried reformation, established in a few months or a year, but must show that neatness and order are a tradition at the school. I freely mingled with the boys at supper. Now you do not expect a thousand boys to dine together with the quiet dignity of a party of Oxford dons. But I much doubt if a single boy of the more than one thousand before me could "Lap up His Soup from a Pail," as according to another headline is the custom, or, granted the skill, would care to do so. Mr. Kingsbury remembers this scene as a "melancholy picture"; what I saw was a crowd of typical American boys, tired and hungry after a well-balanced day of work and play, applying themselves to the evening meal in a boy-like yet civilized fashion. Mr. Kingsbury, by the way, continually harping on the note of melancholy, must be a veritable kill-joy in any company; while I, a gaunt person with none of the winning graces of Punchinello, found an answering smile on the face of every boy with whom I talked. I think I know the reason why smiles are common on the faces of these boys, rescued by a Christ-like charity from the streets, or from desolate homes broken by death, abject poverty or vice. It is written in an inscription near the door of the well-arranged library founded and maintained, by a singular perversity, for the pupils of this Oliver Twist school:

> My dear Boys: This hall is yours. Every board that has been built into it, every nail that has been driven, every brush that has been used to decorate it, every picture that has been hung, every touch that has been added to make it comfortable and neat, has been done out of a spirit of love for you, as well as a supreme faith in your manliness and honor. All that is asked is that you use it in a gentlemanly manner, and that you may be so interested in it as to see that proper care is taken of it. We confidently trust all this to your honor.

Such is the spirit of this Oliver Twist school, springing from love of its pupils and a supreme faith in their manliness and honor. This is easily "worse than anything in Oliver Twist"; I do not remember anything like it in Oliver Twist. I cannot say much in this paper of the Girls' Department, a splendid institution on a beautiful site overlooking Prince's Bay. But I cannot refrain from reprinting a card found in many of the classrooms:

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO

To Sew. To Cook. To Mend. To be Gentle. To be Patient. To Value Time. To Dress Neatly. To Keep a Secret. To be Self-Reliant. To Avoid Idleness. To Respect Old Age. To Hold Her Tongue. To Make Good Bread. To Keep a House Tidy. To Make a Home Happy. To be Above Gossiping. To Control Her Temper. To Take Care of the Sick. To Sweep Away Cobwebs. Above All, to Attend to Her Religious Duties.

But what of the "constructive work" at Mount Loretto? I could not tell half of what I know—not "conjecture"—of this phase of the institution in ten articles. I might write, for instance, of the classrooms which I visited, and of the learned discourses which I held with the boys, on points of history, ethics, parsing, analysis, geography, and, somewhat fearfully, of arithmetic. I might note how out of a class of some forty boys, nearly all wrote a hand like copper-plate, and how these "beaten, under-fed drudges" answered me brightly and pleasantly, just, Madam, as I hope your Johnny will, at the School Inspector's next visit. Or I might tell of the gymnasium, of the bulletin-board with the standing of the American and National Leagues, and the results of yesterday's games; of Father Smith's four Home Leagues and their games at home and abroad; of the battalion drill and military calisthenics to the music of their own brass band and drum corps; of the Field Day, an annual event for which these broken-spirited little Olivers are eagerly training; of the "hikes," the visit to the circus, the ice carnival, the husking-bees, the football teams, the dramatic entertainments, the weekly amateur and "movie" nights; of the Holy Name Society, the Altar Boys' Society, the Drumgoole Library Association, the Dramatic Circle, the Literary and Debating Circle, the Officers' Club, in all of which, membership is held out as an incentive to hard work and good behavior; and finally I might descant on the sermons and religious instructions which the public inspectors do not like or at least ignore, and on the honor and demerit system and the Commission Form of Government at the school, which, very properly, they do like. I wish you could talk with the solemn Judge and the bright little District Attorney, who also happens to be the Drum Major, just to learn the remarkable resemblance between this school founded on faith, love and honor, and the horrors of Mr. Bumble's workhouse to which it has been brutally likened. Here I can only mention these activities and note that they are realities, not names; I must hasten to meet the charge that, whatever Mount Loretto now is, it was worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta before the sweetness and light of reform had been shed upon it by Messrs. Doherty and Kingsbury.

The charge is readily met, first by asserting, and then by proving, that it is false. In 1888, a period when our 1916 reformers were engaged in widely different pursuits, the Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry thus wrote to Father Drumgoole, founder and for many years rector of the institution:

> I sincerely trust that you will not forget the Society (the Childrens' Aid) in your prayers, and that the interest you have always so practically shown in your long and laborious work of caring for the helpless little ones of this city, will continue to find its echo in your appreciation of this Society, which stands always ready to second your praiseworthy and most excellent efforts in their behalf.

In 1888, while on a visit to Mount Loretto, this great child-lover publicly spoke of the institution as "a model, where children are reared and educated to be useful members of society; where they are taught that there is a God to worship and a religion to follow." "My heart goes out to the dear old home," writes Brother Adrian, of the Community of the Sacred Heart, twenty years later, "as I pause to think of the blessings that were mine while in its sheltering arms, fatherless, motherless, I found a mother's love and a father's care." "What pleasant memories," writes an alumnus, E. J. Gallagher, in 1908, "the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary recalls to us, the veterans of the dear old place." "If today," said the Rev. William Fogarty, in 1912, "I am able to stand at the Altar of God to offer Him the Sacrifice of the Mass, the credit of it all must be given to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin," and there can be little doubt that his sentiments are re-echoed by the Rev. John J. Sheridan, late of the American College, Rome, and by other alumni, clerical and lay, who have won an honorable place in the world. This testimony, extending over more than three decades, is fitly closed by the resolutions, passed on April 13, 1916, by the Alumni Association, "composed of young men and men of mature years," proud of their *Alma Mater,* which "brand as false and misleading the statements and charges of alleged abuses and ill-treatment of the children of the Mission." They "declare that it is entirely inconceivable to the members of this Alumni," the majority of whom have kept in close touch with the institution, "that such unhappy conditions of living could exist at Mount Loretto even for one day." Granted for the moment that this conclusion is in error, there is no error in their "grateful acknowledgment of the long years of unremitting toil and self-sacrificing devotion of our beloved teachers and guardians . . . saintly men and women who have sacrificed their all for the poor." Oliver Twist schools do not call forth tributes such as this.

To conclude. Are children ill-treated at Mount Loretto? They are not. Are the children at Mount Loretto trained, as Elbridge Gerry wrote, "to be useful members of society; taught that there is a God to worship and a religion to follow"? They are. What, then, are the headlines quoted at the opening of this article? They are just plain falsehoods told and propagated for an unworthy purpose.

If these answers do not suit you, I trust you will investigate for yourself. Nothing would better please the directors of this maligned institution, who in spite of much persecution are doing a glorious work for God and for the State.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians

MEN must worship. It is inevitable. Either they will adore the Lord their God and Him alone will they serve, or they will set up in the desert places of their hearts "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" and

fall down and adore it with grimness of devotion. We have St. Paul for it that some worship their bellies. The object of right worship is God alone; the object of wrong worship may be anything from a peanut to an abstraction. The pantheist, for example, worships all "outdoors," the peanut included; that strange being, the superman, worships himself, which must amuse the peanut; the Tarahumare Indian gives devotional honor to the peyote, the grisliest of all vegetables that grow on the fierce Mexican mesas.

All men in their senses either obey or disobey the First Commandment. They adore God or they make images stand in His place. The instinct to worship is as much a part of man, and as necessary to him, as the instinct and necessity of eating. It inheres in him before skin clothes him; it remains with him after his skin has shriveled into dust. It is deep in his soul, and will be with him forever more intimately than flesh is welded to bone, and that whether he find his place in heaven or hell, for worship is not absent from hell. Hate and despair are gods there.

It is strange that the existence of this quality should be so little known, positively denied by some; and more surprising still, that multitudes, scientists even, are not aware that such an instinct is an essential element of human nature. There are numbers of people in the world, perhaps a majority, who have not the least idea that they carry about with them such an organ as a vermiform appendix; certainly only a minority of the race realize that they have stowed away in a pocket at the base of the brain an attachment called the pituitary. But these two contrivances are certainly a part of each human structure and in spite of the ignorance concerning them, all men carry these articles about with them more carefully than they do their watches. It would be amazing to hear of an anatomist who doubted, or went so far as to deny, the existence of the appendix or the pituitary. We should say of him what Charles Dudley Warner said of Tolstoy, "The poor man is locoed." Shall less be said of the pseudo-scientists who not only have not found out that they themselves have an instinct to worship, but, with all the suavity of the insane, let it be understood that those who teach the existence of such an instinct are a trifle rustic? Some scientists, like some of the insane, would be amusing if they were not distressing.

The root-principle of worship is the dependent character of our nature, or to put it the other way around, the failure of self-sufficiency. Every man seeks something outside himself to lean upon, or intensifies some power within himself in a effort to get from it the support he needs. Humanity is not sufficient unto itself. It needs a friend, a father, a personal God. If it does not find its true Friend and Father and God, it will build a substitute from a stick or a stone or from the airy substance of one or another of its own functions. It will actually attempt to raise itself by its boot-straps.

The lower the mental development of men, the more they will turn to the material objects around them and center upon some one of these their hope of help; whence the sun and the moon, the cat and the bull, the tree and the rock have been, and still are, as gods to innumerable children of men. As civilization, through its various agencies, expresses some of the grossness out of the flesh, and the intellectual life predominates, the tendency is away from the material as an object of worship. First the functions of the body are deified, then the operations and qualities of the soul, and finally the crystallized aspiration of a tribe or a nation; whence we have the spectacle of Greece bowing down before beauty, of Rome worshiping power, of France adoring liberty, of England placing its trust in wealth, and is it too much to say that America, in common with most of the nations of the earth, is steadily turning its heart to efficiency as the mountain whence help shall come to us?

Efficiency, the new paganism, is with us. Its temples are building in hamlets and cities, and quick feet are hurrying to the new worship. Beauty, power and wealth, even Christian Science, have been adored, but the clay in all of them has shown through the glaze, and each of these gods is wobbly on the pedestal. Not so with efficiency. This idol stands upright with a fresh face to the dawn, with joyous shoulders thrown back, ready to carry the burden of humanity, and with firm feet set toward the forefront. No soft, Grecian-rounded lines of flesh in this god as in beauty; no lightnings in the hand as in the power of Rome; no mawkish cap over hatchet features as in the liberty of France; no oily smugness as in the wealth of England! None of this in the new god, efficiency! We have made our graven image with a spring to it, with an air of going forward to meet problems in joy of heart and gladness of face, sure of the issue and trusting in nothing in all the world outside the splendid web of muscles and the stronger web of will behind the forward-looking eyes. "Who indeed is like unto our god?"

It cannot be gainsaid that the image is fair to look upon and is stimulating alike to fresh young blood and to jaded maturity. Salvation ought to be sure and swift at the nod of the new leader. But here's the rub. Will this idol go down the way already trod to the bitter end by beauty and power and liberty and wealth and all the other gods that stretch back even beyond Adam to Lucifer and his pride? It is to be thought and hoped it will, for it is of the same substance as all the broken gods, and at the end of the trail must come again the cry, "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean." For efficiency is the product of men, and is less than beauty or liberty or power, which come direct from God, and is not more than co-equal with wealth or strength or refinement or any one of the mass of other ideals that men have leaned upon as they have not leaned upon their Creator. So it shall go to its place.

The failure to make eternal this latest idol will come

from the same cause that has shattered all other gods that have ever been contrived. Men cannot be temperate when they leave the worship of the only God. Once they have forgotten God, they invariably and by force of law, fail, through excess, of final accomplishment of their purpose, whether the ideal they set before them be of itself good or evil.

Human efficiency, the exercise of the various powers of the mind and body to normal strength, is an end to be earnestly sought by all men; lack of such exercise to a proper degree is a sin and an evil; but carried beyond a proper limit it is equally a sin and an evil. The nature of the end to be reached must determine the reasonableness of the strain to be put upon energy to secure it. If the good to be gained be God, or the virtues leading to God, then there need be no limit to the amount of efficiency one may rightfully cultivate; this path is open and endless and delightful.

There are practically no limits when the energy is expended in behalf of others for supernatural motives, since this is really making God the end: "as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." But when the end sought has reference only to temporal affairs, the pursuit must be well within the bounds of the strength of our mental and physical powers if failure and disappointment are to be avoided. It is a characteristic of efficiency that when it is exercised toward eternal things it feeds its own strength and never reaches the climax of its power; while if the object be rooted in this world each individual has a very definite point of efficiency beyond which effort becomes a weakness, and perseverance means exhaustion. Efficiency in the service of God can never be overdone; efficiency in our own service easily overreaches itself.

It is this last sort of efficiency that is fast becoming the modern Diana of the Ephesians. The schools teach it; the shops are ruled by it; the farms are coming to it; the armies of a large part of the world are being wiped out by it; the religious sects have not been dissolving fast enough through theological solvents and are reaching out in their agony to this fresh destroyer; it is in the universal air, and we must be efficient or nonentities. The doctrine of efficiency for its own sake is being taught and practised everywhere. The young are being trained to think that now at last they have the key to happiness here and hereafter; let them only keep their powers stretched and they will surely work out their salvation, spiritual and economic. Work and you will succeed is the principle; and do not waste time in worrying about the kind of work. Whatever may be its object, wealth, power, pleasure, philanthropy, honor, only work, and salvation in this world at least will come. Success is the *summum bonum* and the means to the end is work.

In answer to this call multitudes are straining every nerve in their eagerness to "accomplish." They have made the superman their ideal, and nerves and muscles, flesh and blood, virtue and recreation, and duties to God and State and family are brushed aside in the mad development of efficiency, that a few years of success may crown their lives. Often the success is attained, but even when it is not ashes of roses, as most frequently is the case, is it worth while, is it justified, is it wise?

There is no doubt that painful work may be a blessing, but it is well to remember that it was imposed as a curse, and the curse still abides. It is by acceptance of it as a curse that it may be turned into a blessing; refusal to accept it, out of sloth, or the attempt to direct it to a wrongful end is always doomed to defeat. Painful labor is a curse, but a curse subject to the law of reason. He who labors not at all or too little shall find no rest; he who labors too much or toward an evil end shall sweat in vain. Only those who work in patience and cheerfulness and with confidence in their Master shall reap a sure reward.

If there be any one thing in the Gospel more striking than another it is the ease and quietness and steadiness of Our Lord's work. There is no sign of strain, no excitement, no anxiety. He knew the end from the very beginning, betrayal, desertion, mockery, death, failure. But His work went on evenly, confidently, and as it were with a steady pull, with no jerks or violence. What a contrast this is to our modern teachers of efficiency, urging their pupils to more and greater endeavor, holding up accomplishment as the sole measure of merit, regardless of nerves, brain, muscles, or rest, with ever the call for more and yet more. And all to what end? That gold may be heaped up, that men may lift their eyes in momentary praise or envy, that wines may flow in heavier currents, that motors may speed with greater fleetness, that guns may blaze with mightier destruction, that lives of "submen" may be made more barren.

A false standard has been set up. Efficiency has been elevated to the dignity of a virtue or a sacrament. It is neither; directed to a wrong end, it becomes a vice and a sign of contradiction, and the end of it is destruction. No laborer has a right to give more of his strength even to a rightful master and for a large compensation than nature in her ordinary course will restore; much less has any man the right to give out of his powers in sweat and anxiety, and with the fervor of the gambler, to an evil master of his own creation, or to one imposed upon him by the convention of public opinion. No man merits praise for overworking himself in the service of the world, the flesh or the devil. And yet it is to this pass that many otherwise very decent folk have come.

How often we hear assigned as the cause of death, nervous break-down from overwork, or pneumonia induced by a run-down condition from too great attention to business, or heart failure brought on through anxiety over the outcome of plans; how often we read of commitments to asylums, of suicides and of physical breakdowns caused by overwork, in other words by efficiency carried to the breaking point. And how different is the

attitude of the public toward misfortunes of this kind than toward those caused, for example, by drink. It is announced that the banker or the politician died of overwork, which means, of the struggle to pile up more gold, or to acquire more power, and palm is wreathed about his monument. He was a martyr. He was efficient. His neighbor dies of drink, and the verdict is that he came to the end he deserved. He was a disgrace. He was inefficient.

But in reality, is it any less honorable to die of unbridled animal appetite than of unrestrained avarice or pride? Is a man less guilty who shortens his days for gold or for power than he who does the same for drink or for the dreams that come from the poppy? Surely not. Why then is the one made a hero and the other an outcast? Because when we leave the Lord our God we make to ourselves false idols and fall down and adore them. There is no life, no power in these images. They will not save us, but if followed too long and too far they will destroy us. The objects we worship are our ideals, and by ideals we stand or fall. Our latest god is of unsubstantial stuff like all the others and when it crumbles we cannot escape the ruin.

After all the clamor of the cries to this new Diana of the Ephesians, after the turmoil and the strain of the worship of efficiency, how grateful it is to hear the voice of the Lord in its quietness and sympathy telling us: "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? Be not solicitous therefore, saying: What shall we eat; or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." M. J. RIORDAN.

"Caliban by the Yellow Sands"

WHETHER ten thousand or twenty thousand persons witnessed the masque at the stadium of the College of the City of New York on May 24, is not a matter of primary importance. The assistance of a huge audience certainly contributed to the artistic success of Percy MacKaye's conception; but with only the cold click of the cinematograph and the dull hum of the phonograph to record this pageant the result would still have been satisfying and appropriate as an act of homage to the sublime genius of Shakespeare.

Yet the crowd, straining ears to catch the excellent diction of the drama, and fastening its eyes on the feast of color and sensuous motion, was the most significant equation in this revival of community art in so blasé a theatric environment as New York City. It is not difficult to invent pretentious terms to describe the crowd's part in the performance; we can say that it exemplified the genuine democratic love for concrete poetry, and a purist could not quarrel with the truth of the expression, but even a poet might question its accuracy. For a hundred psychological items make up the sum of the masque's attraction, not the least prominent of which are its occasion and its novelty.

Perhaps many among players and spectators were familiar with the epithet "Dark Ages" as a derogation of uncommercial Christendom, and for these, if they think of it, the masque should make a portrait of medieval *milieu*; a vindication of the claim, tendered under provocation, that the world has seen fewer things as beneficently beautiful as romantic Catholicism.

In designing "Caliban," Mr. MacKaye approached his task like the true poet he is. The creation of so noble a pageant as that of St. Louis had taught him what could really be done with the stars as the fourth wall of his stage, and he worked zealously and evolved a scenario which, with Mr. Urban's scenic and light endowment, constitutes a theatrical epoch and an historical event. It was little less than a stroke of genius to blend a basic allegory of the human soul with the majestic movement of drama through the civilized ages, and any slight limitations of full effectiveness were more circumstantial than artistic. The idea of an inner stage, where Shakespearian tableaux formed the core of the magnificent episodes staged in the wide and artfully illuminated arena, was almost demanded by the conditions of the production; but the perfection of its accomplishment could not have been attained without the zealous cooperation of all concerned, which had something nobler than personal credit for its incentive.

After a man of poetic gift and classical education, with a subtle mastery of technique, has given himself to dream of the reunion of Prospero, Ariel and Caliban as the starting point of a pageant not only of Shakespeare but of the Immortal Muse, it is no wonder that he should strikingly insert Caligula and the Cross of Christ in gripping contrast. Mr. MacKaye had the dream, and it was greater than his interpretation of it; but there is an absolute excellence about the interpretation that can review the prophetic path of drama and hold thousands spellbound with a picturesque recital of humanity's spiritual conquests. And the final note of hope, struck in the face of war and the more terrible chaos of triumphant materialism, is one that Religion will applaud more conscientiously than Art.

Prospero's magic in summoning to earth epochal poets and their poetry provided an entertainment unprecedented in theatrical annals; but Prospero's logic was even greater than his magic, for the solemn, pagan tread of Euripides is a forceful premise to the free, joyful procession of Christian chivalry and folk-play. The synthetic argument of the masque, which is too lengthy to bear inventorial epitome, accentuates the delight that must have been Shakespeare's. And a Catholic can well understand Shakespeare's delight, for the Creator placed this master-brain in an atmosphere pregnant with religious emotion, and an environment that gave England her vanished title "merrie."

The participation of eminent actors and actresses in a performance essentially amateur testifies that the community endeavor is not suspected as a possible competitor of the professional stage. This may seem an unimportant consideration in connection with a tercentennial; but "Caliban" is an experiment as well as a celebration. Its success will stimulate the worthy endeavors of those who are ambitious to see the community masque regain its place as a democratic institution.

And this leads to the thought of what the old-time masque might have become as a force for moral stamina if it had never been totally supplanted by the footlights. Modern invention, as depicted in "Caliban," can certainly raise the spectacular virtue of the masque to a height beyond anything the closed theater can achieve, and this speaks strongly for commercial practicability—an indispensable consideration. So it may be safely averred that with capable management and a supporting press the popularity of the community masque, and its consequent social good, would be assured.

The charming traditions of European cities provide a fruitful field for pageantry; but there is no reason why America should envy this avenue of art when she has the key to it in her possession. "Caliban" synchronizes well with the pageant of Newark, and the two events unite to prove that the community

spirit needs only proper evocation and happy purpose to flower as promisingly as our circumscribing economic life will permit.

Being a true work of art, where fifteen hundred persons work in exemplary unison, the simple *eusynopton* of the masque should make the observant realize that there is a spirit in the thing well worth study and reflection. That spirit is not suited to cold analysis, however clear, because the warmth of religion inspires and pervades it. The mere fact that several hundred people dressed beautifully, spoke beautifully, and danced beautifully in interludes and incidents is something singular for technical record. What is permanent and particular is that all this was done for a reason besides public entertainment, and we do not have to trace this reason far before we touch the human love of ritual, which has its human purport in the "traffic of the stage," and its deep supernatural significance in the rich practice of the faith which was fresh in Shakespeare's mind. Otherwise he might have been England's greatest dramatist, but certainly not her finest dramatic poet.

Mr. MacKaye and all others interested in this wholesome revival of pageantry and community play are artists who will acknowledge the immediate descent of their elaborate scenes from the miracle plays of old; and they will surely recognize that the same democratic, robust religious spirit that made the miracle play successful is not wholly eradicated by the blights that have marred our spiritual history since knighthood was in flower. It will respond to the right touch, but that touch must be artistic, and above all, sincere.

So whatever cultural value we attach to "Caliban," the lesson is well learned that the democratic love of pageantry, simply poetic despite the high elaboration of mechanics and chorus, survives amid the glitter and glare of "hustle" and "punch." New York is a city of five million population, mostly poets.

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

COMMUNICATIONS

A Call to the Colors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recruiting campaign offers a special task to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and we invite the cooperation of all men of Irish race in accomplishing it. We have to do our own recruiting if we wish to maintain the character of the regiment; and we must do it quickly.

The old Regiment is in this community the organization which represents the military valor of the Celt. It has a history which is a source of patriotic pride to every man of Irish name. Its flagstaff has silver ferrules recording the names of our fifty battles in which the regiment has been engaged. If our people wish to maintain the fine traditions of our fathers, they should not only lend their support to this regiment, they should make it, as they could easily do, the banner regiment for numbers and military efficiency in the National Guard.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment, though not a Catholic organization, has also rendered distinct services to the Catholic cause. The main attack upon the Church has always been that it is unpatriotic, un-American. In time of danger, thousands of Catholics all over the land will flock to the standards, but their bravery and patriotism will not redound to the credit of the Church that inspired their virtues in the way that they should, unless they find an outlet in a regiment like ours. In the event of war the Sixty-ninth Regiment will probably be the nucleus of a new Irish Brigade, whose valor and devotion will stop the mouth of bigotry for another generation. Now is the time to come to the aid of this regiment. The internal discussions which injured its standing are now happily ended, and the old drinking element is practically gone from the National Guard. We have a very fine lot of men in the ranks, capable and gentlemanly officers, and for commanding officer a gallant and high-minded Catholic gentleman who has the respect of the whole community.

It is a regiment that any man should be proud to belong to. Leaders of the Irish race in this city, clerical and lay, should cooperate at least to the extent of swinging to our direction the enlistments of young men of that race who feel the call to military service. A good half of the members of the militia in New York are Catholics, the bulk of these being Irish. If the eligibles for our organization who have entered the Guard during the year had come to us, we should have a regiment on parade Memorial Day that would be a source of jubilant pride to every man that bears an Irish name.

FRANCIS P. DUFFY,
Chaplain; 69th Infantry.

New York.

A Good Suggestion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On May 15, a quarter of a century ago, the famous Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* went forth from the Vatican on its beneficent mission throughout the civilized world. I learn from the Dutch daily papers that the twenty-fifth anniversary of this important Pontifical document is being celebrated in almost every city and village of the Netherlands. In some places open-air meetings are held, because there are no halls or theaters spacious enough to accommodate the large audiences of eager listeners. In the United States little or nothing is being done in commemoration of this epoch-making epistle to the Catholic Bishops, clergy and laity of every country of the globe. Many of our Catholic workmen and employers are still ignorant of the sane and solid principles of social reform, expressed in this, the greatest Papal pronouncement of the nineteenth century. "Since the Divine words, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' were spoken in the wilderness," says Cardinal Manning, "no voice has been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with such profound love and loving sympathy, for those that toil and suffer, as the voice of Leo XIII." Would it not be a good thing to commemorate this anniversary during the first week of September in every Catholic parish of the country?

De Pere, Wis. A. F. T.

The Boy Scout Movement

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a reader of your publication, I have been interested in the various articles entitled, "The Boys of Our City." The suggestions contained in those articles are valuable, but I have been forcibly impressed by the failure of anyone to speak of the Boy Scouts, as a possible solution of the boy problem. The Boy Scout movement is one that is rapidly growing throughout the country, and affords a great attraction to every boy; so much so, that boys of Catholic faith are seeking troops wherever they may find them. I have in mind that in New York City the Catholic Boy Scouts are recognized by the ecclesiastical authorities. I myself have been interested in the movement, and have talked with other Catholic gentlemen who have a like interest I have not seen anything anti-Catholic connected with it. The work is educational and appeals to every boy with blood in his veins. It is also American.

Why then should not the Catholic Church take advantage of this organization in behalf of its boys, and not wait until it has attained the utmost success? We have seen what the Y. M. C. A. has done, and we are seeking to find something which will afford a like attraction for our lads. Though the Boy Scout movement is not in the main, military, the broadness of its training takes a boy over the rough places of a military training, and familiarizes him sufficiently with drill work to insure that he will not throw himself away in battle.

Norwalk, Conn. EDWARD J. QUINLAN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Attention is called to the articles: "A Mayor, a Church, a Conspiracy" and "The Charities Investigation: An Oliver Twist School" in this issue.

The Gospel at Atlantic City

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, lately in session at Atlantic City, was engaged with a number of topics; divorce, for instance, and reunion. Even when the good-will of the delegates is admitted, the wisdom and prudence of some of their conclusions seem open to criticism. Touching the plague of divorce, overlooking the simple but effective expedient of forbidding the clergy to officiate at adulterous unions, however sanctioned by the civil authority, the Assembly weakly suggests that the clergy preach at least once a year against divorce, seeking at the same time uniform and more stringent State legislation. Any mention of the Catholic Church in this regard seemed, no doubt, inopportune; the subject of reunion, however, afforded an opportunity that was not lost. When a report recommending closer union between the Presbyterian Church and the Commission of Christian Unity was read, a scrupulous delegate arose to remark that he would withhold his assent if the report included "Mormons and Catholics." His scruple was removed by the Rev. W. H. Roberts, clerk of the Assembly. "They are not included," said this gentleman. "I, for one, never want them included. They are not evangelical." Whereat, reports the New York *Times*, "Dr. Roberts was long and loudly applauded." One wonders if this evangelical applause was interrupted when fifteen presbyteries presented to the Assembly the following request:

That the Assembly use whatever constitutional power it possesses to exclude from the ministry of our churches, those who are assailing the fundamental truths of the Gospel, especially those charged with the instruction of the candidates for the ministry.

Whether or not Presbyterian clergymen and professors in Presbyterian seminaries, may assail "the fundamental truths of the Gospel" and retain their official positions, is a question which the Assembly may or may not answer at a future session. But pending the answer it would seem fitting that Dr. Roberts rank his own communion with the Church of the Latter Day Saints and the Abomination of Rome, as a non-evangelical body.

Logopathy

"LOGOPATHY," in the jargon of the doctors, means "disorder of speech due to disease of the brain." Acute cases of the malady do not appear to be common, but in its milder forms the infirmity is widespread. Indeed almost everybody suffers from occasional attacks of the disease and unless effective remedies are applied it easily becomes chronic. Early symptoms of the disorder are a fondness for solemn platitudes, old wives' proverbs, and threadbare quotations. The frequent use, for example, of observations about the importance of being in earnest, of apothegms that emphasize the commercial value of thrift or honesty, and of Shakespeare's reflections on the deceitfulness of appearances, are generally signs of incipient logopathy. The further progress of the disorder is marked by the patient's addiction to senseless catchwords and meaningless slang. Men and women who often have on their tongues such words as "uplift," "efficiency," "service" and "preparedness," or who use without discrimination metaphors borrowed from the ball-field, are seriously infected with logopathy and should consult a specialist without delay. For those, however, who are in the last stage of this dreadful malady practically nothing can be done.

You can easily tell the chronic sufferer from logopathy. An aggravation of the symptoms just described indicates that for him words have ceased to be the signs of ideas. Moreover, he or she is, as a rule, an emotional creature, much given to using expletives and interjections. He regards the "wonder-point" as the most important punctuation mark and hyperbole the noblest of the figures. All the intensive adverbs and adjectives are his prime favorites and his only aversion is understatement. Such words as *very, perfectly, exceedingly, absolutely, singularly, exceptionally, superb, lovely, awful, charming, amazing* and *most extraordinary*, reinforced by the oaths peculiar to velvet guards and Sunday citizens are constantly used by the victim of chronic logopathy to describe the marvels of familiar things and commonplace people, or to express his opinion of ordinary occurrences. His remarks, so to speak, are all in italics.

"But is there no cure," it will be asked, "for this dread disease?" Not for its acute form. But if the proper treatment is employed during the earlier stages of the

malady a permanent recovery generally follows. With a really submissive patient, an experienced logopathist can indeed work wonders. The regimen is similar to that prescribed for the victim of the drug habit, only more severe. For the sufferer from logopathy must be gradually withdrawn from the use of all his cherished adverbs. During the first day's treatment he will be allowed to say *very*, for instance, only fifty times; the next day, forty; the next, twenty-five, and so on. In like manner he must learn to avoid slang, catchwords, platitudes, proverbs, and stale quotations, and under no circumstances will expletives, interjections and wonder-points be permitted. To hasten the patient's recovery his English reading must be confined to books written prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and he should be encouraged to thumb assiduously a good volume of synonyms. So if a skilful specialist is called in betimes, even logopathy can be cured.

City Brides

HAPPY the city whose Corporation Counsel is gifted with imagination, and by this token New York is to be congratulated. An entirely new marriage ceremony has been drafted for the great metropolis. No longer will Aldermen intrude where Hymen alone should be supreme. Those grim arbiters of charters are banished henceforth from civic bridal celebrations. What if the City Clerk must now join all the willing hands? If he be worthy of his office, he should be glad to spend his day radiating blushing happiness.

Poetic fancy is not indeed of much assistance to logic, but who would be so dull as to demand consistency, where orange blossoms and June brides are in question? Nevertheless it was somewhat incongruous to insert in the new marriage formula, pretending as it does to be wholly unsectarian, a modified form of Catholic banns, and it must make atheists smile to have God's blessing invoked upon their union. And what a mockery to ask of those who intend nothing more or less than a "trial marriage," and many such will stand before the City Clerk, whether or not they take their partner, "as long as you both shall live"! It is comforting however to know that the Corporation Counsel still believes in God, and that the old Catholic insistence on indissolubility and the old Catholic horror for divorce are still strong enough to be felt. Some Catholic ideals are still in honor, even if they are not in high vogue. New York, it would seem, is not so bad after all.

A "Practical" Catholic

"ONE must have the heart of a *child* toward God, of a *mother* toward one's neighbor, and of a *judge* toward oneself." This was the counsel Père Henri Joyard, a distinguished Jesuit preacher who died a dozen years ago, used to give his hearers. The words admirably describe a practical Catholic who "lives" his religion. Little children's virtues are the very ones that best become God's servants. Their affection, innocence, lowliness, gratitude, docility, trustfulness and simplicity are what make children so dear to parents, and these are likewise the qualities the Heavenly Father loves to find characterizing His older children in all their relations with Him. So in things of the soul a man's practical hold of amiable children's virtues can be made the measure of God's love for him.

Being a "mother toward one's neighbor" is the second mark of the practical Catholic. It means a readiness to overlook in others, as does a mother in her children, defects and shortcomings, to interpret words and deeds charitably, to be as tender of a neighbor's fair name and to be as kind to him as a mother is toward her little ones. Just as mothers, moreover, are always at their children's service, have ready for them whenever it is needed a word of counsel or comfort, and are glad to make sacrifices for them, in like manner our ideal Catholic's relations with his neighbor will be characterized by the motherly virtues of kindness, patience and self-sacrifice.

The third mark of the practical Catholic, according to Père Joyard, is the virtue of being a fair "judge toward oneself." That is difficult, because this judge, as a rule, is biased. He always enters court predisposed to favor the defendant. For that litigant's crimes and misdemeanors he easily finds a thousand extenuating circumstances, so conscience, the plaintiff, generally loses his case and has to pay the costs. Well has it been said, nevertheless, that "There is only one person in the world to whom I may always be severe, there is only one who richly deserves it, and that person is myself." But the Catholic whom self-will, self-seeking or self-love never keeps from practising this salutary judicial severity toward himself is a practical Catholic indeed. "Who is he and we will praise him? for he has done wonderful things in his life."

Government by Rebellion

BY supposition, America is a land of law and order; a supposition borne out, on the whole, by facts. Our manner of government is, in theory, simple. Our legislative bodies pass ordinances for the good of the community; executives see that they are put in effect; the judiciary applies the sanction. If any of the three functions of government invades what we deem our undoubted rights, we seek constitutional means of relief. That is, if we are good citizens. If we are not, we rebel, and call the rebellion holy. For the fourth function of civil government, sacred to the individual, is rebellion. Some would rank it not fourth, but first. We have progressed since the days of Chief Justice Marshal.

Happily for civilization, this theory has not made much headway in America. At present, it is largely confined to professional criminals, in captivity and at large, and

to associations of the unthinking, such as the Woman's Peace Party of New York. Speaking through Mrs. Amos Pinchot, this organization has denounced the recently approved legislation providing military training in the public schools, as a "crime against the principles of free government." "If no other method can be thought of to cause its repeal," said Mrs. Pinchot, "it is the duty of all school children to protest against its enforcement." To counsel rebellion to school children was a happy thought; but Mrs. Pinchot's plan seems tameness itself when compared with the campaign suggested by the secretary of the Party, Miss Crystal Eastman. "What we need," declared this pugnacious lady, "is a sort of rebellion of those affected by these laws. I suggest a parade of school children, carrying banners stating that they absolutely refuse to obey the law."

The authority denounced by the Woman's Peace Party protects that organization in its corporate existence, its goods, chattels and appurtenances. There are, however, those who hold that the community would profit by the absence of this body. Yet they do not follow the plan advocated by the Peace Party, and counsel a rebellion, ending in the complete destruction of this association. The reason why they do not is plain. They are good citizens, pledged to the ancient principle that ours is a government by law, not by rebellion. When the time comes, they and their representatives may be relied upon to impose a sufficient check upon the rebellious tendencies of the Woman's Peace Party of New York.

Infected Magazines

IN a paper on "Magazine Deterioration" contributed by Mr. Frederick W. Faxon to the May *Bulletin of Bibliography,* he deplores "the general lowering of the popular magazine standards," that is a noticeable development of the present time. He writes:

> Within the last three years an ever-increasing mass of trashy and oftentimes debasing "literature" has appeared in new magazines. In fact we see two types of story periodicals on all our news-stands today—the poorly written, colorless story, and the "high-life" or "breezy" kind. We are now on the crest of this flood, and our better magazines begin to show its baleful tendencies. . . . [There is an] enormous output of story-magazines at ten cents and fifteen cents a copy, which flaunt their "girlie covers" on news-stands east and west, north and south. A flood of stories cheap, and many worse than cheap, fed to a public that is not reached by the public library. These and the moving-picture magazines seem to the casual observer to be the only periodicals on sale. It is possible the moving-picture craze has caused the demand for such reading. These pernicious monthlies are bought by the thousands, as the tons in the second-hand shops will testify.

In a large proportion of the magazines "everybody is reading" nowadays, the leading stories are those euphemistically styled the "ginger," "snappy," "breezy," or "pepper" type: in other words, stories that are written on purpose to minister to their readers' passion of lust. Carried by the mails to the remotest villages of the land, these vile magazines are openly displayed on the news-stands and are eagerly read by boys and girls whose hearts and minds are thus permanently stained. As there seems to be no effective way of preventing the circulation and sale of this pernicious literature, parents must ceaselessly strive to keep their children from reading it and it should be rigorously excluded from the home.

Findings of the Panama Commissions

THE voluminous reports of the Protestant Panama Conference have been made public. They consist of the findings of eight special commissions whose "expert testimony" deals with every phase of Latin American conditions, social, educational, moral and religious. Their attitude toward the Catholic Church is in general one of unfairness and bitterness. A more kindly tone is assumed, however, by the Commission on "Cooperation and the Promotion of Unity," which at least credits the Church with having been "instrumental in lifting whole communities of barbarians to a higher level of life." How far the repeated attacks upon "the Roman Church" are based upon mere prejudice and incapacity to comprehend her true spirit, it is difficult to say. Even her earliest preaching of the Gospel is described as "a lamentable misrepresentation of true Christianity." We are told that "With notable exceptions its priesthood is discredited by the thinking classes. Its moral life is weak, its spiritual witness faint. At the present time it is giving people neither the Bible, nor the Gospel, nor the intellectual guidance, nor the moral dynamic, nor the social uplift which they need." Its spirit and influence is, in short, found to be "unscriptural and unhealthy." Such "expert" findings are somewhat modified by the eighth Commission, when it recognizes, according to the *Churchman,* that Catholic teaching "has had moral and spiritual value of large benefit," although "the purest streams of thought and life flowed along the northern parallels."

To discuss in detail the accusations brought against the Church in these extensive reports would call for a library of controversy. Abuses doubtless exist. They have existed in the Church from the days of the Apostles. The actual success of the work accomplished varies greatly with the zeal of respective pastors and the response given by the people. But one thing is certain, and that is the inherent sanctity of the Church and the power of her Divinely instituted Sacraments to make the world holier. They have not lost their efficacy in Latin America. It is a perversion of the truth to accuse the Church of not bearing witness to the Gospel, when every letter of the Sacred Book is defended by her against the world and against Protestants themselves who today are denying the fundamental teachings of the Bible and its Divine inspiration.

The old accusations, too, are resuscitated that the Church is a political body and as such is opposed to

democratic institutions. These statements have been answered by Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclicals. A government's form, provided it is not opposed to the law of God, is all a matter of indifference to the Church. The adhesion of individual Catholics, in their capacity as citizens, to one kind of government or another, must not be confused with the attitude of the Church. It neither favors monarchical institutions as such nor opposes democratic governments, but seeks to infuse into both the spirit of Christianity.

The work of the Protestant commissioners will not be without fruit if it arouses the Catholic clergy and people of Latin America to conceive a more intense loyalty to their Divine Faith and to the Sacred Scriptures as handed down to them unchanged from the days of the Apostles. For American Catholics the efforts of the Protestant denominations should be an example, a reminder of the grave duty to enter more actively and zealously into the missionary field and to contribute generously toward the support of our mission workers. Apart from other considerations the example of Protestant generosity should not be lost on us and our own resources should be given more freely to promote the spread of God's Kingdom over all the earth.

LITERATURE

Gilbert K. Chesterton's Poetry

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON and the late Henry James are not very often thought of as intellectual or spiritual brothers. And yet there is a startlingly obvious resemblance between these two writers. Both are stylists; both have thoroughly mastered certain peculiar methods of speech, and both are, it must be confessed, hampered by their undeviating loyalty to these methods.

This is not the place to analyze the style of Mr. James. It is sufficient to recall to the reader's mind the fact that the author of "The Golden Bowl" was not concerned so much with the presentation of extraordinary ideas as with the extraordinary presentation of ordinary ideas. And the extraordinariness of his presentation consisted in its thoroughness; he was not content to suggest the thing or to show one aspect of it; he was able, and seemed to feel a certain moral obligation, to present every aspect of the thing, to give all its dimensions, characteristics, origins and possibilities. His method may roughly be indicated by saying that it is the opposite of impressionism.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's method, which is more readily observed and defined in his poetry than in his prose, also consists chiefly of the extraordinary presentation of ordinary ideas. But he does not attempt to give every aspect and shading of an idea. Rather he attempts to present that aspect of an idea which, while true, is sufficiently unusual to surprise the reader; the theory being that the attention attracted by the unusualness will be held by the truth.

This method is admirably suited to the uses of fiction, as "The Ball and the Cross" and "The Man Who Was Thursday" show. It is effective in debate, and in controversial essays on matters ethical and political, as is shown by the writings of Mr. Chesterton himself and of that school of popular apologetics which he may be said to have founded. In poetry it is sometimes almost magically effective, and sometimes grotesquely inappropriate. The perfect, and most lamentable, example of the use of this method is to be found in a poem called "E. C. B.," which appears in the volume called "The Wild Knight." In this serious and, for the most part, beautiful poem, Mr. Chesterton tells us that because of the virtue of one man, evidently Mr. Edmund Clerihew Bentley, he finds something to love in every man. Bentley is a man, he says, therefore, for Bentley's sake no man is to be hated. For the sake of Bentley's humanity, Chesterton says that he loves every one, the murderer, the hypocrite, even—and this is the great climax—himself.

I should say, this was to be his great climax. But the method seizes him, and keeps him from saying anything so strongly simple as "I love myself." Instead, he says:

> I love the man I saw but now
> Hanging head downwards in the well.

But in justice to Mr. Chesterton it should be said that "E. C. B." is an early poem written before the poet had found "Marriage and a Creed." For it is pleasant to see that, unlike Henry James, Chesterton has been steadily mastering his style, mastering it so thoroughly that he can lay it aside when it is inappropriate. He lays it aside, for instance, in some of the most passionate and effective chapters of "The Crimes of England." And he lays it aside in such of his writings as best deserve the name of poetry.

There are delightful things in "The Wild Knight." The symbolism of the title poem is so extravagant that in spite of some sonorous blank verse, and some radiant imaginings, this little verse-play must be regarded rather as a boyish *tour de force* rather than as a contribution to literature. But "The Ballad of the Battle of Gibeon" is a splendid thing, full of the thunder of crashing arms, of courage and of faith. It is the sort of ballad that would have made Macaulay envious. In this book, too, are "The Donkey," a restrained and powerful poem, and "Gold Leaves," which is ingeniously lovely, and "Modern Elf-Land," which is a poetic rendition of the novel "Manalive," and "A Christmas Carol," which is not the less beautiful because in the last two lines Mr. Chesterton unconsciously echoes Elizabeth Barrett Browning's:

> The tropic flowers looked up to it,
> The tropic stars looked down.

There are, I have said, delightful things in the book which is called "The Wild Knight." But it is a book of experiments; it is the work of a man conscious of his own ingenuity and artistry. It lacks, for the most part, that spontaneity which is characteristic of poetry. That spontaneity we find in the later volume, the volume called simply "Poems." Here are a keener wit, a truer music, even a bolder fancy than in Mr. Chesterton's earlier verses, and here is almost great and noble passion, no longer hampered by fetters of paradox. The paradox is here, of course, but it is used, it does not use the writer. The verbal dexterity no longer obtrudes itself.

Some of the poems in this book have been so widely quoted that they seem already to be classics. There are the two war poems, for example. No poet, not even Verhaeren, has presented Belgium's case against Germany more forcefully, more conclusively than it is presented in "The Wife of Flanders." And in "Blessed are the Peacemakers," Mr. Chesterton speaks with the authority of the true poet for all those Englishmen, pro-Boers, anti-Imperialists, Democrats, who have found in their country's war against Germany a national cause which they can whole-heartedly support.

"Lepanto" is a better martial ballad than "Gibeon," and that is saying a great deal. The ballades are irresistible in their keen satire and rollicking humor. Better than any other writer of our day, Mr. Chesterton knows how to drive his rapier of rhyme to the very heart of hypocrisy. His "Anti-Christ, or the Re-union of Christendom" will be remembered long after Mr. F. E. Smith, who had the misfortune to inspire it, has passed

into oblivion. Incidentally it may be remarked that some of the shrewd thrusts of "The Shakespeare Memorial" seem to find appropriate targets among the New Yorkers now engaged in celebrating the Shakespearian Tercentenary.

But the poem which most thoroughly justifies its author's claim to the title of poet is "The House of Christmas." This is indeed the beautiful expression of a beautiful impression; it has in every line the unmistakable glow of noble poetry; it is musical, imaginative, direct, and it is passionately Christian. It is the sort of thing which makes it easy to understand why many people, including, it is said, Mrs. Chesterton, believe that this great humorist, this formidable debater, this brilliant novelist, this sound critic, this accomplished essayist, is, before and above all other things, a poet. JOYCE KILMER.

REVIEWS

The Life of the First Duke of Newcastle and Other Writings. By MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.35.

The fact that this seventeenth-century book has found a place in "Everyman's Library" is largely due, no doubt, to Charles Lamb's fondness for the eccentric author. To him she is "the thrice noble, chaste and virtuous—but somewhat fantastical and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle." Pepys, on the other hand, records in his renowned diary that she is "a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman," whose husband is "an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." Though authorities thus differ about the character of the Duchess, this quaint biography, nevertheless is very amusing reading. She never meant it to be precisely that, however, for there never lived a more serious, naive and "philosophical" author than Margaret Newcastle. Her admiration for the Duke's moral and literary gifts for example, is quite unbounded. She says of him:

> As for my husband, I know him to have the valour of Cæsar, the fancy and wit of Ovid, and the tragical, especially comical art of Shakespeare; in truth, he is as far beyond Shakespeare for comical humour as Shakespeare beyond an ordinary poet in that way; also he is the best heroick poet in this age, nay in my judgment, in any, for I have seen him make twenty songs upon one theme or subject, as musick, and not one song like another; and for comedies, he hits or meets, or imitates the humours of men so justly, as he seems to go even with Nature. Indeed he is such a person, that I glory more to be his wife, than Livia to be Augustus's wife, or had I been Titus's wife.

Of her mother's high qualities she speaks with similar enthusiasm, and gives this glowing description of the perfections her own brothers and sisters had:

> She was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love, and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or a giant-like stature, but everyways proportionable; likewise well featured, cleer complexions, brown haires, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices, I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have: neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tuneable and timely.

Who would not have enjoyed meeting such a beauteous and melodious family! But without question the fair Margaret was the bright, particular star in this galaxy of brave sons and lovely daughters, for does not she herself catalogue for us her most striking virtues? And who should know them better than their owner?

> As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy; and I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them; also I am tender natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul; also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble but to wait upon them as a servant, but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws; yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment to my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never receive a curtesie but I am impatient, and troubled until I can return it; also I am chaste, both by nature and education insomuch as I do abhorre an unchaste thought.

One reason, perhaps, that her Grace's contemporaries considered Duchess Margaret queer and eccentric, was because she proved such a loving and faithful wife, for such women were not in great favor at the court of Charles II. W. D.

Christian Feminism: a Charter of Rights and Duties. By MARGARET FLETCHER. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.20.

Feminism: Its Fallacies and Follies. By Mr. and Mrs. JOHN MARTIN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Everybody is sufficiently interested in the movement called feminism to want to take sides. One cannot as a matter of fact be neutral. Not to be with the feminist is to be against her. What side shall we take? Margaret Fletcher's pamphlet, which is the seventh of a series of manuals edited by the Catholic Social Guild, undertakes to decide this question. She sets the whole issue on the plane of the law of God, where it belongs, and bases all her subsequent conclusions on a chapter called "Principles," which are only the well-known declarations indeed of the universal law of morality. Armed with such principles, the author is ready to determine what is needed in the present laws of England to give back to womankind her most ancient birthright, true equality of justice with man. "Can we sum up in one sentence," she asks, "the principle upon which we as Catholics take our stand? I think we can. While in the moral sphere woman is the equal of man and her position identical with his, in the physical sphere her case is separate, and the only way in which justice can be done is so to arrange the conditions of her physical life as to leave her moral freedom intact." This little book is not a bundle of theory only. Readers can find in it the present position of women, as affected by civil law, set forth clearly and the origin of this position traced definitely back through history. Readers are also shown how false is the exaggerated feminism that receives the notice of the world, and they are cautioned against allying themselves with movements that, identical indeed with Christian feminism in some aims, differ radically from it in convictions and ultimate ambitions. The style of the book deserves especial mention for its precision, vigor and persuasiveness.

"Feminism: Its Fallacies and Follies" is an excellent example of how one may hurt a good cause by a poor argument. The aim of the two authors, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, each of whom writes a half of the volume, is to show the absurdities of the feminist movement, meaning, of course, the exaggerated tendencies of the ultra-feminists. Their aim is of course good. But their whole argument considers the question of feminism chiefly as a political or economic theory rather than as a moral or ethical question. They give considerable information about the demands of the leaders of the movement in many countries, and for this the book is worth while. But the authors have no solid principles of human life with which to combat such errors. Mr. Martin would substitute for feminism the ideal of humanism. And it is hard to choose between them. Feminism has at least

the advantage of being definite and practical, while Mr. Martin's false ideal of humanism is vague and sentimental. Just to show the absurdities into which his baseless convictions force him, the author professes his belief in birth control and the ideals of eugenics, because forsooth his plan of humanism permits such conclusions. J. P. M.

A Thousand Years of Russian History. By SONIA E. HOWE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

This is a book inspired by the world-war, without, however, being in any way concerned with the war. Consequently it will be read with interest long after the roar of guns and the passions of combatants have been hushed in the silence of the coming peace. It was an ambitious project to undertake to narrate in 420 pages the history of the largest and most complex empire of Europe. Within such limits thoroughness is impossible, yet the story is well told and keeps the reader's interest to the close; for the style is clear, the facts selected are fully grasped and the writer is in full sympathy with her subject. The student misses, however, just those points he would like to see emphasized: an account, for instance, of the various peoples, tribes, and tongues the Russian Empire embraces; of the means by which the unity that prevails under the Czars was effected; a fuller description of the peculiarities which make Russia so different from other European nations and from other Slavic peoples. Chapters on the Cossacks, the Baltic Provinces, Poland, and Finland supply useful information about these peoples who have not yet been amalgamated, but others are left out of consideration. The period from 862 to 1612 is covered by sixty-four pages which have to do with the establishment and growth of the central Russian power, its temporary eclipse by the Tartars and its reestablishment on a firmer base than ever, despite a period of anarchy and threatened dissolution. Nothing could be better or more clearly said about those events, though the account is lacking in comprehensive treatment. On the coming of the Romanoffs to power the author broadens out and becomes more diffuse. Of course her sources of information grow more abundant on account of Russia's contact with Western nations. But it is just here that we do not stand in need of a new book. The facts are ready at hand in the ordinary histories. The author takes no pains to hide her religious bias, and displays the usual ignorance of Protestants regarding the Latin Church and the ubiquitous Jesuit, who is always a plotter to those who know nothing about him. P. J. D.

Kitchener's Mob: the Adventures of an American in the British Army. By JAMES NORMAN HALL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Most of its readers will doubtless vote this the best war-book that has yet appeared. A young American with the gift of literary expression tells a vivid story of his adventures from the time he joined "Kitchener's Mob," in the summer of 1914, until he found himself fighting in the trenches last fall. First the humors and rigors of his year's training in England are graphically described. One day when the author and his fellow-recruits had made what they considered a particularly brilliant charge, the umpire indignantly exclaimed: "My word! You've made a beastly mess of it! . . . Three batteries of field artillery and four machine guns have blown you to blazes! You haven't a man left!" Respect for his enemies was one of the first lessons Private Hall was forced to learn, as he had come to the firing line full of absurd newspaper stories about the German soldier's inferiority. His description of the horrors of trench fighting, "of the tremendous sadness and awful futility of war," while artistically restrained, are always striking. He is full of admiration for the courage of the Cockney soldiers whom he learned to know so well. Their religious needs, however, were neglected. "Our chaplain was a devout man," attests the author, "but prudent to a fault. Never to my knowledge did he visit us in the trenches." We have yet to hear of a Catholic chaplain in any of the armies shirking his duty. W. D.

The Church in the City. By FREDERIC DELAND LEETE, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.50.

Bishop Leete is to be congratulated on making the best of a weak case; yet few books expose more completely the hollowness of the Protestant system, with its inability to meet modern conditions, than this professed defense of the Protestant organization in the large city. Repudiating the principle of a supreme authority and rejecting the Sacraments, Protestantism can neither exact an unswerving loyalty to its teachings, nor lead its followers to these Divinely-appointed means of grace. What hold it retains upon the multitude must, therefore, be effected by means of human devising. Judging from the printed reports of many metropolitan churches, it is often difficult to see in what essential points these presumably Christian organizations differ from the modern synagogue, the moving-picture theater, or the lecture-hall of the Ethical Culture Society. It is indeed to Dr. Leete's credit, that he protests against the "unspiritual tone" and mountebank methods of certain Protestant pulpits, and that he condemns without reserve the growing practice of making "soup-kitchens, gymnasiums, works of physical healing, social and political reforms" do duty as religion. His position, too, on the influence which the clergy should exercise over the amusements of the young is in general, sound, although it is impossible to second his approval of the statement credited to Jane Addams, that "recreation alone can stifle the lust for vice," nor, without a careful distinction, the further claim that athletic games are "a practical means of grace."

It is unpleasant to note that Dr. Leete is not a stranger to the practice of suggesting certain base charges incapable of proof, and that he never refers to the Catholic Church, except by an opprobrious party-name. Passing over the question of truth and Christian charity, it may be said that Dr. Leete's wide experience "in five city churches" seems to have left him somewhat deficient in elementary courtesy.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In his introduction to "Adventures in Common Sense" (Lane, $1.00) Dr. Frank Crane explains that he gave up, at forty-eight, the Congregationalist ministry because he realized that "my Maker had intended me for an Outsider." So he became a journalist whose mission in life was to make the "dead essay" a "living thing." The eighty or more cleverly written editorials that fill this volume are characterized, for the most part, by that false superficial philosophy of life that appeals to the so-called "man in the street" and contain not a few historical errors. Those who are eager to grow great in soul are advised to repeat thoughtfully every day such words as "stars," "mountain," "ocean," "tree" and "more." One of the best papers in the volume is written "In Praise of Laziness," for the author shows that many of our modern conveniences were born of mankind's aversion to hard work.

The Encyclopedia Press, 23 East Forty-first Street, New York, will publish early next fall a "Memorial Volume" of the late Andrew J. Shipman's writings and lectures. His

schoolmate, Condé B. Pallen, will edit the book and contribute a sketch of the author. As Dr. Shipman was an admirable type of the Cathoic layman and a high authority on the languages, customs and liturgies of Eastern Europe, his many friends will doubtless be glad to secure a copy of the forthcoming work—The six "best sellers" for April have already been noticed in AMERICA. They are these: "Seventeen," "Just David," "Nan of Music Mountain," "The Real Adventure," "Life and Gabriella" and "Held to Answer."

Dr. Washington Gladden's "A Book for Graduates" (Macmillan, $1.25) shows that he is possessed of a wise and understanding heart and commands an experience in authorship and pastorate alike that extends over some fifty years. The subject of his eleven essays are those moral topics which have tried the minds of all true "Ecclesiasts" since the first and wisest of them began his speculations. The author's conclusions too are theirs; while his processes display the insight, mellowness and moderation to be expected from so long a career. In his essays "What For?" and "What Is Worth While?" he observes that the purpose of man is "service and sacrifice . . . sowing the earth with light and gladness." And here he rests his inquiry, so that his philosophy seems to be too natural and at bottom insufficient. There is a relish, though, in what he says of actual living, that "its perfection" is "in its relations," "in giving as well as receiving."

Since public speaking is assuming so definite a position in the English course, many textbooks have been prepared for the sole purpose, apparently, of developing orators. The central idea, however, of John M. Brewer's "Oral English" (Ginn, $1.00) is to fit a student for the many occasions in life when he will be called upon to express himself with force and simplicity before an audience great or small, in business, social or public gatherings. The book, accordingly, takes up the various elements that enter into effective speaking; practical precepts concerning a vocabulary, the divisions of the speech, and style are clearly enunciated; valuable hints are also suggested in regard to the speaker's appearance and voice development and control. Since the manual is designed for speaking in all its branches, speeches for special occasions are thoroughly but not exhaustively treated. The chapters on "Debates and Parliamentary Law" are especially commendable; likewise the appendices on the method of conducting a mock trial or political convention. Since the book is practical in purpose, numerous exercises and topics for speaking, adapted to almost every age, are interspersed.

Here are some little books of piety: "Devotions from Ancient and Mediæval Sources (Western)" (Longmans, $1.75) is a collection of Catholic prayers that the Rev. Charles Plummer has translated and arranged for the use of Ritualists. He has gone through a number of Missals, Breviaries, Sacramentaries and Pontificals, and omitting passages that are "at variance with the teaching or practice of the English Church," selects what will eke out "the poverty, not to say destitution of our own Book." For the "spirit of prayer," as the compiler naïvely remarks, "harmonizes the devotions of different branches of the Church of Christ." The publication of such books as this ought to make Catholics better appreciate the beauty of our liturgical prayers.——Father Thomas McGrath has prepared an attractive little "Prayer Book for Boy Scouts" (Kenedy, $0.35 and $0.15). Half its pages tell how the Boy Scout can supernaturalize the virtues that are considered peculiarly his, and the rest of the book contains the prayers he needs to say.——"The Mirror of Justice" (Benziger, $0.30), by Robert Eaton of the Birmingham Oratory, is made up of fifteen short sermons on Our Lady's feasts and ends with a good homily on the Magnificat.

"He Kept It White," by F. J. Finn, S.J. ($1.40 a hundred). "Little Peter," by Albert Bessières, S.J. ($0.75 a hundred). "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," by J. F. Weir, S.J. ($0.75 a hundred), are three charming little stories in pamphlet form which Father Finn, of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, has on sale. He announces that 20,000 copies of the first have already been published. This is an encouraging beginning, but the story should be put in the hands of every Catholic boy or girl in the country. Father Finn never wrote a story which does not convey a moral lesson, and the popularity of his books for boys shows that he has the gift of making real piety attractive to the youthful mind. His characters are typical boys owning to a relish for noise, football, base-hits and dog-fights; good, but by no means "goody-goody." To adapt a judgment passed by Coventry Patmore on the Saints, "They simply do what most respectable boys do, but from an entirely different motive." Father Finn purposes to show that the source which gives this motive vitality is prayer and the Sacraments. More than one teacher has noted the influence of "He Kept It White," in drawing his pupils to a more frequent reception of the Sacraments. The other pamphlets are described by Father Finn as "The best stories I have been able to discover on the question of Holy Communion and children. Both stories are marvelous; both stories are true."

In Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Battle and Other Poems" (Macmillan, $1.25), there are no finer lines than this bit of word-painting entitled "The Ice-cart":

Perched on my city office stool,
I watched with envy while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice . . .
And I was wandering, in a trice,
Far from the gray and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street,
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
Beneath the still, cold, ruby glow
Of everlasting polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled, unawares,
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels
And floundered after shining seals
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
And as I watched them, ere I knew
I'd stript, and I was swimming, too,
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with thrashing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap,
Through crackling ice and salty deep—
Diving and doubling with my kind,
Until, at last, we left behind
Those big, white, blundering bulks of death,
And lay, at length, with panting breath
Upon a far, untraveled floe
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
Out of the endless polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far, untraveled shore,
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold, white drifting sleep—
Sleep drifting deep,
Deep drifting sleep. . . .

There is not much poetry in the author's war-verses, but the seven little plays dealing with English rural life will remind readers of his "Daily Bread."——"A Song of the Guns" (Houghton, Mifflin, $0.50) is made up of eight spirited poems, composed while the author, Gilbert Frankau, R.S.A., was fighting in Belgium. "We are the guns and your masters!" is the keynote of the little book. Machines, rather than men, win battles today.

EDUCATION

III—Going to College

I DO not believe that the question of a college youth's education is a matter for fault-finding; there is really nobody to find fault with. The college professors try to do their part in developing in the students a cultivated outlook upon life; the fathers and mothers of the boys, their critical faculties lulled, perhaps, by parental love, seem for the most part rather satisfied with the four years' progress; the boys themselves, happy in the friendships made in the years when the heart beats fullest, are conscious of no regrets. *Ave atque vale* sums up the whole incident of college life. Between the hail and the farewell is that long bridge of happiness, and beyond the parting is the voice of memory, cadent in its whisperings and tender in its song.

I have been speaking of the *average* college student attending the *average* American college, of the larger number of youths in the process of becoming Bachelors of Art. But in every group there are frequently variations from the type; in every community there is often a strong and active minority that succeeds in making itself felt. And while it is undoubtedly true that the larger number who enter the college doors do not finally go forth with an adequate grasp on life's activities, with carefully trained powers of discrimination between the best things and the things that are second-best, with such a knowledge of first principles that success in life will be one with success in living, *there* is not the entire picture nor the story complete. There have always been, as everybody knows, boys at college who have had that particular kind of sense of humor to know that life, even college life, is not solely a humorous undertaking; they have returned home from their four years' absence with hearts open and minds full; and they have been able to translate the Latin on the symbolic parchment without sighing in remorse over the sentiments engraved thereon.

THE INTELLECTUAL LEADERS

It is one of the good signs of the times that this class of students is increasing, and becoming more and more considerable as a factor in determining the tone of academic life. There is a noticeably growing disposition on the part of the rank and file of the students to love the victor in intellectual competition no less than to respect him; to consider the medal winner in physics a hero no less than the ranking player in golf; to feel as warm a fellow-affection for the clever verse-writer as for the tennis champion; to offer the brilliant debater a fraternity not a whit different in kind from that accorded to the member of the crew. This condition of things up to a comparatively recent time has been the exception rather than the rule. Intellectual leaders in college have always been held as heroes, as supermen, but not as heroes or supermen of the flesh and blood that asked kinship with the crowd. By a few, more hedonistic than the rest, they have been thought even to hold communion with the gods, to possess in some superior, Miltonic way the gift of forgetting themselves to marble, and incidentally of forgetting that the conventional way of walking through this world is with the feet set firmly on the ground.

The perceptible change in college public opinion is a healthy one; and it is due in no little measure to the gradual growth of the yet small group of youths to whom college is vastly more than four years of clubdom. It is due, too, to the fact that the man of mind has challenged the man of muscle at his own game. There is no longer a necessarily truthful antithesis between the scholar and the athlete; you might have read in this morning's paper of the prowess of a noted half mile runner of a New England college, who is also editor of the monthly literary magazine. Brain and sinew and bone are more harmoniously developed than in the days of old.

REASONS FOR VIGOR

One is tempted to refrain from inquiring too closely into the reasons for the appearance of a new vigor and a quickened mental buoyancy in college life; a fear arises that the phenomenon may prove to be ephemeral and occasional, and that the old intellectual ptomaines cannot be permanently banished by antidote. But we must be more hopeful than that; desirable results must have adequate causes; and we should very much dislike to feel that the causes themselves may lack the principle of life and growth. It may be that college teachers are less detached from the realities of life than some people think them once to have been; it may be that fathers and mothers in their parental love include a larger measure of intelligent interest; it may be that the period of muck-raking, a diversion not quite so popular as it was, has imbued the youth of America with a stronger feeling of responsibility, with a finer set of ideals, with a truer moral standard But all this is a story in itself, and the whole truth we know not yet.

HIGH IDEALS FOR ALL

We should like to believe that the day may come when all boys who go to college will go for a real education; to seek the means of a fuller mental development, to strive for the perfection of physical hardihood, to pursue the quest of the things that bring the fairest peace to the heart and the highest glory to the soul. We should like to believe that a time will come when every winner of the Bachelor's degree will know the chronicle of history, the expression of literature, the evolution of art, the development of science, and be able to interpret the facts of the past as elements in the growth of civilization; when he will have such a grasp of right principles in logic and ethics that he will be able to think with precision, and to apply his knowledge with a well-ordered mentality to the problems of individual and public life; when he will realize, moreover, that to be sound in mind demands of him to be well in body, and that to despise physical exercise and play and recreation is the road to inefficiency; when, as a result of a wide cultivation of his sympathies, he will possess an easy *savoir faire* in the society of his fellows; when he will without condescension be tolerant of those who in ignorance differ from his just opinions, or who in prejudice combat them; when he will without impatience listen to the views of those who enjoy superior wisdom; when he will have a gentle forbearance toward those who are less gifted or less fortunate than he; when he will be aware that the heart of man is no less to be trained than the intellect, and that most of the greater achievements of men have had their impulse from the longings and enthusiasms of the heart; when he will realize that to be kind to one's fellowman, to be faithful to one's best ideals, to be true to one's conscientious interpretation of God's will is the only way of life that will give satisfaction to the soul.

All students strive for some of these ends, and a small number for all of them; we should like to believe that the day is not distant when a large majority of our college youth will look upon the culture of the whole man as the most wonderful adventure and the most joyful search in the world; when the phrase to be a gentleman and a scholar will asume a larger meaning and a finer significance than it has today. But that day will be a long time on its way; it may, indeed, never come. Youth is too full of wonderment, of illusion, of thoughtlessness, of youth. *Si jeunesse savait*—ah, there would be no need of going to college then; and perhaps it makes life seem happier to be a little less full of the wisdom of some things when we are young, and a little more eager of boyish romance and questioning and surprise.

THE WINDOW OF LIFE

Perhaps we ask too much of college; perhaps, in some degree, at least, it is only in the retrospect that the college years seem to need a tonic. More than one of us remember those nights of old when through our half-open dormitory windows would come the distant echoes of the town. They were little sounds from the outer world, detached, fragmentary, meaningless in themselves, but they somehow filled us with the love of quest and ambition and high emprise; they told us of a mysterious life that was waiting for us; and they led one's imagination through long avenues uncharted and little lanes unlighted by the lamp of experience. Well, probably college years will always be somewhat like that; the window of life will be but half open, and life's voice will hardly be full. Youth must be served, but it also must wait. And the prayer of wisdom is that it wait not with idle soul and empty hands.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

We had nearly reached the journey's end; we were almost home. The lights of the great city had been multiplying as we came closer and closer, and now we were in the heart of the metropolis. We stepped from the train at the marble station and went out into the brilliant streets. The ways were thronged, and I knew that restaurants were filled and that the theaters would soon be crowded. The peace and repose of West Point seemed very far away; the towers, and the sleeping parade grounds, and the high hills watching through the night. But as I mingled with the multitude of the city, where every man is a dreamer and every man a soldier of fortune, I felt how much oftener the dreams would come true and the battles bring victory, if all these men and women had the unswerving devotion to ideals and the fine purpose of attainment that stamp with a large heroism the nation's defenders at West Point. This devotion, this purpose, this strengthening of the fibers of American character, this conservation of the things that quicken man's body and man's soul, is the work of the American college. America will be blest when she fully realizes what this really means, when she is ready through her colleges to give her sons and daughters not only what is pleasant, but what is salutary, when she is anxious to teach them that man does not live by bread alone, and that the end of life is not the glitter of gold. To be truly great, a nation, like an individual, must be willing to pay the price, even to the uttermost farthing.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

SOCIOLOGY

Is Charity Work a Sinecure?

A REPORT of the New York School of Philanthropy estimates that there are more than 4,000 men and women in New York City making their living in social work supported by private philanthropy. One social worker is paid $10,000 a year, eight others receive $5,000 or more, and the salaries of 758 subordinates aggregate $859,000. "If the workers who did not make returns are earning at the same rate, New York is spending more than $4,000,000 a year in salaries to those engaged in dispensing its private charities."

Commenting upon these figures the New York *World* sarcastically remarks that this is surely an excellent record for a comparatively young industry. "Conceived of as a white-collar charity for the support of deserving persons looking for an occupation that is entirely respectable and not arduous, organized social work is an admirable institution. It is something to provide for the financial needs of 4,000 citizens annually." In respect to results in the way of direct social service and humanitarian efficiency, the *World* somewhat cynically adds that estimates of the net profit accruing to society from the lavish expenditure for social work are not so easy, "after the disbursements have been made for rents, furnishings, salaries for managers, supervisors, agents, inspectors, stenographers, expenses for stationery, postage and what not."

THREE CLASSES OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORKERS

How, we naturally ask, does all this apply to the charity dispensed by the Catholic Church through its institutions and individual workers? There are three classes of social workers in the Church: the religious consecrated to the service of their neighbor and of God; the Catholic laymen and women who without any monetary recompense devote themselves to charity according to the measure of their possibilities and the time allowed them; and finally an almost insignificantly small class of salaried social workers who give their whole energy exclusively to organized charity work.

The religious receive no salary in the proper sense of the word. They are devoting their lives to this labor of love with absolutely no personal returns except the bread they eat and the lodging that shelters them in common with those entrusted to their care. The houses they build, the donations they receive, the means they secure by arduous labor and self-sacrifice, are all devoted entirely to the service of the poor, the suffering and the unfortunate, in whom they gladly serve Christ, their Lord. The second class of Catholic social workers are no less unselfish in their labors for the afflicted members of Christ and no less noble in their ideals, though they cannot give their entire lives exclusively to the twofold service of religion and charity. They represent the great body of Catholic laymen and women who, individually or through organized efforts, are going about doing good and dispensing blessings, after the model of the Good Samaritan and the Divine Healer of the souls and bodies of men. They give liberally, not merely of their means, but of themselves. Such is the work of that magnificent organization, the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

CATHOLIC SALARIED AGENTS

There are instances, lastly, where salaried social workers are employed to perform duties that call for such undivided attention as can only be given by men who make this service their life-work, yet for good reasons cannot serve without some remuneration. These workers are a very few in number and worthy of their hire. The general purpose in calling for their help is not to relieve Catholics from the task of personally interesting themselves in the poor and the afflicted, but rather to make this personal attention more fruitful and to prevent all interruptions in the systematic service of those urgently in need of assistance. The remuneration of these social workers is not likely to be extravagantly large. Their lives too may be filled with the purest supernatural motives. Their labor is highly honorable and can be made most salutary for the spiritual as well as the bodily welfare of the neighbor. Indeed, to be truly Catholic, it must always keep both these ends clearly in view.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S TESTIMONY

There is little possibility of sinecures in Catholic organized charity. There is no "middleman" in the field. The alms dispensed are given almost directly to the poor, since expenses are everywhere reduced to the minimum. Unprejudiced testimony to this effect has been given by Mr. Rockefeller in the *Saturday Evening Post*, as follows:

> Just here it occurs to me to testify to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church, as I have observed in my experience, has advanced a long way in this direction (i. e. in the direction of efficient service for the welfare of our

neighbor in the cause of charity). I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid service done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the organization of the Roman Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure. I speak of this merely to point out the value of the principle of organization, in which I believe so heartily. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the centuries of experience which the Church of Rome has gone through to perfect a great power of organization.

WASTEFUL METHODS

While, therefore, there is much point in the application of an editorial remark made in the New York *World*, as applied to many non-Catholic private charity organizations and perhaps no less when applied to our public administration of charity funds, there can be no reasonable application made of it to private Catholic charity. The *World* says:

> It is clear that the middleman furnishes the same problem for philanthropy as for regular forms of industry. Here again the point is to bring the producer in closer touch with the consumer and effect economies of distribution which are impossible under the present wasteful methods. Private charity in particular has much to gain from the abolition of sinecures and the elimination of extravagance.

CATHOLIC EFFICIENCY EXPERTS

The ideal of charity was never more closely approached than in those "Dark Ages" when "the economics of distribution which are impossible under the present wasteful system," outside the Catholic Church, actually did exist. There is apparently need of efficiency experts in organized charity "to put it on a Taylor system," the News Letter of the American Federation of Labor suggests. There has never been a more efficient "Taylor system" than that voluntarily employed by many of the religious orders in the Ages of Faith, and no less skilfully applied by them in our own day, though with less ample support. The "Reformers" realized the efficiency of Catholic charity work in their day, as clearly as does Mr. Rockefeller in ours. Only with the suppression of the monasteries and the confiscation of their goods, which were the dower of the poor, did pauperism first appear and lift its hideous head in Christian lands.

Slowly the world is perceiving the truth of all this. A full understanding of it can only come when the parrot school of history, whose methods consist in ceaselessly repeating the same ancient slanders, a school particularly popular among present-day sociologists, has been replaced by a scientific and honest investigation of facts and a deeper and truer knowledge of the past.

Non-Christian organized charity, public or private, and non-Christian schools of philanthropy neglect the most necessary part in the training of social workers. They overlook the spiritual element, which even a non-Catholic writer describes as the most important of all factors. The social worker must be deeply imbued with the realities of the supernatural life, if he would properly fulfill his responsible task of ministering to the poor and the afflicted, if he would bring back order out of chaos, if he would restore to Christian life a disorganized family.

"The threads of the spiritual, the social, and the material so intricately cross and recross each other in our nature that it is seldom that one can mend rents in the pattern without catching up the broken ends of all three." Profound religious convictions and high supernatural motives are the first conditions of true and lasting charity work.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A beautiful example for Catholic women is given by a Chicago lady. In memory of a son whom God in His goodness took to Himself she makes it her sweet occupation to mother as many of the poor, neglected little ones as she can receive into her house. Three of her own children are still left to her, yet the children of the tenements are hardly less her own. These she herself clothes and feeds and cares for in her home. Sick little ones are nursed by her and returned to their parents in good health. Others are legally adopted as her own. Needless to say, she finds no time for club life or the frivolities of social events. The complaint of "empty hands" will never be heard from her. There are many Catholics able to confer the benefits of a good home on one or more such little ones, through whom they would receive into their midst the Babe of Bethlehem. We are told of a Catholic family where a child is adopted for every baby born into the family. In this as in every other form of charity, the Catholic poor of Catholic countries have shown themselves the most generous.

At no time, perhaps, are the cruelty and horror of war more keenly realized than when trainloads of maimed and wrecked humanity return as wastage from the fields of battle. Then the sadness and the pity of it all become appalling. William T. Martin, who witnessed the home-coming of the *grands blessés* in Paris, released from their foreign prison camps at the Holy Father's mediation, attempts to describe such a scene. In one of the glimpses given us we behold a mother anxiously seeking for her son among the new arrivals. Suddenly with a shriek she faints. She has recognized her boy. As she recovers from her shock she throws her arms about his neck:

> He stands on one leg and a wire substitute for the other. An arm clasped about the waist of the woman is handless. The soldier, he is very tall, bends over the woman stiffly and gives her a long, passionate kiss. I shall never forget the look on his face. It is a smile, full of pain concealed, but a smile, and therein is written a knowledge of the dream of youth gone and the earnest ambitions of a little more than a year ago crushed forever. The woman is very happy, for he was long dead and is alive.

Other scenes, no less pitiful and even more soul-harrowing follow:

> A soldier holds his sweetheart but sees her not, for he is blind forever, so he feels her face and smiles. A woman rushes into a soldier's arms and suddenly recoils to make doubly sure of his identity. Part of his face has been shot away. But he can see, and he stands up and throws his arms about her. He can only mumble indistinctly from a semblance of a mouth. But he does his best.

So the tale continues, too sad indeed for words. Yet men will blindly clamor for war where compromise or arbitration, a little patience or tolerance, might save thousands and millions of lives. A venal press agitates the people, brings pressure to bear upon rulers and politicians, misrepresents and exaggerates, intensifies disagreements and prevents attempts at reconciliation. So the stage is set for the dismal tragedy. Even a handful of capitalists and agitators may suffice to drive a nation into war and misery where there is no need for either.

Our Catholic schools no longer call for a defense such as was once deemed necessary. Their success has become their own best eulogy. Pitted against the public schools our institutions bring the highest credit to the Sisters and Brothers who teach in them. In a city-wide essay contest recently conducted by the Cleveland *Press* thirteen out of twenty-five prizes went to the pupils of parochial schools. In another contest conducted in the same city by the *Leader* four out of six prizes were awarded to pupils of Catholic schools; the first prize itself being included among their trophies. The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*

spelling contest had similarly been won by the "Brothers' School" each time the contest was held. This year "A Current Topics Bee" was substituted for the spelling. The contesting pupils of the schools of Brooklyn were placed upon the stage of the Academy of Music and made to face a densely crowded hall. Just 331 questions covering current history, politics, the Mexican difficulties and matters of purely local import were asked in quick succession. The winner of the bee was Clarence Smith of St. Francis' Preparatory School. "Comparing the Hay bill with the Chamberlain bill, which provided the larger measure of 'preparedness'?" and "How could the British House of Commons force the British Cabinet to resign?" are samples of the problems given to the students. Out of 331 questions 255 were answered without hesitation. As another instance of the proficiency developed in our Catholic schools, the winning of the school championship of typewriting, of the New York City metropolitan district by St. Leonard's Academy of Brooklyn may finally be mentioned. No school which cannot present fifteen pupils able to maintain a net speed of over thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes of the contest is admitted to this test. The extraordinary work of the Brothers' class is thus summed up by the New York *Globe*:

> Brother Gerard's boys last year maintained an average net speed of 38.45, and this year of 38.44, lost none through disqualification, and made a total of 1,438 points out of a possible total of 1,500, exactly the total they made last year. This gave St. Leonard's a lead of 69.16 points over its nearest competitor, Wood's School, and the championship for 1916.

The pennant for the championship for the evening schools was likewise won by the team from St. Leonard's Academy Evening School. The contests were held at the Merchants' and Bankers' School, New York.

A unique set of tables has been prepared by the United States Census Bureau, which are said to be the first of their kind. They show the death rate and "expectation of life" at all ages for an area comprising eleven States. Though similar to the "life tables" prepared by life insurance companies, they differ from them inasmuch as they relate to the entire population of the area covered, whereas the former concern those only who apply for insurance and relate to the risks incurred only. One of the remarkable facts clearly established by new tables is that women live longer than men. Within the given area the average expectation of life, at birth, for males is 49.9 years; for females, 53.2 years; for white males, 50.2; for white females, 53.6 years; for native white males, 50.6; for native white females, 54.2; for negro males, 34.1 years; for negro females, 37.7. It is shown by these statistics that women outlive men by more than three years. The expectation of life at the age of one year is considerably greater than at birth, and reaches its maximum at the age of two years, when it is 57.5 for native white males and 60.1 for native white females:

> At the age of 12 the average native white male's expectation of life is 50.2 years; at 25 it is 39.4 years; at 40, 28.3 years; at 50, 21.2 years; at 60, 14.6 years; at 70, 9.1 years, and at 80, 5.2 years. Similarly, at the age of 12 the average native white female's expectation of life is 52.6 years; at 25 it is 41.8 years; at 40, 30.3 years; at 50, 22.8 years; at 60, 15.8 years; at 70, 9.8 years, and at 80, 5.5 years.

The violent deaths among the male population explain in part the difference in longevity between men and women. Nearly four-fifths of the suicides, homicides and fatal accidents, which account for from seven to eight per cent of the total number of deaths, occur among men. This fact, however, does not fully explain the greater longevity of women. Even during each of the first twelve months of life the death rate for females is lower than for males. During the first month of life the death rate among native whites is nearly twenty-eight per cent higher for boys than for girls, and during the first year it is still twenty per cent higher.

The most modern conception of the ideal church is that of an institution entirely dissevered from all belief in the supernatural, from all rites and ceremonies, and devoted exclusively to the material or intellectual service of humanity. It is a philanthropic or a socialistic center, according to the school of sociological doctrine adopted by its membership. "Gone is the divinity of the preacher's church!" exclaims Prof. George Burman Foster of the University of Chicago, writing in the *American Journal of Theology*. Gone is the "old miraculous supernaturalism of regeneration."

> The dream is of a scientific ministry instead of the old religious ministry. The minister is not so much prophet and priest of God as an administrative officer of a philanthropic and humanitarian institution endowed by capital, which he is competent to execute. The church is not a temple, but a plant. The idea seems to be gaining favor that if men are fed and clothed and sheltered and washed and amused, they will not need to be redeemed with the old terrible redemption.

Such certainly is, in brief, the sociological religion which is finding favor in many non-Catholic churches. It is the last development of the Reformation. Few perhaps have gone to the full length indicated in the citation. They still retain at least the pretence of a religion, though in substance they deny the existence even of a personal God and of an immortal soul. What place the doctrine of Professor Foster can find in a "journal of theology" it is difficult to see. But recent religious events show how little of the doctrine of "the old terrible redemption" is left outside the Catholic Church, the redemption from sin and eternal death from which all his sociology will not exempt even a learned Chicago University professor. The situation is not entirely new. Our Lord Himself partially described it in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, when He said that even should a lost soul be permitted to return from hell its warning would be of no avail.

From the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, nestled amid the picturesque hills and valleys of Kentucky, where the awakening beauties of the spring or the splendors of the fall "form a picture that raises the soul almost instinctively to thoughts of our heavenly home, making even the most severe penance seem but a light price to pay for what we hope will be ours in the future," comes a pamphlet, "Trappist Life," intended as a guide to postulants. It shows us that the Cistercian rule, fostered for many ages within the bosom of the Church, was not adapted to the Middle Ages only, as men might think today, but is likewise suited to our own modern life. At least half of the Trappist community in the spacious buildings of the Abbey of Gethsemani are native Americans.

> Prayer, penance, labor are the principle traits of the Cistercian life. The religious prays for himself and his neighbor; he prays in the name of the Church; he expiates his sins and the sins of the people and gains new merit for heaven. He labors, not to amass riches, for he is bound by vow to be poor; he labors to earn his living, and to be able to help the needy. Our Order is at one and the same time a shelter for innocence, a refuge for weakness, and an assured harbor for souls tossed about on the sea of life, where they have met fatal rocks and suffered sad shipwreck. It is a life most beautiful, most sanctifying, most sure. It has in store sweet and most unexpected consolations.

The suppression of the use of speech, except for particular reasons, is a characteristic of the Cistercian or Trappist rule. Choir and prayer alternate with labor. Studies likewise are duly provided for. Many and wonderful are the ways in which the Spirit of God leads the souls of men to an intimate union with Christ.

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CHRONICLE

The War.—In Flanders there have been violent artillery duels, followed in a few cases by infantry attacks, at many points, especially at Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Loos, Vimy and Souches, but except near Ypres where the Germans have advanced their line, and near Vimy where the British have had some success, there have been practically no gains made by either side. The Russians have renewed their offensive against the Austrians, apparently on rather a large scale, and as a result there have been numbers of spirited but ineffective encounters on the Volhynian and Bessarabian fronts. In Armenia the Turks have shown unexpected strength, and not only have halted the Russian advance but have retaken Mamachatun and driven the Russians twelve miles east of that town. They attacked the Russians at Baiburt and near Diarbekr, but were repulsed. In Persia the Russians report that the Turkish resistance near the Mesopotamian frontier has been noticeably strengthened.

Bulletin, May 31, p. m.-June 6, a. m.

In the Verdun region there has been violent fighting on both sides of the Meuse. On the southwestern slope of Mort Homme Hill the French have won back some trenches, which they lost recently; but the main fighting has taken place between Mort Homme Hill and Cumières. Here the advantage on the whole has been with the Germans, who have advanced a short distance further to the southeast of the hill. At one time they had forced the French back three-quarters of mile, but a French counter-attack succeeded in restoring the line to its original position. Further to the east a similar thing took place. The Germans fought their way south from Cumières until they had almost reached Chattancourt, but again the French were able to win back almost all of the ground they had lost, and are now once more on the southern outskirts of the village of Cumières. On the east side of the Meuse the Germans have made further gains in the Caillette Wood, have occupied a considerable portion of the French trenches between Douaumont and the Vaux Pond, and have obtained a footing in the village of Damloup.

Fighting in the Verdun Region

During the week the Austrians advanced a short distance into Italy. Between the Adige River and the Arsa Valley the Italians are holding their own at Coni Zugna, and they are still securely in possession of Monte Pasubio. Elsewhere, however, the Austrians have had success. Although southeast of Monte Pasubio they failed in their attempt to storm Monte Forni Alti, they have obtained a footing at Fufine and Posina, on the south bank of the Posina; they have also advanced from Bettale and taken Monte Priafora, and are attacking Monte Spin and Sant' Ubaldo. East of Arsiero moved down the Astico and took Monte Borco and Monte Panoccio. In the Asiago region, the Austrians following the Val d'Assa drove the Italians out of Roana and Canove. North of Asiago they occupied Punta Gorda, the Ingrotto Heights and Gallio. The Italians evacuated Asiago and withdrew to the hills, lying to the east of the city, where they are now hard pressed. Further north the Austrians captured Monte Baldo and Monte Flara. Below and south of Monte Cencio, they have taken the town of Cesuna. All the fighting is now taking place well within the Italian territory with the exception of that which is in progress east of Monte Pasubio.

Austrian Success in the Trentino

In the late afternoon of May 31, the British and Ger-

man fleets engaged in battle off the coast of Jutland between Horn's Reef and the entrance to the Skager Rack. The fighting, which had two distinct phases, lasted about twelve hours, and although the Germans withdrew and left the British on the scene, the advantage was decidedly on the side of the Germans. Official reports do not give the number or the nature of the units that made up the respective fleets; but unofficial information, furnished by the captains of Danish and Norwegian steamships who sighted the fleets as they hurried to the scene of conflict, would indicate that about forty German ships, and in the end, even a greater number of British ships were engaged. Submarines and Zeppelins took part in the battle.

A Big Sea-Fight

At the present writing Germany has published no complete official description of the details of the battle; but according to the report of the British Admiralty a British fleet, made up of battle cruisers, cruisers, and light cruisers, supported by four fast battleships, sighted a portion of the German fleet, endeavored to cut it off from Denmark, and found that it had engaged a force superior in both numbers and armament. Vice-Admiral Beatty, who was in command, sent a call for assistance. Subsequently both the British and German fleets were reinforced by battleships, the Germans arriving first. In the end, however, the balance of strength was on the side of the British, and the Germans withdrew to their base. It was in the first phase of the battle that the British sustained most of their losses.

The British Admiralty admits the destruction of three battle cruisers, three armored cruisers and eight destroyers; the German Admiralty states that the Germans lost two battleships, one third-class cruiser and several torpedo-boats. Both sides state that other ships are missing. On the other hand the British Admiralty asserts that "there is the strongest ground for *supposing*" that the Germans lost two battleships, two dreadnoughts, besides three light cruisers, and other ships, a total of eighteen, as against an English loss of fourteen. The Germans deny this and insist their losses are three big ships and several torpedo boats. The German Admiralty states that a British superdreadnought, a small cruiser, and a number of torpedo-boat destroyers were sunk. London explicitly denies that any British battleships or light cruisers were lost. According to the London official estimates more than 5,000 British seamen and officers were lost, and about 2,300 Germans. Germany has not yet declared her losses in men.

Austria-Hungary.—Dreadful reports from the Russian prison camps moved the Austro-Hungarian authorities several months ago to request the United States Government to make investigations into the conditions of Austrians and Hungarians detained in these camps. According to report No. 5,897 of the American Embassy at Petrograd, quoted by the correspondent of the Associated Press, 17,000 Austro-Hungarian prisoners of war, out of about 80,000 confined in the camp at Orenburg, Eastern Russia, have been brought to death by poor sanitation, bad food, lack of clothing and exposure to the cold. It is believed that so far more than thirty per cent of all the Austro-Hungarian prisoners have succumbed, most of them dying from camp or filth diseases, principally typhus. The camp at Orenburg consists of forty-five barns, where even wood was denied the prisoners in winter time, though abundance of it is to be had in that district, nor as a rule was any medical assistance granted them. Attached to the report is a statement of the American investigator that the Russian authorities had prevented him from visiting other points after he had been at Orenburg. This corresponds with the Berlin report of inhuman cruelties, starvation, beatings and whippings inflicted upon prisoners, which was recently forwarded to the Prisoners of War Relief Committee at New York. The Austrian Government had hitherto feared to make known the condition of the unfortunate prisoners because of the consternation it would create at home. It hopes that the United States will take the initiative in making representation to the Russian authorities in regard to this matter. In startling contrast to these reports is the petition of 50,000 Russian prisoners in Austria-Hungary who have asked permission to remain and become citizens at the close of the war. The Government has not yet returned an answer, though it is inclined to receive the petition favorably. The applicants are mainly men who are at present engaged on the various farms and are well pleased with their positions.

Russian Barbarities

France.—M. Combes, the ardent persecutor, who turned thousands of unfortunate Sisters out of France to live or die as they might, has just distinguished himself by writing this most peculiar note in answer to a communication sent him by Sister Julie Bizard, the heroine of Gerbeviller:

Combes and a Sister

VENERATED SISTER JULIE:

I feel that I should be wanting in the most elementary duty of good manners did I not thank you for your post-card and send one in return. It may be that in doing so I shall expose you to the blame of some extravagant persons who will not forgive you for having opened relations with one who is considered as the worst of sectarians. You may console yourself for this by remembering that this sectarian was simply a freethinker who respected sincere beliefs in a spirit of help for the liberty of the individual. In any case this sectarian was happy to meet amid the ruins of Gerbeviller a religious who distinguished herself by her courage and her patriotic abnegation, and to clasp her hand with the utmost cordiality.

From this it appears that Combes has the usual Freethinker's ideas about liberty,—freedom for himself, persecution for all who dare differ from him.

France is still alarmed over its low birthrate. With a view to bettering the deplorable conditions now existing, a Bill has been introduced into the Chamber of Deputies

A Nativity Prize

providing for a "Nativity Prize." For the first and second child every mother is to receive 500 francs each, for the third 1,000 francs, for the fourth 2,000 francs and for every other child 1,000 francs. A father who can present at the Town Hall four children, "the youngest of whom is fifteen years of age and for whose maintenance he has provided since their birth will receive a prize of 2,000 francs." *Rome* considers this very animalesque: it is, and foolish besides, if for no other reason because francs can never take the place of God.

Germany.—Uppermost in the public mind is the recent achievement of the German fleet. Berlin was decked with flags as the news spread through the city and the greatest enthusiasm was aroused. The members of the Reichstag arose when the announcement was made at its sessions by President Kaempf, telling of the "first meeting between our naval forces and the pick of the English fleet." He was wildly cheered during the course of his speech, in which he said:

German Navy Honored

Our young navy gained a great and splendid success. Several of our fine ships have been lost and many brave sailors have perished, but the enemy losses are several times greater than ours. Above all the battle proved that our fleet is able to face the superior British force and gain a victory, for which we salute and thank our navy.

The Imperial Chancellor, in a telegram sent by him to the Commander of the High Seas Fleet, speaks of the pride and enthusiasm prevailing throughout Germany "that the fleet has at last had an opportunity of showing a superior enemy, who considered himself invincible, what Germany's sea-power is and what it can accomplish." The commander, Vice-Admiral Scheer, modestly responded that he hoped the navy would be able "to contribute in part to Germany's value in the world." Vice-Admiral Scheer was appointed in February as successor to Admiral von Pohl. He was for a long period Director of the General Marine Department of the Admiralty and acted as chief of the marine staff for the High Seas Fleet and commander of a battleship squadron. He is looked upon as one of the ablest tacticians in the German navy.

Great Britain.—During the week, the Premier and the Under-Secretary of War, Mr. Tennant, vigorously replied to Colonel Churchill's strictures on the mismanagement of the Army Corps, but not, it would seem, to the complete satisfaction of the former First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Tennant denied that over two hundred thousand men were withdrawn from the ranks to serve as private servants to officers. These men, although not actually in the trenches, were, he stated, required to "take their place in the firing line"; they were employed in the highly important work of moving up the supplies. Referring to the announcement made in the King's message, that more than five million soldiers had been raised voluntarily, Colonel Churchill said that after a careful examination, he had come to the conclusion that about one million, seven hundred thousand of this number could not be accounted for. Moreover, many of the men now in France were but poorly equipped, and in consequence were holding a smaller number of opposing troops than the resources of the nation would justify. "Broadly speaking," said Colonel Churchill, "half the strength of the British army is at home." In reply, Mr. Tennant said that if large forces of men were being kept at home, this was for the purpose of training them; while the Premier gave a new turn to the debate by hinting at the possibility of invasion. He did not think this at all probable; nevertheless, he added:

Colonel Churchill's Criticisms

It is a risk that cannot be left out of account. We must always effectively provide against it, and must be guided by the opinion of those who can fitly decide what number of men are absolutely necessary to render the country secure against invasion.

In conclusion, the Premier stated that the Government was consulting with the military authorities to ascertain the possibility of utilizing at once a larger proportion of the enlisted men for active service.

Ireland.—The *Irish Weekly Independent* informs us that a long statement dealing with the recent uprising was adopted at a meeting of the Irish Party, and a resolution passed, on the lines of Mr. Redmond's plea in the House of Commons, asking for clemency. The members of the party referred to the bitterness caused, among a large section of the Irish people who had no sympathy with the Sinn Feiners, by the executions then taking place, and asked that these should be stopped, and that martial law should be immediately withdrawn. Among other things the statement said:

Statement by the Irish Party

Blood has been shed freely. It is true that Ireland has been bitterly provoked by the growth of a similar revolutionary and illegal movement in another portion of Ireland backed by an army in revolt. A grave responsibility for these events in Dublin rests on the leaders of that movement. Ireland has been shocked and horrified by the series of military executions by military tribunals in Dublin. These things have been done in the face of the incessant and vehement protests of the Irish leaders and these protests will be pressed continually and strongly until the unchecked control of the military authorities in Ireland is abolished.

The statement then makes an appeal to the Irish people to draw the conclusions which the events force upon them, and says that either Ireland is to be given over to unsuccessful revolution and anarchy, or the constitutional movement is to have the full support of the people and go on until it has completed its work. It refers to Isaac Butt's policy after the revolutionary movement of the sixties, and to Parnell's renewal of Butt's plan. The party claims that the constitutional movement won everything the program of Butt, Parnell and the Irish organizations demanded, and then refers to the securing of "the greatest and largest measure of Irish self-government" won by the Irish Party. "If then," says the statement:

the constitutional movement has triumphantly vindicated itself; if, on the other hand, a revolutionary movement has shown itself to be at once futile and disastrous; have we not a right to ask the people of Ireland to stand by the constitutional movement and to uphold it till its entire mission is accomplished? Have we not a right to call upon men in all stations of life in Ireland who have the duty and the power to guide the decisions of the people, to make a strong and united appeal to the people to choose the wise and to oppose the insane course of Irish policy?

The Party then makes this final appeal. The country stands

face to face with the alternative of futile revolution and anarchy or of the maintenance of the constitutional movement by the full and vigorous support of the Irish people. Each Irish Nationalist has to put before himself these alternatives. We have no doubt what the choice of the Irish people will be. But it is on that answer that the constitutional movement and our future conduct must depend. If the people do not want the constitutional movement, they do not want us. Without their active support we should be engaged in an impossible task. With their support we can complete the fabric of Irish reform and Irish liberty which we have been building up for the last half-century; we shall realize all the reforms and all the hopes we and our predecessors in the constitutional movement have held out to them; we shall lead the Irish people into the Parliament House for which they have been praying and working for more than a century.

Just what answer the Irish people will return to this appeal remains to be seen.

Mexico.—On May 31, Eliseo Arredondo, Mexican Ambassador-designate, acting in the name of Carranza, delivered a long and harsh note to our State Department.

Carranza's Note

The communication which was signed by Aguilar, Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, was dated May 22, and contained thirty-four paragraphs, in all about 5,000 words. The note charged the President of the United States with bad faith and demanded the immediate withdrawal of all American troops from Mexican soil or, in lieu of this, requested a satisfactory explanation of the reason why the troops were kept in Mexico "idle and inactive." Apparently the note is to the liking of the bandits; the Governors of the Mexican States telegraphed congratulations to the First Chief, as did many of his generals. Meantime, Mexican troops continue to arrive in Chihuahua. An official report places the number already there at 20,000, an unofficial report puts the number at 50,000. Zapata has become extremely active in the south; his revolution, aided probably by Diaz, is causing concern and, if it continues to gain strength, Obregon will be obliged to send forces from Chihuahua to check its progress, thus lightening the tension in the northern States.

Carranza's latest communication has called forth many letters. Of these the most comprehensive and interesting is the following, written by a man who has

An Estimate of Carranza

lived thirty years in Mexico and has seen every phase of the great revolution now raging there:

The note of Carranza to the United States Government prompts me to address this letter to AMERICA. I have seen the Mexican revolution and the workings of the so-called Carranza Government from the beginning; for that reason the Mexican communication makes me smile. The "First Chief" represents nobody, not even the bandits who follow his banner, and certainly he does not govern the Mexican people. He has established no vestige of orderly rule; he has violated every item of the Constitution which he is pretending to defend; he is kept on hooks by the other factions in Mexico and has no rest. The non-combatants, who are the overwhelming majority of the people, are not governed by him; they are ill-treated and wronged by all the bandits, as the latter go about like ravenous wolves. The Carranza faction is probably more numerous at present than any other faction, but that is due to the fact that its leader has robbed more successfully than others. To call his rule a *de facto* government is to put a premium on robbery. Villa, the bandit of yesterday, became a Napoleon; another robber has become a *de facto* president, but neither of them has established nor can establish a government. Their talk of elections is a farce, and without elections there can be no constitutional rule.

Carranza is an arch-bandit; his robberies are beyond belief, and though he has kept the lion's share of the loot for himself, yet the booty has been great enough to enable him to keep his hungry wolves by his side, though they continually threaten to devour him, if their passions are not satisfied. Carranza's complete sacking of Mexico City and its suburbs is unparalleled in history. Obregon found only the remains of an orgy when he came to pillage. Carranza's acts were particularly audacious because just before entering the capital he signed a treaty to respect the lives and property of the inhabitants. Then he and his generals proceeded to take possession of the great families' residences in the town, over 180 of them, whilst the subordinate officers occupied hundreds of less pretentious houses. That was bad enough, but the worst was to come, and this has never been adequately described by the American press. The robbers deliberately packed up and shipped to their homes, to the United States, to Cuba, even further, all the riches these houses contained. Furniture, pictures, art collections, libraries, all were stolen. The First Chief set a good example; he stole the magnificent library of Pimentel and sent it to Saltillo. This act of banditry must have been known in Washington. An American confidential agent was in Mexico at the time and had personal knowledge of the theft. Another great library met a similar fate, and for three or four days no vehicles were seen on the streets near the railway stations, except vans and trucks loaded with stolen furniture. Under the pretext of removing the capital to Vera Cruz, the government buildings were also stripped of all they contained. Carts stood before the public buildings and were loaded with office furniture of all kinds.

The robbers had an uncontrollable desire to ride in motor cars, and few were the cars that they did not take from their owners. Then, dressed in their American uniforms, they rode furiously through the city, accompanied by their women. Moreover, nearly all the fine horses were stolen. Some people hid their blooded animals in the inner rooms of their houses. The winner of the "Centenary Derby" was hoisted to the roof of a house by his owners. Not even the cab horses escaped, and it was an exciting spectacle to see the "soldiers" trying to lasso the horses as their drivers drove them madly toward the stables to save them. Nothing escaped Carranza's attention; cattle were stolen; cereals were shipped out of the country when famine was at hand, etc. Do not think that the looting has stopped; it has merely taken a different form. Property is now confiscated and blackmail is common. It pays to be a bandit, in Mexico at least.

Carranza may well ignore these truths, as long as he is safe in the keeping of the United States.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Charities Investigation: A Dominican Convent

ON May 31, 1916, I inspected the Asylum of the Sisters of St. Dominic at Blauvelt, New York. I left the institution, I confess, with a certain amount of suspicion. Over night suspicion developed into certainty. High noon of June 1 found me waiting in Weehawken for a West Shore train, and by half-past one I was in the presence of the Superior, Mother Marcella, and of the local Prioress, Mother Dominic. I put my suspicion into words. "Is this story founded on fact?" I asked. And the two ladies, who on the preceding day had seemed so frank and open, were visibly embarrassed.

"We shouldn't like anything of that kind to get into print," said Mother Marcella. "We felt we were obliged to do it," added the Prioress, "but why bring it up again?"

"That is hardly the issue," I insisted. "Is the story true?"

"Yes," answered Mother Marcella. "Yes," said the Prioress. And here is the story in all its blackness.

More than a quarter of a century ago, an epidemic broke out in a Home conducted by these Sisters. True to tradition, the religious devoted themselves to their suffering charges. The little ones whom Christ loved were in danger. In nursing them, five Sisters lost their sight, some temporarily, as Mother Dominic; others permanently. That these little waifs might live, four Sisters laid down their lives. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend." I can find no fit words of comment. None, I think, are needed.

After this narration, redolent of the heroism and sanctity which still pervade the Convent, it is not easy to turn to the refutation of the miserable charges made against these Sisters, and given currency by thoughtless or malicious head-liners. But the unpleasant task is necessary. On June 26, 1914, the Convent was inspected by Deputy Commissioner Doherty, Dr. Reeder, Dr. Bernstein, Miss Robins, Miss McCann and Miss Schmidt. The property of the Convent, they report, "is situated in a delightfully healthful section of Rockland County, and consists of 200 acres of land, a considerable portion of which is utilized to considerable advantage. For the most part, the buildings are so located as to admit of every facility for proper lighting and ventilation" (*Doherty Report, p.* 1). Moreover, "the Sisters in charge of this institution evidence every desire to cooperate with the Department of Public Charities in establishing suitable standards for the care and training of the dependent child committed to private institutions" (*Doherty Report, General Summary*), and the Prioress, Mother Dominic, "is a woman of considerable culture and executive ability" (*p.* 7). It can hardly be assumed that either the climate of Rockland County, the devotion of the Sisters, or the culture of the Prioress, suffered any notable deterioration after the publication of this Report; nevertheless, a "reinspection" was ordered in 1915, and was made on December 21 by that eminent "expert," Mr. Abraham Oseroff. Even this gentleman was forced to the grudging acknowledgment that "the spirit and the vision which determine the policies of the Asylum of the Sisters of St. Dominic, are good," and further, that "in a general way, this institution is doing work of a high grade" (*Oseroff Report, p.* 7). From these two documents, however, the Doherty and the Oseroff Reports, most of the accusations against the Convent were drawn. Some afforded excellent matter for mendacious headlines; others occasioned a flood of crocodile tears, during the hearings of the Strong Commission. But when confronted by the necessity of submitting a brief, bound more or less by the ordinary rules of evidence, Mr. William H. Hotchkiss, counsel for Mr. Kingsbury, allowed his hot eloquence to lapse into a mumble, and chose to urge seven charges against the Convent.

(1) "Another—the Asylum of the Sisters of St. Dominic—had an old carpenter shop converted into a hospital" (*Brief, p.* 35). Where Mr. Hotchkiss got this grotesque idea, is beyond conjecture. Neither in the Doherty nor in the Oseroff Report, is there any trace of it, and the Sisters, unacquainted with the Hotchkiss Brief, never heard of the charge until I told them of it on June 1, on which occasion it was denied emphatically by the Superioress, and by the Prioress who has been connected with the institution for more than a quarter of a century. I saw the hospital in question, and if it was ever a carpenter shop, I bow in lowly reverence before the consummate genius of the transforming architect.

(2) "The inspectors comment on such facts as: That poisonous drugs were found in unlocked closets or in bottles on tables within reach of children—for instance in institutions V, VII, and VIII" (*Brief, p.* 35). "V" refers to St. Dominic's Convent. The Oseroff Report, the most recent, states that the medicine and drug-closets "were found locked and well arranged" (*p.* 12), but as this did not suit Mr. Hotchkiss' rhetoric, he harks back to the Doherty Report of June 26, 1914, in which this criticism was first made (*Doherty Report, p.* 21). The truth is this. *Under oath,* Mother Dominic testified (*Testimony pp.* 3750-3751) "that these closets were *kept locked,* but that on the day of inspection, when the inspectors arrived, she ordered that all the closets be unlocked in order to expedite the work of inspection" (*Bowers Brief, Schedule C, p.* 102). True, there *was* a bottle of bichloride solution, not, however, on a table; but, as the Prioress deposed on oath, on a shelf, *well out of the reach of children.* Moreover, it was not kept there customarily, and as a matter of fact, was in charge of a Sister who was about to use it for disinfecting purposes (*Testimony, pp.* 3751-3752).

These accusations must be dismissed, but not without comment. I doubt if anyone, Mr. Hotchkiss included,

ever seriously intended to prove them. But an "impression" had to be created, and impressions are wiped out only as by a miracle. What was that impression? You read it in the headlines, found it insinuated by lying journalists and pamphleteers: that these white-robed, white-souled Sisters of St. Dominic, these refined and gentle ladies whose lives are an unbroken round of toil and prayer, are in reality, devils of cruelty, who habitually house sick little children, types of utter misery in its most touching and appealing form, in an old carpenter shop, leaving within reach of their tiny hands, bottles and open cases of poison! Save in the pages of a press mad with anti-Catholic hatred, never did New York read a fouler or more malicious falsehood.

(3) "In some institutions, V (St. Dominic's,) . . . as well as in some others, the beds were either found dirty or the bed linen soiled, sometimes torn" (*Brief, p.* 37). This assertion rests on the unsupported testimony of Mr. Abraham Oseroff, and even he did not refer it to the entire institution, as Mr. Hotchkiss does, but to *two* out of *sixteen* dormitories (*Oseröff Report, pp.* 3-4). Nor, save as to St. Dominic's Cottage in which the "head cases" are isolated, does he say that it represents the general condition of the dormitories criticised. He inspected the beds of 637 children (*Report, p.* 9). He asserts that "the beds" in St. Dominic's Cottage were "dirty," that "in the second-floor dormitory of St. Dominic's Cottage, the bed linen *in a number of cases* was filthy," that "in the second-floor dormitory of St. Thomas Cottage, the beds and springs were very dusty, and *some* of the bed linen not clean" (*Report pp.* 3-4, 16). By one brief accusation, however, "in some institutions, e. g., St. Dominic's, the beds were found dirty," etc., Mr. Hotchkiss jumps from the particular to the universal, and writes as if all the children at St. Dominic's habitually slept in filth and rags.

Here again, where is the truth? It can be found, first, in the Doherty Report, made, evidently, before the need of "proof" became acute. "All the dormitories were found clean and well kept" (*p.* 41), and so I found them on May 31, 1916. But what of their condition on December 21, 1915, when subjected to the microscopic eye of Mr. Oseroff? They were clean then too. *Under oath,* the Prioress affirms that "the beds were not dirty . . . that clean linen is supplied throughout the institution every week, and emphatically denied that any of the bed linen was filthy *as stated in the Report*" (*Testimony, p.* 3787). There can be no choice between the unsupported assertions of a fault-finding "expert" and the statements, made under oath, of a Dominican Prioress.

(4) "In one—the Asylum of the Sisters of St. Dominic at Blauvelt—the doctor admitted that he served" about 1,600 persons in two institutions, and "besides that, was attending physician in an Old Folks' Home, did active work in connection with a hospital, and had a large country practice" (*Brief, p.* 41). This is dreadful; yet even the dullest can see that neither 1,600 inmates nor 16,000,000, will ever work a physician overtime, if they do not require his services. This simple truth finally permeated the skull of Mr. Hotchkiss, for after a sneer at Dr. Leitner as a "superman," he adds: "In justification, the doctor at the first institution (Blauvelt) testified (*under oath,* be it remembered) that there had been very little illness among the inmates served by him" (*Brief, p.* 41). On the day of the Doherty inspection, out of a population of 770, but seven were in the infirmary (*Doherty Report, p.* 20, *p.* 23); and of 9,004 children on the institution register, there have been but 34 deaths, 13 of which occurred in one year as a result of measles.

Other accusations in connection with this and charges 1 and 2, were made during the hearings to create the impression that these Sisters shockingly neglect the health of their little charges. Founded on ignorance or malice, they are amply refuted by the sworn testimony of Dr. Leitner (*Testimony, p.* 3802) and are not even referred to in the Hotchkiss brief. Transferred to the headlines, they had served their slanderous purpose; but no decent man could seriously urge them.

(5) "In Institution V (Blauvelt) there were but 200 books for the use of nearly 800 children" (*Brief, p.* 51). At the time of Mr. Oseroff's "reinspection," the Institution counted about 650 children (*Estimate from the Oseroff Report, p.* 9), and Mr. Hotchkiss' "nearly eight hundred" therefore shrinks to this number. Of these 650, something like 275 cannot read; this ability is not expected in babies from two to five years of age. Mr. Hotchkiss' *"nearly eight hundred"* must therefore suffer a further reduction to *"about* 375." But what of the number of books? Mother Dominic deposed on oath (*Testimony, p.* 3771) that "there was a good library of standard works; that there are in use books from the traveling library from which they receive from 100 to 150 books *at a time;* that the institution has about 200 books for the girls *alone* exclusive of the traveling library." Reduced, then, to its proper terms, Mr. Hotchkiss' statement amounts to this: "At Blauvelt there are probably one thousand books for about 375 children." Trifling perhaps; but in the hands of Mr. Hotchkiss and the headliners, an excellent means of scoring a point against the benighted Catholic institutions.

(6) "There is no provision whatever for high school classes" (*Brief, p.* 50). This statement is absolutely untrue. The Doherty Report on which it is founded, says (*p.* 48) that "no provision of any kind has *as yet* been made for *some* of the children." An excellent example of Hotchkiss accuracy. Furthermore, only about ten per cent of the children are of high-school age, and this number is reduced by the fact that some of the children are retarded, a charge urged beyond due limits by Dr. Reeder (*Doherty Report, pp.* 50-51) and Mr. Hotchkiss. Dr. Reeder, however, does not lay the blame on the teaching; he admits that "there are a number of pleasing features in connection with the school work," and "in general a fair degree of success." (*Idem.*) But it is distinctly un-

fair to compare these children with children whose antecedents and environments have been wholly normal. As Sister Cornelia explained (*Testimony, p.* 3815), some of these children are foreigners, and others are from careless or illiterate homes. The wonder is not that retardation is found but that so little of it really exists. Sister Cornelia testified that the school had from twelve to fourteen Regent graduates every year, and that, when discharged, the children could continue in the same grade in outside schools (*Testimony p.* 3815). There is, then, no reason to believe that these devoted and capable Sisters will fail to organize high-school training for all when necessary or even useful, or that its absence under present circumstances may rightfully be turned to their discredit.

(7) The last charge made by Mr. Hotchkiss is tremendous, but it is an "inference" and a very base one at that, rather than a straightforward accusation. "As to the Sister who kept the dental records at the Asylum of the Sisters of St. Dominic. There was a sharp controversy as to whether she had or had not kept the records up to date" (*Brief, p.* 69). Mr. Hotchkiss admits (*Brief p.* 71) "The matter was, as the Commissioner remarked, a small one," and in a sense, it was. No one questioned that the children received proper dental care; but an attempt was made to show that the records had been falsified by the Sisters. Mr. Hotchkiss finally "infers" that they were (*Brief, p.* 72). They were not, and the Prioress swears that they were not. This evidence, however, is not necessary. Considering the value of a Hotchkiss "proof," it is respectfully submitted that a Hotchkiss "inference" is not worth the paper it is written on.

Had I told you at the outset of the twenty blue ribbons for sewing, won at the County Fair by the little girls, and of the many social and religious activities of the school, my picture would not be the inadequate sketch that it is. But I thought it better, as a matter of record, to review the only charges which on sober thought, and on some thought not quite so sober, Mr. Hotchkiss could urge against the institution. Some day I hope to write of the beautiful spirit of devotion which hallows this house of love, of the happiness which I saw written in the faces of the children, of the gentle dignity of those ladies, their protectors, who wear so worthily the spotless habit of the great St. Dominic. As I left the Convent, the music of child-laughter came on the evening breeze across the lawns. Some of the Novices and Sisters were playing with the children in the garden. It was a scene worthy the brush of their own Fra Angelico.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

Little Things and Health

THE United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of the National Government which has charge of the enforcement of sanitary regulations so as to prevent epidemic disease, has recently been insisting on the importance of preventing the multiplication of flies, mosquitoes and certain other insects at this season of the year. A number of our State boards of health have also emphasized the necessity for precautions at this time and have dwelt on the fact that a little prevention now is worth much more than a great deal of effort expended later on in the summer. At the present time very few insects are to be seen, these, however, are the potential progenitors of the swarms that will prove not only annoying, but even dangerous later in the summer. It would be comparatively easy to limit their breeding at the present time, if definite organized efforts were made; while later on the most that can be hoped for is the palliation of a nuisance which has come about as a consequence of neglecting to prevent the insects' reproduction during the spring.

A few years since it was generally considered that at most flies and mosquitoes were a harmless nuisance. Now we know that, excepting contaminated food and drink, they are probably our most dangerous propagators of disease. Flies are particularly hurtful to children and to those suffering from wounds, but undoubtedly they are the carriers of a good many of the lighter infections from which even robust adults suffer during the summer. As has been well said, if the fly could only be taught good manners it would not be so harmful. Unfortunately, however, it has been impossible, thus far at least, to have the flies wipe their feet before they make their way into dwellings. When the dining-rooms have been darkened and the food removed and there is no longer any company for her, Madam Fly, as might be expected perhaps from her sex, makes her way into the highways and byways seeking society and a morsel of food wherever she can obtain it. Uncovered garbage cans, the open mouths of sewers, heaps of refuse of various kinds, midden piles, organic rubbish of all sorts: all these are her favorite stopping-places. The fly disports herself there until toward evening she is pretty well tired and ready to find her way into the house again.

The smell of cooking food seems to be the dinner bell for her and she makes her way to the nearest house. Having walked over all sorts of filthy material during her afternoon rounds, she now proceeds to occupy herself with the food materials at hand. Lumps of sugar offer her an opportunity for mountain climbing and whatever dirt has been accumulated on her feet is gradually deposited on the loaves. She is apt to promenade on the bread, however, and she seems to like to skate on the butter. Whether she has heard that a bath in milk is good for beauty or not remains an unsolved question, but she will often be found immersed in the milk. Unfortunately these organic substances, especially if they are fluid, furnish excellent culture material for any bacteria that she may have brought back on her feet, and, in the course of a comparatively short time, bacteria multiply rapidly enough to make the consumption of such material somewhat dangerous. Probably some of the

sweet preserves act as the same sort of culture medium as milk; hence the ease with which they spoil in the summer-time and the frequency with which they become sources of various infections of the digestive tract, more or less serious according to circumstances.

Babies are particular favorites of the fly, and as babies' hands and mouths and cheeks are usually sticky the insect finds on the child a particularly good hunting-ground. No wonder then that very young children often suffer from digestive disturbances even though all their food may have been thoroughly sterilized or obtained from the maternal fount whence no bacterial infections flow.

These are the dangers from the fly, and the curious thing is that spiders which represented one provision of nature for keeping down the numbers of the fly have become a source of serious suspicion and even of fear and hatred, though the spider, in our climate at least, has never proved dangerous to man unless it had previously been feeding on contaminated flies. We used to pity the poor innocent fly when it was seized and devoured by the awful ogre, the spider, and now we know that the fly deserved no pity, while the spider merits encouragement in its work and not condemnation.

But the fly is not our only insect enemy. For the mosquito is a vehicle, probably the only vehicle, for the transmission of these most serious diseases, yellow fever and malaria. It is very probable that no case of either disease has ever occurred without a mosquito as the intermediary. As flies breed in garbage and other waste material, so the mosquito breeds in stagnant water. In both cases man by his carelessness helps these pests into existence. Not infrequently the question is asked, why Providence allows such diseases and such pests, but a little inquiry usually shows that danger to man from these low forms of life is due to man's negligence, not to God's direct design.

In a recent bulletin of the United States Public Health Service, attention is called to certain beetles which serve to reduce materially the number of mosquitoes. The whirligig beetles *Dineutes* consume the larvæ of anopheles mosquitoes in large numbers. The anopheles mosquito is the special carrier of malaria. One distinguished entomologist, quoted by the "Public Health Reports," says that "no anopheles larvæ have a chance in any bit of water inhabited by these whirligig beetles. Their surface-feeding habit and their tendency to get near the edges of ponds and slow-flowing streams make them especially dangerous to anopheles which fail absolutely to maintain themselves within range of these beetles." Government investigation has shown that the beetles are only successful when conditions are reasonably favorable. The whirligig beetles are rather familiar to most people of observant habits, for they are the small dark oval flattened beetles which float lightly on the surface of woodland pools and sluggish streams, "usually congregated in considerable numbers either resting quietly or performing graceful complex curves around each other, at times darting around and around and yet seemingly never colliding."

Over and over again in the study of insects and their relation to disease, it has been found that an overwhelming outbreak of sickness is usually due to some disturbance of the natural relations of insects to each other. For instance it has been found that certain scaly diseases of the fruit trees can be best overcome by the deliberate introduction of an insect from one of the Eastern countries which, in the particular home of this scaly disease, keeps it under control. When the scale was introduced into this country, however, that particular insect not being here to prevent its growth, it ran wild with serious results to the trees.

In a word, disease has proved to be largely a matter of extremely little things, and prevention a matter of what may appear almost meticulous precautions. Some of the great epidemics of the world have not been due, as was so often thought, to a great cataclysm in the heavens, disorder in the stars or the planets, nor to rotation of the earth in its course through a particularly noxious space, but to minute insects here with us, whose influence was scarcely even suspected. The age-long tradition of the "night air" being bad for human beings has proved to be utterly false in the original meaning of the expression, in spite of a certain element of truth that is in it. As a great sanitarian once said, the only pure air is the night air and as far as possible every person should breathe pure air. The only noxious creature in night air is the mosquito, who knows enough not to go wandering about during the heat of the day when the sun might injure her, but who takes her flights by preference in the evening. The only foundation for the term *malaria*, as it were bad-*airia*, is that the mosquito travels in the night air, and that is bad for men.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Preparedness and the Scriptures

THE pacifist claims that "preparedness" is contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture, and cites Our Lord's saying: "You have heard it said an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil, but if one strike thee on thy right cheek turn to him also the other" (*Matt. v:* 38 and *Luke vi:* 29). Again, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you and pray for them who persecute and calumniate you" (*Matt. v:* 44). The passage from St. Matthew continues as follows: "For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans do this?" And again, "Be you therefore perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect (*Matt. v:* 46; 48).

It will be observed that what is enjoined is love of our fellow-men, even though they be our enemies, and bearing injuries with patience and tolerance, and this is undoubtedly the fundamental law of the Gospel. Our Lord

cites the criminal code of Moses as set forth in Exodus, Leviticus and Deuteronomy, which provided for the punishment by the State of individuals: the punishment being the infliction of the same injury upon the aggressor as he inflicted upon his victim.

The reference is made by way of antithesis and the whole phrase in its setting bears witness that the antithesis was used not so much to impose a reversal of the old law of the State as to emphasize the contrast between the old underlying idea of revenge and the new conception of love for one's neighbor. Indeed if the mere surface intent as indicated by the words alone were to rule in the interpretation, then might it also rule in the other precepts to be found in the same chapter such as, "If thy right eye scandalize thee pluck it out and cast it from thee," and, "If thy right hand scandalize thee cut it off and cast it from thee." These words, therefore, simply convey a counsel of perfection: without its observance *according to the spirit* there can be no thought of reward, and its ultimate aim is "to be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

And Our Lord's own example refutes the idea that we should always and in all cases "turn the other cheek." His neighbors at Nazareth on one occasion thrust Him out of the city and brought Him to the brow of the hill that they might cast Him down headlong, but He passing through the midst of them went His way (*Luke iv:* 30). What does this mean but that He resisted them? Whether by natural or supernatural means does not alter the question. Again when the servant of the High Priest said to Him at His trial, "Answerest thou the High Priest so?" and struck Him a blow, He did not turn the other cheek, but remonstrated with him at the injustice of the act. "If I have spoken evil give testimony of the evil, but if well why strikest thou me?" According to a literal interpretation of the precept, St. Paul must indeed have offended grievously when the High Priest Ananias caused them that stood by to strike the Apostle in the mouth (*Acts, xxiii*), for instead of offering his cheek he retorted, "God shall strike thee, thou whited wall"!

But it is said Our Lord discountenanced the use of force, and "preparedness" is a reliance upon force. Considered apart from any special circumstances I find no authority in Our Lord's teaching for so bald a proposition. We know for a fact that He used force in driving the money-changers from the Temple (*John ii:* 15). We know also that though the centurion expressly avowed his profession, he was not only *not* rebuked because of it, but he was accorded a great miracle on account of his faith. We know also that Our Lord publicly recognized the State and the duty the citizen owed to it, when He sanctioned rendering to Cæsar what belonged to him, even though the State of that day maintained its power among the nations by military rule. And He even cited the use of force by way of illustration (*Luke xi:* 21, 22; *Matt. xii:* 29; *Mark iii:* 27) to exemplify His teaching especially with regard to preparedness.

In all this there is nothing that opposes the love of one's neighbor. The father chastises the child *because* he loves it. The State bears no enmity to the citizen in protecting itself against his infringement of the law; neither need it bear enmity against a foreign aggressor. The State springs from the natural order. It is organized society and must have the power of self-preservation. It exercises this power as regards its internal order through the police, and as regards its external relations through its army and navy. In both cases the only ultimate remedy is force, and it would be folly in either case for the State to wait until its peace is threatened before taking steps to preserve it. All men are not disposed to justice. Passion, greed and other evil instincts are to be reckoned with in nations as well as in individuals. Patience and toleration are enjoined upon the nation as well as upon the individual, but Our Lord never taught that organized society should voluntarily yield to the rule of evil. Therefore while His words above quoted are to be taken by both State and individual as embodying the fundamental principle of human conduct, and followed by both even to the extent of self-repression as occasion may offer and circumstances permit, they are not to be interpreted as incompatible with the social order; and so long as a nation acts within the sphere of justice and upon the principle of self-preservation, as I read the Scripture, it is not only permissible but actually imperative under the Christian Dispensation for it to adopt such measures as may be reasonably deemed effective to that end.

J. PERCY KEATING.

Fordham University's Diamond Jubilee

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, a Catholic, whose name is a synonym for sane but fearless militancy, carried out a long-cherished scheme. He was the Coadjutor-Bishop of New York, although even at that date he was marked as its future Archbishop. Already he was planning to enter the lists against the Public School Society, a private organization which, to the marked detriment of Catholic interests, was controlling the elementary education of the city; but the time had not yet come to measure his strength with theirs, although a few years later he did do so with the result that the present *modus vivendi* was established, not indeed to the complete satisfaction of the Church but at least on a basis that ensures gratifying freedom in both management and curriculum. That the fervor and intensity of Catholicism in the diocese would be in direct proportion to the care expended on the early religious formation of its children, John Hughes realized to the full; but in the year 1841 there was a more fundamental necessity, paradoxical as it may seem, engrossing his attention.

Hardly had he been consecrated before he came to the conclusion that if Catholics were to take their share in the civic and moral life of the community over whose spiritual destinies he had been given some control, if they were to be reckoned with in the administration of government and were to be listened to in the direction of municipal affairs, they must be afforded easy means of obtaining a thorough training in literature, art, science and philosophy, so that they might make themselves the equals, intellectually, of their fellow-citizens. The Catholics under his jurisdiction were not enjoying the affluence nor exercising the influence to which they had not only the right but the duty to

aspire. Had it been mere college training that was required to remedy conditions, he need not have troubled himself, for Columbia had an efficient staff of professors and was within easy access of the more populous part of the diocese. What the diocese needed was not so much educated Catholics, as representative Catholics, men, that is, who would be Catholics in very truth, constant in the pursuit of Christian ideals and competent to give a reason for the faith that was in them. For the formation of Catholics of this type, a college was required that should impart solid learning, giving before all else an adequate course in true philosophy and sound apologetics, while instinct and permeated with the subtle atmosphere of a lively faith.

There was no such institution in his diocese, and so the courageous and undaunted John Hughes set himself with characteristic thoroughness to found one. In view of the meager resources at his disposal it was a daring thing to do, but the Bishop was not a man to be frightened by difficulties. He first took care to find a suitable site, and this he secured in the fairest portion of the beautiful manor that is quaintly described in the Westchester records as "upon the main continent situate, lying and being to the Eastward of Harlem River, near unto ye passage commonly called Spiting Devil, upon which ye New Dorp or Village is erected, known by the name of *Fordham.*" The property, then as for many years later, bore the name of Rose Hill, a name not so familiar to later generations but endeared by fond memories to older students. It was here that Bishop Hughes gave hostages to fortune when, three-quarters of a century ago, he threw open the doors of St. John's on the feast and under the patronage of St. John the Baptist.

Six years passed. And then a group of friends and well-wishers journeyed by rough and crooked ways far beyond the outskirts of old Manhattan to be present at the graduation exercises. It was the second occasion of the kind, and not the first, as the *Herald* erroneously stated the following day, but it was more important than the first on account of the publicity that attended the pledge given to the country by the vice-president of the college in the name of the diocese and the faculty. Three young men received the diploma of bachelor of arts. In the course of the presentation speech, Father John Larkin, S.J., spoke as follows:

> Gentlemen: Let me impress upon your minds that by asking for and receiving the academic honors you enter into a solemn and public engagement to show yourselves worthy of the distinction which is conferred on you. This distinction is conferred upon you, not in our name, but in the name and by the authority of the Republic, and to the Republic both we and you are responsible. If the Republic invests us with a discretionary power to decorate with these distinctions those whom we judge worthy, it expects, and it has a right to expect, that they should show themselves on all occasions, in word and in deed, friends of law and order, defenders of truth and justice, supporters of sound morality.

Why Father Larkin invoked the authority of the Republic is not quite clear, for he certainly knew that it was the State and not the Federal Government that had passed, on April 10, 1846, the Act of Incorporation, by which St. John's College was given a legal status, the rank of university and the power to confer degrees in theology, law, medicine and arts. Perhaps the reason was that in those days citizenship in the Union was the absorbing privilege, for State rights had not yet become clamorous for recognition. More probably, however, the vice-president was so keenly alive to the glorious memories that clung to the spot where he spoke, that for the moment the lesser loyalty was obscured by the greater. For Fordham, then as now, was holy ground, redolent of deeds of heroism wrought in the days when patriots were founding the Republic. What is now the college property was not only familiar to General Washington and his staff, but according to cherished and credible tradition, one of the college buildings, still standing in 1847, had served as the headquarters of the great Commander-in-Chief in the anxious days that followed the landing of the British at Throgg's Neck in the autumn of 1776.

This much, however, is certain: the words spoken by the vice-president in the name of the faculty, at the second graduation, voiced not only the ideals of the Jesuits, but the aspirations of its founder as well; for one of the first things that the Fathers of the Society of Jesus had done, when in response to the invitation of Bishop Hughes they had come from St. Mary's, Kentucky, to assume charge of the studies, was to issue a prospectus, in which it was declared that the college "shall be conducted on the same principles as heretofore"; and about the founder's devotion to the Flag there can be no doubt, as even the Government at Washington thought the prelate's advice worth having in matters of State and asked him to undertake diplomatic missions.

So to train its students that they would become "friends of law and order, defenders of truth and justice, supporters of sound morality," such was the pledge given by Fordham University in the days when it was known as St. John's. It has kept its pledge for three-quarters of a century. It has not changed since 1841 except with the change that comes with years. Its elms are taller and more venerable, the sweep of old Rose Hill has been softened by the winds of many winters, its buildings have multiplied, some of its historic relics have yielded to the ravages of time and some of its wide acres have been turned into a public park; brilliant gowns of doctors in law and medicine and literature give color to faculty gatherings that once were somber with Black Robes alone; from the most insignificant of Catholic universities it has grown into the largest, with one possible exception, in the entire English-speaking world. In all these things Fordham glories, but its greatest source of satisfaction is this, that throughout these many years it has been faithful to ideals.

It has steadily refused to become commercialized, it has not yielded to the recurrent novelties that have wrecked so much of our higher education, it has held out against insistent pressure to abandon time-honored standards, it still reserves its distinctions for those of whom it has well-grounded assurance that they will "show themselves on all occasions, in word and in deed, friends of law and order, defenders of truth and justice, supporters of sound morality."

From the days of its first faculty, five of whom subsequently became bishops, and of these five two became archbishops, down to the present day, Fordham has kept its ideals clear and its traditions undimmed; and throughout this long lapse of time, it has asked no other privilege but to wear out, for God and country, the lives of its teachers, and then to let them rest, unknown and forgotten, in the little college graveyard. Nor has it looked to any other recompense beyond the growing list of the generals, statesmen, jurists, physicians, scientists, educators, clergymen, financiers, businessmen, journalists and other representatives in both private and public walks of life, who under St. John's fostering care learned to be sober and pure, strong and gentle, honorable, honest and unfaltering in fidelity to the trusts given them by God and man.

Fordham has gone far towards paying the debt it owes to the country, and especially to the metropolis; for many parts of our land are better for the presence of Fordham men, but none more strikingly than New York itself, where its graduates have consistently thrown their influence on the side of right and order and have served in the highest offices within the gift of city, State and Church. The first Cardinal of New York and of the United States was a Fordham man, not indeed a student but its first president. This is a source of pride that is eminently just; but Fordham has a still greater reason for pride. The present Cardinal of the same metropolitan see, his

Eminence, John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, is also a Fordham man, the most illustrious of her living sons, and the most distinguished of all her sons, whether living or dead.

Fordham's jubilee will mean much to all her children, but we fancy that it will have its keenest interest for this venerable prelate. No one, it is safe to say, has so many ties with the college as he has. His life and hers began almost together, for he too is completing his seventy-fifth year; few if any have associations with her that antedate his; no one has been entrusted with so long-standing, so uninterrupted and so varied a supervision over her welfare as he. In all her history no one's interests have been more intimately associated with hers than his. Others, teachers, presidents, prelates have come and gone, but he and she, the Cardinal and the college, have worked side by side almost since their days began, always intent on the same purpose, always striving for the same end. He has graced more of her festivals than has any other living man; joys and sorrows have been common to both; his aspirations have been hers, her hopes have been his. They have grown gray in the service of the Lord, the years of their lives have run along, literally, together. It is well, therefore, that Cardinal Farley should preside in his seventy-fifth year at Fordham's Diamond Jubilee, that his high estate, silver hairs and scarlet cap should be the crown of the garnered glories of her seventy-five honorable years. Who is so fit to congratulate her for the three-quarters of a century of labor that is behind her, and to wish her God-speed for the centuries of service, let us hope, that are yet to come? J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of Cincinnati

AMONG American cities rich in Catholic interest Cincinnati is noteworthy. While not among its first settlers, Catholics early began to drift in, and when, in 1814, the Rev. Edward Fenwick, who, in 1806, had founded a convent of his Dominican Order in St. Rose, Kentucky, and who had extended his missionary work into Ohio, passed through the settlement on his way to Somerset, he found a congregation of about seven families awaiting him. Far removed from church and priest, it was the custom of these Irish pioneers to meet regularly in the home of one Michael Scott for devotions; and in his house, which stood in Walnut Street, below Fourth Street, the first Mass in Cincinnati was celebrated. About four years later Bishop Flaget visited Cincinnati, then a part of his Diocese of Bardstown, which embraced five States and two immense Territories, and advised them to build a church, promising to send them a priest.

The first settlers of Cincinnati were chiefly Presbyterians, and their hatred of the Church stamped their conduct in the framing of an ordinance, which forbade the building of a Catholic place of worship within the confines of the town; hence, when the Right Rev. Edward Fenwick, O.P., came, in 1822, to take possession of the newly erected See of Cincinnati, he found his cathedral church outside of his episcopal city. It stood in a territory known, and significantly, as the North Liberties. This first cathedral in Ohio and the second in the West was built of logs, which had been cut on the farm of William Reilly, at Alexandria, Kentucky. Adjoining the church, the little band of Catholic pioneers laid out their first God's Acre.

When, years afterward, this site passed into the hands of the Franciscan Fathers, with reverent care they gathered up the ashes of those pioneers of the Faith, and placed them in the vault under their church of St. Francis Assisi, whose twin towers rise above a populous district, almost entirely Catholic. A large, modern parochial school, the College of St. Francis Seraph, and many societies for the varied works of the parish, attest how well religion is fostered in the spot where, in poverty and persecution, it was planted almost a century ago. A short distance away are the large church, parish house and school of St. John, also in charge of the Franciscans; for the handful of seed has yielded a wonderful harvest.

On his return from Europe, in 1825, whither he had gone to beg for his poor diocese, the Bishop purchased a more convenient site at the corner of Seventh and Sycamore Streets, to which the log church was removed, on the repeal of the benighted ordinance. The growth of the congregation soon necessitated a new building, and the old church was converted in 1829 into a seminary. In 1831, the Athenæum, a college and preparatory school for boys, was built, both institutions being taught by the priests of the cathedral. The education of girls was first in charge of Poor Clares from Belgium, who opened a school in 1826. While the venture was successful, seventy pupils being enrolled the first year, the Sisters did not remain in Cincinnati. In 1829 a little band of Sisters of Charity, from Emmitsburg, Maryland, entered the diocese, and opened an orphan asylum and free school.

When Bishop Purcell, who succeeded to the see on the death, from cholera, of Bishop Fenwick in 1832, determined to build a new cathedral, the property was transferred, in 1840, to the Jesuits. Instead of the little cathedral, there now rises the splendid church of St. Francis Xavier, mother of many parishes; and from the Athenæum has grown St. Xavier College, crowned with three-quarters of a century of exalted work for Church and State. Its large parochial school offers free education to the children of the Greek, the Syrian, the Italian, as well as to the descendants of its Irish and German founders. A Home for Newsboys and Working Boys, founded by Miss Margaret McCabe, in conjunction with the late Rev. John Poland, S.J., is nearby; while in Broadway, is the Sacred Heart Home for Working Girls, also founded by Miss McCabe. A Day Nursery in Pioneer Street, the first for Catholics in the city, is conducted by members of the parish, extending the social work of the Fathers and the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Belonging also to the parish is St. Thomas Church. Originally a Baptist church, almost the entire congregation went over when Alexander Campbell, with his new doctrine, appeared in Cincinnati; and it was in this church (1837) the famous debate between himself and Bishop Purcell took place, which resulted in detaching from Dr. Campbell many of his new converts. On the removal of the Campbellite congregation to Eighth and Walnut Streets, the property was leased, in 1853, by Archbishop Purcell, and was bought by the Jesuits some years later. Rome followed the Campbellites and their second home is now the Church of St. Louis, in the heart of the business district. There, during Lent and on every Friday of the year, noonday services are held, which attract large crowds.

Near St. Xavier Church, in Sixth Street, is a venerated building, the convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, who, in 1840, laid there the first American foundation of their Order. At Third and Lytle Streets, for the vicinity of the old cathedral is historic ground, is another birthplace of note. There stood the home of Mrs. Sarah Peters, who, on her conversion, devoted her life and her wealth to the works of the Church. One of her luminous acts was the introduction, in 1858, of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, to whom she turned over her home, reserving only a few rooms for herself. The Sisters conduct the St. Mary Hospital, in Betts Street, and the Home for Incurables in Fairmount; while many other cities are blessed by their work among the sick poor. In Lock Street stands the old Good Samaritan Hospital. It was the gift of two non-Catholic

gentlemen, Joseph Butler and Lewis Worthington, to Sister Anthony, who, through her deeds on the battlefields and in the hospitals during the War between the States, earned the title of the "Florence Nightingale of America." The Good Samaritan Hospital, now grown into a magnificent new building in Clifton, is one of her monuments in the diocese, into which she came among the first of Mother Seton's daughters.

Cincinnati's third and present cathedral at Eighth and Plum Streets, is an object of interest for all who love art, while from the historic and religious point of view it is equally appealing. It is of Grecian architecture, with a spire of 220 feet, springing from a colonnade of eighteen freestone columns, thirty-three feet in height and three and one-half feet in diameter. Its famous chime of bells and great clock were the gift of the Catholic philanthropist, Reuben Springer, who contributed largely toward the building of the cathedral. All the Catholic institutions of his time shared his benefactions, while his gifts to the city were many, among the latter being its Music Hall, one of the largest in the world. The genius of Hiram Powers adorns the cathedral, in a pair of adoring angels on the main altar; while its collection of paintings is renowned. Notable among these is a Murillo, representing the deliverance of St. Peter by an angel. It was one of the four masterpieces taken from Spain by the French during the Peninsular War, and was given to Bishop Fenwick by Cardinal Fesch.

The cathedral, begun in 1841 and consecrated in 1845, was one of the many great accomplishments of Archbishop Purcell. On Price Hill he built a diocesan seminary, St. Mary's of the West, (located, since 1904, at Cedar Point, Hamilton County) and drew to it men of learning and sanctity. With a few exceptions, all the Religious Orders that bless the diocese were introduced by him; churches and schools multiplied, and an ever-increasing Catholic population revered him as their spiritual father. Then came the great financial crash, and as with his Divine Master, the cup of sorrow was held to his lips. In the seclusion of the Ursuline Convent, in Brown County, he drained it to the dregs, dying there July 4, 1883. But under his successors, the late Archbishop Elder, and the Most Rev. Henry Moeller, now happily ruling, the old diocese rose out of disaster, and continues its mission, with renewed strength and greater prosperity.

Holy Trinity, Cincinnati's second church, was built in 1834, and is the mother of the German parishes of the city. It had for its first pastor the Rev. John Martin Henni, afterward first Archbishop of Milwaukee. It was also the first church to maintain a parochial school. The church and school were burned in 1852. At the dedication of the new church, January 1, 1854, Mass was sung by Archbishop Bedini, Papal Nuncio to Brazil, who, though the guest of Archbishop Purcell, had been attacked a week before by a Know-Nothing mob. Bent on destroying the cathedral rectory and murdering the distinguished prelate, they were halted by the swift action of Catholics and other citizens and prevented from committing the crime. The present pastor of Old Trinity is the Right Rev. Mgr. Windthorst, nephew of Ludwig Windthorst, the great German leader. Another historic church is St. Patrick's, Third and Mill Streets, built in 1850, and which numbered among its pastors, the future Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia, Bishops Gilmour of Cleveland and Quinlan of Mobile.

In West Fourth Street stands the former home of the Sisters of Mercy, who entered Cincinnati in 1858. In the War between the States, these Sisters acted as nurses, and turned their convent into a hospital, while it became a relief station during the Spanish-American War. In it, too, the Sisters nursed the cholera patients, when plague devastated the city. It is now the temporary home for the Catholic Mission for the Deaf, while the conventual Church of the Atonement is used by the Syrian congregation.

Toward the east, on Cincinnati's most famous hilltop, stand the Immaculata and Holy Cross churches. This height, known as Mount Adams, is reached from Third Street by two long flights of steps, up which thousands of the devout make a pilgrimage on Good Friday to the Church of the Immaculata. Formerly on Mount Adams stood the Cincinnati Observatory. When its cornerstone was laid, in 1843, the principal address was delivered by ex-President John Quincy Adams, who, as reported, congratulated the city that upon that lofty height had been set the beacon of true science, which should never be obscured by the dark shadow of superstition, symbolized by the Popish cross. Archbishop Purcell, hearing the vain boast and knowing science is never so true as when in the company of religion, determined the two should occupy the hill together. Directly across from the Observatory he built a church, which he dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and to the charge of which he called the Passionist Fathers. In the course of time the Observatory was removed to Mount Lookout, and the building was purchased by the Passionists and converted into a monastery. Beside it they built a little frame church, monastery and church bearing the name of Holy Cross. Years ago the old Observatory and little chapel gave place to a new monastery and church; and when day breaks over the city its first rays illumine the two cross-crowned steeples of Mount Adams, and at night the electric light of the Immaculata tells of the Faith that fails not.

ANNA C. MINOGUE.

COMMUNICATIONS

Expediency or Principle

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I trust that Mr. P. Scanlan of Brooklyn, N. Y., will experience no feelings of keen disappointment at not finding in subsequent issues of your paper, replies to the closing question of his very interesting letter, which appeared in the issue of May 27. It seems to me, from careful observation, that far too few of your readers take enough lively interest in the many important questions which are placed before them by your contributors, to trouble themselves with either reply or comment. It is a pity that this is so, because this apparent apathy is responsible for the loss of immeasurable good which might be effected. I think that Mr. Scanlan must have had a similar thought in mind when he wrote his letter, because he mentions an indifference which he calls criminal. This is a severe indictment, but doubtless your correspondent is an observer of events, and in addition is absolutely unselfish, and devoid of self-seeking. He must be, and for this reason, he has a claim on the admiration and affection of all red-blooded men. The closing paragraph of Mr. Scanlan's letter is very pertinent. It merited careful reading. To live, to fight, and if need be, to die for principle is a doctrine essentially Catholic, too often forgotten, but as eternal as truth itself. Men dominated by such principles, are always lovers of good, and despisers of evil, irrespective of the personality and the position of those who perpetrate the evil.

The happy illustration in the illuminating paragraph to which I have referred, suggests a thought which is worthy of our consideration. It is this. If that Catholic sense, to which Mr. Scanlan referred, and if that fighting spirit whose need he pointed out, ever become popular among Catholics, will the possession of them operate to eradicate absolutely the too fond practice of *substituting expediency for principle?* If they do, then assuredly we cannot hope too fondly for the advent of the day, wherein the needed change will take place. We need, not so much a

"Catholic sense" that will be sensitive to insult, as an unwavering adherence to the Catholic doctrine, that in the conflict between expediency and principle, principle must always take precedence. How different seems the practice from the theory; how pressing the necessity of making the needed reformation, how urgent the invitation and the call of the hour, to quit playing politics, and to get down to a sober sense of our true responsibility, both as regards the defense of our rights and the advancement of our interests along the lines of constructive work. I respectfully congratulate Mr. Scanlan on his letter, and I trust that a reading of it has produced results that later on may find expression in your columns.

Dorchester, Mass. JAMES D. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a very timely communication to AMERICA, P. Scanlan emphasizes the necessity of concerted efforts on the part of Catholics to defend the Church against the attacks of her enemies. Far-seeing men and women have long felt the need of such efforts. In the opinion of the writer a Catholic press bureau, with branches in all our cities and towns, is really indispensable as long as we have not our own Catholic daily papers. One of the principal objects of this press bureau would be the writing of reasonable letters of protest to the papers that attack the Church or Catholic institutions, and the providing of our own people with an abundance of cheap but first-class literature on Christian apologetics and Catholic social reform. But what we Catholics in the United States are chiefly in need of is an organization, *not on paper only,* of all our Catholic men and women, a vigorous nation-wide organization for *defensive* and *constructive* purposes. It is to be hoped that the Catholic Convention, which is to take place in New York from August 20 to August 24, will inaugurate a new era of Catholic activities, and prove a first step toward carrying out the injunctions of the Holy See with regard to Catholic organization and social work.

New York. FRANCIS M. SCHIRP.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was intensely interested by the letter of P. Scanlan in your issue of May 27, headed "A Legion of Defense." That communication rings true. It hits the thinking men of our Faith, who whilst taking pride in asserting our numerical strength, are indifferent to the slander, ridicule and abuse to which we are continually subjected. I agree with him that "we must grasp this serpent of bigotry, grapple with it, strangle it." The writer, in viewing the problem from a businessman's standpoint, believes the first requisite is to provide ways and means in the shape of money that "A Legion of Defense" may be formed with ample working capital to handle the problem in all its ramifications, and they are many.

I believe, without going into details as to what form the organization should take as to directorships, executive committees, etc., that there should be in this country 10,000 men who feel like the writer and would contribute $100.00 each, making a total of $1,000,000, to be invested, as it can be invested, to bring in annually an income of $50,000. This sum could then be utilized for the purposes of "A Legion of Defense." The writer would gladly contribute $100.00 to such an organization. It should not be difficult to raise that sum if a proper presentation and appeal were made to the men of our Faith in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, New Orleans, San Francisco, etc. I should like to see something practical shape itself out of Mr. Scanlan's letter.

Philadelphia. J. P. REILLY.

A School for Social Workers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The president of one of our Catholic Women's Leagues has called my attention to the article on "The Training of Social Workers," that appeared in AMERICA for April 22. In the course of his article Mr. Somerville refers to courses of instruction for the Catholic social worker, but fails to include in his list the American Academy of Christian Democracy, which was opened in September, 1915, by Rev. Peter E. Dietz, Secretary of the Socal Service Commission of the Catholic Federation. The Academy, situated at Hot Springs, in the mountains of North Carolina, was founded to train Catholic women for scientific social service. As Mr. Somerville points out, there is much in the "new science and practice of philanthropy that Catholics cannot accept," and there are many young Catholic workers who are not aware of the character of the latest propaganda of so-called philanthropists. To meet this situation the courses of the new Academy include the study of social science on the principles laid down by Pope Leo in his Encyclical on the "Condition of the Working Classes," also a practical study of charities and social service.

Mr. Somerville asks, "Should not social work be regarded as a special vocation, needing a special test and training, something corresponding to a novitiate?" To aid in developing just such a realization of the serious import of social work, a site for the Academy has been selected that is removed from the distractions of the large cities. Community life, daily Communion, and opportunity for concentration of thought facilitate the attainment of firmness of purpose and strengthen religious motives. It is unfortunate that Mr. Somerville did not know of the Academy.

Hot Springs, N. C. MARGARET TUCKER.

Dr. Badé's Book

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for May 20, Father O'Neill took exception to a statement I had made in regard to Dr. Badé's "The Old Testament in the Light of Today"; and wrote that the book "*has not been introduced* as a text-book into the University of California." In your issue of May 27, I made reply that my statement had been based on the authority of the publishers' book-notice, sent to reviewers. Meanwhile I requested the publishers to let me know what professor of the University of California made use of the book in his class-work. The subjoined reply is of interest in the cause of truth, and as a caution:

May 22, 1916

REVEREND WALTER DRUM, S.J.,
WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
WOODSTOCK, MARYLAND.

REVEREND DEAR SIR:

We have your letter of May 17th inquiring in regard to the use of Badé's "Old Testament in the Light of Today" at the University of California. Professor Gayley of the University of California is using this book in connection with his course in Old Testament. If you will refer to the issue of the *Pacific* published January 26, 1916, you will find an extended notice of the use of Dr. Badé's book in Professor Gayley's course, and a number of comments in regard to the book.

Yours very truly,
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY.

Catholic parents have little regard for the faith of their children, if they fail in salutary fear of Professor Gayley and such men as use Dr. Badé's writings.

Woodstock, Md. WALTER DRUM, S.J.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1916

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Mr. Carranza

OUR friend, Mr. Carranza, has just read the United States a plain lesson which includes a half-threat to spank Uncle Sam unless he meets Mexican demands forthwith. The situation is interesting. By the beneficent, uplifting power of our country an ingenious liar surrounded by a group of bandits who live by outlawry of the most primitive kind was seated in the shaky saddle of power. And every time the official donkey became naughty and sent its heels on high, the soothing hand of Uncle Sam stroked the beast gently and saved the rider from a fall. Meanwhile the rider's friends ravaged the country; up and down the fair land they went, blaspheming God, outraging women, looting and closing churches, plying the trade, in other words, of demons. And when Mexico became too small for their choice occupations they, or somebody very much like them in thought and act, slipped into the United States and murdered inoffensive Americans. Uncle Sam stroked his beard once, twice, but not thrice. He sent his army across the border to punish the murderers whom Carranza would not or could not restrain.

The man on the donkey saw his chance; his beast was getting blind and weak; despite foreign help it would fall in a heap soon, and the "First Chief" would go down with it to ignominy. Mr. Carranza must have a new prop; a home-made prop this time; a note to the United States would fetch it. So the note has come, impudent, but clever, every paragraph of it. Mexico is on the offensive, the United States is on the defensive. There's the whole result of nearly four years of parley: Mexico submerged in barbarism, a note from a group of bandits that puts this great country in the position of defending itself before men who blaspheme God, outrage girls, murder women, loot homes and churches, drive the flower of their land into exile, and hold the American people up to scorn.

An Era of Strikes and Lockouts

WHILE Europe is in the grip of a world-war, America is passing through a series of internal conflicts unusual in their number and magnitude. Over a thousand strikes and lockouts occurred throughout the United States during the past six months. It would be impossible to assign a common economic reason for all of them. Most of the 268 labor disturbances which marked the month of April alone, involving cessation of work on the part of 300,000 men, are ascribed by the Department of Labor to the shortage of workers and the enormous demands to fill war orders. This would imply that labor had seized the favorable opportunity to set its own terms. In cases where great fortunes are accumulated in war profits it could readily be foreseen that the laborers would insist upon a share in the spoils. The wages thus paid have reacted upon other industries that could ill afford to offer the same high salaries to their men. Yet this can be given as a partial explanation only, though the largest number of strikes has actually occurred in the metal trades, which were most directly influenced by war orders.

In connection with the lockout and strike of the 60,000 garment workers in New York City, a signed statement was issued by twenty-four Columbia University professors who had studied the question from the standpoint of economics and political science. "Our conclusion, after careful consideration," they said, "is that the Manufacturers' Protective Association broke its two-year agreement, which still had more than a year to run, without other justification than the fear that the agreement might thereafter be broken by the union, at a time less favorable to the manufacturers' interests." While this opinion has favored the garment workers, the manufacturers have been called upon by the press to offer evidence that they are in the right.

But the papers evince a strong opposition to another class of workers. For some time past the trainmen's demand for still higher wages, with the alternative of a country-wide strike if their demand is refused, has been pending. Their rate of pay is said to have increased relatively faster than that of the other railroad workers, who receive far lower wages, while the burden of the increase in salaries will probably have to be borne in great part by the public. The carriers' demand for arbitration has hitherto not been favorably received by the men. The latest strike of vast proportions is that of the 10,000 longshoremen of every American port of the Pacific, affecting practically all the shipping.

It is evident therefore that as these strikes are carried on in many fields of industry, their causes are various. There is a lack of confidence on both sides, often well founded; and a desire for the greatest possible gains, not seldom irrespective of the common good. Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost is the natural maxim of classes as of individuals when religion has

been banished or is practically ignored. It would be unjust, however, to launch indiscriminate accusations against either employers or laborers, for much that is good and excellent can be found on both sides; but where religion fails to be the dominating principle, whether in commerce or in industry or in private life, the inexorable law will assuredly make itself felt, that it is an evil and a bitter thing for men to have left the Lord their God.

The Turk and the Armenian

TARLAAT BEY is the Turkish Minister of the Interior and consequently he is in the way of being a diplomat. This may account for his recent statement that the Armenian outrages are under investigation with a view to the punishment of those who committed the awful atrocities. But where the need of a long and laborious search into the causes of the crimes that have been committed against the poor unfortunate Christians who are obliged to carry the Turkish yoke? Nothing can justify the savagery of which the Armenians have been victims. They were traitors? The Turks have been slow to make known their treason. The Ottoman at first boasted that the subject tribe had been dealt such a blow that its talk of autonomy would not be heard for another half-century, then, when the civilized world cried out against his blood-lust, he denied that cruelty had been exercised, denied that horrors had been perpetrated, but now, at this late day, the crimes, out of which forsooth Armenian sympathizers are making political capital, are under investigation! The Armenians were guilty of treason? The children, too, the poor little babies who were slain in their mother's arms? The Armenians were guilty of treason? The young girls also, who were carried into captivity to meet a fate worse then death? The Armenians were guilty of treason? The whole tribe in the Asiatic provinces, old men, old women, little boys and girls who were driven like beasts into the mountains and deserts, there to perish?

Granted that treasonable acts had been done. In God's name, can that be offered in explanation, much less in justification, of actions from which even beasts refrain? The reason for the atrocities against the Armenians is that the Turk is as ever, just a Turk. But the blood of his 500,000 victims is calling to God for justice.

The Light Eater's Self-Righteousness

"HE that eateth not, let him not judge him that eateth," was St. Paul's excellent advice to those Christians of Rome who had scruples about partaking of meat that had been offered to idols. The Apostle's counsel is timely still. For we always have with us "weak" Christians who "eat herbs," very ostentatiously and then yield to the temptation of self-righteousness. Just because they are content to breakfast, for instance, on a little fruit and a light cereal must they harbor feelings of disdain for their more earthy fellow-pilgrims who prefer coffee and chops? Always to fare sparingly and still to keep humble is by no means easy. The man who does not at all relish divers viands of which his frailer neighbors are fond is prone to leave the table with a proud look and to despise in his heart those who seem to need more nourishment than he. To be winning and attractive the virtue of abstemiousness must be accompanied by true humility and a sweet temper. Spare fast, the Puritan poet assures us, "oft with gods doth diet," but those celestial banquets should not be allowed to impair one's domestic amiability.

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" is the question that lovers of good cheer have time out of mind put to the abstemious, for the latter apparently are always assumed to be self-righteous and censorious. But that should not be. Better is it indeed to feast with humility than to fast with pride. If tarrying a little longer at the breakfast-table will help some toilers to bring a more cheerful morning face to the tasks of the day, let not their weakness be regarded with scornful pride by those happy mortals who can smile easily even before breakfast. But these latter will always be few, so pitifully frail is our nature. Because they are rare they should be humble, and try to avoid despising those who cannot smile till breakfast is over.

The Burned Flag

THIRTY or forty years ago a gross insult to our Flag would have been met by a protest from citizens of every class and creed; today the Flag is burned in public, and men smile indulgently over the folly of the person guilty of the deed. This may be very forbearing, but it has a sinister aspect. For after all the standard of a nation symbolizes both the ideals of that nation and the authority on which the safety of the commonwealth rests. Hence it comes to pass that to flout the Flag is both to scorn lofty ideals and to deny the authority which makes those ideals possible. This is particularly dangerous; in fact it is an act of anarchy, all the more sad and malicious when done in the name of universal brotherhood. For such a brotherhood comes not through wanton lawlessness, but by submission to law, whether that law be natural or positive. Brotherhood is the union of many men in common aims and aspirations; it bespeaks submission of part to the whole, coordination of effort with effort, corporate action for a common end; life in other words inspired by the ideals for which the Flag stands and regulated by the authority which it represents. But nothing of all this is symbolized by burning the national Standard. On the contrary, disintegration, destruction, the very antithesis of brotherhood, are brought about. A tiny mound of ashes is left to warn citizens that as their Flag so too their nation can be

destroyed by the principles that led to the incineration of the "Star-Spangled Banner" at a service held in the "Church of the Social Revolution," in New York City, on June 1, 1916.

Apologetics in Fiction Form

CRITICISM of Paul Bourget's recent novel, "Le Sens de la Mort," has gone somewhat awry in this country. The translator is not responsible for this, because his work is excellent, having caught the spirit and flavor of the original, without falling into the pitfall of stilted and foreign style that is the constant danger of all versions, especially of the highly individual and idiomatic work of perhaps the foremost living novelist. The change of title, which in some ways is felicitous, is perhaps partly to blame, for "The Night Cometh" obscures the grim issue raised by the "The Meaning of Death." But the real reason for the failure to grasp the significance of the thesis that M. Bourget set himself to develop soon after the war broke out, is a lack of familiarity with his method and his purpose. Readers of such studies of modern French problems, as "Le Divorce" and "L'Étape," know well that it is the practice of this keen observer and psychologist to take up in his novels one or another of the popular intellectual idols of his countrymen, give it an idealistically perfect setting, work out its inevitable consequences, and without a suspicion of preaching show by the evidence of facts, that it makes inevitably for ultimate unhappiness, and as a consequence is not only misleading but false.

M. Bourget has applied this method to the materialistic tenets that at present are in high favor in France. He paints a very paragon of the modern worshiper of science and scoffer at religion, endows him with wealth, position, success, mental power, force of character, domestic felicity, everything in fact that his heart could desire. But at the same time he makes him bitterly resentful of religious influences and sarcastically intolerant of the time-worn postulates of God and Divine Providence. Modern objections to everything that the surgeon's knife cannot lay bare lose nothing in their phrasing as they fall from his lips. The sufferings of Europe brought about by the carnage of battle emphasizes the assumed rectitude of his position. And then in the end his theories dismally collapse and drive him to a black and hopeless loneliness that fails to stand the test of physical pain and has its logical sequence in the futility of cowardly suicide. In contrast to this brilliant and richly endowed materialist, M. Bourget sets another character, inferior in every way, but possessed of the vivid faith that is still characteristic of the real Frenchman. In a few rapid words, that have the ring of actuality and truth, he shows how religious convictions give to a simple soldier the strength of sublime heroism, raise him to a plane of surprising altruism and resignation, soften the torture of physical anguish, and surround the consummation of his sacrifice of life for his country with a glow of heroism and happiness that make the scoffer's views and conduct of life seem not only a slander on the aspirations of mankind but also an obvious perversion of human destiny. The narrator of the story, himself an atheist, confesses himself troubled by the contrast but is not altogether convinced. The critics have identified his attitude with that of the author, but this is a mistake that would be possible only with those who are quite ignorant of M. Bourget's personal convictions and his method of writing.

The cultured, scoffing and "successful" materialist is by no means confined to France. Since the war began his voice has been heard often in our own country. He will not listen to a sermon or read a lecture, but his convictions can sometimes be shaken by the perusal of such a finely conceived and adroitly insinuated apologetic as M. Bourget has given us in "Le Sens de la Mort." Catholics would do well to leave such excellent books in the way of their unbelieving friends.

LITERATURE

The Irish Insurrectionary Poets

THE three poets who were foremost to sign and foremost to take arms to assert Ireland's Declaration of Independence had each a vision of nationality that could not be expressed in a proclamation, no matter how nobly that proclamation might be worded. With Padraic Pearse that vision was the revival of a chivalry in Ireland, the renaissance of the heroic age of Celtic history when, as he wrote, the greatest honor was for the hero who had the most child-like heart, for the king who had the largest pity, for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty. All his plays and stories were about children and about saints. He was, perhaps, the one layman in West Europe who could have written with perfect simplicity and reverence a Passion Play. Not only did he write one, but with the help of his pupils and the staffs of his two schools, St. Enda's and St. Ita's, he had it produced at the Abbey Theater during Easter, five years ago.

He was grave, and if it were not for his kindliness and his humor Padraic Pearse would have appeared as a somber young man. His head was always slightly bent as though in deep but never anxious reflection. His ideas were so composed that when he addressed you in conversation parts of what he said might go into essays or lectures. He talked programs. But nothing in his speech was dry or pedantic, so much enthusiasm, grave enthusiasm indeed, was in all he said. He never spoke unkindly nor even slightingly of any person. Neither did his brother, the even gentler William Pearse who was shot with him. He was first of all a Christian man. Although he was a fervent Catholic, and although Gaelic was the culture he always looked to, his father was an Englishman who had been a Protestant.

Eight years ago he decided to retire from the editorship of the Gaelic League weekly *An Cleideamh Soluis* and put into practice his ideas of an Irish national education. He took a big dwelling-house in a suburb of Dublin, Cullenswood House, Rathmines, where the historian Lecky once lived, and opened there a secondary school for boys, Sgoil Fanna or St. Enda's. The school was to be bi-lingual: that is to say, it was to give instruction through Irish as well as through English. The whole atmosphere of the school was to be

Gaelic. On its formal side St. Enda's was to give intermediate education and prepare students for entrance into the universities. Two years later he turned Cullenswood House into a girls' school *Sgoil Idé* or St. Ita's, and brought St. Enda's into the country, into a big eighteenth-century mansion with extensive grounds known as The Hermitage, Rathfarnham.

After he took up teaching he connected all his literary efforts with the schools. One year he produced an heroic pageant "Cuchullain" and another year a little religious play "Iosagan" (Jesukin). In 1911 his Passion Play was produced. A year later he published his single book of verse "Suantraidhe agus Goltraidhe" (Sleep Songs and Sorrow Songs) written in the language of the West Connacht parish where he often lived. He had begun to put together in the pages of the *Irish Review* an anthology of poetry in the Irish language, making his own translations.

"I am ready. For years I have waited and prayed for this day. We have the most glorious opportunity that has ever presented itself of really asserting ourselves. Such an opportunity will never come again. Will we be freemen, or are we content to remain as slaves, and idly watch the final extermination of the Gael?" He wrote these words in an article published just before the insurrection. There spoke the one who would walk steadily toward martyrdom. Pearse was a man of supreme value to Ireland. But he was one who, when lives had to be ventured, would make the nearest approach to death. He was a mystic, and for him a cause would become a call. He would not spare himself and he would not spare those who went with him. He was in truth, the very type of the implacable idealist. Like the other two poets executed he has left a poem that might stand for his epitaph: "To Death" is its title and it has thus been translated by his friend Thomas MacDonagh:

I have not gathered gold;
The fame that I won perished;
In love I found but sorrow,
That withered my life.

Of wealth or of glory
I shall leave nothing behind me
(I think it, O God, enough!)
But my name in the heart of a child.

Thomas MacDonagh, perhaps, had not a single vision of the renascent Ireland. He had a vision of the maker of the renascent Irish state: the soldier-statesman who would be instructed by the philosophic poet. Those who saw him in his academic robe and noted his flow of speech and his tendency to abstractions might have carried away an image of one of those adventurous students who disputed endlessly in a medieval university. But MacDonagh was as far from being a pedant as was Pearse. He was a wonderfully good comrade, an eager friend, a happy-hearted companion. He had abundance of good spirits and a flow of wit and humor remarkable even in a Munster man. He had too an intimate knowledge of the humors of popular life in the country and the country town which he never put into his writing. He was born in Cloughjordan, a town in County Tipperary, where his father and mother were teachers in primary schools. He was trained by a Religious Order, and became a novice in his youth. He was a teacher in a college in Kilkenny and later in Fermoy, and it was while in the former place that he took up the study of Irish. Afterwards he went to the Arran Islands and to the Irish-speaking districts of Munster and made himself fluent in the language. In 1901 and 1902 he published two books of poems, "Through the Ivory Gate" and "April and May."

Just before Pearse opened his school MacDonagh came to Dublin to look round him. He had written a play, "When the Dawn is Come," and wanted to have it produced in the Abbey Theater, which was then under the brief direction of J. M. Synge. The scene is laid in a revolutionary Ireland of the future, and it is the tragedy of a leader whose master-idea baffled his followers. MacDonagh had joined the staff of St. Enda's when this play was produced. His great interest then was poetry. He knew poetry well in English, French, Latin and Irish and was drawn to the classical poets, to Catullus, Dante and Racine. After he came to Dublin the poetry he wrote was more personal, "Songs of Myself" and "Lyrical Poems" being the titles of his two subsequent volumes.

A poet, with a bent toward abstractions, a scholar with a leaning toward philology: these were the aspects Thomas MacDonagh showed when he expressed himself in letters. But what was fundamental in him rarely went into what he wrote. That fundamental thing was an eager search for something that would have his whole devotion. His dream was always of action, of a man dominating a crowd for a great end. The historical figures that appealed straight to him were the Gracchi and the Irish military leader of the seventeenth century, Owen Roe O'Neill. In the lives of these three there was the drama that appealed to him: the thoughtful man become a revolutionist. Many things Thomas MacDonagh said and wrote were extraordinarily prophetic of his own end. Such a prophecy, for example, is in "Wishes for My Son:"

God to you may give the sight
And the clear undoubting strength
Wars to knit for single right,
Freedom's war to knit at length,
And to win, through wrath and strife
To the sequel of my life.

Joseph Plunkett had a vision of an Ireland filled with the martyr's defiance and the martyr's devotion. He has recorded that vision in "Our Heritage," which I consider the finest poem of Irish national defiance:

This heritage to the race of Kings:
Their children and their children's seed
Have wrought their prophecies indeed
Of terrible and splendid things.

The hands that fought, the hearts that broke
In old immortal tragedies,
These have not failed beneath the skies,
Their children's heads refuse the yoke.

And still their hands shall guard the sod
That holds their fathers' funeral urn.
Still shall their hearts volcanic burn
With anger of the Sons of God.

No alien sword shall earn as wage
The entail of their blood and tears,
No shameful price for peaceful years
Shall ever part this heritage.

The family of Joseph Mary Plunkett had a proud memory, the memory of martyrdom, for the last priest martyred in England, the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was of their blood. Joseph Plunkett was a mystic, but a militant mystic. The title he chose for his book of poems was "The Circle and the Sword" and the eternal circle and the destroying sword were the symbols he always had in his mind. The strongest of the new Irish patriotic poems, and the ones charged with the greatest intensity of Irish Catholic faith were written by this young man.

PADRAIC COLUM.

REVIEWS

The Irish Orators: a History of the Irish Fight for Freedom. By CLAUDE C. BOWERS. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

Mr. Bower may not be of Celtic ancestry, but in this vol-

ume he has described with enthusiasm the long contest for Irish liberty. The events of each phase in the struggle are grouped about a figure whose personality dominates the scene. Thus the Volunteer movement is the setting for the chapter on Henry Flood, then follows a description of Grattan's famous campaign, his temporary success and ultimate failure. The pages about Grattan and those dealing with O'Connell and Parnell are the best in the volume, and good extracts from the orators' speeches add interest to the narrative. The author seems to hold with Carlyle that "The history of the world is the history of the great men who lived in it," so Ireland's orators are linked with the history of Irish oppression. That perhaps explains why Burke and Sheridan find no place in this volume. The youthful earnestness of Emmet and Meagher inspires the author with great enthusiasm, and an account of the progress of the Home Rule movement since Parnell's time brings this attractive book to a conclusion. J. F. M.

Travels in the American Colonies. Edited under the Patronage of the Colonial Dames of America, by NEWTON D. MERENESS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

Some of these "Journals" as they are called, will be of great interest to students of history; others are of no importance, and one of them at least is suspicious; D'Artaquiette's or D'Artaquette's account of his journey up the Mississippi is interesting from the fact that he had been sent out as a commissioner some years before to report on Bienville's administration at Mobile. That was in 1710, whereas the "Journal" now published is dated 1722. He is not the D'Artaquette who was burned at the stake with the Jesuit Father Senat on the Tombigbee River in 1736. Probably he was the father of the hero. His journey led him up the Mississippi and he jots down scrupulously the events of each day, nearly always beginning with "after Holy Mass by the Jesuit Father Boulanger." Unfortunately there is no Jesuit "Father Boulanger," either on the official list which we have before us, or in any of the seventy-three volumes of Thwaites "Relations." Oglethorpe's attack on St. Augustine makes good reading. So also the very extended journey of Lord Adam Gordon, in 1764, through the West Indies and the American Colonies. Among other bits of information readers will find that he "visited the Indian Mission of St. Regis where a Jesuit and one French family resided with the natives." But Shea tells us (*Colonial Times*, p. 618) that the Mission was destroyed by fire before the surrender of Quebec, that is, some years prior to the noble Lord's arrival. It is noteworthy that the founder and last Superior of the Mission was the Jesuit Father Mark Anthony Gordon, probably a relative of his Lordship.

Dr. Berkenhout, who had been sent out to the Colonies in 1778 for secret service, tells us that he was arrested in Philadelphia and locked up. He "traveled from Trenton with three rebel officers who were Irishmen: Quin, King and Power," and he asserts that "the rebel army consists chiefly of Irish transports, and of Officers from that country." This will not be welcome news to the Colonial Dames of America, nor will they preserve their equanimity when he describes the members of the Continental Congress as "unpolished, illiterate, poor and of no character." The "Journal of Antoine Bonnefoy," with all respect to the distinguished editor, ought to be called the "Journal of Antoine Mauvaisefoi." It is suspiciously like some of the "Relations" in the Margry Collection, and has all the appearance of having been manufactured in France and palmed off as genuine, as was done with the stories purporting to be from La Salle, Tonti, Joutel and others. This one centers around an alleged German-French Jesuit, named Pribert or Pierre Albert, who was sent out "to alienate the Cherokees from the English," and incidentally to establish a great Socialist colony, "an unbridled community," says the editor in his preface, where sex-promiscuity would be the attractive feature.

Now there is no Pribert or Pierre Albert on any Jesuit list of missionaries or emissaries in America; and no Jesuit anywhere or at any time who can be conceived as connected with any such abominable scheme. Moreover, this Bonnefoy, we are told, on the heading of the "Journal," was the "*engagé* of the *Sieur Chauvin dit Joyeuse*," and to him is attributed the authorship of this amazing story. Every one knows that an *engagé* means an ignorant, uneducated backwoodsman hired as a trapper, a fighter or a canoeman. Evidently for such an individual, an elaborate literary work like the "Journal" in question would be beyond his reach. On the other hand, as he was an *engagé* of the *Sieur Chauvin dit Joyeuse*, some one may have done it for fun. *Chauvin* is the old French name for Calvin, and *Joyeuse* means a merry-making woman. The combination of the masculine and the feminine in the title of the *Sieur* is at least a little odd. T. J. C.

Because I Am a German. By HERMAN FERNAU. $1.00; **The First Seven Divisions.** By CAPTAIN ERNEST HAMILTON. $1.50; **Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper.** By CHRISTIAN MALLET. $1.00; **German Atrocities:** an Official Investigation. By J. H. MORGAN, M.A. $1.00. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

They Shall Not Pass. By FRANK H. SIMONDS. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

This is a batch of pro-Ally war-books. The first is largely an analysis and defense of "J'Accuse," an anonymous volume that has been widely discussed. The latter part of Mr. Fernau's volume, however, is a plea for universal democracy. He well says that "In the twentieth century there ought no longer, under any circumstances, to be two morals—one for the people at large, and the other for the State and its princes"; he vehemently protests against a few individuals being allowed to plunge the world into war; and he maintains that, "The 'dignity' of Austria, the 'prestige' of Germany, the 'honor' of France, the 'world-power' of England, and other such costly and quite vague and intangible notions, may be worth a great deal, a very great deal, but they are not worth the peace and tranquillity of Europe." The author drags in that stale and silly comparison of "the Prussian system" with "Vaticanism."

Captain Hamilton undertakes to describe in detail the military operations of England's regular army during the first three months of the war, from Mons to Ypres. In that time the men who originally formed "The First Seven Divisions" practically disappeared and have been replaced by Kitchener's recruits. Military students will doubtless find the book of more interest than will the general reader, for there is little variety in the narrative. Four good maps are inserted. Christian Mallet's book is an interesting account of the experiences of a French dragoon in the European war, from the time of mobilization to the attack on Loos. In graphic yet simple style the author, with the aid of his diary, which he seems to have kept assiduously, tells the story of the struggle as he and his comrades saw it. They constituted a kind of flying column of cavalry. Often out of touch with headquarters, they went hither and thither, not knowing at times how the tide of battle was running, but always doing their share for the honor of France.

With the leave of President Poincaré, Mr. Frank H. Simonds, whose earlier books on the war are so readable, entered the seething crater of Verdun and then sent home to the New York *Tribune* vivid pictures of what he saw, and these papers have now been gathered into a little volume. General Pétain and the "new Frenchman" are strikingly de-

scribed, and the reader is disabused of any false notions he may have about the nature and appearance of Verdun, for it is neither a "fortress" nor a "gateway" now, but a French salient of which the possession is of moral rather than military importance. The author compares Verdun with Gettysburg, but somewhat prematurely, it would seem, for the battle of Verdun is raging still. W. D.

The Life of Père Joyard. By ANDRÉ DURAND, S.J. Translated by a Sister of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. With a Preface by CARDINAL DE CABRIÈRES (Bishop of Montpellier). Foreword to the English Edition by SYDNEY SMITH, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. 7s. 6d.

Père Henri Joyard, S.J., was a well-known French missioner who died at Canterbury, England, after nearly forty years of activity as a laborer in God's vineyard. From one end of France to the other, from Belgium to the Alps and the Pyrenees he gave innumerable sermons, missions and retreats and ministered to the spiritual needs of all classes of people. This biography, which is written quite in the modern manner by an admiring fellow-Jesuit, has been well translated, and will give the reader a good idea of the work the Society has been doing in France during the last thirty years or more. Particularly interesting are the chapters describing Père Joyard's early years. There are good sketches of his father who was a captain of artillery, and of his pious mother who died when Henri was thirteen, leaving his youth "without sunshine." Like a very human boy, however, he neglected his studies, threatened with vengeance an offensively exemplary cousin who had a "Jesuitical look" about him, and he just escaped being expelled from the school he attended. But Henri took his B.A. with honor, and in 1852, when seventeen, astonished everybody by entering the novitiate at Avignon.

The average Jesuit's period of studies offers a biographer little material and young Joyard's years of formation were no exception to the rule. Ordained in 1867, and making his third probation at Tronchiennes, Belgium, while the Franco-Prussian war was going on, he went the following year to Lyons, where he began his life-work as a preacher and director. It was to the Association of Christian Mothers that many of his best discourses were delivered, and the author gives a good summary of the preacher's success in that field. In 1888 Père Joyard was made the head of a community of young Fathers, who received from him a two years' training in sacred oratory. A large portion of the volume is filled with extracts from the sermons, letters and "light-books" of Père Joyard which will give readers a good idea of his method of preaching and directing. The subject of this biography was superior of the residence at Grenoble in 1880 when the Government broke into the house and dispersed the community, and some twenty years later, when a still fiercer persecution began, he went into exile with his fellow-Jesuits, celebrated his golden jubilee in 1902 and died two years later *in osculo Domini*. W. D.

Shakespearean Studies. By Members of the Department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University. Edited by BRANDER MATTHEWS and ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.25.

The papers in this volume were prepared, says the prefatory note, by the Professors of the Department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University, as the contribution of this institution to the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. The scholarly writers have made no effort to conform their essays to a general plan or to harmonize conflicting opinions. The papers cover a wide field and bring the reader into some untrodden bypaths of Shakespearean research. Brander Matthews writes of "Shakespearean Stage Traditions," Thomas Baker studies "Shakespeare in the Schools," a review of "American Editors of Shakespeare" is given by Harrison Ross Steeves, while the "Reality and Inconsistency in Shakespeare's Characters," is fully exposed by Ernest Hunter Wright. Individual characters of the great dramatist are analyzed in the "Romeo and Juliet" of John Erskine, in the "Parolles" of George Philip Krapp, and in "The Character of Henry V. as Prince and King," by John William Cunliffe. These papers and the others contained in the volume present novel viewpoints, are very interesting and marked by thorough research, clearness of exposition and style. The history of American Shakespearean scholarship, as Harrison Ross Steeves says, interests Americans for other than merely patriotic reasons. "It is a valuable record of the growth of our literary needs and critical views, and an index of the development of scholarly purpose generally."

Every reader of Shakespeare has been puzzled at the inconsistencies and contradictions met with in certain characters of the immortal plays. One classical instance is to be found in the character of Hamlet. So far scholars and critics have found no satisfactory "formula" for him. Ernest Hunter Wright aptly says in his fine paper, "Reality and Inconsistency in Shakespeare's Characters," that we are still, after three centuries, with no sure key to the character of the princely Dane. And yet: "We are not the poorer for it. Hamlet is just as real to us and just as fascinating, as if we had found a perfect formula for him; perhaps more so." The volume would have gained in completeness if an essay or two had been added on those vital and essential qualities of Shakespeare's genius and art which have made him of all poets, ancient or modern, the keenest and almost infallible interpreter of human nature and of the countless moods and passions that sway the hearts of men. J. C. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The latest book in Madame Forbes's "Standard-bearers of the Faith" series, the previous numbers of which have been favorably noted in AMERICA, is "The Life of St. Paul" (Herder, $0.30). Following the Acts and the Epistles, the author writes a vivid and dramatic narrative of the great Apostle's career from the time he held the garments of those who stoned St. Stephen until the day of his martyrdom in Rome. These little lives deserve a wide circulation.—"Memoirs of Sister Mary of Mercy of Kéruel, Religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, 1880-1910. Taken from the French Life. Published at Angers, 1913. By M. A. M." (Herder, $1.10), is the complete title of an edifying biography. Juliette Kéruel did not live very long after she had taken the vows of a Shepherdess, but like St. Stanislaus improved her time so well that she died with her hands full of good works.

The boomerang that has recently hit the investigators of New York's State Board of Charities makes seasonable the eulogy of the late Thomas M. Mulry which is printed in the *Catholic Mind* for June 8. Father Francis J. Lamb tells how eager that lamented Vincentian was to promote every cause inspired by true charity for the poor and helpless. As the pagan sociologists of our day refuse to recognize the value of the Church's Sacraments as safeguards of chastity, Father Blakely's paper on "The Way of the Good Shepherd" is full of light both for these earthy-minded "uplifters" and for those unfortunate Catholics who are infected with their heresy. "Twentieth-Century 'Science,'" the last paper in the number, is Father Richard H. Tierney's refutation of the

theories about the "missing link," that radical evolutionists are now expounding to "the man in the street."

"Jaunty in Charge" (Dutton, $1.35), the latest novel of Mrs. George Wemyss, whose name, as all AMERICA's readers are, of course, aware, rhymes with Reims, is a delightful story. Jaunty was a butler, yet not exactly a butler either, to whom "She" when dying had entrusted, he thought, the bringing up of her two little girls. That would have proved too formidable an undertaking even for Jaunty, but happily the entire village of Panslea came to his help. When Sally was eight she used to pray: "O God, make bad people good and good people nice"; a petition that for simplicity and comprehensiveness could hardly be excelled. But when she reached eighteen she prayed: "O God, give me romance, and don't let me marry the curate with ebony hair-brushes and without opposition." That prayer was granted. Pamela, Sally's elder sister who is described as "a delicious thing to live with—it's soft music all the time," had her romance, too. The conversations are so witty and clever that they couldn't possibly take place except in books, and the noble character of Jaunty is finely drawn.

In his contribution to a recent symposium the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* remarked that he habitually thinks of those who write for his magazine "as representing the guests at a dinner party. . . . I do not care to ask anybody whose words do not seem to me worth listening to or whose manners are out of place in company." That ought to be a good rule for an editor. But is it not sometimes honored in the breach by Mr. Ellery Sedgwick himself? For instance, some of the guests who sat at the *Atlantic's* June feast must have felt like rising hastily and excusing themselves when Bouck White and Ellen Key were ushered in. The author of the first article in the current *Atlantic* also displays manners "that are out of place in good company." An unblushing plagiarist, as the editor confesses with tears, has likewise found a place at the *Atlantic's* board. He was discovered too late to put out.

"The Conquest" (Lippincott, $1.25) achieved by the "hero" of Sidney L. Nyburg's recent novel was not an act of self-conquest; for he proves an unfaithful husband and the author seems to find nothing reprehensible in that. It is the story of a selfish lawyer's career.——"Chapel" (Doran, $1.35), by Miles Lewis, tells how wealth, influence and social prominence were won by a Welsh family. The portraits of Josiah Chapel and his son "Griff" are well painted, but the story is spun out too long.———Grace Livingston Hill Lutz's "The Finding of Jasper Holt" (Lippincott, $1.25) unquestionably has a woman for its author. It would have made a better short-story.——In "The Dark Forest" (Doran, $1.35), Hugh Walpole undertakes to interpret for his countrymen the soul of Russia. The chief characters belong to a Russian field-hospital to which two Englishmen are attached. As a war-story writer Mr. Walpole is hardly at his best.——"The Round-About" (Doran, $1.25), by J. E. Buckrose, is a rather prosaic story of middle-class life in an English village during the past generation.

James Willard Schultz, the author of "Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park" (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00) married an Indian maiden, lived for years the Indian's life, and on a recent visit to the scenes of former adventures jotted down the tales the Red Men told him. "The Woman Who Earned a Man's Name" and "The Story of the First Horse" are especially worthy of mention, and photographs of striking beauty increase the book's attractiveness. The author pays Father De Smet a gracious tribute, but volunteers the information that "To me, all religions are nothing more than the codified superstitions of the ages."——Marius Lyle's novel, "Unhappy in Thy Daring," (Putnam, $1.35) describes through 501 pages the dull married life of a horse-loving Irish woman and ends with a sordid seduction.—— If the reader is ready to strain the probabilities considerably he will enjoy "Come Out of the Kitchen," (Century, $1.25) Alice Duer Miller's cleverly-written story of a Southern beauty who acts as cook for the young bachelor who had unwittingly rented her house.

The theme, the meter and the word-painting combine to give a distinctive beauty to "The Garden Child," a poem which recently appeared in the *Outlook*:

Once in my childhood I knew a small garden
Shut in by gray pickets and crowded with grass;
Old flowers grew in it, clove pinks and white lilies,
And moss roses choked up the path with their mass.

It lay all alone in a curve of a river
Where little gray boats floated by on the tide;
No dwelling was near it, no pathway led to it,
And the harsh river grasses crept up on each side.

Speedwell and lavender, small brown chrysanthemums,
Mixed in great tangles where myrtle ran wild,
And sweetly mysterious, safe though unguarded,
Lay hid in a corner the grave of a child.

Often I wondered if that child had played there,
Played there as I, twining wreaths for my hair;
When the pickets were white and the flowers were tended,
And no little grave hid its mystery there.

Who were the people who once had lived near there,
Making the wilderness bloom like a rose;
Who left like a dream, leaving nothing behind them,
But the grave of a child in a small garden close?

Inquiries regarding the identity of Aline Kilmer, the author of the poem, elicited from Mr. Joyce Kilmer the information that "after a prolonged and difficult investigation" he discovered that the lady is: "the granddaughter of a Catholic; the mother of four Catholics; a convert to the Church; and the wife of a humble Papistical poet."

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Poems of War and Peace. By Robert Underwood Johnson. $1.00.

The Boston Music Company, Boston:
The Musical Education of the Child, Some Thoughts and Suggestions for Teachers, Parents and Schools. By Stewart MacPherson.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Yonder? By Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, P.F.M. $1.25.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York:
New Wars for Old. By John Haynes Holmes. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Elements of Style: an Introduction to Literary Criticism. By David Watson Rannie, M.A.; The Way of All Flesh. By Samuel Butler. With an Introduction by William Lyon Phelps. $1.50.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
The Daughter of the Storage. By William Dean Howells. $1.35; The Border Legion. By Zane Grey. Illustrated by Lillian E. Wilhelm. $1.35.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
St. Catherine of Siena, Her Life and Times. By C. M. Antony. $1.80; The Life of Saint Paul. By F. A. Forbes. $0.30; A Conference to Religious Engaged in Caring for the Sick. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. $0.05; The Memory of Our Dead. By Herbert Thurston, S.J. $0.80; Memoirs of Sister Mary of Mercy Kéruel, Religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. By M. A. M. $1.10; Meagher of the Sword. Edited by Arthur Griffith. With a Preface, Appendices, Index and Illustrations. $1.10; A Good Third. By Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M. $1.10.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Dante. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher, A.M. $0.50; Poland. By W. Alison Phillips, M.A. $0.50; Bergson and Religion. By Lucius Hopkins Miller. $1.50; Alcohol and Society. By John Koren. $1.25.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
Nationality in Modern History. By J. Holland Rose. $1.25; What Is Coming? A European Forecast. By H. G. Wells. $1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Night Cometh. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by G. Frederic Lees. $1.35.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
With Americans of Past and Present Days. By J. J. Jusserand. $1.50.

EDUCATION

A Thought for Our Times

ONE of the many little ironies of our bustling modern life is that few of us are alert enough to live it. Our activity along industrial and intellectual lines has two very peculiar and contrary effects. On the one hand, it demands high moral alertness, if we wish to lead upright lives. On the other, it tends to deaden our moral perceptiveness and to make us irresponsible. Thus, for example, when the young business man enters his office in the morning, he knows that in the swirl of the day's activity, issues will not always be clear, that good and evil will not be in sharp contrast. If he is "to keep the commandments," he will need a large available stock of moral efficiency; for his very preoccupation with his affairs will tend to make him let moral considerations slip. He will have no time to consider each case elaborately; he will not experience swift retribution each time he surrenders a principle, and, if conscience does assert itself, modern life will supply an abundance of "shock-absorbers" and palliatives in the shape of distorted moral principles and soothing material comforts. So in time he can become a hardened offender without experiencing much discomfort in the process.

MEETING THE DIFFICULTY

The young business man is not unique in experiencing this sort of thing. The same, in different forms and measures, occurs to doctor, lawyer, and laborer, to stenographer, to trained nurse, to everybody that faces the conditions of modern life. It is not precisely that they disrespect God or defy Him or resist Him; rather, they fail to consider Him at all. When confronted with an impulse to dishonesty or an impulse to generosity, they will be likely to act in either case with reference only to some vague concept of duty which will mean nothing more than "saving appearances." Thus it is that all sorts of improprieties are thoughtlessly followed, dishonest habits thoughtlessly acquired, calls to a higher life thoughtlessly dismissed, and lives thoughtlessly ruined. Thus, too, it is that the strenuous modern life inhibits the very moral alertness that it claims to exact.

How are we to meet the difficulty? We are told that we must learn to know our temptations; that we have absolute commandments and moral precepts in plenty to help us. But we may reply that our greatest difficulty lies precisely in applying moral precepts to that confused welter of problems which confronts us day by day. We need some method of working our moral precepts into our lives. We need some principle so strong and so deeply ingrained that it will enable the will to act promptly and uncompromisingly on every occasion.

THE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

Such a principle, it seems to me, is to be found in what we may call a deep abiding sense of responsibility. Responsibility is indeed a heavy word, and responsibility must seem a heavy armor, too cumbersome by far for youthful David. A writer, popular just now, says of duty, "I don't think children should know the meaning of the word. . . . They ought to do everything from love." Here danger lies. Certainly, love is the first and greatest commandment, and children, as everyone else, *ought* to do everything from love. But love, as distinct from duty, often proves delusive and ineffectual. There are times when love of right is feeble and vague. It hardly seems like love at all. If by "love" we understand love divorced from the idea of duty, then a sharp temptation will inevitably conquer many of us. Few, it must be feared, have vision clear enough and quick enough to discern, in times of stress, the only object really worthy of love. When the forbidden fruit is delectable, that is to say, when we are really tempted, we need some peremptory "must." We must act from a sense of duty. But duty too, if looked upon as a grim, fateful necessity, will soon lose its efficacy. Duty and love must be united; our motive must be "duty loved of love." This is why I think responsibility expresses well the peculiar motive power we need today.

LOVE AND DUTY

A sense of responsibility, as I conceive it here, is simply a sense of duty towards one we love. In return for all God's gifts, and chiefly for Himself, we love Him. This in itself begets a sense of duty. Yet our duty is absolute. It does not lapse, when we choose to cease loving God. We are essentially His creatures; we must serve whether we will or no. It is wise and necessary to recognize both elements of this sense of responsibility; for, though love is more perfect and beautiful, duty is often more practical, and in certain moments of weakness, only the sharp goad of duty will save us from betraying our love.

If this principle is to be as promptly available as our modern bustle demands, its application must be a second nature, a "secondary automatic," as the psychologists say. We must apply it spontaneously, instinctively. We must be "subconscious" of it always. When occasion demands, it must come to our rescue without thought. Of course it is never too late to begin acquiring this source of motive power, but if it is to become in the fullest sense an element of our natural character, it must be taught throughout childhood, so that when childhood is past the young man and woman shall have learned to teach themselves its higher applications. It must be taught part by part as the child's intelligence allows. It must be applied day by day to the problems of the young life; it must be expanded as the youthful mind expands; and when the youthful will rebels the "active sanction" must be called in. In its failure to invoke this sanction the weakness of much modern education is found. Moreover when the child is old enough to understand he should be shown that his responsibility is not an artificial appurtenance, or a temporary burden, but a permanent and natural element of life, as natural to the moral life as the glow of health is to the physical.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HOME

To train children in this principle is the duty and privilege primarily of the mother, in the school of the home. Through that wondrously sweet and direct intimacy that exists between her and her child, an intimacy that seems to transcend psychological analysis, she can work it into the very fabric of his life. Training him to be morally alert, to be upright under God's surveillance, to be on his honor with regard to God, she is putting into his life a power which, while simple enough for the needs of ordinary Christian goodness, can be developed to meet the demands of the highest asceticism. And thus she is giving him a force universally available against temptation. It is a motive, too, which seems to me particularly suited to our times, for it adapts itself to our love of liberty without emancipating us from God. It softens the austere stimulus of duty by its appeal to love, and quickens the flagging ardor of love with the peremptory spur of duty. It is consistent with that largeness of view to which our increasing knowledge may entitle us, and with the humility that our essential creaturehood demands.

FRANCIS J. YEALY, S.J.

ECONOMICS

What Is Economic Socialism?

THERE is perhaps more need than ever to ask the question at the head of this article. An impression prevails that Socialism is something entirely vague and indefinable. We notice that hardly two authorities on this subject fully agree on their definition. At the same time the statement is often re-

peated, as it was made years ago by Berger before the United States Congress, that there is "only one kind of Socialists." How then can we arrive at the truth?

To formulate a correct definition of Socialism we must begin by stripping it of all that does not distinctively belong to it. The demands for fair wages, for reasonable hours and conditions of work, for the abolition of oppressive child and woman labor, for civic regeneration and the countless measures that may be conducive to it, are not in any sense Socialism, though found inserted in Socialist programs. They are, on the contrary, the first postulates of Christian Democracy, based upon the teachings of the Catholic Church. The ideal state of society to which they would lead has been realized in the past, and can be realized again in the future, only where her teachings are most perfectly obeyed.

The fact that Socialism has taken up these reforms, destroying their possibilities for the common good by its spirit of class-hatred, its tactics of gross exaggeration and its unprincipled appeals to the passions of men, cannot make them socialistic. They are, and will always remain, eminently Catholic. For proof of this statement we need only refer to the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII "On the Conditions of the Working Classes."

DEFINING SOCIALISM

Striking out from the definition of Socialism these and similar items which the Church advocated long before Socialism put them into its program, and which today become the property of any social or political party which may wish to assume them, we find that there is but one plank essential to Socialism *on its economic side.* It is a compulsory socialization of the means of production and distribution, such as implies the working-class control of government. Omit all else and you still have economic Socialism. Omit this, and you can at the most have a class-conscious, radical program, but not Socialism.

It must be borne in mind, however, that we are speaking of Socialism on its economic side only. Considered as a popular movement and as a philosophy or humanitarian religion, there are still other earmarks by which it can be discerned, and which make it still more impossible of acceptance.

The *Appeal to Reason* quotes with satisfaction the following definition taken from the "Century Dictionary":

> Socialism is any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or in great part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it cooperative action; would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor and would make land and capital, as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community.

The first half of this definition is not distinctive of Socialism. Cooperative action in itself is not Socialism; it was practised in the Catholic Church centuries before Socialism came into existence. Similarly "the more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor" is the great aim of Christian Democracy as taught by Pope Leo XIII and insisted upon at all times within the Church. Only the very last words of this lengthy definition have any distinctive bearing upon Socialism; these describe it as a system which would "make land and capital, as the means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community." Even here, however, the idea of a compulsion that may be exercised according to the will of the majority must be added, to distinguish Socialism from other forms of voluntary moderate communism or cooperation like that proposed by Bishop Ketteler. The latter has been wrongly spoken of as Socialism because of this vagueness of thought and expression.

BLATCHFORD'S DEFINITION

The following detailed definition is given by the Socialist Robert Blatchford in his "Britain for the British":

> The root idea of Socialism means two things: (1) That the land and all the machines, tools, and buildings used in making needful things, together with all the canals, rivers, roads, railways, ships, and trains used in moving and sharing needful things, and all the shops, markets, scales, weights and money used in selling or dividing needful things, shall be the property of the whole people; (2) That the land, tools, machines, trains, rivers, shops, scales, money and all other things belonging to the people shall be worked, managed, divided and used by the whole people in such a way as the greater number of the whole people shall deem best.

How all these means of production and distribution, land and capital, are to come into the power of the Socialist State or Cooperative Commonwealth, whether by confiscation or other methods, is a point on which Socialists differ, though the *right* of confiscation is affirmed by their leaders. Competition of Socialist cooperative industries with capitalistically managed shops is often suggested, but can hardly be taken seriously. The principle generally accepted is that the people will themselves decide how to obtain control of land and capital, once they have come into power; and that, whatever their decision may be, it will be morally correct, for the majority can dispose as it pleases of all productive property now in the hands of capitalists.

SOCIALISM AND MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

Socialization or common ownership of the means of production and distribution must moreover be carefully distinguished from municipal or government ownership. The latter is vested in the city or State, while the former is vested in the people. Municipal or government ownership, even though greatly developed, can at no point become Socialism. Only when the ownership itself passes from the city or government to the people can there be question of Socialism. A regrettable confusion exists here in the minds of the public and is constantly intensified by the loose or ignorant statements found in the public press.

THE CHANGEABLE PLANK

There is only one point of agreement therefore among Socialists in the economic field, only one plank in their social program: the socialization of the means of production and distribution. Yet even here the most extreme divergencies exist as to the greater or more restricted application of this socialization of land and capital. It is therefore a changeable plank which can be made to suit any emergency. Thus when there is question of winning over the small farmer it can be shortened at pleasure to allay all his natural fears. Politicians will not hesitate to hold out to him the hope that under Socialism he can still continue to cultivate his few acres as before. Even in such a diluted Socialism the farmer will not remain absolute owner of his land, since it will belong to the people and not to him any more than to his neighbor. The farmer would no longer be owner, but a public tenant, since land is in the strictest of all senses "productive property" and would belong to the whole people and be socially operated according to their good pleasure. Marvelous skill is shown by the political Socialist press in clouding over this plain fact.

THE EXTENT OF SOCIALIZATION

The consistent Socialist, who accepts his plank in its full significance, will listen to no such half measures as are introduced to win the good will of the small owners, from the farmer to the small shopkeeper. He will insist upon the absolute socialization of all the means of production and distribution, excepting such only as are limited to strictly private or family uses. The cleverness displayed in evading this issue is evident in the usual definitions that approach most closely to accuracy. Thus John M. Work defines Socialism as: "The collective ownership and control of those industries which are now used by the capitalists

for the purpose of getting for themselves most of the earnings of the working masses." The essential question of the public ownership of land, as the chief means of production, is not even mentioned. Roland Sawyer's definition is more comprehensive, but still leaves a wide margin for private interpretation in the word "Social." He describes Socialism as: "the collective ownership and democratic management of all property, properly social."

The extent of this socialization, at whose definition the political Socialist prudently balks, will in any event, according to Socialist theory, depend upon the desire of the victorious Socialist majority, whose will in this matter will be law. Neither the small farmer nor the small shopkeeper nor the laborer himself can be given the slightest assurance of what the wish of the majority may be in regard to the extent of this socialization or the methods of carrying it out once the Socialist victory has been achieved.

"ONLY ONE KIND OF SOCIALISTS"

Socialism, on its economic side, can therefore be reduced to a single plank. No matter how widely divergent and how bitterly antagonistic Socialistic factions may be, they can all agree upon this. It can be briefly described as the more or less universal and compulsory socialization of the means of production and distribution, thus leaving scope for wide diversities of opinion. This is the essence of Socialism in every land, when considered merely as an economic system or theory, apart from the methods by which it is to be carried into effect. In practice, however, Socialism must be taken in the concrete, as a popular movement, with all its aims and tactics, which in themselves may not be distinguished from other movements equally opposed to the Church and the teachings of Christianity.

"Christian Democracy," wrote Pope Pius X in his Encyclical on "Christian Social Action," which is authoritative on this question, "ought to be understood in the sense already determined by authority, which is far removed from that of 'Social Democracy,' and is based on the principle of the Catholic faith and morality, especially on that of never attacking in any way the inviolable rights of private property."

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A question of special importance to Catholic social workers is to be considered at the National Conference of Catholic Charities which will meet at the Catholic University, Washington, September 17-20. The founding of a national Catholic charities monthly is to be proposed. This plan has already been favorably received at a former conference and will, therefore, in all probability, be endorsed at the coming meeting. The contemplated magazine is intended to supplant the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly,* and is to be placed under the editorial direction of Dr. John A. Ryan. The usual order of conferences will be followed. Committees on families, social and civic activities, sick and defectives, and on children have been appointed. Besides the sectional meetings general conferences of interest to all the visitors will be held. Great good has been accomplished by these biennial conventions in the past. New inspiration is given to the workers and clearer knowledge imparted. The reports of the conferences form a valuable Catholic social literature.

The sum of $75,000 has been appropriated by the United States for the erection of a monument in honor of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The site chosen for the memorial is Fort McHenry, Baltimore, where the poet received the inspiration for his song. The design, selected by competition, and meeting with the approval of the Secretary of War, represents "an heroic figure of a half-clad man, playing a primitive musical instrument, intended to symbolize primitive music." This description of the monument, given in the local press, suggests the pertinent question asked by the Rochester *Post Express*: "Why should a memorial to an American patriot symbolize primitive music? We have produced some superb patriotism but very little primitive music of any consequence." However artistic the design may be in its execution, it certainly lends confirmation to the unflattering judgment passed on our public sculptures by Henry James when he said that sculptors never seem to be so much at a loss for intelligent inspiration as when designing a memorial for some public structure in our country.

Letters endorsing the Irish Relief Fund Committee have been written by the three American Cardinals who have, moreover, consented to become its Honorary Presidents. The Archbishops of San Francisco, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and St. Louis are Honorary Vice-Presidents and Archbishop Walsh of Dublin will cooperate with it. The American Committee, whose headquarters are at 5 Beekman Street, New York City, will personally take the fund to Ireland and supervise its distribution. The statement of its National Secretary, Mr. John D. Moore, says:

> Letters received in New York during the past three days tell of deplorable conditions in the Irish capital, and in the counties. Owing to the continuance of martial law the docks are idle, mills are closed and business houses are shut down, throwing out of work hundreds of men who have no means of supplying the wants of their families. Other sufferers are among the relatives of those who have been arrested and taken to England to await trial, and still others are the relatives of the men who died fighting.

Saturday, June 10, has been designated as Irish Relief Day. Madison Square Garden, the largest meeting place in New York City, has been engaged for the evening of that day, and it is predicted that a gathering of the Irish people such as the world has never seen under one roof will meet there that night.

"The work of Very Rev. Pietro Bandini, Tontitown, offers not only an example of perfect social service, but a practical solution to some of America's momentous questions," says the *Outlook*. In 1898 this energetic priest settled with twenty-six poor families upon a carefully-selected tract of land in the Ozark Mountains. Each family paid by instalments for the acres purchased by it, and Father Bandini indorsed the notes. His leadership carried the colonists successfully through the adversities of the first year, and today Tontitown stands as "the most practical solution to the immigrant problem which has yet been offered." It solves the urgent food question by intensive cultivation of the soil; the industrial problem, by diverting the immigrants from our overcrowded industries to our vast farmlands; and the problem of supporting these immigrants themselves, by supplying them with a comfortable livelihood:

> With forty acres one can, with a large family, become a man of means; but forty acres, Father Bandini insists, is all that one man can cultivate. Yet he refers to *intensive cultivation*—one of the most valuable lessons the immigrant can teach Americans. Two or three crops are always grown in the same season on the same soil, which *also* nourishes an orchard or vineyard (or both), vegetables being planted between rows of trees and vines. Each product is then utilized to its maximum. With fruit evaporators, canneries, cider and vinegar mills, the apple crops here have averaged $6 a barrel against the 60 cents received by American farmers of the vicinity. Pulp last run through the mill is then used as fertilizer. Utilization, indeed!

Most important of all, Father Bandini has solved the problem of preserving and perfecting in the hearts of our Catholic immi-

grants the Faith which they have brought with them from across the seas, and has made of them worthy and useful citizens. He even found time personally to teach the children in the school which he founded. Catholic societies and Catholic leaders should profit by the lesson and everywhere stimulate similar enterprises. They can render no better service to the Church, to their country and to the immigrants themselves.

A class of 150 was graduated this year from the medical department of Loyola University, Chicago. It is the largest graduating class but one in the medical schools of that city and the fifth largest in the United States. The school, under the control of the Jesuit Fathers, utilizes eighteen hospitals and three dispensaries, representing an outlay of over $8,000,000 and an annual expenditure of at least $2,000,000. It is believed that every member of the exceptionally large graduating class will be offered the advantage of an internship, and future classes will be guaranteed a place for hospital work. A year of such experience under expert specialists is of the utmost importance for the young graduate, but few schools are in a position to guarantee him this advantage. The special reason for the existence of medical schools under Catholic supervision is thus explained in the present instance:

> The principal objects which the Jesuits have in view in conducting medical schools is to give the future physician a thorough scientific training and correct ethical doctrine. All classes before entering upon the study of medicine must spend one or two years at the university in physics, chemistry and biology. With these scientific studies there is given a course in ethics and logic, where all the important problems which the future doctor will meet are discussed. In the senior medical class these ethical problems are repeated in the light of the studies which the student has pursued during his four medical years. It will thus be seen that the student is well equipped in the ethics of his profession.

Every student is afforded the opportunity of consulting at any time with the Father in charge, whose entire energy is devoted to the service of the medical department.

One of the consoling signs of the age in which we live, says the *Ave Maria,* is the marked development of a spirit of reverence toward the Mother of God. Nothing can be more evident even to the casual observer than the change which has been manifested by Protestants in this regard. As a memorable instance the cry of indignation is recalled which arose from Protestant lips when a notorious actress was scandalously to personate, in a Parisian theater, the Immaculate Mother of God. The London *Telegraph* wrote at the time:

> One need not be a Roman Catholic to understand the objections to this proposition. The Virgin Mother lives tenderly in the memories of all men, as the purest type of a high ideal, and her crowning sorrow has been the world's greatest tragedy in the traditions of nearly 2,000 years. The most vigorous asserter of secularism and free thought must respect the feelings of the Christian world on a subject so tender and so sacred in its majestic outlines. She lives in legend, she looks down on us from the canvas of the masters, and the greatest poets have brought their homage to her feet. . . . Voltaire threw dirt at Joan of Arc, but in this insult to the Virgin there is something far more than defamation of a national heroine: it is an outrage of the feelings of one-third of the human race.

In the truth that Mary is the Mother of God is contained, as in its kernel, the truth of Christianity. This fact is rightly brought home to our Protestant friends by the *Ave Maria.* If the Virgin Mary were not the Mother of God, then Christ were not God, and all our hope of redemption through Him were vain as an empty dream. Our faith indeed were merest folly. There were no choice left us but that which existed before the coming of the Saviour; the sole choice between Judaism and paganism. Intelligent Protestants, who firmly acknowledge the Divinity of Christ, cannot fail to perceive the conclusiveness of this argument, nor can they fail to draw from it the further consequence, that since Mary is the Mother of God she must likewise be honored with a veneration worthy of that dignity. "Mariolatry," as applied to the Church's devotion to her, is a word which ignorance of Catholic doctrine or darkest bigotry invented. The Church sees in Mary only a creature whom the Almighty has deigned to crown with the most exalted dignity that He Himself could bestow upon a purely human being, and to whom therefore, He has likewise accorded the intercessory power that such a mother may well possess with her son, when the Son is God.

The interest which the Catholic Church has always taken in scientific investigation is again strikingly manifested in the vast astronomical work undertaken by the Vatican observatory. Describing the Vatican Catalogue of Fixed Stars the New York *Staats-Zeitung* says:

> Recently the second volume of the astrographical catalogue, which is being edited by the Vatican observatory, has been published. The work is intended to include the photographs of all the stars visible in the heavens. For several years nineteen astronomers have been at work at this catalogue, twelve in Europe, one in Africa, and three each in America and Australia. Every photographed star was measured at least twice in order to determine its exact position. The volume just published gives the position of 30,042 stars which, together with the stars depicted in the first volume, make a collection of 56,440 stars. When the work has been completed it is expected that the position of 30,000,000 stars will be fixed on the photographic plates. This second volume, which contains all the stars of a certain section greater than stars of the eleventh magnitude, is the work of the director and vice-director of the Vatican observatory, the secretary, Pio Emanuelli, the director of the Oxford observatory, Turner, and the head of the observatory at Teramo, Cerulli. At the same time as the catalogue, the photographic plates have been published. Each of these contains thousands of stars.

The director of the Vatican observatory, the Rev. John G. Hagen, S.J., was engaged in the United States as head of the Georgetown observatory from 1888 to 1906. In the latter year he was called to fill his present important position at the Vatican.

The University of California Press has published an interesting study on the "Diurnal Variations in Memory and Association." The subjects of the experiments were college students. The general conclusions point to an increase in efficiency during the early morning hours, culminating in a maximum in the late forenoon. A fall in efficiency follows the lunch hour with a subsequent rise continuing until the middle of the afternoon, or a little later, and a final drop in the late afternoon. Numerous variations naturally exist among the individuals. A significant fact noted by the observer is that the hours of greatest efficiency are those at which fatigue, it would seem, should be very great. The words of Thorndike are quoted in this connection: "The feelings of fatigue, from what we know of them, thus seem to be a very poor symptom of the loss of ability." The drop in efficiency following the midday meal seems to be the most universal phenomenon, which the old-schoolmen express in the saying: *Plenus venter non studet libenter.* Earlier investigations, however, showed that efficiency in functions of the so-called "motor type" was quite high soon after lunch. "Such school subjects as drawing, painting, modeling, writing, manual arts and the like might be profitably pursued during the early afternoon hours." It is the author's opinion that the decline in mental efficiency at this period is not so obviously due merely to the meal, but may be largely accounted for by the cessation from work, so that high efficiency can be attained again only by another process of "warming up." The hour of resuming classes in the afternoon must depend upon the convictions entertained in this regard.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—On June 10, Charles E. Hughes of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was nominated for President on the third ballot, by the Republican National Convention, at Chicago. For Vice-President, the Convention nominated Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana. Mr. Hughes' resignation from the Supreme Court was at once accepted by President Wilson. In assuming the leadership of the party, Mr. Hughes said that he had not desired the nomination, but that "in this critical period of our national history, I recognize that it is [the party's] right to summon and my paramount duty to respond."

The Chicago Conventions

The party platform adopted on June 9, opens with a condemnation of the President's foreign policy which "has destroyed our influence abroad and humiliated us in our own eyes." "A firm, consistent and courageous foreign policy" can alone preserve peace and assure our place among the nations. The Republican party advises "the pacific settlement of international disputes and the establishment of a world court for that purpose." On our policy in Mexico, the platform offers the following comment:

> We deeply sympathize with the 15,000,000 people of Mexico, who, for three years, have seen their country devastated, their homes destroyed, their fellow-citizens murdered, and their women outraged by armed bands of desperadoes led by self-seeking, conscienceless agitators, who, when temporarily successful in any locality, have neither sought nor been able to restore order or establish and maintain peace.
>
> We express our horror and indignation at the outrages which have been and are being perpetrated by these bandits upon American men and women, who were or are in Mexico by invitation of the laws and of the Government of that country, and whose rights to security of person and property are guaranteed by solemn treaty obligations. We denounce the indefensible methods of interference employed by this Administration in the internal affairs of Mexico, and refer with shame to its failure to discharge the duty of this country as next friend to Mexico, its duty to other Powers who have relied upon us as such friend, and its duty to our citizens in Mexico, in permitting the continuance of such conditions, first, by failure to act promptly, and firmly, and, secondly, by lending its influence to the continuation of such conditions through recognition of one of the factions responsible for these outrages.
>
> We pledge our aid in restoring order and maintaining peace in Mexico. We promise to our citizens on and near our border, and to those in Mexico, wherever they may be found, adequate and absolute protection in their lives, liberty, and property.

Mr. Hughes' strictures on our Mexican policy are even more severe. Seventeen other topics are embodied in the platform. The Monroe Doctrine is affirmed as "essential to the present and future peace and safety" of the country; closer relations with the countries of Latin America are favored, and the retention of the Republican "Philippine policy" is advocated. A treaty "with Russia, as with other countries, that will recognize the absolute right of expatriation" and prevent discrimination on political, racial or religious lines, is approved. A national defense, "not only adequate, but thorough and complete, ready for any emergency," is a necessity, and provision must be made for "ample reserves." The Underwood Tariff act is condemned as "a complete failure in every respect," and a protective tariff "reasonable in amount, but sufficient to protect American labor and American industries" yet prevent monopolies, is pledged. The Republican party, believing in due governmental regulation of commerce, accuses the Democrats of failing to distinguish between "prosecution" and "persecution" of delinquent corporations, and of seeking to "involve the Government in business which should be left within the sphere of private enterprise."

A merchant marine, maintained by private capital, but encouraged by the Government through "liberal compensation" in return "for services actually rendered" is recommended. The party pledges itself to a Federal child labor law; a workman's compensation law, and an accident compensation law for Government employees. The extension of the suffrage to women is favored, but the right of each State to settle the question for itself is affirmed. The other sections of the platform deal with rural credits, rural free delivery, transportation, the national budget, national conservation and civil service reform.

The proposed coalition of the Republican and Progressive forces, each in convention in Chicago at the same time, ended in failure, and on June 10, the Progressive party nominated Theodore Roosevelt for President, and John M. Parker of Louisiana for Vice-President. Pending the acceptability of Mr. Hughes' policies (June 13), Mr. Roosevelt has refused the nomination. "If Mr. Hughes' statements, when he makes them, shall satisfy the National Committee that it is for the interests of the country that he be elected, they can act accordingly and treat my refusal as definite." Otherwise, the Committee will confer with Mr. Roosevelt to "determine on whatever action we may severally deem appropriate to meet the needs of the country."

The War.—There has been a marked increase in the violence of the artillery duels along the entire Belgian front; and between the British and German forces severe artillery engagements, followed by infantry assaults have been frequent. The Germans have captured the first-line British trenches in the village of Hooge and the British have attacked the German positions southeast of Ypres, but without success. Between the Vimy Ridge and La Bassée Canal, and near the Hohenzollern redoubt, sapping operations have ended favorably for the British. In the Argonne district the French have gained some slight advantage at Haute Chevauchée.

Bulletin, June 6, p. m.-June 13, a. m.

In the Verdun region the fighting has resulted in further gains for the Germans. West of the Meuse, on both sides of Mort Homme Hill, west and southwest of Hill 304, and near Chattancourt, both sides have been on the offensive, but the situation remains unchanged. East of the Meuse, the Germans increased the number and violence of their attacks on the line that runs from Caillette Wood to Damloup, and at last, after seven days of furious efforts, not only isolated Fort Vaux but later succeeded in carrying it by storm. The slopes, west and south of the fort, are still in the hands of the French. The Germans are now concentrating their attack on the section of the line that extends between Douaumont and Thiaumont farm, and that between Fort Vaux and Damloup. Most of the latter place is now held by the Germans.

Since the capture of Monte Cengio, the Austrians have made further gains on the Asiago Highlands, have taken Monte Sisemol and Monte Castel Gomberto, and have forced the Italians to withdraw to new positions east of Asiago and east of the Campomulo Valley. In the Lagarina Valley, in the Monte Pasubio district, between the Posina and Astico Rivers, south and southwest of Arsiero, and at many points between Asiago and the Brenta Rivers there have been battles, but the Italians have been able to check the Austrian advance except in the Asiago region. In Grecian Macedonia the Bulgarians and the French have clashed at Mount Kopo, the Bulgarians being forced to retire.

Along the Dvina the Germans have bombarded the Russian positions in the lake district south of Dvinsk, and, according to Berlin, have taken the village of Kuwana. In Volhynia, Galicia and Bukowina the Russian offensive has gathered momentum, and is exerting pressure on the Austrians from the Pripet to Rumania. Only meager details of the movement are at hand, but from official reports it is clear that it extends over a front of at least 250 miles, has been generally successful and at one point has driven back the Austrians more than thirty miles. The Austrians have been obliged to retire to new positions on the Ikwa and the Styr, and to evacuate Dubno. The Russians have recaptured Lutsk. Further south they have reached and, in several places, crossed the Strypa, and have advanced to the outskirts of Czernowitz. Petrograd claims that already 114,000 prisoners have been taken.

In Armenia the Turks have been on the offensive at Baiburt but have been repulsed. They have, however, driven the Russian center further east, for the Russian force, which last week was reported twelve miles east of Mamachatun, is still retreating toward Erzerum. At Khanikin, in Persia, near the border of Mesopotamia, where the Russians and Turks have met, the fighting has resulted in a victory for the Turks who have driven back the Russians to Kasr-i-Shirin.

The German Admiralty has officially admitted the loss of the battle cruiser Lutzow and the cruiser Rostock, not during but after the battle off the coast of Jutland, while on the way to the harbor for repairs. "The total loss of the German high sea forces during the battle of May 31-June 1, and the following time are: one battle cruiser, one ship of the line of older construction, four small cruisers, and five torpedo boats." The statement denies that the battle was in any way a British victory, and declares that "the British main fleet was forced to turn round and it never again came within sight of our forces."

France.—Through the initiative of a committee of lawyers entitled to practise before the Paris Court of Appeals, a funeral service was held in the last days of May for the members of the Parisian Bar who were killed at the front. These number already 104. The ser-

President and Cardinal

vice, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was held, has caused a national interest. Permission had been asked and obtained from the authorities to reopen for the occasion the shrine of La Sainte Chapelle, which for some time has been closed to public worship. This famous monument, the masterpiece of French Gothic architecture, is enclosed within the precincts of the Palais de Justice. The President of the Republic, M. Poincaré, himself a member of the Parisian Bar, accompanied by Madame Poincaré, and surrounded by the most eminent jurists of the capital, assisted at the ceremony. After the Mass, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, addressed the President of the Republic, the President of the Paris Bar and the distinguished guests. He paid a simple but heartfelt tribute to the bravery and the generosity of their dead confrères. He officially thanked the public authorities for reopening for the occasion the beautiful shrine so dear to the memory of all Frenchmen. He emphasized for the hour of national distress which faced them the need of that "sacred union," which the President of the Republic had been the first to invoke. He reminded his hearers that their dead friends were praying for them and the country. Human means and human agencies, he said, had already done much for France in the great struggle now going on. He added:

But there is a force superior to all these human forces, and whose help is necessary to make them fully effective. It is the force and the power of Him who is the Supreme Master of all things, the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of individuals as of nations.

The Cardinal's address was listened to with profound attention and respect. One incident of the ceremony was especially noted. The Cardinal welcomed the President of the Republic at the portal of La Sainte Chapelle, and both cordially shook hands. *La Croix* warns its readers not to lay too much stress on this act of courtesy. It adds:

We hope that this meeting, following as it does the imposing manifestation of "sacred union" lately given at the funeral of Cardinal Sevin, may allow us to look forward to the day when, throughout the length and breadth of France, the civil powers will adopt towards the religious authorities that attitude which is absolutely necessary in a country where religious freedom is not an empty word.

This wish will find an echo in many hearts.

Germany.—Important utterances explaining Germany's attitude toward peace were made recently by the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag. "In the critical time of July, 1914," he said, "it was the duty of every responsible statesman before God, his country and his conscience, to leave nothing untried that could preserve peace with honor." The charges brought against him on this score he could confidently refer to a Higher Tribunal and "await God's judgment calmly." On December 6, 1915, he had spoken for the first time of Germany's readiness for peace, because he could do so then in entire confidence that her war situation would continue to improve. "Developments have confirmed this confidence. We have made progress on all fronts. We are stronger than before." Germany's peace offer nevertheless had evoked no response. The Allies were not willing to accept the only basis upon which peace negotiations could be conducted, namely, the real war situation as shown by the war map "This was rejected by the other side. They will not recognize the war map, as they hope to improve it in their own favor. But it has constantly changed in our favor." His remark that, since two peace suggestions have already met with no response by the Allies, it would be futile and harmful for Germany to make any further overtures, was received in the Reichstag with even greater acclaim than any of his previous utterances. Some statesmen in England, he thought, believed that Germany's offensive was near the breaking point. "These gentlemen are indulging in strange notions." Of the unity and determination of the German people there was no doubt. If their peace offers were scorned they would yield to no difficulties, fearing God alone:

Peace or the Sword

My belief in my people and my love for my people give me a conviction firm as a rock that we shall fight and conquer as we have fought and conquered hitherto. We fear neither death nor devil, not even the hunger devil which they wish to send into our country. The men who fight around Verdun, who fight under Hindenburg, our proud bluejackets who showed Albion that rats bite, are fashioned from a breed that knows how to bear privations also. These privations are here. I admit it calmly and openly, even to foreign countries, but we will bear them. In this great fight against hunger we will also make progress. The harvest will not be worse, but better, than in the previous hard year. This calculation of our enemies on our economic difficulties will prove deceptive.

He knew, he said, that the success of the young German navy did not mean that England was beaten. "But it is a token of our future wherein Germany will win, for herself and also for smaller peoples, full equality of right and lasting freedom of sea routes, now closed by England's sole domination."

Great Britain.—On June 5, Earl Kitchener, the British Secretary of War, and his staff were lost at sea, off the west coast of the Orkney Islands. The Secretary was on his way to Russia, to discuss important military and financial questions with the Emperor Nicholas. An hour after he had gone aboard the Hampshire, the ship was sunk, probably by a mine. The late Field-Marshal, the son of an English army officer, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, on June 24, 1850. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to school in Switzerland, and in 1868, entered the Military Academy at Woolwich. His first campaign was with the French army in the Franco-Prussian war; and during the next forty years, he saw active service in Egypt, South Africa and India. Many honors came to him. Horatio Herbert Kitchener, O.M., was first Earl Kitchener of Khartum and of Broome; Vis-

Kitchener's Death

count of Khartum, of the Vaal and Aspall, Viscount Broome of Broome, Baron Denton of Denton, Knight of the Garter, Knight Grand Commander of the Indian Empire, of the Star of India, of the Bath, and of St. Michael and St. George; Knight of St. Patrick, Privy Councilor, Doctor of Laws of Oxford, and sometime Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. His most recent and perhaps his greatest work was to recruit and equip an army for service in the present war. Kitchener's most prominent characteristics were his silence, his unbreakable perseverance and his utter disregard for public opinion. "'E's no talker," said a cockney non-commissioned officer who had served under him for many years, "Not 'im. 'E's all steel and hice." His sudden death, although the manner of it befitted a man who for more than forty years had given his best to his country, has created a deep and sorrowful impression even among those who had bitterly criticised his methods with the army. "So ends, with distressing suddenness," writes the *Mail*, one of the leaders of the opposition, "a career of romantic distinction which had assumed extraordinary significance in the estimation of his countrymen." The *Times*, another hostile journal, comments:

It was his doggedness in doing his work that won him the popular trust, because it was akin to the nation's own temperament. He had none of the gifts by which politicians win favor. He was no orator, he did not court the multitude, he had few friends. It was in strange loneliness that he trod the path of duty with stern and unwavering purpose.

Pending the appointment of Kitchener's successor, the business of the department is in the hands of the Premier. Sir William Robertson, Lloyd George, Lord Milner and Lord Derby have been suggested for the post.

Ireland.—On June 6, in Dublin, the prosecution began the presentation of its case at the court-martial of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, charged with shooting F. Sheehy Skeffington, editor of the *Irish Citizen*, Thomas Dickson and Frederick McIntyre, during the recent uprising.

Bowen-Colthurst

According to the statement of the prosecuting officer, Captain Bowen-Colthurst took the three men from the guard-room with the remark, "I am going to shoot them, as I think it the right thing to do." Informed by the orderly then on duty, the Adjutant-General sent a message to Captain Colthurst, but it is not known whether the message reached him. At all events, declared the prosecuting officer, Skeffington, Dickson and McIntyre were taken to the yard and shot by a firing-squad of seven men. Several officers testified that they had been on duty seventy-two hours at this time, and that Captain Colthurst showed signs of excitement and did not act in his usual manner. One officer said that after the shooting, he noticed a movement in Skeffington's body and told the Captain of it. At the command of the latter, another volley was fired into the body. Testimony was also adduced that the accused had told Major Roxburgh, then in command at the Portobello Barracks, that he had shot the men on his own responsibility, and that he would probably hang for it. General Bird, the chief witness for the defense, testified that Captain Bowen-Colthurst disobeyed orders during the Mons retreat and had been suspended. The Captain's company had been ordered to retire, but the Captain had ordered it forward. This, according to the witness, showed his incapacity. Medical testimony was then taken to indicate the unbalanced state of the officer's mind. The court-martial reconvened on June 10, and according to a Central News dispatch from Dublin, pronounced Captain Bowen-Colthurst guilty but insane at the time of the shooting. Owing to the circumstance of insanity, the guilty officer will probably be ordered "interned during the King's pleasure." The shooting of Skeffington aroused, as is well known, a storm of protest and indignation. Of Thomas Dickson not much as yet seems to be known. Of Frederick McIntyre, the *Irish Weekly Independent* has this to say: "During the last three years Mr. McIntyre, in his paper, opposed Larkinism and the 'Citizen Army,' and supported recruiting. If this man was shot a horrible blunder was committed."

Mexico.—Present conditions in this wretched country are aptly described in the following letter written by a Mexican who has seen every phase of the revolution which has been so sedulously fostered by the United States:

A Rotting Nation

There is a chance of getting a letter to you and I must not miss it, for the present news is important. Conditions are growing worse and worse every day. The Carranzistas are in a bad way. The Zapatistas have driven them from Morelos again and are attacking them on all sides, near Mexico City and in neighboring districts. The Felicistas are threatening Puebla, Orizaba and Vera Cruz. Besides, divisions among the Carranzistas are numerous and serious and bankruptcy is imminent. It is said here that the United States has lost patience and that intervention is near. There is great fear that the bandits will do something desperate before losing power. I know for certain that the Lodges sent out a document three days ago insisting that everything possible be done to bring about the ruin of religion, the clergy and churches in this city, as was done in Merida and in other places. In the meantime, starvation is staring us in the face. Milk has gone up to four pesos a liter and all other articles are high in proportion. The poor are suffering acutely. In God's name, why does your country treat us so? Does it mean to stand for pillage of the very worst kind? Murder is a trifling crime here. A dreadful story has just been brought to Mexico City from Cuantla, by a Carranzista officer. He bragged that the bandits hung the parish priest of Cuantla in the public square, after taking a ransom from him. This priest was one of my friends, a most excellent man, who used all his power to mitigate some of the horrors of the revolution. He had been the parish priest of Villa de Ayala, the birthplace of the stable-boy, Zapata, whom Americans appear to consider another George Washington. The priest knew the Zapatas well, and knew the genesis and nature of their revolution. I feel a pang at the thought of his horrid death, and I am hoping against hope that the story is not true, for Carranza and his tribe are congenital liars. In the meantime we are watching our beloved country fairly rotting away.

Thus Mexico is kept on the cross by a policy that is past understanding.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Charities Investigation: A School for Drudges

SCARLET and white and pink and blue, like a bevy of butterflies they danced and floated across Fifth Avenue, on their way to the Park. From the top of an Avenue bus I viewed them; and for the moment was tempted to throw off the burden of some thirty years, climb down, and join them. Pleasant indeed is it, of a rare day in June, to look at the pools and flowers of Central Park through the clear eyes of a child; pleasant always, to find in the clinging, trustful touch of a little hand, some memory, sweet yet poignant, of the days when love smoothed every path for our childish feet, when, innocent of the world, we saw in none an enemy, but in every one a friend. But time and tide wait for no man, and the stop-system of the Fifth Avenue buses is known only to the initiate. Thus were the butterflies saved the presence of a dragon, but as we passed the Cathedral I was still thinking of these children and of their school. For they came from St. Joseph's Home at Eighty-first Street and Madison Avenue; most of them were orphans, all of them dependents.

You who have done me the honor of following these papers on the maligned Catholic institutions of New York, will recall that, even as in the mind of Mr. Doherty and the head-liners, Mount Loretto is an Oliver Twist school and the Dominican Convent in the glorious Nyack hill country, a nest of poisoners, so St. Joseph's Home, in the heart of Manhattan, is a "School for Drudges." Yet, "I don't think these children look like little drudges," remarked a newspaper man to me, at my second visit on June 4. "I've been all over the house, too," he continued, "and I want to say that while I've got a nice little home myself, these children seem to have all that my children have, 'and then some.' As for that playground that Doherty called a 'barren court,' why, just look at those trees, will you?" This sums up the case accurately. In this school the children are cared for, body and mind and soul, by intelligent and devoted religious women; their home is immaculately clean, the classrooms well equipped, their playgrounds and recreation facilities, within and without the house, ample. The impression, which must come home even to the casual visitor, that the children are in most excellent keeping, will be deepened if he will take the time to make a thorough examination of the institution.

The most serious accusation made against the Convent before the Strong Commission, is that the Sisters "force the children to do the drudgery of the house." Premising that the statement is an absolute falsehood, it may be interesting to trace its origin. In the report of an inspection made on September 23, 1914, by Deputy Commissioner Doherty, Dr. Bernstein, Dr. Reeder, Miss Robins, Miss McCann and Miss Schmidt, the following statements are found (*Pp.* 39, 40, 47, 48):

> At the present time there are so employed [in institution industries] eighteen girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age whose only education consists of one hour's schooling in the evening, from 7:30 to 8:30 after a hard day's work. In many of these cases, the daily program commences as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. . . . It is very strongly urged on the Sisters of Mercy that they immediately abolish the deplorable practice of exacting cheap labor from a group of defenseless girls from fourteen years of age and over, who are actually rendering from eight to nine hours' daily service.

On March 9, 1915, a reinspection was made by Mr. Doherty, Dr. Reeder, Dr. Bernstein, Dr. Stevens, Mr. Brooks, Miss Kennedy, and Miss Schmidt. The charge reappears in a modified form (*Pp.* 28-29):

> At the time of the reinvestigation, there were only six girls assigned to part-time educational classes. [Out of 396 children. Compare with the crowded part-time public schools of New York!] These girls receive two hours' scholastic instruction a day. . . . They are permitted to join cooking classes, also the dress-making classes. . . . The same six girls have been selected as members of the Dramatic Club. . . . The committee cannot help strongly urging the Institution of Mercy to abandon altogether the policy of using children over fourteen years of age for utilitarian purposes of the institution without giving them a *quid pro quo*.

Finally, we have the pathetic picture reproduced in the newspapers. The following is taken from the New York *Herald* of February 4, 1916:

> Mr. Doherty said that the main objection to the institution was the practice of making the girls *do all the drudgery of the institution*, some of them working eight and nine hours a day carrying wet clothes from the laundry and doing other hard work.

Apart from imagination, where is the truth? First of all, these girls, *six* out of 396, whose only schooling, we are asked to believe, consisted of an hour's instruction after a day of drudgery, had, with a few exceptions hereafter to be noted, complied with the law *requiring a school record* for working papers. So much for the first statement. But what of the exceptions? Mr. Dooley has wisely said that any father can send his son to college, but that not even President Eliot can make him think. This was precisely the case with these exceptions. They were children of a mentality which does not readily engage itself with books. So Mother Genevieve described them under oath (*Testimony p.* 3661), and Sister Mary Chrysostom, the school principal, deposed (*Testimony, p.* 3741) that, in her opinion, "this [i. e., a certain amount of light domestic work] was the best thing for the children to do." Furthermore, not a single child is applied to this work *against her will;* Sister Chrysostom testified under oath (*Testimony, p.* 3741), that "the children had begged her to be allowed to do it." Is there here the slightest trace of anything like "cheap labor *exacted* from defenseless girls?" The intelligent devotion of Mother Genevieve to her charges is patent; and as for Sister Chrysostom, who has been teaching for forty-one years, I do not hesitate to rank her opinion of what should be done with backward girls,

immeasurably above the opinion of the "expert" theorist, Dr. Reeder. It is educational heresy, I know, even to hint that some children are not made for books. But *et ego in Arcadia;* I have been a teacher myself, and I know that it is waste of time to try to polish brick. It can't be done. By the summary processes of compulsory education, many an excellent cook is spoiled to make a poor stenographer, and not a few lawyers now hungry, might have been contented tinsmiths, opulent on three meals a day, a little home in the suburbs, and a family cow, had they not been compelled to sip with reluctant youthful lip from the Pierian Spring. As I view the matter, the Sisters applied an admirable solution to a difficult problem; my only regret is, that a fault-finding inspectorship seems to have necessitated its partial abandonment.

To say, then, that these children are forced to do the "drudgery of the house," which in many "cases . . . commences as early as 6 o'clock in the morning," or that condemned to hard labor, they "are on active duty from eight to nine hours a day," is, to employ a restrained manner of speaking, injudicious. *One of the older girls* (compare Doherty's "in many cases") who helped to dress the children, began this deadening, soul-destroying work at six in the morning. Moreover, the work, as was deposed on oath (*Testimony, p.* 3668), was not drudgery. If it were, plainly the children would not have asked for it. The hours for work were well distributed throughout the day. They attained in some instances a maximum of six and one-half hours, never eight or nine hours. In the light of these facts, easily accessible to the investigators, the recommendation of the Doherty Report, advising these good Sisters to "abolish the deplorable practice of exacting cheap labor from a group of defenseless girls . . . who are actually rendering from eight to nine hours' daily service"; and the smug statement in the Reinspection Report (*p.* 29), that the Sisters had *partly* abolished a cruel practice of which they had *never* been guilty, can only be characterized as false, insolent and shameless.

In connection with the "cheap labor" question, the Doherty Report becomes lachrymose over "the regrettable lack of play-facilities for the children (*p.* 34). Of course the "experts" made no mention of Miss C. M. Conway, who for nearly five years has taught folk-dancing and games, including the usual setting-up exercises twice a day, and gymnastics in Mr. Doherty's "barren court" in fair weather. Perhaps this accusation is best met by a quotation from the New York *Herald* for February 4, 1916. I can vouch for its truth, save as to the size of the "park" which should be reduced by about one-half:

> I examined the outdoor playground which Mr. Doherty called "a barren court." It is a charming little city park, covering nearly a city block. Though it is paved with concrete, thus suggesting, perhaps, a court, it is shaded in summer time by a dozen or more fine old trees, under the boughs of which are numerous swings, recreation benches, tables, and such picnic paraphernalia as children delight in. Another count in Mr. Doherty's indictment was that "facilities for indoor play are lacking," and that the Home "was deficient in facilities for entertainment." There is a superb assembly hall, commodious and airy. At one end it has a little stage with scenery, curtain, wings and flies. . . . Most unusual of all in this place "devoid of all means of entertainment," I found a first-class motion-picture apparatus in a fireproof enclosure, and a good selection of films, some of them educational, but many others amusing rather than strictly instructive.

I may add that, on occasions, the older children are taken to lectures at the Museum of Natural History and elsewhere, and on visits to the neighboring Metropolitan Museum of Art; and that all have regular outings in the country, in the parks, and at the seaside. And may I whisper that at the recent Shakespearean revival, a party from St. Joseph's greatly enjoyed Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice"?

I have said a word of the classrooms, and I may here remark that the quality of the teaching seems to me distinctly good. These helpless little drudges have a graded course in domestic science, conducted in a fully-equipped laboratory, and presided over by a capable young woman, Miss Elizabeth Green, who holds her certificate from New York University. I examined a number of laboratory books, taken up at random, and found them neatly, and, so far as I, not a cook, might judge, accurately kept. This course was opened in 1913. Every child beginning with 3B devotes at least two hours a week to sewing in a regular prescribed course. More fortunate than Dr. Bernstein who claims (*Doherty Report, p.* 39), that none of the "samples" indicated "workmanship of a high order," I saw some very beautiful specimens of the children's work. I do not know the basis of Dr. Bernstein's judgment, but Sister Mary Chrysostom testified (*Testimony, p.* 3732), that although more than a hundred specimens were exhibited in a large room, Dr. Bernstein never looked at them.

This lengthy insistence upon the obvious philosophy of Corin that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; and that Catholic Sisters do not maltreat helpless little children, grows tedious. I omit, therefore, certain petty complaints touching the food which are refuted by the very documents on which Mr. Hotchkiss bases his criticism (*Doherty Report, pp.* 27-29; *Reinspection Report, pp.* 21-24), and pass on to the consideration of a serious matter affecting the relations of all our Catholic institutions for dependent or delinquent children, with the Department of Charities of the City of New York. So far as I know, this fundamental question has never been formally discussed. In the course of my investigations, suspicion has grown to subjective certainty that knowingly or otherwise, divers recommendations insisted upon in the Department's Reports, particularly by Dr. Bernstein, constitute a direct attack upon the very foundations of

supernatural religion. These recommendations deal with the formation of certain clubs and societies.

Now, however far we may fall below the attainment of our ideals, Catholics know that the one supreme aim and end in life, is to save our immortal souls. That is why the Cross of Christ surmounts our churches in every land; why, in our poverty, we build schools in which Christ alone is King, hospitals where life's last bitter moments may be soothed by the Blood of Christ our Redeemer, orphanages and homes in which the pitiful, broken little flowers of our race, may once more bloom and blossom in the sunshine of the love of Jesus Christ. *Christo Redemptori,* "For Christ, our Saviour," is our inspiration, our ideal, our support. We do not reject natural aids to the attainment of life's truest purpose, but we do not substitute them for prayer and the Sacraments. These are first. Morning and night and throughout the day, in all Catholic institutions, the hands of our children are raised in prayer to God our Father; day after day, into thousands of innocent hearts, the Lord Christ comes, there to dwell by His Eucharistic presence; instructions are given daily on the precepts of the Gospel by men and women consecrated to God; and all this, that from the beginning of conscious life, these little ones may be imbued with the beautiful, all-sufficing lesson, that we must love God above all else, and for His sake, our neighbor as ourselves.

Yet what recognition is ever given this superb work by our charity "experts"? None; or the recognition of a sneer. "It is *claimed* that the chaplain is of considerable assistance . . . in the moral talks he gives the girls," writes the Jew, Dr. Bernstein, of St. Joseph's Home. "The children are not consulted on questions of morality in conference, or otherwise" (*Inspection Report, p.* 32). Appreciation of the moral value of prayer, catechism and the Sacraments, may not, perhaps, be reasonably looked for in Bernstein, or in Kingsbury. But what of the "devout Catholic" Doherty?

Thus discounting the special value of Catholic training, based on prayer and the Sacraments, another more vital and far-reaching agency of moral uplift is continually dinned into the ears of our religious. It is nothing less than the "Big Brothers" and the "Big Sisters"! They can "very well be used to develop a *higher sense of morality* among the children," writes Dr. Bernstein, in his Report on St. Joseph's Home (*p.* 45). Higher, mind you, than the present moral code, based on faith, perfected in the child by prayer and the Sacraments. In the Blauvelt Report this same gentleman, by an impudent assumption, strongly urges these clubs "for the purpose of *raising the moral standards* of the institution," and fatuously announces that "the moral and spiritual possibilities of such clubs are practically *unlimited*" (*p.* 43, *p.* 48). What is this, but the apotheosis of the secularizing spirit that finds its god in man and therefore "dissolveth Jesus"? Will this insidious attack upon the Faith of our children fail? The answer depends upon the practical devotion of every Catholic in New York to the Church and to her maligned institutions.

Long ago, secularism triumphantly thrust God out of the school. Its progress is now thrusting Him out of the home. At the opening of this twentieth century, it is proposed to invoke the authority of the State to thrust Him from the heart and life of the dependent child. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," pleads the Heart of Christ. That is the ultimate issue in this whole controversy. God grant that no lust for petty station or passing power may induce the Catholic citizens of this land to lend their aid to the further spread of the kingdom of darkness.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

The Popes and the Jews

AS Catholics have long been, on account of their religion, the victims of misrepresentation, slander and persecution, they should be the last to countenance by word or deed any such excesses against men of other creeds. While proclaiming the Divine commission of the Church to which they belong, fighting for her rights and striving by prayer and good example to bring others into her fold, they should never forget that one of the noblest virtues which their Faith enjoins, is love and charity to all men. Religious hatred and bigotry should be odious to them. Our fathers have passed through those scorching flames. We earnestly pray that others may never have to suffer the same bitter pangs. We sincerely and heartily condemn religious persecution in every shape and form.

Among the lessons which our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, has impressed upon a world dazed by almost unimaginable scenes of strife and bloodshed, we find this all-important precept. In his answer to the petition of the American Jewish Committee begging him to use his moral and religious influence in behalf of their suffering brethren in various belligerent lands, the Holy Father, through his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, after stating that he was unable to express his opinion concerning the special facts mentioned in the memorial, said:

> . . . In principle, as the head of the Catholic Church, which considers all men as brethren and teaches them to love one another, he will not cease to inculcate the observance among individuals as among nations of the principles of natural right, and to reprove every violation of them. This right should be observed and respected in relation to the Children of Israel as it should be as to all men, for it would not conform to justice and to religion itself to derogate therefrom solely because of a difference of religious faith.
>
> Moreover, . . . the Supreme Pontiff feels in this moment more deeply than ever, the necessity that all men shall recollect that they are brothers and that their salvation lies in the return of the law of love, which is the law of the Gospels.

The answer is worthy of the traditions of the Papacy. The petitioners themselves recalled with gratitude, that in

the past, several of the predecessors of his Holiness had extended their protection to those of the Jewish faith, in the interest of right and justice.

The history of the Papacy extends over well-nigh two thousand years, and during all that time the conduct of the Popes toward the Jews has been far more tolerant and humane than was that of contemporary rulers. In the Decretals (*v, vi,* 9) under the name of Clement III (1190), we find the famous Bull *Sicut Judæis,* which might be called the Jewish Bill of Rights. The Pope who first promulgated it, seems to have been Nicholas II (1061). The Bull was renewed by Calixtus II, Eugenius III, Alexander III, Clement III, Celestine III, Innocent III, Gregory IX, Innocent IV, Urban IV, Martin V, Eugenius IV, and several others. It is a fairly liberal document and protects the members of the outlawed race in essential human rights. Under pain of excommunication, it forbids baptizing them against their will, killing or wounding them, injuring their property, interfering with their religious ceremonies, etc. Should adult Jews be baptized against their will, their baptism is considered invalid, and children must not be baptized without the consent of their parents or guardians. Moreover, Jews were to be left in tranquil possession of their synagogues, though as a rule, not permitted to build new ones. But Alexander III allowed their houses of worship to be repaired. Paul IV, who dealt severely with the Jews, decreed that they could have but one synagogue in each city or locality where they dwelt. Many Popes, however, abrogated the more rigorous decrees. And the Protestant Basnage informs us that in his day (1653-1723), there were 9 synagogues in Rome, 19 in the Roman Campagna, 12 in the remainder of the Patrimony of St. Peter, besides 36 in the March of Ancona.

The Popes have ever condemned the persecution of the Jew. They have always proclaimed his right to life, property, freedom of conscience and worship. But the Church is the depository of the Faith, and the Popes are its guardians. They saw that at times Judaism was a real peril to the faith of Christians and they placed certain restrictions on the practice of the Jewish religion. Thus, for instance, the children of Israel were not allowed to make proselytes or to have Christian slaves. At times, they were forbidden to live in familiar intercourse with the Faithful, and Paul IV, while never infringing on their essential rights, confined then in Rome to one quarter of the city, the well-known Ghetto. The Papacy, according to Rodocanachi, in his book, "Le Saint-Siège et les Juifs," always endeavored to treat with justice and equity the Jews dwelling in the Eternal City, though it felt at the same time, a certain mistrust "of these suspicious guests." And in his "History of the Jews," Basnage tells us that the dealings of the Popes with them were milder than those of other sovereigns; that they favored the persecuted race, made some of its members their treasurers, gave them special privileges and left them liberty of conscience. And to their credit, the Jews in Rome, when under Arnold of Brescia, Crescenzio, Stephen Porcari and Cola di Rienzi, revolt seethed in the city, remained loyal subjects of the Holy See.

To use the words of Lord Rothschild in his letter to Cardinal Merry del Val, October 7, 1913, Jews thankfully remember "that a great number of Sovereign Pontiffs on a great many occasions extended their generous protection to their persecuted coreligionists." How different this opinion from that of the usually discriminating New York *Sun* which finds the present Pope's charity toward the Jew a marvelous reversal of the policies of his predecessors. The *Sun* has forgotten the liberal statesmen of the Vatican. Let us recall one or two. When the synagogues of Palermo had been damaged by the populace, Pope St. Gregory (590-604) held Bishop Victor responsible and forced him to make restitution; and when an over-zealous convert from Judaism had forcibly taken possession of a synagogue in Sardinia, the Pope ordered it to be at once restored to its rightful owners. The persecuted Jews of Spain found a friend in Alexander II, for writing to the Spanish Bishops, he says: "We have just heard with pleasure, that you have protected the Jews who dwell in your midst, preventing them from being killed by those who have entered Spain against the Saracens." About the middle of the fourteenth century, that mysterious pestilence, the Black Death, one of the most terrible scourges that ever devastated Europe, was gathering its frightful harvest. Popular superstition blindly and unreasonably looked upon the Jews as its authors. Where they were not killed and indiscriminately massacred, they were plundered and sent into exile. But as Froissart tells us, and his testimony is confirmed by contemporary documents, Clement VI made heroic efforts to save them, called them to Avignon, where the Popes then resided, and gave the wretched outcasts a shelter and a home. In Popes like Innocent VII, Martin V, Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII and Paul III, they found generous defenders. When in 1891, the Christian population of Corfu, owing to an accusation of "ritual murder" brought against the Jewish population, threatened it with all the violence of mob-law, Leo XIII exhorted the clergy to allay the fury. This accusation of ritual murder, the murder namely of a Christian, and preferably of a Christian child, as an official act prescribed out of hatred of Christianity by the Jewish Law, the Jewish liturgy or a Jewish sect, has ever been keenly resented by the whole nation. But even Popes who, like Paul IV, St. Pius V and Clement VIII, charged the Jews with usury, theft and magic, never accused them of this odious crime, while scholars like Thurston declare that Innocent IV, Gregory X, Martin V, Paul III, have entirely exonerated them from it.

Impartial history cannot so easily clear the Jews of other charges. But for their crimes, national and individual, they have cruelly suffered. It is time that the age-long persecution under which they have groaned, and which the

Catholic Church and her Pontiffs ever tried to mitigate, should cease. The Jew may be grasping, selfish, cold-hearted and proud, but his sorrows and tragic woes, even when caused by his own fault, should stir a sympathetic chord in every heart. Christians and Catholics, to whom the names of the Prophets and Seers of Israel are household words, who adore as their God One who came in the veiled form and majesty of a Son of David, who revere a daughter of Judah as the Virgin Mother of the Saviour of the world, should deem it a crime and a sin, not to exercise toward the Jew Christian charity.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

XLVII—The Young Man and Mechanical Engineering

MECHANICAL engineering is that branch of the science and art of engineering which relates especially to machinery. It is closely allied to all other classes of engineering inasmuch as there is hardly an occupation or industry in which machines of some sort are not directly or indirectly concerned, and it is often for this reason difficult to draw the line clearly between one class and the other. In its strictest sense mechanical engineering relates simply to the design of machines. In its broad sense it covers not only their design, but all matters relating to their proper construction and operation. In its common application it has for its scope both the design and construction of machines required for performing certain desired operations, and in addition the design and operation of the complete industrial plant, of which the individual machines form a part, and the construction of the plant in such a manner as to secure the most successful accomplishment of the end for which the plant is built.

A large part of the mechanical engineering of the present day consists in the assembling of machinery to produce certain desired results, rather than in designing machinery itself. In many cases, the machinery has already been designed and constructed by engineers of the past and the perfected machine can be had by purchase in the market. This class of mechanical engineering covers a wide field. Its scope includes the engineering required in a large, modern hotel or office-building. The mechanical plant of such an establishment embraces a great variety of machinery, among the most important of which are the machines and appliances required for power, heating, ventilation, lighting, elevator service, distribution of hot and cold water, fire protection and, in the case of a hotel, cooking.

In the same class of mechanical engineering as that referred to above is that involved in the design and construction of industrial plants of various kinds, such as cotton or woolen-mills, bleacheries, paper-mills, rubber-mills, machinery and other manufactories. This branch of the profession is commonly known as industrial engineering. In all of these cases, the elementary parts consist of the power-plant, which is sometimes operated by steam, sometimes by water, and often by both; the machines in the mill or manufactories, and the pulleys, shafting, and belting required to transmit power from one place to another. The work of the mechanical engineer in these plants consists in properly assembling the various machines so as to perform their functions, the selection of an appropriate power-plant and the proper design and arrangement of the transmitting apparatus required for operating them.

The work of the mechanical engineer is also of paramount importance in the construction of steamships. Not only does the design of the boilers and engines on which the whole operation of the ship depends originate with him, but he is also concerned in the design, location and connection of the multitude of auxiliary steam appliances which abound throughout the vessel and which contribute so much to the comfort of the passengers. The modern steamship is required to contain all the appointments of a first-class hotel. By reason of the contracted space in which the machinery is necessarily placed, the services of a mechanical engineer are more imperative in a ship's design and construction than in a hotel's.

Having now given some explanation regarding the character of the profession of mechanical engineering, the question naturally arises as to the qualifications needed to make a success of such a profession. It is scarcely necessary to say that the one who adopts this profession should do so not merely as a means of livelihood, but because his tastes lie in the direction of mechanical pursuits, if, indeed he does not love the profession for its own sake. No one should enter the profession who is not fond of machinery, who is not a "born mechanic" as the expression is, or who is not deeply interested, to say the least, in every kind of machine. But apart from natural inclinations, there are qualifications that especially fit one for the work of a mechanical engineer. The aspirant to success should have a technical education, such as can be obtained in any of the recognized technical schools of the country, in order to be thoroughly grounded in the principles of mechanics. He should not only understand these principles but he should know them by heart. He may or he may not remember the formula derived from a principle, but the principle itself should always be at his command. He should be familiar with mathematics, geometry and trigonometry. He should know the strength of materials and be able to calculate the strains occurring in structures and in machines, both at rest and in motion, so that he may design them with the proper amount of strength, or, if already designed, so that he may be able to prove that they are of sufficient strength for any purpose for which he may desire to use them. He should know their behavior under varying conditions; he should be able to detect their points of weakness and know the best methods of strengthening them when they fail.

Moreover, he should be a draughtsman and an inventor.

He should know the processes involved in the work of the pattern-maker, founder, blacksmith and machinist. He should know how to erect machinery, and how to operate it after erection. He should know the practices of the trade, the various articles concerned in mechanical operations which can be bought in the market, and, in a general way, their cost. He should be familiar with the different kinds of boilers, engines, pumps, water-wheels, etc., in the market and their relative advantages, and not the least in importance he should be grounded in the principles of steam-engineering and in the laws which pertain to the generation and use of steam, not only for the operation of engines of various kinds but for the various kinds of steam-heating. He should be well versed in hydraulic, pneumatic and electrical machinery. He should know the construction and operation of the various machines of the plant he has assembled, that he may be able to judge of the correctness of their design and construction and whether they perform their functions in a proper manner, and according to the specified requirements. In a word, the mechanical engineer must be skilled by observation, by study and by experience in the science and art of his calling, a task requiring persistent effort.

What the future offers to a person choosing the profession of mechanical engineering largely depends, of course, on the ability of the man himself. The broad scope of the profession furnishes ample indication that there is a wide field of work for him. If the young engineer becomes connected with an industrial business of sufficient size and importance to warrant the steady employment of a mechanical engineer, and if he shows the necessary ability, there is opportunity for him to push forward to a position of responsibility which will command a good salary and satisfy any ordinary ambition. If his desire is to establish an engineering business of his own, he can make the emoluments greater than in a salaried position, provided he is able to secure the necessary clientage, and conduct the business skilfully. If this is his ambition the wisest course for him to pursue is to enter the office of a successful engineer, and spend a few years in learning the business. Then, if he has the acquaintance and aptitude necessary for attracting business to himself, he can set up his own establishment and by careful attention to the execution of his work strive for the success he seeks. In mechanical engineering, as in other professions, large emoluments await the men who rise to the top, for they are the engineers who are called upon by individuals and corporations for advice.

The profession of mechanical engineering offers as many attractions to those entering it as any other profession. In this, as in others, there is always room for those who excel, for no professional man meets with success unless his work commands it, and if his work commands it nothing will prevent him for attaining complete and lasting success.

EMILE G. PERROT.

Monsters and the Middle Ages

I DO not remember to have read anywhere an adequate and comprehensive account of the fabulous monsters so much written of in the Middle Ages. Such studies as I have seen suffered from the three or four strange and senseless blunders which throttle all our thought on such subjects.

The primary blunder, of course, is that comic one to which students like Mr. Frazer have lent, or rather pawned, their authority. I mean the absurd notion that in matters of the imagination men have any need to copy from each other. Poems and poetic tales tend to be a little alike, not because Hebrews were really Chaldeans, nor because Christians were really Pagans, but because men are really men. Because there is, in spite of all the trend of modern thought, such a thing as man and the brotherhood of men. Anyone who has really looked at the moon might have called the moon a virgin and a huntress without ever having heard of Diana. Anyone who had ever looked at the sun might call it the god of oracles and of healing without having heard of Apollo. A man in love, walking about in a garden, compares a woman to a flower, and not to an earwig; though an earwig also was made by God, and has many superiorities in point of education and travel. To hear some people talk, one would think that the love of flowers had been imposed by some long priestly tradition, and the love of earwigs forbidden by some fearful tribal taboo.

The second great blunder is to suppose that such fables, even when they really are borrowed from older sources, are used in an old, tired and customary spirit. When the soul really wakes it always deals directly with the nearest things. If, let us say, a man woke up in bed from a celestial dream which told him to go on painting till all was blue, he would begin by painting himself blue, then his bed blue, and so on. But he would be using all the machinery that came to hand; and that is exactly what always happens in real spiritual revolutions. They work by their environment even when they alter it.

Thus, when professors tell us that the Christians "borrowed" this or that fable or monster from the heathens, it is as if people said that a bricklayer had "borrowed" his bricks from clay, or a chemist had "borrowed" his explosives from chemicals; or that the Gothic builders of Lincoln or Beauvais had "borrowed" the pointed arch from the thin lattices of the Moors. Perhaps they did borrow it, but (by Heaven!) they paid it back.

Five or six other similar errors need not detain us now. For upon these two rests the essential error about, let us say, unicorns; which, after all, is our chief affair in life. The mystical monsters talked of in the Middle Ages had most of them, no doubt, a tradition older than Christianity. I do not admit this because many of the most eminent authorities would say so. As Swinburne said in his conversation with Persephone, "I have lived long enough to have known one thing"; that eminent men

means successful men, and that successful men really hate Christianity. But it is evident from the general tradition of life and letters. I think that someone in the Old Testament says that the unicorn is a very difficult animal to catch; and certainly it has not been caught yet. If nobody has yet said that in this case "unicorn" must mean rhinoceros, somebody will soon, but it shall not be I. But though it is probably true that many of these medieval monsters were of pagan origin, this truth, which is always repeated, is far less startling than another truth that is always ignored.

The monster of the pagan fables was always, so far as I can see, an emblem of evil. That is to say, he was really a monster; he was abnormal; or as Kingsley put it in those fine and highly heathen hexameters:

Twi-formed, strange, without like, who obey not the golden-haired rulers,
Vainly rebelling, they rage till they die by the swords of the heroes.

Sometimes the monster, once killed, could be used to kill other monsters; as Perseus used the Gorgon to kill the dragons of the sea. But this is a mere accident of material. I can imagine, in the same way, that if I could put the head of a folk-lore professor on the end of a stick, in the French Revolutionary manner, it might serve very excellently as a heavy wooden club for beating in the heads of other and less hardened folk-lore professors. Or, again, the hydra, which grew two heads for everyone that was cut off, might have been praised as an emblem of branching evolution and the advantage of an increasing population. But, as a fact, the hydra was not praised. He was killed, amid general relief. The minotaur might have been admired by moderns as the meeting-place of men and animals; the chimera might have been admired by moderns as an instance of the principle that three heads are better than one. I say that the hydra and chimera might have been admired by moderns. But they were not admired by ancients. Among the pagans the grotesque, fabulous animal was thought of only as something you ought to kill. Sometimes it killed you, like the sphinx; but even when it had done that, you did not really love it.

Now the case of the reappearance of such unearthly animals after Europe became Christendom is the thing I have never seen properly described. In one of the oldest of the legends of St. George and the Dragon, St. George did not kill the Dragon, but led it captive and sprinkled it with holy water. Something of the same sort happened to that whole department of the human mind which creates violent and unnatural images. Take the griffin for example. In our time the griffin, like most other medieval symbols, has been made a mean and farcical thing for fancy dress balls: in twenty pictures from *Punch*, for instance, we can see the griffin and the turtle as supporters of the civic arms of London. For the modern "citizen" the arrangement is excellent; the griffin, which eats him, does not exist; the turtle, which he eats, does exist. But not only was the griffin not always trivial, but he was not always even bad. He was a mystical incorporation of two animals held wholly sacred: the lion of St. Mark, the lion of generosity, valor, victory; the eagle of St. John, the eagle of truth, of aspiration, of intellectual liberty. Thus the griffin was often used as the emblem of Christ; as combining the eagle and the lion in that mysterious and complete compound in which Christ combined the Divine and human. But even if you thought of the griffin as good, you were not less afraid of him. Perhaps more.

But the strongest case is that of the unicorn, which I intended to figure prominently in this article but which seems to have evaded my thought in a most miraculous manner, and which up to this time I seem to have practically omitted. He is a terrible creature, the unicorn; and though he seems to live rather vaguely in Africa, I could never be surprised if he came walking up one of the four white roads that lead to Beaconsfield; the monster whiter than the roads, and his horn higher than the church spire. For all these mystical animals were imagined as enormously big as well as incalculably fierce and free. The stamping of the awful unicorn would shake the endless deserts in which it dwelt; and the wings of the vast griffin went over one's head in heaven with the thunder of a thousand cherubim. And yet the fact remains that if you had asked a medieval man what the unicorn was supposed to *mean*, he would have replied "chastity."

When we have understood that fact we shall understand a great many other things, but above all the civilization out of which we come. Christianity did *not* conceive Christian virtues as tame, timid, and respectable things. It *did* conceive of these virtues as vast, defiant, and even destructive things, scorning the yoke of this world, dwelling in the desert, and seeking their meat from God. Till we have understood that no one will really understand even the "Lion and the Unicorn" over a pastry cook's shop. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

Among the French Wounded Soldiers

THE war, besides laying bare many other things, has revealed the soul of the French peasant and artisan; and France had much to learn about her children. Visits made to the humble cottages in time of sickness and occasional dealings with hired workmen were the only medium most people had in times of peace of getting acquainted with the peasant and laboring classes, and such meetings, seldom if ever, led to any knowledge of their inner selves. Few in fact cared to explore this unknown land. The stress of war has changed all this. It now appears that popular impressions as to the character of France's lower strata of society have been far from the truth. Evidence of this has come to light on the battlefield, in the deserted cities and especially in the hospitals; and this evidence on the whole has shown the French peasant and artisan at their best. It has been my privilege to have done humble though continuous service for the space of eighteen months in one of the hospitals for the wounded, and my observations have led to very gratifying conclusions.

The particular hospital where I have learned to know and appreciate the Frenchman of the people, is directed by Sisters, a fact which gives it a religious atmosphere. Associated with the Sisters, who are certificated Red Cross nurses as well as devoted servants of the poor, are a few laywomen, but it is the former who impress upon the place its peaceful spirit. A skilled surgeon, an excellent doctor, and all the modern inventions for allaying suffering and for ensuring the success of difficult operations, add an up-to-date element to the conventual régime. A garden, with large trees, is a source of endless pleasure to the broken fighting men, who for the most part are peasants and often fathers of families, gray-haired *territoriaux*. Our patients are gathered from all parts of France.

The first trait that I have noted after many months of almost daily dealings with the wounded soldiers is their passionate and all-absorbing love for their homes. Before the war, much was written about the general movement among the peasants away from the country toward Paris and other large cities. The evil did exist. In some villages, even in fertile Normandy, cottages have been deserted, left unoccupied, and are falling to pieces. The mountainous districts of Central France suffered largely, the peasants emigrating in large numbers, because they found it difficult to earn a sustenance. But, after due allowance has been made for the dangerous attraction which Paris has for the peasant mind, it remains true that in general, the deserters of the country are less numerous than its lovers and devotees.

Our hospital has been in operation for a year and a half, during which time a steady flow of wounded soldiers has passed through the wards. They hailed from Brittany, Artois, Provence, Languedoc, Lorraine, Gascony, and Normandy. Each province has its well-accentuated characteristics, and, more than once, we found ourselves remarking how much more rational was the old division of France into provinces, than its present meaningless division into *départements*. Our peasant-soldiers in their conversation are constantly, though unconsciously, emphasizing the fact that a province implies characteristic qualities and defects, a distinctive spirit and idiom, and peculiar traits of temperament, to say nothing of the wealth of traditions evoked by the mere name of certain parts of old France. The *départements*, it must be acknowledged, are necessary from a utilitarian point of view, but they embody none of the memories that are so firmly planted in the soil of the provinces.

Bretons, in particular, with their dreamy eyes, have a strongly marked individuality. Rough in manner, slow and reticent of speech, they are nevertheless grateful, docile and devout. They make excellent fighting men and, since August, 1914, their regiments have nobly paid their tribute to the defense of their country; but they love their homes with a passionate tenderness. A sure way of making their faces light up with pleasure, is to talk to them of the sea-girt coast, and the picturesque costumes and legends, and the national fêtes of their native soil.

To induce the peasant-soldier to talk of his *petite patrie*, wherever it may be located, is always a good beginning, but when he comes to speak to you of it spontaneously, you may be assured that you have at last won his confidence. I remember a soldier from Languedoc, whose home was in the country, near Narbonne. Silent and reserved as he was, it took me six months to put him at his ease. Then he described for me the village where his father, mother, wife, children, grandfather and sister were waiting for his return. He was not eloquent, nor even fluent, but, the awkward words, gravely and earnestly uttered, as if they touched on sacred subjects, created a very vivid picture. I seemed to see the broad plain with its winding silver stream, its vines, olives, apricot and plum trees; the cottages each with its own garden; the horizon bounded by hills where, in wild profusion, grow the aromatic plants that give the famous Narbonne honey its exquisite flavor; and in the midst, an olive grove, with the chapel *Notre Dame de l'Olive. C'est magnifique,* were the words that regularly wound up the soldier's description of his home. That scene, he told me, was once bathed in perpetual sunshine, but over it he now saw the shadow of the great war: all the able-bodied men absent, many of them killed, wounded or missing, while the old and feeble were grappling ineffectually with the work left undone.

The *territoriaux,* married men over forty, are unmilitary in appearance, but their uncomplaining courage and endurance are truly wonderful. Not once during eighteen months, have I heard a word of murmur, but always *Il le faut bien,* "It's all right." There are no high-flown demonstrations about these gray-haired fighting men, who are so terribly wanted at home, but a steady, quiet resignation that, under fire, assumes a higher aspect, and becomes real heroism. This is the universal testimony of their officers. "My men," writes a young captain, who commands a company of *territoriaux* from Bergerac, "make no show of enthusiasm when our trenches are attacked. I find them brave, absolutely firm and reliable. Never can our people at home be grateful enough to their obscure heroes."

Our men's love for their officers is another characteristic trait. "We were like brothers," said a workman from Lyons, who spent many months in our hospital. His words well expressed the cordial feeling that unites officers and men. "Our officer never sent us into danger without going himself," is another remark. "My lieutenant dressed my wound in the trench," said a third, whose life was saved by this timely assistance.

Our soldiers are easily pleased, touchingly grateful and, like docile children, they sing the *cantiques* and attend chapel. Nor do they do this to gain the nun's good graces. Before me, lies a heap of misspelt, awkwardly written letters. They come from the trenches or from other hospitals, and are spontaneous outpourings of men's feelings. The little chapel of the ambulance with its prudent and kindly chaplain is mentioned at every turn. When, day after day, for many months, we see men from every part of France, whose ages vary from twenty to forty-four years, show themselves so civil, gentle and grateful, so ready to obey and to pray, we wonder where are the revolutionary spirits that come to the surface at times and threaten the existence of more peaceable citizens; but the fact that these impressionable and receptive Latins are undoubtedly easy to influence, may account, up to a certain point, for many anomalies. Our wounded men, it must be remembered, are not selected carefully from crowds of broken soldiers; they are drafted at random to our hospital according to the good pleasure of the military surgeon who presides at the railway station where the Red Cross trains arrive from the front. This being the case, they may be justly considered typical of the French soldier in general; they are by no means, picked individuals, chosen to suit a conventual atmosphere. Some, when they arrive, are rough, silent, somewhat suspicious, even of their kindly surroundings, but their Latin receptivity comes into play, for they soon fall into the docile mood of their comrades, their rough speech is softened, their suspiciousness vanishes and, like the others, they let themselves enjoy this peaceful halt in their strenuous lives.

Before the war, the men, who in their present bruised and broken state are so interesting, would perhaps have seemed hopelessly commonplace or even vulgar. But tragic experiences have developed what is best in their character, and the sacrifice of self to a great duty has brought a touch of grandeur into very ordinary lives. There is a striking contrast between their lives twenty months ago and during the tragic ordeal that they have just gone through, but in this contrast lies, it may be, the promise of a new and better France.

B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Shaw Once More

To the Editor of AMERICA:

This is not a brief for "Marie-Odile," though as Mr. Belasco produced the play we may be sure that the serge for the habits was of the right texture, the rosaries monastery-made, the furniture bought up from some disbanded *cloître,* so that these, the most important matters of a play to Mr. Belasco, were all quite irreproachably Catholic. But my dear Bernard Shaw! If "Fanny's First Play" shows anything at all it is the reality, the push there is in religion, in that phenomenon Thomas à Kempis discusses as conversion, when the dimly habitual becomes suddenly the most impelling thing in the world. I don't recall another drama that uses this fact for the basis of its action. Margaret Knox may not be lovable to the "sob-stuffers" but to any one, not gone over to a factitious and sentimental type of woman, her earnestness and honesty have a glowing appeal. And how about her devout mother? And Juggins?

In the over-obvious foolery of Androcles, there lurks a great deal of poignant truthfulness. The Christians' light-hearted, casual facing of their ordeal is so essentially Catholic that the wonder is where Mr. Shaw caught it; their little jokes and pleasantries ring true to anyone who has been privileged to live in a convent or has been associated with simply and ecstatically religious people. This should not be held up to scorn as unnatural levity in martyrs. Mr. Shaw is great enough to know that when one has something very terrible and very necessary to do he has no energy left to be solemn about it. The martyr goes to his death in his own character. So the remark of Androcles that he is sorry the poor lion is to have no better fare than his toughness and stringiness needn't shock; it might have been made by a Franciscan! I have a college woman to match Mr. Young's professor; she is a person of signal cultivation and thoughtfulness, and yet she said after the play, "When Androcles knelt in the arena, ridiculous little figure that he was, and put one arm over his face to pray and wait, an awed hush gripped the house, and it came to me with a *thrill* what a tremendous testimony martyrdom is." And by the way isn't all this indignation a little tardy? AMERICA is usually betimes.

Milwaukee. ANNA NEACY.

The Story of a Neglected Grave

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As I was wandering through Calvary Cemetery on Memorial Day, I stumbled on a plot that was the very picture of neglect, in one of the best sites of that silent city of a million Catholic dead. The grave is covered with a rank growth of weeds and grass; the fencing is thick with rust; the top of the once imposing shaft "erected to the memory of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly," is broken. Patrick Casserly came to New York from Ireland in 1824 and was one of our first Catholic classical schoolmasters. He was an editor of the *Weekly Register,* and a contributor to the *Truth Teller,* two of our earliest Catholic papers, and edited several Greek and Latin text-books held in high repute and used for a couple of generations in our schools. A curious advertisement in the *Truth Teller* of 1828 reads:

> Chrestomathic Institution or Seminary for General Education, No. 36 Cherry Street, a few doors from Franklin Square. P. S. Casserly, T.C.D., Principal.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A select Female School has been established at Mr. C.'s residence, No. 6 Pell Street, next door to the Bowery, under the superintendence of experienced Ladies, one of whom will teach French and Music in a superior style. They will also have the assistance of the masters employed in the Institution.

Among his pupils was his son Eugene, later a Georgetown graduate, who was admitted to the Bar in 1844 and served as New York's Corporation Attorney, 1846-47. Like his father he was connected with early Catholic journalism as one of the first editors of the *Freeman's Journal.* In 1850 he went to San Francisco where he took rank at once as a leading Democrat and was elected to the United States Senate from California in 1869. He died June 14, 1883. Another son, Bernard, was for years a member of the State Commission of Immigration and a trustee of the Emigrant Savings Bank. The mother of these two was one of the teaching staff of the "Chrestomathic Institution" and a relative of Father Luke Berry, first pastor of St. Mary's Church, Grand Street. The national convention of the Catholic Press Association is soon to meet in this city. It might not be an inappropriate detail of its proceedings to try and collect the few pennies necessary to make presentable this neglected memorial to one of the pioneers of the local Catholic press.

Brooklyn. T. F. M.

A Legion of Defense

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your "Communications" of May 27, I read with interest: "A Legion of Defense," by P. Scanlan. I agree with him that we are going the way of France and Mexico. The same secret elements and their ill-guided cohorts that brought bloodshed, religious persecution and base tyranny to those countries are now quite numerous and active within our own borders. In their past attempts they found that opinion was not ripe for such cold injustice, hence their calumnious sheets, numbering between thirty and forty, have been quite busy of late trying to discredit what they wish to destroy. They have been quite faithful to the sort of advice given by the abominable Voltaire to his acolytes: "Heap on lies, heap on lies! Something of them always remains." The fact that our Government subsidizes them, at the expense of the people whom they are calumniating, increases their ability to create anarchy. This the Government does by granting them second-class mail privilege. It reminds the writer of Christ made to carry the Cross on which He was crucified. Of course, persecution is one of the things that makes Christ's Church like a city seated on a mountain that cannot be hid, but these attacks, inspired by Satan, give us a chance to show our Christianity and to spread the truth. We should remember: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel!" "He that shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him the Son of man shall be ashamed, when he shall come in his majesty, and that of his Father, and of the holy angels." We have constitutional means for remedying all our wrongs but we do not use them, probably because most Catholics are ignorant of the work carried on against us. Let us wake up and support our Catholic press.

Oil Center, Cal. P. A. MCANDREW.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Regarding the complaint made by a correspondent, that too few of your readers share in the "open parliament" of the "Communications" page, no less a personage than Cardinal Newman found it difficult to excite and sustain interest in journalistic correspondence on questions affecting Catholic interests. If I am now moved to supply my share of reply and comment on the proposed "Legion of Defense" it can only be to express a troubled state of mind. There will be bigotry to the end of the world. If Catholics were more Catholic than they are now and so intensified bigotry rather than lessened it, why might not that be a healthful indication? If Catholics, to be on the side of the smart and intellectual, are so far playing into the hands of the enemy, helping to exploit evil literature and evil plays, why should not the first effort to recruit the "Legion of Defense" be to induce such Catholics to abandon their hurtful neutrality?

Brooklyn. B. M. C.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Far Beyond the Type

IN the Old Testament there are perhaps no types more striking and apposite than those which prefigure the Blessed Sacrament. What bears, in every detail, a closer resemblance to Holy Communion, for example, than the manna on which the Israelites miraculously fed in the desert, and how remarkably like the Eucharistic Tabernacle was the Ark of the Covenant? All that is said in Holy Writ about the Ark finds in the Real Presence not only a perfect parallel, but, as was to be expected of an antitype, the fulfilment far exceeds the figure in beauty, power and dignity, and possesses in its completeness all the excellence that the type symbolized.

For the Ark of the Covenant was the glory, the strength and the beauty of Israel; it was the oracle, guide, protector and comforter of the Chosen People; it was the center of their worship and the object of their devotion, an elaborate and detailed liturgy being drawn up by God Himself for the direction of the priests and levites; in the Ark were preserved the stones of the Commandments, the flowering rod of Aaron, and a measure of the wonderful manna; the Ark indeed became the throne of God's holiness and mercy, a symbol of the abiding peace He had made with His people, and the pledge of His fatherly Providence over them; by day a cloud and by night a fiery pillar stood above the Ark to guide or stay the progress of the pilgrim host. "They shall make me a sanctuary," was God's promise, "and I will dwell in the midst of them": in the Ark of the Covenant His words would seem to have found their perfect fulfilment.

But the coming feast of Corpus Christi is a new reminder that marvelous as was the Ark of the Covenant, beautiful and striking as was everything connected with its institution, maintenance and history, the Ark, after all, was only a figure of the Tabernacle. All that the Ark was to the Chosen People, that the Tabernacle is to Catholics, and a vast deal more besides. Every wonderful quality, every attractive characteristic of the Ark is first mystically realized and then surpassed in our Tabernacle. For Christ's abiding Presence in the Tabernacle is likewise the glory, strength and beauty of the Church, and the heart and center of her devotion. The Son of Mary has for all time become in the fullest and most intimate sense the support, defender and consoler of every Catholic, however poor and humble. From the Tabernacle also are taught not only the Commandments of the Old Law, but the new commandment of love; before the Tabernacle the power of an eternal priesthood, typified by Aaron's staff, is exercised, and in the Tabernacle are stored up for the daily spiritual sustenance of the Faithful inexhaustible quantities of Living Manna. Finally, whatever beauty and richness there were in the appurtenances of the Ark, whatever solemnity and splendor there were in the ancient Jewish liturgy, whatever sanctity and decorum there were in the priests and levites in whose keeping the Ark was placed, become weak and poor and imperfect when compared with the magnificence, devotion and holy enthusiasm with which Catholics the world over celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi.

The New York "Journal" on Hell

FOR some months an editorial-writer on the staff of the New York Journal has devoted himself feverishly to the elucidation of two propositions. He almost proves the first, which is that men and monkeys do not differ essentially. Man wears clothes, eschews the tree as a customary place of residence, uses a toothbrush in private instead of a toothpick in public, and occasionally writes smart editorials for the penny press. But apparently under proper conditions of environment and discipline any monkey can be trained to accomplish these feats. The case is therefore plain. Mr. Hearst's editorial-writer has demonstrated, *propria persona,* that between himself and the ape there is a difference not of kind, but merely of culture.

Having placed himself so definitely, our editorial-writer does not carry his second thesis to so happy a conclusion. He is exceedingly anxious to prove that hell does not exist. Needless to say, the writer nowhere defines what he means by hell. For this omission he may be excused. Definitions require close thinking, a process which may be made possible by another eon of evolution. Evidently, however, he believes that God creates a certain number of human beings for the sole purpose of gratifying "a cruelty more vile than that of the worst of murderers," by casting them into a place where "they are burned alive forever."

It is hardly necessary to say that hell, as the *Journal* conceives it, does not exist. Hell, as taught by Christ, however, does exist. The difference is obvious to all who in the language of the *Journal* "are capable of

understanding anything of importance"; but no one will expect the writers on that paper to grasp the distinction. On its own reiterated assertion, man, the editorial staff of the *Journal* included, is but a cultured ape, accidentally and slightly removed from the simians in Central Park that chatter in wild excitement over an unexpected accession of perfectly good peanuts. How can such creatures grasp distinctions?

Suicides and the Cult of Minerva

AFTER persistently refusing to give credence to the frequently repeated statement that teachers are "extra-suicidal in their tendencies," the New England *Journal of Education* finds that of late the evidence has become too conclusive to be rejected. The suicide of a city school superintendent in Michigan and of a professor in Johns Hopkins University on almost the same day, together with other similar instances preceding and following these events, induced the educational journal to issue a formal warning under the startling headline: "Mania for Suicides among Teachers." That such a warning is thought necessary for the teachers of our non-Christian institutions is certainly lamentable; but the motive urged to prevent such deeds is, if possible, even more pitiful. It strikingly indicates how weak are the props of morality when religion is removed. "It is important," says the journal, "that teachers realize that the whole profession suffers when one of them goes wrong in life, or in going out of life." A slight deterrent indeed for the man who stands prepared to break into the sanctuary of life and wilfully to cast aside the canons which God has set against self-slaughter!

Side by side with this illustration which is only one sad evidence of what "intellectuality" accomplishes without God, may be placed an example of the deification of the pride of intellect which is common in our day. It is taken from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* containing a frank plea for a rejuvenated paganism whose high priests are to be chosen from among our university professors. The Church of the Living God is disdained, and the devotees of the new cult are invited to stroll into the temple of Minerva, there to find peace for both "eye and mind." They are to keep alive the fire of intellectual light "by setting apart a priesthood, a body of intellectual men who shall worship the God of truth and Him alone. The professors at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere constitute, or should constitute such a priesthood." The "truth" referred to here is the negation of Christianity and Revelation.

This is the cult of the pagan philosophers of our day who would erect over the ruins of the Christian temple the shrines of Venus and Minerva. It is the cult from which have arisen the disasters of our time, wars and suicides and the idolizing of the things of the flesh. The non-Christian university is a fit place wherein to set up this modern Baal.

The Wonder Grows

THE eye and ear of the country were on New York last week. Startling revelations were to be made and everybody was anxious either to read them or to hear them. Traitors were to be exposed; international plots were to be laid bare; "wire-tapping" and theft of private letters were to be justified. The country was expectant; the inquiry was on—it came to an end without the discovery of a vestige of treason or the trace of a plot. But a defiance was thrown down, that must be taken up. The broker accused of treason declared:

> The Mayor of this great city publicly proclaimed the firm of Seymour & Seymour throughout the world as traitors to our country. The Mayor and Corporation Counsel asserted that our wires had been tapped because they believed we were engaged in a conspiracy against the United States Government. That was an absolute lie and they knew it. Nothing has been brought out in this inquiry to justify their statements.—New York *Evening World,* June 9.

What man of honor would let that pass? And is this not worse?

> Mr. Seymour then asked the Court for permission to speak. When that was granted, he said that no evidence had been produced to show that the detective was trying to detect crime, or that any crime had been committed. The detective, he said, had been loud in declaring that papers had been stolen from the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., but had not proved it. After that had been exploded, they dragged in the National Government. No less a person than the Mayor of this city published us broadcast as traitors to our country. Senator Thompson told him that there was no international question involved, but the Mayor contended that there was and was backed by Corporation Counsel Hardy. Yet, they failed to show anything that would even lead a baby to believe it. They went into our office for no lawful purpose, but in an unlawful manner and on an unlawful errand, to get information for some person whose reason for wanting it has not been given.—New York *Evening Journal,* June 9.

Verily, the wonder grows. The air that was thick with intrigue and treason last week is now charged with mystery. Why were those wires tapped? To defend "the sacred altar of government"? Seymour is not a Papist. Why were those wires tapped? To reveal a plot? There was no plot. Why were those wires tapped? To uncover treason? There was no treason. But those were the reasons given. Precisely and therein lies the mystery. Why were those wires tapped? Can it be that the almost universal whisper that tickles the ear at every turn is true? Why were those wires tapped? Why? And again, why? The wonder grows. Does it?

Enter the "Spectric Poet"

THE vorticist school of poetry, we are credibly informed, came to an ignominious end, when the war broke out; the verses produced by the cubists are as unintelligible as their statues and paintings, and even the imagists, because they have been praised too much, are now declining in popular favor. So the stage is

cleared for the entrance of that latest literary absurdity, the "spectric poet." Here is the explanation of the new theory:

> The subject of every spectric poem has the function of a prism, upon which falls the white light of universal and immeasurable possible experience; and this flood of colorless and infinite light, passing through the particular limitations of the concrete episode before us, is broken up, refracted and diffused into a variety of many-colored rays. Some one of these rays will impress the poet more than others; and he will necessarily color his whole poem with its hue. . . . The theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of experience falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful and intelligible hues.

Now observe how a modest exponent of the "spectric school" applies this theory in the incomparable lines entitled, "Opus 181":

> Skeptical cat,
> Calm your eyes, and come to me.
> For long ago, in some palméd forest,
> I too felt claws crawling
> Within my fingers. . . .
> Moons wax and wane;
> My eyes, too, once narrowed and widened.
> Why do you shrink back?
> Come to me: let me pat you—
> Come, vast-eyed one . . .
> Or I will spring upon you
> And with steel-hook fingers
> Tear you limb from limb. . . .
> There were twins in my cradle. . . .

Could anything be more "glowing, beautiful and intelligible" than this? It is clear that each line of the little masterpiece subtly suggests the colors of the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, all in their proper order, and the hues are repeated, no doubt, in the seven lines that conclude the "poem," though cynics may protest that indigo is the only color that is conspicuously present in "Opus 181."

But more interesting even than the spectral analysis of the foregoing chef-d'œuvre is the white light the author's lines throw on her own charming personality. How she exults in her primordial feline pedigree! How bloodthirsty she becomes as she goes on! In the last line how delicately she hints at her kinship with the amiable subject of this prismatic poem! Depressing as is the "spectric school of poetry" and its output, more saddening still is the fact that editors should in all seriousness publish such arrant nonsense as "Opus 181" and call it poetry. But saddest of all, just because the trash is in print, thousands of silly readers will think it poetry too.

The Eye of the Davises

ONCE upon a time, a rather ingenious expedient was in use in a certain family, to keep the children in good behavior. Next door to this family, dwelt in seclusion the Misses Davis, two ladies credited with having long since passed the years of discretion. Whenever the children misbehaved in any way, by maltreating the unoffending cat, or by reaching across the table for the jam, the warning cry would go up, "Be careful, child, the Davises are looking!" The mystic words inspired the younger children with awe; indeed the Davises were credited with powers of vision, at least preternatural. Later the boys learned to laugh at their childish fear of these innocent old ladies; but even now whenever one does anything out of the way, they call out laughingly, "Be careful, the Davises are looking!"

For the Catholic, the world is full of Davises and they are always looking. He is a marked man, and this is as it should be. The Catholic claims more for his Faith than any other man. The world looks on, to sneer if his deeds do not correspond to the Faith that is in him, to admire, silently perhaps, but none the less honestly, if his life is as lofty and as upright as the Faith that he professes. Especially is this true of the educated Catholic. From the moment the young man or woman leaves college, the world watches with curious eyes. "Here is one," say the world's followers, "a good enough man in many respects, but for all that, not good enough in certain important respects, that holds to a standard different from ours. Let us observe closely, and see whether he will live up to that standard, or adopt ours." The Davises watch that man as he enters on his chosen calling. Does the Catholic lawyer, doctor, merchant, palter with prinicple and play with fire? Are these people living up to the standards they profess, or are they plain every-day hypocrites? And the women in particular, how they watch a woman! Does she read the books, attend the plays, adopt in her daily life the practices that her Church condemns?

Some fall, and loud and long is the laughter of the scornful Davises. Yet some there are among the Davises who turn away sorrowfully; they had watched, yes, but they had hoped that these men and women might make the world better by living up to the standard set by the Church. Had they done so, the watchers might have followed their example. As it is, the fall of the Catholic adds to the growing ranks of scoffers and cynics.

The usual army of graduates leaves our Catholic colleges and universities this year. Beneath the sonorous Latin on their diplomas, they may well write in good old Anglo-Saxon, so that he who runs may read: "The Davises are Looking!"

LITERATURE

XXVIII—Mother Juliana's "Sixteen Revelations"

A STUDY of the "XVI Revelations of Divine Love Shewed to Mother Juliana of Norwich, 1373," will be productive both of pleasure and edification, for as Dom Cressy, O.S.B., writes, the student "being thus employed will be sensible of many beams of . . . lights, and much warmth of . . . charity." Love for the Sacred Heart will also be quickened, for it is clear from the following lines that Juliana practised that devotion:

> With . . . cheer our . . . Lord looked into his

'side and beheld with joy. . . . . And there he shewed a fair and delectable place, and large enough for all mankind that shall be saved, and rest in peace and love. . . . And with the sweet beholding he shewed his blessed heart cloven in two. And with this our good Lord said: "Loe, how I love thee." . . . . This shewed our good Lord to make us glad and merry.

In girlhood this fourteenth-century recluse, probably a Benedictine nun, begged for a share in Christ's sufferings, and in her thirtieth year the request was granted. During a seemingly mortal illness, as the Crucifix was held before her eyes, she passed into her Saviour's agony, and in "His Sixteen Shewings" penetrated the veil which shrouds the Divine pangs from ordinary eyes. Deep called unto deep; the depths of a saint's loving soul were outpoured, to mingle with the greater deep of Christ's broken Heart. Broadly speaking, Suffering Love is the theme of Dame Juliana's revelations, beneath which the Seven Words spoken from the Cross are glimpsed as a spiritual palimpsest. As to the interpretation: "Wit it well: Love was his meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it thee? For love." Thus Juliana explains the *motif* of the "Shewings."

Indeed it was love, both for her Lord and for her "even-Christians," which enabled this rare soul to free her mind from certain Calvinistic concepts prevalent in her epoch. Thus, whilst ever obedient to authority, she thawed with a warm-hearted love the icebergs which had drifted into thought-currents through which the bark of Peter was then steering its sure course into warmer waters.

To Juliana, God was ever "homely and courteous . . . I saw no wrath but on man's part, and that forgiveth He in us." No wrath is possible in love, and God is love. Moreover sin is shown to be negation, never affirmation. "I saw not sin, for I believe it had no manner of substance, nor no part of being, nor it might not be known but by the pain that is caused thereof."

All being is good, because it is of God; where no good is left, there is no being; good may be reduced by sin even to annihilation, and naught but pain remain. Sin is the failure upon man's part of love. Yet in the great crucible of the Passion it may be converted by God's loving alchemy into worship and great profit, until we perforce cry: *"O felix culpa!"* at such resultant bliss. Sinners are compassionated: in heaven "the tokens of sin are turned to worship"; on earth Christ immanent in each Christian causes him to compassionate his fellow-Christian. "Sin is the sharpest scourge that any chosen soul may be smitten with, which . . . purges him . . . till contrition taketh him by touching of the Holy Ghost and turneth the bitterness into hope of God's mercy. And then his wounds begin to heal, and the soul to quicken. The Holy Ghost leadeth him to confession . . . then undertakes he penance. This . . . meekness greatly pleaseth God." Thus love is the gist of Dame Juliana's healing, healthful message, for we are rooted in love in "God our Ground," to whom we are united, or "oned" in prayer.

As a Benedictine, Juliana is well versed in the science of "beseeching." Prayer is of God, His merciful gift, which our wills should offer Him again with interest. "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," rising from God, and falling back again to Him from our poor earthly, yet heaven-taught, heaven-bought lips. And "beseeching is a true and gracious lasting will of the soul, oned and fastened into the will of Our Lord, by the sweet working of the Holy Ghost," it is "a truly willing to be one with him with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our might . . . In each soul that shall be safe, is a godly will that never assented to sin, nor never shall . . . evermore continually it willeth good and worketh good." For to each soul God says: "I am the Ground of thy beseeching . . . out of whom . . . all come, in whom be all enclosed . . . into whom all wend." "The high goodness of the Trinity is Our Lord, and in Him we be enclosed and He in us. . . . The place that Jesus taketh in our soul he never shall remove it."

In the "Shewings" mankind is seen to be Christ's crown: a garland woven for His bitter Passion, "but also . . . His bliss . . . His meed . . . His worship." To this mystic, Jesus and Adam are "one man." Jesus is in all that may be safe, and all that may be saved is in Jesus. . . . "When Adam fell, God's Son fell for the right oneing which was made in heaven. God's Son might not be separate from Adam, for by Adam I understand all man; Adam fell from life to death into the slade of this wretched world, and after that into hell. God's Son fell with Adam into the slade of the Maiden's womb . . . and that was for to excuse Adam from blame in heaven and earth; and mightily he fetched him out of hell."

From this "Shewing" may we not conclude that the God-forsaking of mankind, concurrent with the Fall is mystically one with the dereliction and darkness upon the Cross? "Thus was I learned to choose Jesu for my heaven whom I saw only in pain at that time," writes Juliana, and did not Jesu choose mankind for His heaven, and finding "a full bliss" in suffering, cry "Father, forgive" the anguish man had caused Him?

"If thou art pleased, I am pleased," He said to Juliana. "It is a joy, a bliss, an endless satisfying to me that ever suffered I Passion for thee." And here, as we catch a glimpse of the second word: "Today thou, who didst desire to suffer with me, partaking in my pain, art most truly one with me in Paradise," the palimpsest beneath the Revelations grows ever clearer. "With . . . cheer of mirth and joy, our good Lord looked down . . . where our Lady stood in the time of His Passion, and said 'Wilt thou see her?'"

Space does not allow us to dwell upon the beautiful and touching description of the Maiden-Mother which here follows, nor upon the mystical charm of a later chapter in which Dame Juliana says: "Our Lady is our mother, in whom we be all beclosed, and of her born in Christ; for she that is the mother of our Saviour is mother of all that shall be saved in our Saviour. And our Saviour is our very mother." Reposing in that last thought, we may truly say with the devout Juliana: "All shall be well . . . all manner of thing shall be well. *Deo gratias.*"

C. E. BISHOP.

REVIEWS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By MRS. NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

This is a timely and excellent book that will delight every American who has any regard for decency and elementary justice. The volume is made up of letters written to her mother, without original thought of publication, by a keen, cultured woman who witnessed the most tragic part of Mexico's tragedy. The first letter is dated October 8, 1913, the last but one, May 3, 1914; the very last bears no date. The story told is sad beyond full description, the story of a nation disrupted and then slain by a stronger power. Huerta is the central figure of the drama, the villain; the heroes are Carranza, Villa, John Lind of Sweden and Minnesota, one William J. Bryan of Nebraska and others. The villain is a gentleman and a diplomat, but John Lind received a cultured lady in his shirt sleeves, and his diplomacy may be evaluated from the fact that his conduct in Mexico drew this judgment from a foreign minister accredited to that country: "Your Scandinavian friend is anti-Latin, anti-British and anti-Catholic." But these are side glances. The book confirms previous judgments and causes former suspicions to pass into judgments. At the very time that our Administration was protesting that Mexico must settle its own affairs, there was continual, offensive and effective interference therein, on our part. "Bullying, collusive and

secret arrangements" with the bandits were ordinary occurrences. Lind favored them at every turn; he had the embargo on arms lifted in their favor, and such was the result that when he left for home, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy wrote:

> A hot indignation invades me as Mr. Lind drops out of the most disastrous chapter of Mexican history and returns to Minnesota. Upon his hands the blood of those killed with the weapons of the raising of the embargo—those weapons that, in some day and hour unknown to us, must inevitably be turned against their donors! It is all as certain as death.

Many men pass and repass in the pages of this volume. Carranza disloyal, greedy, stubborn; Villa, the beast; Bryan inviting Huerta to participate in the Hague Conference after our Government had absolutely refused to recognize him! Huerta, faithful and patient, "delightful in courtesy and tact," "flawless in his international attitude," always speaking of our President with the utmost respect as *su Excelencia el Señor Presidente*. To the last he maintained his chivalry, inviting American officials to his son's wedding, after the invasion of Vera Cruz putting a special car and a special guard at their disposal when they retired from the country and speaking these last words: "I hold no rancor toward the American people nor toward *su Excellencia el Señor Presidente* Wilson. He has not understood." Though observing due reticence the author is not afraid of the truth. She lays bare with a deft but delicate pen, awful atrocities. For instance, she relates the well-known incident of the 300 Morelos peasant women taken by force to an army camp, where the male beasts of the species, whom the United States supported, fought so desperately for their prey that the unfortunate women were hurried away and thrown friendless, penniless, foodless on the beach at Vera Cruz. Sentences like the following make the heart stop: "Everywhere brother is killing brother, and as for *sisters* they are often lassoed and captured as if they were stampeded cattle." Villa is shown an unspeakable brute, the special friend of Lind. The following letter is worth recording:

> April 9, Holy Thursday.
>
> The churches (Mexico City, with Huerta in power) are filled to overflowing, these holy days. Men, women, and children of all strata of society are faithful in the discharge of their duties. In this city of peace, how contrasting the tales of sacrilege in the rebel territory! Five priests were killed and three held for ransom in Tamaulipas last month; a convent was sacked and burned and the nuns were outraged. . . .

Of course "there is no official record" of this "on the files" of the State Department. And no record either of the fact that when a confidential agent of this Government heard of the murder of priests he exclaimed: "The more shot the better."

Thus these admirable letters run on page after page of engrossing interest. The book is worth reading; the author has done a good work for her country and for Mexico in laying bare the stupidity, duplicity and heartlessness that have characterized our dealings with Mexico, a land where a handful of barbarians, John Lind's protégés, maltreated a nation.

R. H. T.

Dante. By JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER, A.M. Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

Mr. Fletcher has written a book evidencing his wide reading in many languages and his thorough knowledge of the times and works of the great Florentine. If, as Charles Eliot Norton wrote, it is needful to know Dante as a man in order fully to appreciate him as a poet, it is equally necessary to understand his theology, his masters, and his models. The present volume, one of the "Home University Library" is an attempt to study Dante from his own writings. These are as intricate in detail and as difficult of interpretation as they are vast in their general design. He who runs may not read them aright for they have to be sifted and weighed like an article in that "Summa" of St. Thomas whose philosophy and wisdom the seer of the "Inferno" and the "Paradiso" reproduced in his mighty lines. Dante was not only a great poet, he was a great teacher. Centuries have sent their scholars to listen to his majestic voice. His teachings and precepts may not be understood unless the man, his politics, his theological system, and his esthetic ideals be fully grasped. Mr. Fletcher has made a serious attempt to do all this. Confining his studies to a specific view-point, he presents first of all Dante's personal confessions, then Dante's impersonal teaching, and finally Dante's literary art. Probably with a larger knowledge of the Catholic philosophy and theology of Dante our author would have given us a truer picture of the man. But such as the picture is, it reflects to no small degree the genuine greatness of the poet.

The stability of the faith and dogmas of the Catholic Church, however, does not come fully home to Mr. Fletcher. A better understanding of her immutable teachings and at the same time of their adaptability to modern problems of life would have given him a clearer insight into the poet's true greatness. But as a devout worshiper at the shrine of the renowned singer, Mr. Fletcher acknowledges the Florentine's wide and deep knowledge of men, his far-seeing and deep-sounding vision and vehemently opposes the opinion of those who maintain that Dante's voice is nothing more than a "boy-like treble of wonder and naïveté" and that he offers not wisdom but beauty only. That beauty and wisdom, be it noted, is but a dim reflex of the Catholic dogmas of which Dante, though a stern critic of Popes, churchmen and ecclesiastical policies which he disliked, was ever a devout and humble follower.

J. C. R.

The Life of William McKinley. By CHARLES S. OLCOTT. Two Vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $5.00.

Relying largely on material furnished him by Mr. George B. Cortelyou, President McKinley's private secretary, the author of this "official biography" has filled two volumes of 400 pages each with a eulogistic rather than a critical account of his subject's career. Mr. McKinley's gallant conduct during the Civil War, his domestic virtues and political integrity are deservedly praised, and a great deal of space is of course given to his famous tariff measures. But readers who expect to find in this work new light on the war that the United States waged with Spain and on our acquisition of the Philippines will be disappointed. That the Maine was really blown up by Spaniards, that the "yellow" press did not force the President to declare war; that every diplomatic means to avoid a conflict was employed, Mr. Olcott assumes to be indubitably true, and the unflattering portrait of the Philippine friar that had such a wide vogue twenty years ago is found in his pages. Perhaps an "official biography" has to be written after a rigidly prescribed form, its subject must have no weaknesses, and never, never make a mistake, but such a work will be of little value to the critical student of history. Mr. Olcott's book is well supplied with photographs.

W. D.

Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ, in Usum Adolescentium, a J. S. HICKEY, O.Cist. concinnata. Vol. III. Theodicæa. Ed. 3ª. S. Ludovici: Apud B. Herder. $1.00.

It is a pleasure to welcome the present revised and enlarged edition of Father Hickey's "Natural Theology," and to learn that the companion volumes have won similar success. The series, indeed, was bound to meet with a favorable reception at the hands of critics; and the uniformly high praise of the latter

has been justified by that excellent test to which works of this kind can be submitted: an increasing demand for further editions. The author possesses the gifts that are essentially called for in one who would instruct others in the art of thinking aright; he sees clearly and writes clearly. He possesses too that additional gift which may perhaps be best described by the phrase, a sense of proportion. The larger questions of philosophy are treated with the fulness and thoroughness which their importance postulates; while other problems which, though undoubtedly important because of their intimate union with the former and close dependence upon them, are still of relatively less significance, are succinctly set forth in the familiar corollaries and scholia. Another feature that has contributed much toward the well-deserved popularity of the series is the wealth of citations from past and contemporary works and articles in English that deal professedly or otherwise with the leading points under discussion. The advantages of such references are evident; and not the least is this: they enable the student to translate into his own language the compact terms of scholasticism. Altogether, Father Hickey's works form the best text-books the reviewer has seen for those students who must confine their course in philosophy to a period of two years. J. A. C.

The Romance of the Commonplace. By GELETT BURGESS. Indianapolis The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25.

Little papers these—"essays" is too gross a word—fifty-three of them, on what-not, in which the "tidings they bear are not so important as the telling of them" nor half so delightful. Gelett Burgess unconsciously reviews his own book in the "Game of Correspondence" when he writes: "This has a flavor that the salt of silence alone can bring out; a dash of interruption destroys its exquisite delicacy. . . . To your room with this and lock the door, or, at any rate, save it for an impregnable leisure. . . . It is minted thought, invested, put out at loan for a time, bringing back interest to stimulate new speculation. . . . It gilds homely little common things till they shine and twinkle with joy." Yet too many of these "common things" are called "divine": "the fire of personality," "a phase of common human nature," "electricity" even "fastidiousness." It is not a book to which one may resign himself without reserve "passive to the enchantment" of dainty style and bewildering imagery. In "The Game of Life" rapid moves are not always safe, and broad rules are seldom flatly true. Watch it as a play, and for a background build up solid truth; then let the nimble sprites frolic through their parts before a merrily discerning eye, prattle gaily, antic, curtsy and be off. You will have been distracted and delighted, provoked into debate, instructed too, perhaps corrected; yet withal, on having done romancing with the commonplace, your eye will be brighter, your step lighter, your tears, by its subtle alchemy, transmuted into laughter and your wrinkles into smiles. Z. J. M.

The Magic of Jewels and Charms. By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc. With Ninety Illustrations in Color, Doubletone and Line. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.00.

Dr. Kunz has had a quarter of a century's experience as mineralogist and gem expert, and the whole subject of precious stones seems to have had a lifelong fascination for him. In the search for information upon this topic, he has read the literature of all peoples, and has now gathered into this volume the results of his labors. It is not a scientific treatise, but contains a wealth of stories, legends, fancies, superstitions, tales, and facts concerning the "magic" value of minerals, gems, meteorites and bezoar stones. The author writes clearly and avoids controversy. Sources are given and the rest is left to the reader's discrimination. Only the broadest conception of the subject, however, can justify the appropriateness of the chapter on "Angels and Ministers of Grace," though to the Catholic it is naturally of great interest. Dr. Kunz believes in Guardian Angels and approves of the following substitution of saints for stars:

> St. Ottilia keepes the head instead of Aries; St. Blasius is appointed to govern the necke instead of Taurus; St. Lawrence keepes the backe and shoulders instead of Gemini, Cancer and Leo; St. Erasmus rules the belly with the entrayls in the place of Libra and Scorpius; in the stead of Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces, the holy church of Rome hath elected St. Burgarde, St. Rochus, St. Quirinius, St. John, and many others, which govern the thighes, feet, shinnes and knees.

Though a more careful distinction between faith and superstition could have been made, the author has avoided the extremes of skepticism and superstition. The book is carefuly indexed, finely printed and beautifully illustrated in color. C. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Sister M. Blanche, a religious of the Holy Cross Congregation, whose "Poems" were favorably reviewed in AMERICA, has now brought out a little volume of essays entitled "Idyls and Sketches" (Kenedy, $1.00). The best of the twenty-eight short papers in the book are those which describe out-of-doors sights and sounds, for the author has an eye that delicately discerns the seasons' changes, and she is rich in flower and bird lore. As there must be considerable literary ability among the Sisters who teach English in our convent schools, it would seem that the publication of volumes like this ought to be of more frequent occurrence.

Those who read "Aunt Sarah and the War," a little book which was favorably reviewed in our issue of July 3, 1915, will doubtless be interested in "Halt! Who's There?" (Putnam, $0.75), another war-book by the same "anonymous" author. He is commonly believed, however, to be Wilfrid Meynell, the "discoverer" of Francis Thompson. The diary is given of Miss Pauline Vandeleur who practises "hospitalities" as a Red Cross nurse and the "trenchant" journal of the late Captain Tudor whom she was to have wedded, is published. His reflections on "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" are as patriotic and poetical as could be desired but the eulogy of Nelson is somewhat overdone. Stephen Shireburn's thesis that English Catholics love their country more than English Protestants do is convincingly proved. The book, however, is not the equal of its predecessor.

In "The Lightning Conductor Discovers America" (Doubleday, Page, $1.50), C. N. and A. M. Williamson have written a glowing endorsement of the see-America-first movement. Captain Jack and Mrs. Winston reappear in the story, most of which is told in letters written by that lady to a friend in England. Winding through descriptions of Long Island and New England scenery as viewed from a motor car is a rather improbable but quite interesting romance. Indeed so mysterious is the hero that readers will need all their self-control to keep from turning prematurely to the last chapter to find out who he really is.—— Zane Grey's "The Border Legion" which threatens, alas! to be a "best seller" is as crowded with "gun-play" and "primitive passion" as is an uncensored "movie." The book will do nothing but harm.

"Union Portraits," (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50) consists of nine character studies by Gamaliel Bradford, in which he does for the North what he did for the South in "Confederate Portraits." His papers are not biographical but analytical: "psychographs," as he terms them. His endeavor has been to reach

the modes of thought and action that dominated the Union leaders and to present them to the reader in such a way as to show their relative importance. Although it is quite beyond the compass of such brief studies to arrive at complete character-estimate, there is a wealth of information contained herein of value to the student of the Civil War Period. When the papers on Hooker and McClellan first appeared in the *Atlantic* they were greeted with a storm of protest. In consequence further study has changed Mr. Bradford's original estimate of Hooker. But his judgment of McClellan remains as it was first printed. In Mr. Bradford's gallery only three pictures stand out fair and strong under the light of his probing criticism: Thomas, Sherman, and Stanton.

The leading paper in the June *Catholic Convert* is the first part of Mr. Shane Leslie's highly interesting lecture on Cardinal Manning. He has read all of this prelate's vast correspondence and is engaged in writing a biography that will be a corrective for many of the pages in Purcell's Life. Mr. Leslie remarks, apropos of his own conversion: "Nothing would induce me to say why I became a Catholic, because I hardly know myself." He then gives the following account of "the most curious conversion that ever occurred":

> A rowing supper had been given after the university boat races, and a great many hilarious students met to break training—that is to say, to drink champagne for the first time after their period of training for the races. And with true tactfulness, they chose Ash Wednesday for the bumping supper, as it was called. It happened that one of the most promising oarsmen was a Catholic, and that he had that day attended the rites of the Church and had some mark of the ashes on his forehead, but he went on to the supper. When he entered the room, the president of the boat, requested him to withdraw and to take off the marks of his dirty religion out of the room. Whereupon being a solitary Catholic, there was only one course open for him, which he fulfilled. He took up the tureen of soup for thirty and he emptied it over the head of the president of the boat club. That is not the end of the story, because the president was so struck by this exhibition of religious fervor that he made inquiries and before the end of the term he had become a Catholic. You have probably often heard the term "souper" used in Ireland, of those who were made to become Protestants in famine time by the gift of free soup. This is the only time I ever knew when the soup was on the side of the Holy Roman Church.

Mr. West estimates that in this country during 1915 more than 40,000 were received from other religious bodies into the Catholic Church.

A large book of 728 pages gets the small title of "We." (Doubleday, Page, $1.50). It is a plea by Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Crowds," for the United States to lead the nations to use hereafter the first person plural instead of "I" and "you." The means to employ is advertisement, i. e., self-revelation; this revelation is that Americans are sufficiently independent, and unafraid, to face Europe unarmed, and Messrs. Ford, Roosevelt, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Taft, Wilson and Bryan are judged according to their success in making known this revelation. The book is divided into "Acts," and these into "Looks," and there is hardly a dull page in it. Mr. Lee has a way of saying the ordinary thing strikingly, and the extraordinary thing quite calmly; he is thought-provoking, and if you do not always agree with him, he makes you at least find out what you really do think.——The war-correspondent, Stanley Washburn, has collected some of his articles into a book called "Victory in Defeat." (Doubleday, Page, $1.00). The defeat is the Russian retreat of 1915 from Warsaw, in which he took part, and the victory Mr. Washburn sees is one of character, unshaken in adversity. There are many graphic pages about the last days in Warsaw, and the account of the military operations from May to August is fairly convincing. In the author's view, it was a splendidly planned offensive, and a marvellous retreat.

Into a volume called "The Daughter of the Storage and Other Things in Prose and Verse" (Harper, $1.35), William Dean Howells has gathered together nineteen stories, sketches and poems that have appeared in various magazines. The tale that gives the book its title and "The Critical Bookstore" are the best stories. "Captain Dunlevy's Last Trip" is a striking narrative poem and at the end of the volume are two clever farces. ——"An Unknown Master and Other Stories" (Pilot Pub. Co., Boston, $1.15), by the Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, is a little volume containing fourteen tales of varied character, being mostly of the reminiscent type, as the author has traveled widely in Europe and the Orient and has been keenly observant of men and customs as well as of places and institutions. As he has drawn on his diary for plots, they are not complicated or unusual. The element of suspense, almost indispensable in the short-story, is well handled in "Ravelli," a tale which together with "The Unknown Master" may be taken as specimens of Father Murphy's best work. The illustrations in the book could easily be improved.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn and Bacon, Boston:
Intermediate Algebra. By H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes. $1.00.

The America Press, New York:
The Education of Boys. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D. $0.60.

The Catholic Publication Society of America, New York:
The United Irishmen. Their Lives and Times. By Richard Robert Madden. Newly Edited with Notes, Bibliography and Index. By Vincent Fleming O'Reilly. 12 Vols. $42.00.

The City Library Association, Springfield:
Recent Poetry. A List of Some of the Best Contemporary Poetry added to the City Library during the years 1908-1915.

Eugene Figuiere, Editeur, Paris:
Plus Haut: Nouvelles. Par Patience Warren, Adaptation Française par Perrine des Ronces. 3 fr. 50.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge:
Shakespeare: an Address. By George Lyman Kittredge.

Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing, Mich.:
Names of Places of Interest on Mackinac Island, Michigan. By Rt. Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War. By Various German Writers. $2.00.

Orange Judd Co., New York:
A Living from Eggs and Poultry. By Herbert W. Brown. $0.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Historic Indiana. By Julia Henderson Levering. Centennial Edition Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated. $2.25; Phases of Early Christianity 100 A. D.-250 A. D. By J. Estlin Carpenter, D.Litt. $2.00.

The Paulist Press, New York:
Italian Confessions, How to Hear Them. An Easy Method for Busy Priests. By Joseph McSorley, With an Introduction by His Eminence John Cardinal Farley. $1.00.

Pierre Tequi, Libraire-Editeur, Paris:
Jésus en Croix ou la Science du Crucifix en Forme de Méditations par les Pères Pierre Marie et Jean-Nicolas Grou, Nouvelle Edition. 1 fr.; A Jésus par Marie ou La Parfaite Dévotion à la Sainte Vierge, Enseignée par le B. Grignion de Montfort. Abbé J. M. Texier. 1 fr. 50; La Guerre en Picardie, Abbé Charles Calippe. 3 fr. 50; Pour la Victoire, Nouvelles Consignes de Guerre. Mgr. J. Tissier. 3 fr. 50; Progrès de l'Ame dans la Vie Spirituelle. R. P. Frédéric-William Faber. 3 fr. 50.

Renteria, Guipuzcoa (Espagne):
Catéchisme de la Profession Religieuse (D'après les *Normæ*).

University of California Press, Berkeley:
Correlations and Sex Differences in Memory and Substitution. By Arthur I. Gates. $0.05; A Comparison of the Japanese Folk-Song and the Occidental, A Study in the Psychology of Form. By Sangoro Ito. $0.15; Memory and Association in the Case of Street-Car Advertising Cards. By Walter S. Heller and Warner Brown. $0.10; The Psychology and Physiology of Mirror-Writing. By Justin K. Fuller.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.:
Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome. By Clarence E. Boyd. $1.00.

The University Society, New York:
Boys' and Girls' Bookshelf. Complete Edition. Prepared by the Editorial Board of the University Society Vols. I-XX, and The Child Welfare Manual, a Handbook of Child Nature and Nurture for Parents and Teachers. $39.50.

EDUCATION

Cliff Haven

CLIFF HAVEN is the permanent home of the Catholic Summer School. Happily has the spot been named; appropriately, likewise, though some think not so happily, the institution. There on the western shore of Champlain, the lordly and lovely lake, where the green-clad granite cliffs open wide their strong arms to let the gentle laughing waters run in to dance and play upon the yellow sands, the place is verily a haven, *locus tutus carinis,* a harbor safe for the frail skiff as well as the most timid bather, a harbor of peace whose shelving shores invite to rest and lettered ease. A school is there. Not the little red brick sort, with bell above, bespectacled master and ferule within, standing for the elements of knowledge, reading, writing and reckoning, but a school in the real old Grecian and Roman sense of the term, a place where educated people meet to discuss and hear discussed by eminent experts things of the mind, problems of the day, subjects that interest the intelligent in the broad domains of Christian apologetics, philosophy, the sciences and the arts.

A *summer* school it is; a pleasant place to abide when cities and towns are ovens, and urban mortals melt and sizzle. Backed by slopes of sylvan loveliness, fanned by the breath of fir-clad mountains and cooled by the breezes that always haunt the lake,

> It lies
> Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer seas.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL ATTRACTIONS

Lastly and firstly, it is a *Catholic* Summer School, Catholic in its foundation, its principles, its ideals, its methods, its spirit. The whole atmosphere is Catholic, sanely Catholic, broad, comprehensive, inclusive of whatever is true and good and fair; exclusive of that only which is false or base or sordid. The little chapel, named for Our Lady of the Lake, stands in the midst, a symbol at once of the motive, the aspirations, the life of Cliff Haven. The Morning Sacrifice many times multiplied at the nine altars, the never-failing evening rosary, the semi-weekly Benedictions, the triple daily Angelus, at whose peal no head on the spacious plain fails to bow in reverent salutation, all these are the outer signs of the inner Catholic spirit which pervades, unifies, fortifies and ensures the Summer School. It is this unity of faith, enwrapping all with the bonds of charity, that begets the peculiar charm of the social life which characterizes the place. All who spend some time at Cliff Haven, be they Catholics, or as is occasionally the case, non-Catholics, are struck with admiration at the natural, joyous, homelike and refined sociality of Cliff Haven. If perchance once in a while there sound a strident note in the general harmony, the immoderate frolicsomeness of some giddy girl, or the unseemly boisterousness of an ungentlemanly boy, such discords are on the whole but the ebullitions of over-fresh youth. They are probably inseparable from a large gathering of young folk, and are for their very rarity the more noticeable and consequently the apter to jar the feelings of persons who are more sensible and moderate, more thoughtful and considerate for themselves, their neighbors and for the general reputation of the institution.

THE INTELLECTUAL SIDE

But though Cliff Haven and the Catholic Summer School fully justify their name and title, it must not be forgotten that the intellectual principle is at once the primary efficient and the ultimate final cause of the institution. It was constituted and organized a "school," inclusive of the original sense of the term school described above, but not exclusive of the modern scholastic content. Moreover, the dominant *motif* which its founders had in mind was to establish an institution at which Catholics could obtain not only general intellectual culture and inspiration but likewise definite instruction on certain lines of knowledge and art. This purpose has always been kept in view though it has been more obviously fulfilled in some sessions than in others. Thus regular systematic courses of lectures of a pedagogical nature have been repeatedly given, while the more or less scholastic or technical elements have in no case been wholly absent from the schedule. On the other hand, Cliff Haven has never been rich enough to compete for patronage with summer schools of the large secular universities, each of which offers to its attendants elaborate courses in almost every branch of science and art imaginable, courses conducted by trained professors and equipped with all the accessories of library and laboratory with which these institutions are so richly supplied. The Catholic Summer School can of course offer to its patrons no such opulent facilities. Nevertheless, it is only the lack of funds that prevents it from doing more extensive work along scholastic lines. On the other hand, a glance over the schedule of lectures given at any one session will suffice to show that, together with the miscellaneous cultural and entertaining features, the Summer School furnishes an intellectual feast substantial and varied enough to satisfy the cravings of almost every appetite and taste. Thus, for instance, on the program for the approaching session, which opens July 2 and closes September 8, we find fifteen lectures on philosophy, ten on sociological problems, ten on international law, thirty on historical subjects, five on liturgy, five on certain scientific problems. Besides these there is a considerable number devoted to literature and to questions of the day. To these add some forty hours occupied with music and the drama, supplement the whole with the special courses, and you have "a feast of reason" from which no one need go away hungry. "The flow of soul" is contributed to the common fund by the individual banqueters.

THE SCHOOL'S WIDE INFLUENCE

Moreover, the intellectual profits of the Summer School are reaped not alone in the auditorium. There are round-table conferences given by persons of note while the easy social converse of the people with the lecturers affords an opportunity for mental gain which is often more instructive and stimulating than are the formal discourses. Besides, there is the interchange of thought with many minds of varied attainments and experience; for Cliff Haven is somewhat cosmopolitan in its clientele. People are there from all parts of the country, not to say the world, so that the advantages resulting from this social constituency are incalculable. For the rest a glance through the prospectus, which has just been issued, and which may be had by applying at the city office, in East Forty-second Street, New York, will afford fuller information regarding the intellectuality of the Catholic Summer School.

FRANCIS P. SIEGFRIED.

SOCIOLOGY

The Test of Criminal Responsibility

THE Waite trial, recently terminated by the imposition of the death penalty, presents many aspects decidedly out of the ordinary. The praiseworthy determination of the presiding Justice, Mr. Shearn, to permit no unnecessary delays, was, in the opinion of those who must have their gibe at the profession, quite as extraordinary as the defense urged by Dr. Waite. Particular attention, however, centers in the charge to the jury, stating the test of criminal responsibility.

It will be recalled that the defendant originally pleaded compulsion, inasmuch as he had been completely dominated by a person of preternatural powers, called "the man from Egypt." Later this plea was withdrawn, and the de-

fendant confessed "premeditation, intent and motive" in the crime charged in the indictment, denied that he was, or had ever been, insane, expressed deep repentance, and asked for speedy punishment. But it was urged in his behalf by counsel that, from boyhood, he had been cruel, vindictive, untruthful, thieving and dissolute. Exculpation was not asked on the ground of ignorance; on the contrary, it was admitted that the defendant was well aware of the turpitude of his acts. "He knew what he was doing, and he knew that it was wrong." Nevertheless he had never been able to refrain for any considerable period from the commission of acts which he thoroughly condemned. It was argued that these facts showed the accused to be afflicted with a form of insanity which, leaving the intellect practically normal, impairs or wholly destroys the freedom of the will; in other words, that he was "morally insane" or "a moral imbecile."

MORAL IMBECILITY

Judge Shearn held that the plea was inadmissible under the New York Code. If the accused had committed an act which he knew to be wrong, he was amenable to the law. This section of the charge, presented with much force and clearness, in substance is as follows:

> The defense claims that this man is a moral imbecile. Now, gentlemen, no such plea as moral imbecility is admissible under the law. It may be known to the medical profession, but not to the law. The statutes of this State say that the act of an idiot, or of an insane person, is not a crime, but that to be excusable, a person must be laboring under such a defect of the reason, that he did not know the nature and quality of his act, and did not know that it was wrong.
>
> It is not a defense to say that one is an habitual criminal, or that he is a pervert, or that he is a selfish monster, or that he has a torpid moral sense. There is a difference between moral incapacity and moral indifference, and moral indifference is not insanity. Did the defendant know the nature and quality of his act? Did he know that it was wrong? This means, did he know that it was against the laws of the State in which he lived, and contrary to the commonly accepted standards of morality which we call the law of God?
>
> The question is not, whether he is sane, but whether he was responsible under the test prescribed by law; that is, did he know the nature and quality of his act, and know that it was wrong.

In its clear refusal to excuse the habitual criminal on the ground that he is necessarily insane, or to admit that the greater the crime the smaller the responsibility, this charge shows an admirable freedom from the newer heresies in criminology. It is interesting to note, in this era of pathological research, that the charge positively disallows the existence in law of a form of mental disease, in which the will rather than the intellect is deranged. Following the accepted theory, based, no doubt, on "The Rules in the Macnaughtan Case," it affirms that the test of criminal responsibility is knowledge "of the nature and quality of the act" at the time of its commission. Contrary to the current newspaper comment, there is no novelty in this decision. Since the time of Coke, one of the first of moderns to treat of the legal aspects of insanity, the test of responsibility has been made to turn upon the defendant's knowledge of the quality of his act. Insanity has therefore been defined, from a legal standpoint, as "a deranged mental condition, such as deprives a person of the capacity to comprehend the nature and consequences of a particular act."

KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM

On the other hand, it is a definite postulate in law, that without a free act of the will, there can be no crime. It would seem, then, by a presumption of law, that the will is free if the intellect is normal, and that knowledge of the quality of an act connotes freedom to avoid that act. As Judge Shearn intimated, this doctrine does not commend itself universally to the medical fraternity. Many pathologists admit the possibility of a morbid condition, transient or chronic, which deprives the patient of the capacity to control his acts, without affecting to any notable degree the intellectual processes. Such a patient might reason as admirably as St. Thomas on morality in general, and on the morality of a particular act presented to his consideration, but he could neither be praised nor blamed for anything that he might happen to do. The reason is plain. Premising sufficient knowledge, moral responsibility is induced by the self-determination of the will. In the present hypothesis, knowledge would be present, but the will would either be impeded in its power of choice, or completely destroyed. The subject is afflicted with an insanity which destroys the will, leaving the intellect untouched. Granted the hypothesis, the question of moral responsibility is easily settled. There is none. But does such a variety of insanity exist?

The answer depends upon our knowledge of the nature of insanity, and that, as pathologists confess, is far from complete. The Catholic pathologist, Pilcz, remarks that while the difference between an animal-like idiot as one extreme, and a scholar like Pasteur as another, is palpable, yet "there are no definite, rigid boundaries between mental disease and mental health, but only gradual transitions." Definitions have been attempted, but all are admitted to be inadequate. Tuke, however, after describing insanity as "a symptom of disease of the brain inducing disordered mental symptoms," holds that this morbid condition is characterized by "the obliteration, impairment or perversion of *one or more* of its (the brain's) psychical functions," and Hammond likewise notes that insanity is accompanied "by a general or partial derangement of *one or more* of the mental processes." Moral insanity would be readily allowed by either definition.

NORMAL INTELLECT AND WILL

A summary of the relations of intellect and will in the normal subject may facilitate the application of these observations. The will may be briefly defined as the faculty of choice. "Its specific act, when it is in full exercise, consists in selecting, by the light of reason, its object from among the various particular, conflicting aims of all the tendencies and faculties of our nature; its object is the good in general; its prerogative is choosing among different forms of good." (Maher.) The scholastics were fond of calling the will a "blind" faculty, by which it was implied that the function of the will is not speculation, but action. Judgment, reasoning, reflection and self-consciousness, are within the province of the intellect. "In judgment, the intellect perceives the identity or discordance of two concepts; by reasoning, it apprehends the connection between conclusion and premise; in reflection and self-consciousness, it affirms the identity of the knowing subject and the object known." (Maher.) Speculation is left to the intellect, and the will, acting upon the knowledge thus obtained, freely determines itself. Normally, therefore, formal choice is preceded by formal deliberation.

These processes are typical of the normal mind, the intellect preceding in its quest of truth, and the will following in its self-determination, in the light afforded by the intellect. A description of them is like the report of the mechanical engineer on the smooth operation of an automobile, before the small boy drops a monkey-wrench into the interior of the delicate mechanism. The machine stops. It may be for one or many reasons. No parts are missing, but their coordination has been disturbed. Similarly, when disease drops into man's mental machinery, sanity stops. It may be for one,

or for several reasons. The man is still a man, but there is lack of coordination between his mental and his physical parts. The learned disquisitions of the psychologists, patient and detailed, are of value, perhaps, in planning a reconstruction, but they no longer accurately describe the workings of a mind overthrown.

A Speculative Question

For the moralist, the question of moral insanity is largely if not wholly, speculative. When the intellect is patently absent, both moral and legal responsibility lapse. If so impaired that the subject "does not know the nature and quality of the act, that it is wrong," the patient is not amenable to the law; there may, or may not, be some degree of moral responsibility, although, generally speaking, formal moral guilt is not imputable. When the will, the power of choice, is in question, the matter is not so clear. It may be said that every form of insanity weakens the will, and to this extent lessens moral responsibility; indeed, if the mental disorder destroys the power of choice, there is no moral responsibility whatever. Finally, it seems intrinsically possible that disease can bear directly upon the will, forcing the subject to the commission of acts condemned by the intellect, which remains normal, as criminal. Catholic psychologists commonly hold that a thoroughly normal intellect cannot coexist with a complete absence of the power of choice. Many pathologists hold that it can, and their view has been accepted in some jurisdictions. According to Renter in the "Encyclopedia of English Laws," the criminal codes of Queensland and the Cape of Good Hope provide that "a person is not criminally responsible for an act, if at the time of doing it, he was in such a state of mental disease as to deprive him of the capacity to control his acts," and the same authority states that "on the continent of Europe, moral insanity and irresistible impulse are freely recognized as exculpatory pleas." It should be remembered, however, that the existence of insanity in this form has yet to receive satisfactory demonstration.

Possibility of Abuse

In comparison with these liberal provisions, the common ruling, as stated by Judge Shearn, may seem unduly narrow. But insanity as a rightful plea in defense stands in no danger of exclusion from our American courts. The peril lies rather in too indulgent an interpretation of its validity. "In cases of the so-called moral insanity," writes Pilcz, "one must be unusually skeptical, if one is to avoid favoring the introduction of the most dangerous abuses into the administration of justice." There is a world of needed wisdom in this counsel. In our erudite day, the Sunday supplement, with its cheerful disregard for facts and principles, is a forum for all criminal cases, and under the influence of the pathologists some of us are beginning to believe that sin is an error of mortal mind, to be eliminated by declaring that it does not exist. But whatever the pathologists may teach us, in the life of the normal man, sin and responsibility for sin must remain facts as certain as the fact of his subjection to the law of God.

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

An attempt of the St. Louis Board of Education to discriminate against Catholic schools was recently overruled by Judge Hennings of the Circuit Court. The Board had refused to admit a graduate of a Catholic high school to the Harris Teachers' College, a training school for public school teachers, on the same favorable terms granted to public high school graduates. The demurrer of the Board of Education was founded upon the claim that the Harris Teachers' College was not part of the public school system. Though the Board actually conducts the school, it is not directed by law to do so. The Judge's decision reads:

> An advanced school, maintained by taxes for school purposes, can no more be conducted for some to the exclusion of others with equal qualification than can any other school. To do so would be contrary to natural right and the manifest purpose of those paying taxes for school purposes.

The petition to admit the Catholic pupil on equal terms with public-school graduates had been signed by thirty-eight taxpayers before it was submitted to the Board of Education.

Announcement is made of a number of retreats for laymen and women to be given at Techny, Illinois, by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. Ample opportunity is afforded for all to partake of this renewal of the spiritual life. Retreats for men and young men will be given in English, July 6-9 and July 27-30; in German, July 13-16. Retreats for women will occur in the following order: a German retreat for both married and unmarried women, June 29-July 2; an English retreat for married women, July 9-12; and two English retreats for unmarried women, July 20-23 and August 3-6. Application for the men's retreats are to be made to St. Mary's Mission House, and for the women's to St. Ann's Home, Techny, Illinois. Announcement is also made of a special retreat for women teachers at St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J., under the auspices of the Catholic Teachers' Gild, July 9-12. Similar teachers' retreats are annually given at Brentwood, L. I., and at Boston.

Our Catholic musical inheritance is widely utilized by secular organizations. A favorite production is Verdi's "Requiem Mass," which has frequently been presented by opera companies and choral societies, but never perhaps on so large a scale as in the first outdoor presentation of it in New York under the auspices of the National Open Air Festival Society. The chorus consisted of 1,200 singers selected from among the leading choral societies of New York, the accompaniments were played by an orchestra of 120 and among the soloists were four world-wide celebrities: Giovanni Zenatello, Mme. Maria Gay, Miss Lucille Lawrence and Léon Rothier. All these immense forces were under the leadership of Mr. Louis Koemmenich. To make it possible to carry out the production "on a scale of magnitude such as will inaugurate a new era in the musical development of this country," the New York Polo Grounds were chosen and a huge stage constructed with a sounding-board large enough to reflect the sound of the many voices. It was an ambitious undertaking crowned with deserved success.

Referring to the statement of a Harvard Professor that Washington was a rather dull and a decidedly badly-educated man, a writer in *Our Town*, the Greenwich magazine newspaper, says:

> To think and to say a smart thing or a "new thing" doesn't amount to a very great deal. To think and to act true things does amount to greatness itself. Book-learning and quickness of wits enable a man to think and say clever, witty things, often so expressed as to pass as "new." But they do not even help toward the truth, which is always as old as the hills, nor toward acting in conformity with the old truth with the fortitude and fidelity of a really great man.
>
> Washington's greatness, as Lincoln's, is a matter of character rather than of achievement, large as were the achievements of both. Neither of them can be placed beside the world's greatest intellects. But their place is not below the intellectually great of the world, it is above, very far above them.

Education is an invaluable asset for life. Lincoln's struggle to educate himself amid the most adverse and discouraging circumstances only brings home more strongly the truth of the

adage that knowledge is power. But education without morality and religion, education without character is likely to be a danger and a bane to civilization. Character without brilliancy may achieve great things. Brilliancy without character is the ruin of men and of nations.

Religious bigotry not seldom overreaches itself. Such apparently was the case when recently it culminated, at St. Augustine, Florida, in the imprisonment of three Catholic Sisters under the heinous charge of having taught colored children, in their Catholic school, the knowledge and love of God. The act of violence, perpetrated under cover of the law, in a city where three and a half centuries ago, in 1565, the first Mass was said, can hardly fail to be without its good effects. The bitter intolerance which stretched out its hands against virgins consecrated to God and the service of their neighbor inevitably led to a decision of the Circuit Court freeing the Sisters and declaring unconstitutional the law under which such an abomination had occurred. It could hardly fail, moreover, to arouse intelligent interest in the Catholic Church. The words of the Bishop of St. Augustine, quoted in the New Orleans *Morning Star*, tell of an experience that does not surprise us:

> During my two years as Bishop I have given Confirmation in many places, in fact, all over the State, and your readers will be glad to know that I have never yet administered the Sacrament without having converts to the Faith in the class. Here's a paradox for you: some of those converts trace the occasion of their first turning to the Church to the campaign of vilification now going on. They started to inquire; they read Catholic books; they discovered the truth of the Church and the falsity of the tramp spouters, and today those searchers after truth are Catholics. I have told the bigots already, and I tell them again, that we Catholics know no fear. When they are all dead and gone and absolutely forgotten the Catholic Church will be here doing God's work as she is doing it today. She worries as much about them as does the silvery moon about the barking puppy on the porch.

Doubtless much harm can be done during their brief day by anti-patriotic cliques of the Guardians of Liberty stamp and by weather-vane politicians such as the Governor of Florida who enforced unconstitutional law against defenseless women who are revered by angels and men. Yet by God's power these evils can often be turned into blessings. They can help to unite Catholics, to stir them to action, to inflame them with zeal and, through the interest created, to bring the truths of the Church to the knowledge of many who are groping toward the light.

The *Ozanam Bulletin* publishes an article by the late Thomas M. Mulry on the Ozanam Association. Organized in 1908, the Association has already established nine club houses devoted "to training to right character the boys of Catholic faith in the congested localities of New York City." Referring to this splendid work the great Vincentian wrote:

> Let us always recollect that "God helps those who help themselves"; hence, we must expect no sympathy if we stand idly by with folded arms, weakly indifferent to all that goes on about us, allowing others to take our boys from us and providing them with that which it is the bounden duty of Catholics to furnish. Let us take care of our Catholic boys; let us provide them with that for which they naturally crave, and they will not be found going elsewhere and eventually drifting away from the faith of their forefathers. That many of our young men in the past have fallen away from the faith through influences which might quite readily have been counteracted, is unquestionably most mortifying and heart-rending. It will not suffice, however, for us simply to grieve over the past. If we are to effect any change we must, aided by the experience of the past, make such provisions for the future that history will not repeat itself.

Abundant recruits for this work, he believed, should go forth from our Catholic colleges and universities. "If they do not, then had these centers of education better change their curriculum." If they fail to teach practical self-sacrifice and to inculcate this spirit into the minds and hearts of their students, "then the sooner they retire from business, the better for the cause of religion." These are strong words from one who was himself, after the example of his Master, the meekest of men.

The following table indicates the actual condition of Protestantism in the various Latin-American countries. It was officially prepared by the Panama Commission on "Survey and Occupation," on whose executive committee was Dr. H. K. Carroll. Only the totals are given here, but they will suffice to form an accurate estimate of Protestant activity. Column I represents the total number of foreign missionaries, including men and women and the foreign missionary physicians; column II, the native Latin-American Protestant missionaries, ordained and unordained, men and women; column III, the number of full communicants; column IV, the "Christian adherents, baptized and unbaptized" of all ages; column V, the Sunday-school membership, and column VI, the number of missionary societies, American and British, engaged in the respective countries. Only one Continental society is included:

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
Argentine Republic	259	226	6,407	3,550	5,725	15
Chile	148	142	5,715	4,493	7,081	9
Uruguay	29	29	1,195	2,700	1,153	6
Paraguay	33	11	119	66	142	6
Brazil	289	343	31,948	8,590	10,215	13
Bolivia	59	2	87	71	77	6
Peru	47	62	1,326	383	1,170	6
Ecuador	24	8	40	19	30	5
Dutch Guiana	88	409	7,786	20,320	2,026	1
British Guiana	102	287	20,049	2,853	5,624	12
Venezuela	14	8	117	205	165	5
Colombia	22	39	326	1,203	558	4
Central America, including Panama	129	296	8,774	8,469	8,984	14
Mexico	216	598	19,518	24,193	13,687	15
Lesser Antilles and Bahamas	126	664	82,308	277,557	55,339	9
Porto Rico	134	233	12,143	4,694	19,567	13
Haiti and Santo Domingo	31	70	2,908	7,062	1,540	8
Jamaica	119	541	45,232	51,355	38,482	11
Cuba	141	193	11,105	4,154	10,560	12

The total number of foreign Protestant missionaries in all these countries is 2,010. They are divided as follows: Ordained missionaries, 700; physicians, men and women, 34; lay male missionaries, not physicians, 280; married women, not physicians, 580; unmarried women and widows, not physicians, 418. The total number of native, Latin-American Protestant missionaries is 4,161. They are thus divided: Ordained men, 566; unordained men, preachers, teachers and other workers, 2,540; women missionaries, consisting of Bible women, teachers and other workers, 1,055. There are 575 stations with resident foreign missionaries and 1,963 sub-stations having regular work. The church organizations number 1,982, the full communicants, 257,103, and the adherents, 421,937. There are 35 theological, normal and training schools, 101 boarding and high schools and 1,000 elementary and village schools. The total contributions of Latin Americans in United States gold are estimated at $919,808. Medical missions have been established in nine of the Latin-American countries. Mexico has one hospital and five dispensaries and Porto Rico three hospitals and nine dispensaries under Protestant control. Naturally these interesting statistics are not complete, since it was impossible for the Commission to secure returns from all the missionary societies, but they are sufficiently suggestive of the work that is being done by the various Protestant denominations. Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and the City of Mexico have been selected for the founding of universities, and a college is to be erected at Panama. Theological seminaries and publishing agencies are to be established in seven leading cities. A seminary is to be opened during the coming autumn in the City of Mexico and the several mission presses of Buenos Aires are to be consolidated into one large establishment. For a correct perspective we must take into account the population of these Latin-American countries, which often mounts up into the millions. Thus Colombia has 5,000,000 inhabitants, Central America 6,000,000, Peru 4,000,000, Uruguay 2,000,000, and Brazil as many as 25,000,000.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—On June 16 the Democratic National Convention came to a close after nominating by acclamation Messrs. Wilson and Marshall for the office of President and Vice-President, respectively. The party Platform opens with an endorsement of the administration of Woodrow Wilson, and proceeds to this arraignment of the policy of the Republican party:

The Democratic Convention

We found our country hampered by special privilege, a vicious tariff, obsolete banking laws and an inelastic currency. Our foreign affairs were dominated by commercial interests for their selfish ends. The Republican party, despite repeated pledges, was impotent to correct abuses which it had fostered. Under our administration, under a leadership which has never faltered, these abuses have been corrected, and our people have been freed therefrom. Our archaic banking and currency system, prolific of panic and disaster under Republican administration, long the refuge of the money trust, has been supplanted by the Federal reserve act, a true democracy of credit, under Government control, already proved a financial bulwark in a world crisis, mobilizing our resources, placing abundant credit at the disposal of legitimate industry and making a currency panic impossible.

The document then stresses the good effected by the Federal Trade Commission and the Underwood Tariff, and praises legislation in behalf of labor, and the Parcel Post. "We have lifted human labor from the category of commodities and have secured to the workingman the right of voluntary association for his protection and welfare."

We have advanced the parcel post to genuine efficiency, enlarged the postal savings system, added 10,000 rural delivery routes and extensions, thus reaching 2,500,000 additional people; improved postal service in every branch and for the first time in our history placed the post office system on a self-supporting basis, with actual surpluses in 1913, 1914 and 1915.

That tariff rates are necessarily subject to change is admitted, and to ascertain just what change may be called for, the Democratic Congress

Is providing for a non-partisan tariff commission, to make impartial and thorough study of every economic fact that may throw light either upon our past or upon our future fiscal policy with regard to the imposition of taxes on imports, or with regard to the changed and changing conditions under which our trade is carried on.

We cordially indorse this timely proposal and declare ourselves in sympathy with the principle and purpose of shaping legislation within that field in accordance with clearly-established facts, rather than in accordance with the demands of selfish interests or upon information provided largely, if not exclusively, by them.

A plank on Americanism calls on men of whatever origin or creed, to unite in making clear to the world the unity and consequent power of America. That a limited number of citizens have conspired to coerce our Government in its dealings with foreign powers is charged and such conspiracies are condemned. The question of preparedness is next discussed, and an adequate "defense policy," as regards army and navy, is fully approved. In regard to our international relations, the Platform's claim is that

The Democratic Administration has, throughout the present war, scrupulously and successfully held to the old paths of neutrality and to the peaceful pursuit of the legitimate objects of our national life which statesmen of all parties and creeds have prescribed for themselves in America since the beginning of our history. But the circumstances of the last two years have revealed necessities of international action which no former generation can have foreseen. We hold that it is the duty of the United States to use its power, not only to make itself safe at home, but also to make secure its just interests throughout the world, and both for this end and in the interest of humanity to assist the world in securing settled peace and justice.

The Democratic party stands before the country as the

advocate of world-peace and Pan-American concord, pledging itself to maintain in all its strictness the great principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Relations with Mexico and the Administration's attitude on the Mexican question are summed up in the following paragraph:

> The want of a stable, responsible Government in Mexico, capable of repressing and punishing marauders and bandit bands, who have not only taken the lives and seized and destroyed the property of American citizens in that country but have insolently invaded our soil, made war upon and murdered our people thereon, has rendered it necessary temporarily to occupy by our armed forces, a portion of the territory of that friendly State. Until, by a restoration of law and order therein, a repetition of such incursions is improbable, the necessity for their remaining will continue. They must remain. Intervention, implying as it does military subjugation, is revolting to the people of the United States notwithstanding that provocation to that course has been great, and should be resorted to, if at all, only as a last resort. The stubborn resistance of the President and his advisers to every demand and suggestion to enter upon it is creditable alike to them and to the people in whose name he speaks.

The merchant marine, conservation of natural resources, rural credits, government employment and the labor question, are treated in separate planks. A Federal child-labor law, a Federal bureau of safety and employment bureau are advocated. The extension of suffrage to the women of the country by the States is recommended. The platform concludes by advocating the protection of citizens at home and abroad, and a continuance of the policy regarding Federal prison reform. There is a plea for generous pensions, and the development of our waterways, with a statement on territorial policy. The last word is a tribute to the President and an appeal to the voters of the nation to support him in this critical hour.

The press of the country has published the Platform in full, and commented upon it diversely. Instance the Baltimore *Sun's* hearty commendation and the New York *Evening Sun's* declaration that the convention "has been a humiliation to the entire country. Of all the boss-ridden performances that have been witnessed in a generation it has been easily the worst. There has not been manliness or public spirit enough among the 1,093 component members to cause even a wrangle on the floor."

The War.—The Canadians have regained 1,500 yards of trenches southeast of Zillebeke, but elsewhere in Belgium there has been no change in the situation. The line in France also has remained unmodified. In the Verdun district there has been a comparative lull, and operations have been confined for the most part to artillery engagements, which have been very violent at Hill 304 and near Chattancourt. On the west side of the Meuse the French have taken a German trench on the southern slope of Mort Homme Hill, part of which they subsequently lost. On the east side of the Meuse the Germans have secured a footing on the eastern slope of Hill 321 and on both sides of the ridge southwest of Douaumont. None of these gains, however, has been important.

Bulletin, June 13, p. m.-June 20, a. m.

A marked diminution in the strength of the Austrian offensive in the Trentino has been the result of the Russian attack in Volhynia, Galicia and Bukowina. The Austrians have captured most of Monte Lemerle. They have also endeavored to take Monte Forni Alti, the Campiglia, Monte Ciove and Monte Brazone, but in all these places they have been repulsed. The Italians are said to have begun a general counter-offensive. In the Lagarina Valley they have recovered the line east of Cima Messana, from Parmesan to Rio Rimini. They have also captured Malga, Fossetta and Monte Magari in the Asiago district.

In Armenia the Turks have gained a minor victory over the Russians south of Tcheulemreck and east of Amachien. In Persia they have driven the Russians out of Bana. In Mesopotamia both British and Turks claim victories on the Tigris. In German East Africa, the Belgians have occupied Msambura, and have reached Lusaraki and Kasima. In the same region the British have occupied Wilhelmstal and Tanga, and have reached Kuyuni.

The Russian offensive against the Austrians, although it has been somewhat retarded during the past week, has continued to make progress. Between the Pripet and Kolki, the Russians have crossed the Styr, advanced more than five miles on a front of about thirty miles and in some places reached the Stokod River. Southwest of Kolki, in the Lutsk district they have compelled the evacuation of Torgovitsa, a strong fortification at the juncture of the Styr and the Ikwa, have occupied Sokul, Rojitche and Torchin; operating on a base of more than sixty miles, they have driven a salient into the Austrian lines in this region that has reached the vicinity of Lokatchi, thirty-two miles south of Kovel and about twenty miles southeast of Vladimir-Volynski. This is the greatest Russian gain, and represents an advance of forty miles. Further south, advancing from Dubno, they have captured Kozin and Radziwilow, and are six miles northeast of Brody. In the sector, however, that runs south from Radziwilow to a point west and south of Tarnopol, the Russians have made no impression on the Austrian positions, which have been heavily reenforced with a view to saving Lemberg. Still further south, the Russians have driven another wedge into the Austrian lines, for they have occupied Wisniovczyk and Buczacz, and crossed the Strypa at both points. The rest of the Strypa, from Buczacz to the Dniester, is in the hands of the Austrians. The Russians have also taken Zaleszczyki, crossed the Dniester, and captured Horodenka. They have also occupied Sniatyn and Czernowitz.

The Russian Offensive

France.—In view of the recent controversy over the "French Army Orphanage," the following letter of the late Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, to his Emin-

The French Army Orphanage

ence, Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, is of unusual interest:

Your Eminence: Allow me respectfully to call your attention to the unscrupulous propaganda actually carried on in North America by Madame —— for the Army Orphanage, and to the peril resulting from this campaign in France to the Catholic Faith and to the sacred cause of free education, the necessary corollary of freedom of conscience.

Madame ——, the founder in France of the Army Orphanage, had intended to endow it with the funds proceeding from a "War Orphans' Day." She did not succeed in this undertaking. She then remembered she was an American and returned to her native country, where she has very skilfully exploited the generosity of her countrymen for the development of her plans. She has organized in New York, Room 336, Fifth Avenue Building, a committee which has already gathered more than $100,000. She is carrying on in France a similar campaign with the help of M. Liard, Vice-Rector of the University of Paris, of M. Arthur Meyer and of M. Joseph Reinach, and of a Franco-American Committee. Her purpose is to gather together those helpless orphans whose fathers have fallen at the front. M. Liard is attempting to interest in this work all the children of our secularist schools, and to use the influences of the work known as the "Association of the School Penny." Thanks to the funds coming from America and from unbelievers, they will thus get hold of these unfortunate children to educate them in hatred of God and the Church.

I dare beg of your Eminence to put the Faithful on guard against such a propaganda and to exhort them to exercise their generosity toward all our Catholic works and associations for the orphans.

I trust it will not be too bold in me to beg you to organize in the United States, in concert with your eminent and most reverend colleagues, a "Catholic War Orphan Association." Mgr. Joseph Freri would willingly and efficiently act as secretary.

I remain, your Eminence, etc.

H. I. CARDINAL SEVIN,
Archbishop of Lyons and Vienne.

Another view of this same problem will be found in a letter printed in this issue.

Germany.—On June 16 the German Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, addressed the Reichstag during the third reading of the budget. Once again he insisted on Germany's desire for peace, declaring:

The Chancellor and Peace

Six months ago, on December 9, I first spoke about our readiness for peace on a basis of our military situation. I could do this, confident that the situation created by the war would develop still more to our advantage. Events have justified this confidence. Further progress has been made and we are stronger on all fronts than before. If I, considering this evolution, declared that we are ready for peace, there is now no reason to regret my words, although our offer had no success with our enemies. During the critical days of July, 1914, every statesman had duly before God, before his country and before his conscience the duty to leave nothing untried which might preserve an honorable peace. In the same fashion we, after a successful defense, will neglect nothing which might shorten the terrible sufferings of the European nations in the midst of such a conflagration. Later on I said to American newspapermen that peace negotiations can lead to success only when undertaken by responsible statesmen of the belligerent countries and on a basis of a real military situation as shown by every map of the war. This was rejected by our opponents. They refuse to recognize the map of the war. They hope they will correct that map. Meantime, the map of the war has undergone other changes, but all to our advantage. We have entered upon that map the capitulation of the English at Kut-el-Amara, the French defeats of Verdun and the failure of the Russian offensive during March, as well as the powerful advance of our Allies against Italy and the increased strength of our lines at Salonica.

The Allies refuse to take the Chancellor's words seriously. They affirm that since victory for them is only a matter of time, the war must go on "till Prussian militarism is crushed."

Ireland.—The Cork *Weekly Examiner* contains in full the correspondence which has lately taken place between Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, and General Maxwell, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. On May 6 the General requested the Bishop to remove from a certain locality in the county of Limerick two priests, whose presence in that neighborhood the General considered dangerous "to the peace and safety of the realm," and assign them to employment which would "deny them having intercourse with the people." The Bishop informed the General that such action would be a severe punishment which a Bishop has no right to inflict except on a definite charge supported by evidence. He asked the Commander-in-Chief to specify his charges, and promised to investigate the matter. He added: "Whatever may be the rights of the military authorities acting under martial law, a Bishop in the exercise of his authority has to follow the rules of ecclesiastical procedure." General Maxwell specified his charges as follows:

Bishop O'Dwyer and General Maxwell

Father —— has been reported as, on November 14, 1915, speaking in his church at —— against conscription. He is said to have attended a lecture by P. H. Pearse on the "Irish Volunteers of '82," and to have blessed the Colors of the Irish Volunteers at —— on January 2, 1916; also speaking at a meeting that took place at —— on March 17, 1916. Father —— is said to have been active with a certain E. Blythe, organizing Irish Volunteers. In November, 1915, he got printed a large number of leaflets appealing to young men of the Gaelic Athletic Association to join the Irish Volunteers. He is said to be president of the Irish Volunteers at —— and ——. He is said to have been present at the Irish Volunteer meeting at —— when a certain John McDermott delivered inflammatory and seditious speeches on March 17, 1916.

To this the Bishop replied:

I have read carefully your allegations against Rev. —— and Rev. ——, but do not see in them any justification for disciplinary action on my part. They are both excellent priests, who hold strong National views, but I do not know that they have violated any law, civil or ecclesiastical. In your letter of sixth inst. you appealed to me to help you in the furtherance of your work as military dictator of Ireland. Even if action of that kind was not outside my province, the events of the past few weeks would make it impossible for me to have any part in proceedings which I regard as wantonly cruel and oppressive. You remember the Jameson Raid, when a number of buccaneers invaded a friendly State, and fought the forces of the lawful Government. If ever men deserved the supreme punishment it was they. But, officially and unofficially, the influence of the

British Government was used to save them, and it succeeded. You took care that no plea for mercy should interpose on behalf of the poor young fellows who surrendered to you in Dublin. The first information which we got of their fate was the announcement that they had been shot in cold blood. Personally, I regard your action with horror, and I believe that it has outraged the conscience of the country. Then the deporting by hundreds and even thousands of poor fellows without a trial of any kind, seems to me an abuse of power, as fatuous as it is arbitrary; and altogether your régime has been one of the worst and blackest chapters in the history of the misgovernment of this country.

The Irish papers contain no further item about the incident.

Italy.—The Ministerial crisis which resulted in the fall of Premier Salandra and his Cabinet, though at the first moment seemingly inexplicable, had for some time been inevitable. Two months ago, the Chamber adjourned on a vote giving a large majority for the Cabinet, after the leaders of the different parties had urged the Government to widen its composition so as to permit all parties to participate effectively in the direction of the war. Premier Salandra and Foreign Minister Sonnino declined then to add new members to the Cabinet. During the recess of Parliament, they did not keep in touch through the press with the members of Parliament, with the political organizations and the country. After the recent reverses on the Trentino, the criticism of the Opposition became more bitter. The immediate cause of the overthrow of the late Cabinet is due to the failure of the Chamber of Deputies to pass a vote of confidence in the Government following the presentation of the budget of the Minister of the Interior. After a delay of a few days, a coalition Cabinet has been formed. In addition to Radicals, Democrats and Conservatives, it includes two Socialists, one Republican, one Catholic, and a follower of Giollitti. Four Members are without portfolios. The new Premier is Paolo Boselli; Baron Sonnino remains Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Morrone and Vice-Admiral Corsi are Ministers of War and of the Navy respectively; Leonida Bissolati-Bergamaschi, Member without portfolio, is entrusted with the civil service connected with the war; Vittorio Orlando is Minister of the Interior, Paolo Carcano of the Treasury, Francesco Ruffini of Public Instruction. Other ministers are Nave, Arlotta, Acchi, Medda, Bonomi, Berra, Colosimo, Scialoia, Ranieri and Comandini.

The New Boselli Cabinet

Mexico.—The tension between the United States and Mexico has now become acute. On June 18 the President ordered the militia of all the States mustered into service, and his note, drawn in answer to Carranza's communication, rejects the demand for the withdrawal of the American troops, rebukes the "First Chief" for impugning the motives of our Administration, informs him that he has failed to police Chihuahua and intimates that his conduct is open to suspicion. Meantime the bandits in Mexico have defied the United States. According to press dispatches, General Trevino sent a curt note to General Pershing ordering him to withdraw the American troops immediately, declaring that if they were moved south, east or west, the Carranzista army would attack them. Pershing is reported to have replied as follows:

International Difficulties

I have not received orders to remain stationary or to withdraw. If I see fit to send troops in pursuit of bandits to the south, east or west in keeping with the object of this expedition, I will do so. If any attack is made on any part of my forces while performing such duties the entire military strength of the expedition will be used against the attacking force.

Gen. Trevino, as commander-in-chief of the *de facto* troops in the north, will be held responsible for Mexican forces within striking distances of American forces.

Raids across the border are still taking place at regular intervals, and the Mexicans, well supplied with arms and ammunition from the United States, are busy preparing for war. Even the school children are dragooned into anti-American demonstrations by their teachers who hold office by grace of Carranza. Despite this it must not be forgotten that the Mexican nation as a whole is not anti-American. It too is a victim of bandits fostered by the United States.

The Carranzista papers are still waging a relentless war against morality and religion. *El Democrata* for May 27 carries a long and calumnious article signed by J. A. Phillips, in which the following sentiments are found:

The Press and the Church

The basic principles of every nation are justice and love. Truth, honesty, regard and sympathy for others are foundation-stones of the State. The rule of Rome is incompatible with every republican government, for the following reasons: Romanism teaches *ex cathedra* . . . that the State must be subject to the Church. The Church of Rome teaches that every Romanist must obey its legitimate pastors and especially the Pope, that its members must ask their confessors how to vote, that it is a mortal sin not to vote against a Liberal. . . . If confessors have thus the right to intrigue against the State, if the priest is not bound to be a moral man, if the Church has the right to teach immorality, if devotees and bigots must obey their priests, then such power . . . is a peril and a danger to morality and the State. . . . Rome teaches its followers that theft is permissible. . . . Lying, immorality in its clergy, opposition to the State are crimes duly authorized by the Apostolic and Roman Church, and for this reason the existence of this Church is not compatible with a republican form of government.

El Pueblo, another organ of outrage and banditry, attacked the Church viciously until Carranza sent his last note to our Administration. Immediately after that it printed a violent editorial against President Wilson, in which these words are found:

Already the Americans see General Scott in the National and Chapultepec palaces, . . . with Pancho Villa as his Secretary of War, . . . destroying our institutions and substituting for them Protestant churches—cold and indifferent as the face of President Wilson and long-faced pastors.

Thus the devil became a saint over night.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

"Agenics"

LATELY we have had eugenics *ad nauseam*. Through skilful advertising, it has become a fetish within the decade, and imperceptibly a crop of allied sciences or fads has sprouted from its root. The ugliest of these scientific offshoots is one that curiously enough, if it reaches maturity, must destroy the parent, since its purpose is not the Pharisaic "quality rather than quantity," but out-and-out nonentity.

This derivative science has not yet risen to the dignity of a specific name. It is known variously as birth control, eugenic selection, infanticide, or child-murder, according as it is practised by the exclusives, the intellectuals, the depraved, or the Chinese. Now that it has advanced to the point of having open advocates on the lecture platform and in the press, it should have, for the sake of convenience, "a local habitation and a name" in the dictionaries and encyclopedias, and I think no term can label it more accurately as a science than the word "agenics," the science of the deliberate annihilation of human life, the science of the purposely childless wife.

The wilfully childless wife with a dog in her arms is the uttermost symbol of failure. This seems a hard saying when we look out over the mad world strewn with human wreckage, and when we consider that wherever the sun in all its course casts a shadow, those are to be found in plenty who have missed their way in life through poverty or ill-health or lack of opportunity or defect of ability or some one or other of a thousand misfortunes or through one of the seven deadly sins or a combination of them. And yet no one of these can have failed quite so miserably as the wife who through deliberate will establishes a dumb brute in the affections that were made to cherish a wingless cherub fashioned in the very image of God.

Obviously the failures in life are based on the fact of life; no life—no pain, no sin, no suffering, only nothingness. It is in this case alone—and it is this that makes it the supreme failure—that there is a reaching-out into the mysterious realm that precedes life, to the enactment there, by an act against nature, of a tragedy compared with which other ills are commonplace. In that realm, which is the eternal counsel of God, there are myriad souls awaiting the cooperation of woman for creation and incarnation. She alone can defeat the eternal design of God; she alone can make it effective. It is true that every sin, in its own weak way, blocks the harmonious fulfilment of the plan of the Creator, but the wife who refuses to be God's instrument of life rebels against creation, and that in the face of the transcendent gift of her own creation. Her attitude is, in effect, the appalling one that so far as she is concerned creation shall end with her. She does not will to reject the gift of life for herself; but she decides that the line of life, in so far as it depends upon her, shall come to an abrupt close.

What matters to her the infinite purpose of God or the failure of souls to come into immortal being? A lap-dog satisfies her yearnings for creation and for correspondence with the duty set to her hand by her Lord and Master. She will not serve; she will not be "the handmaid of the Lord"; she has received her own existence as a pure gift; she will enjoy it while she may, then let the deluge come. Lucifer rebelled against the living God; she rebels against life itself. Lucifer would rule life; she would destroy it. The parallel is terrible, but the fact is more terrible still. No other being beside such a woman can or will dry up and make barren the source of life, and that to no other purpose than that she may riot more abundantly, though it be only the silly riot of idleness and self-indulgence. Such a woman—and can it be said that there are not many of them?—may hang her throat with pearls and circle her fingers with sapphires, her limousine may be fragrant with the breath of orchids, and her drawing-room may be draped with tapestries and inlaid with lapis lazuli; but her spirit is dead and is wrapped in the vesture of the grave, when her face is turned away from the souls that God has assigned her from all eternity to clothe in fair young flesh. An Angel Gabriel is sent her, a wedded wife, "with tidings of great joy," but she rejects him; she will have no part in the incarnation appointed her; there is no "Magnificat" in her heart or on her lips; most lamentably for her, no sword pierces her heart; and though "the wideness of God's mercy" is for her as for all, most lamentable of all her misfortunes, she can never know a Calvary of her own.

The attitude of the modern world toward the wilfully barren wife is amazing. She has come to be looked upon as a rather superior person. She assumes and is encouraged in assuming the patronage of mothers. She is stage-crazy over the latest baby in the block; she adores Mrs. Smith's twins; she simply cannot keep her hands from off Mary Brown's baby boy; she is Lady Bountiful to the Jones tribe of children, though she does sympathize with Mrs. Jones; she lets it be known that she really would like to have a dear little baby of her own, if a child of hers could possibly have as little sense as her dear Fido. There is no brand on her forehead. Far from it, there is just the suggestion of a crown. She has laid hold of much of the skill of the devil in transforming darkness into light. Her neighbors begin to remark over the pity that such a splendid woman, or lady it will probably be, should be childless. But then it would never do for her to be burdened with family cares since that would mean withdrawal from charitable work and social duties. No, it is too bad that she should have to give up the hope of being a *matrem filiorum lætantem*, but she is altogether too important for that. God would have difficulty in handling matters without her unhampered help. Then the poor would

miss her so much, and so many young mothers would lack advice, and so many unsophisticated maidens would have no one to tell them "truths" that their foolish mothers withhold from them. On the whole, the poodle is a sign of election in her case and in the cases of innumerable other women of brains and money, particularly the latter; for it is to be noted that the wife childless by design almost invariably belongs to the brainy or wealthy classes; it is the exception to find such women among the ignorant and poor; God's love of His own is wonderful.

And so this woman, who has defied the creative act of God and has been ungrateful for the gift of life, becomes by the ingenuity of her selfish diplomacy, not an outcast and a shame, but an angel of light and healing to her less fortunate sisters who have not yet learned that child-bearing is indecent among the rich and immoral among the poor.

The steps from praise to envy and from envy to imitation are not steep or far apart. Is the mother of a large family a wooden image that she should not regard with envy the fine gowns of her childless neighbor, and her jewels and motors and massaged cheeks and manicured fingers and her freedom, as of a bird, from petty household duties and her opportunity to entertain at afternoon teas and to shine at evening balls and midnight suppers? Though she indeed prizes her treasure of children, they have cost her anxiety, and pain and deprivation, sleepless nights and busy days, and perhaps hardest of all, they have brought her the contemptuous sympathy of her superior neighbor. Is it any wonder that at times there is just a suggestion in her heart of envy for the wise woman who has known how, and who has dared, to defy the laws of God, and at the same time to establish herself in the front seat before the stage of this world? Then may it not well be that some weak matron will take the plunge from envy into imitation? Thus is the woman who flaunts her Creator made to spread sin and sorrow like a plague among the wholesome members of the community which she infests, while gullible society is in admiration of the dear soul who is so interested in civic welfare, humane treatment of stray cats, and the movement for better babies, and fewer of them.

The selfishness of these women is as monumental as their ingratitude to God. They will have no part in the perpetuation of their species, but they will fight like tigresses for ease, admiration and command, and in the height of their effrontery they attempt to instruct and criticise, even to pity the noble mothers who are bearing the burdens and the joys of the race. Their effrontery is beyond measure. In so far as it rests with them, human life would cease at their death-bed, and so they would not hesitate to put a final term to the family, to the State, to the Church, to the school, to everything. Yet, through eugenic societies, clubs of various kinds, and incessant personal propaganda, they are eternally regulating the affairs of the good women on whom the Church, the State, the school, and life itself depend. It is sad enough that these women should travel the road to destruction themselves; it is appalling that they should go out into the highways and hedges to compel, as it were, others to join in their unholy pilgrimage.

In Israel of old the barren womb, even when the result of natural causes, was looked upon as a blight and a visitation of God. The hope of a quiver filled with arrows, of a table aglow with children like shoots about the olive tree, of a wife like the fruitful vine on the walls of the house, was the dearest expectation of the Jewish bridegroom and the highest ideal of the Jewish bride. A large family was the blessing of heaven upon a holy union; the lack of it was the sign of a curse upon the door-post.

Thank God, that among the virile Jews of today the tradition of their fathers has not been lost. Thank God, too, that in holy Ireland, with all its suffering and centuries of poverty, its women are still fruitful mothers of men; and the same is true in Poland and in Spain and in South America and in Italy and in parts of Boston, and wherever else the laws of God are "the truth, the light and the way." A blessing is upon them, and in spite of the eugenists and the sociologists, they and their children shall, by the promise of God and the workings of His laws, inherit the land. Their rags shall be riches when set side by side with the silks of the deliberately childless wives.

Our Lord uttered a curse upon the irresponsible, barren fig-tree; shall the judgment upon the barren wife, who is so through choice, be less severe? The words of St. Paul to Timothy, "Yet she shall be saved through child-bearing," are the passport to heaven of the wife who is fulfilling the duty of her state in life; they are also the warrant of condemnation of the selfish and cowardly wife who is a wife only in name. The inspired words of St. Paul need enunciation among modern women much more than do the specious vaporings of eugenists or pseudo-scientists. They are the words of the Holy Ghost; the latter are for a great part the maunderings of unclean minds.

In recent years there has been an immense amount of plain speaking and indecent writing in behalf of childless wives and limited families by Malthusianists, eugenists, prophylaxists, birth-controllists, and a host of others of like kidney. They have commandeered the churches, the schools, the press, the theater, the cinema, the lecture platforms and every other possible agency into their service of spreading the gospel of the destruction of the race, until the mass of the people are really coming to believe in and to practise the infamous teachings that have been dinned into their ears and set before their eyes and hammered into their heads so persistently and enthusiastically, and by such ingenious methods as to deceive even the teachers.

The net living result of all this propaganda may, it is true, be summed up in a mongrel parody of Horace's

famous line, *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus* "pup," but the result to innumerable souls has been mortal, and the effect on the character of the nation has been evil beyond estimation, this much at the very least, that by reason of the unholy practices developed by these vicious teachers the future American is certain to have more of the blood of the Celt and the Slav and the southern Latin in his veins than of the Puritan or the high-brow, which in many respects may not be so much of a disaster as some might think.

But the serious thing that these vampires have brought about is the reproach they have succeeded in fastening upon holy motherhood. They have made child-bearing a shame, whereas it is a glory; they have made motherhood—a most sacred state of woman, the state that made the name of Mary the most beloved that has ever been given to a created being—a state to be apologized for, if not subjected to their detestable rules and limitations. It has come to be that the mother of two children is tolerated; the mother of four endured; the mother of six is outside the pale of society; the mother of eight is a nuisance; of ten a calamity and of twelve a brute. The order of God and of normal human beings, of those whose opinions are of the least value, is precisely the reverse in an ascending scale of honor until the mother of twelve assumes the dignity of a queen.

The ostracism of motherhood is a despicable manifestation of brutality under the guise of culture and exclusive knowledge. The strength of this brutal cult of barrenness lies to a large extent in the brazenness of its propaganda. The megaphone has been at its mouth and has drowned out the occasional voice of protest. Then, too, prudery has been its efficient assistant. There is a wholesome disposition among clean minds to be over-nice and to dread uncleanness where in reality there is none. Hence they have kept quiet through dread of notoriety or of overstepping the bounds of modesty, and a clear field has been left to be sowed with the cockle by an enemy. But the voice of St. Paul is not dead, nor the voices of the Doctors in the Church who have succeeded him. They are only muffled by the clamor of the noisy horde who have been preaching the doctrine of child prevention and of defiance of God. It is time that these commanding voices should again be heard, and that the words of authority, "Yet she (woman) shall be saved through child-bearing," should be proclaimed anew, and without mincing them, as St. Paul proclaimed them through holy Timothy, the Bishop of Ephesus. Then shall motherhood become once more as it really is, a most glorious and honorable title among the daughters of Eve, and the wilfully childless wife shall take the conspicuous place where she belongs, at the very head of the bitter procession of human failures and outcasts.

Was it not Chesterton who said of eugenics: "It stinks"? By these words he burned an eternal brand of infamy on the unsavory science; at the same time he robbed the language of the only phrase that can fitly describe agenics. The latter brand of human knowledge must now parade the less distinguished heraldic motto: "It's rotten." M. J. RIORDAN.

The Boys of Our City: San Francisco

AS compared with most large American cities, San Francisco's boy problem is neither pressing nor particularly vexatious. The chief reason for this favored condition is the absence of degrading poverty. There are no slums in San Francisco, as eastern cities understand slums. There is no excessive amount of unemployment. The mildness of the climate minimizes the distress of the poor. One of the healthiest cities of the land, sunshine and fresh air stream into it and through all parts of it. There are very few districts indeed that can be compared at all in congestion, unhygienic conditions and ugliness with the cities of the East.

Nevertheless, San Francisco's relation to the boy problem is not an exemption. Far be it from the purpose of this paper to suggest that the city by the Golden Gate is a sort of Utopia! Those who in their desire to help boys are struggling against hampering conditions and the paralyzing influence of lay indifference to the situation, have their hands full of work, and their hearts full of anxiety. The very absence of the most obvious tokens of necessity, namely, acute poverty, slum-surroundings and the like, has a tendency to cause people to overlook the very real need there is for wide-spread and organized work among our boys.

For in San Francisco as everywhere else in the large cities of the land, as the series of articles published by AMERICA show, all too eloquently, thousands of boys are subjected to the thoroughly demoralizing and anti-Christian influences that surround them in the streets. The young boy in the parochial school, generally speaking, is all right. He is guided by priest and Sister, and is amenable to their guidance. But the great majority of Catholic boys leave school and go to work as soon as they are of the legal age to work. During his wildest and most impressionable years, the boy is out in the world. And the world makes war upon him and his brothers, and upon those still more unfortunate ones, the orphans devoid of all home ties who leave the asylums when the age limit is reached. The street corner, the pool-room, the "clubs" which hold their sessions in scores of rooms (proof of the "gang" tendency of youth), the moving-picture theater, and dance-halls, these and other places of the kind become their haunts, and take the place of home. "Home," however, many of them have never known. Home is a thing that is disappearing from modern city life. Thus the world and the flesh and the devil bait traps to snare the souls of youth.

Against these hostile forces, the Church of San Francisco carries on many effective branches of social service. Conspicuous among these is the Youth's Directory,

conducted for many years by Rev. D. O. Crowley. In this institution 15,000 boys have been cared for during the last thirty years. There is a large and exceedingly handsome and well-equipped city house, and a thousand-acre farm in the country where boys are trained to agricultural pursuits, under the direction of the Brothers of Mary. No city, county, or State aid is received, the institution being supported by an organization known as St. Joseph's Union, made up of lay people who pay a dollar a year, receiving in return a journal edited by Father Crowley. The work here is classed as preventive. No boys are received who have passed through the juvenile court. Cases of abused or destitute boys are constantly reported to Father Crowley by the members of St. Joseph's Union, and cared for by him. Places are found for the boys, and San Francisco is full of prosperous, respected men who found their start in life at the Youths' Directory.

The Catholic Humane Bureau, ably superintended by Rev. P. L. Ryan, which does a work akin to the Associated Charities, looks after many orphaned boys by finding homes for them. Several hundred children are yearly cared for.

The Childrens' Aid Society is non-denominational, and a large number of Catholic children receive the benefit of its activities.

The Juvenile Court is presided over by Judge Muraskey, whose work is highly commended by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Father A. I. Townley, O.P., is attached to the Juvenile Court, to look after the interests of Catholic boys. In addition, Father Townley conducts a Working Boys' Club, which is doing a needed and notable work by providing a decent, pleasant home for wage-earning orphan boys.

The Boys and Girls' Aid Society is another non-denominational society, which works among cases of the Juvenile Court. As many of the cases are Catholic boys, about 75 out of every 200, a priest, the Rev. John F. Byrne, attached to St. Agnes' Parish, in which the society has its headquarters, looks after the religious interests of the Catholic boys committed to its charge.

In some respects the most noteworthy enterprise carried on in San Francisco for boys not of the orphan or the Juvenile Court class, but just the ordinary run of boys living at home but endangered by the fatal influences of street life, is the League of the Cross Cadets. The Rev. Richard Collins has general charge of the work. Total abstinence from intoxicants is required of all members. There are two branches, one being the Junior Cadets. These are small boys who take the abstinence pledge from the Archbishop at the solemn time of their confirmation; and from the ranks of the junior cadets the elder and main body is largely recruited. The annual encampment of the cadets and the annual competitive drill are under the inspection of United States army officers. The cadets form a veritable regiment, with companies in many parishes.

A smaller but very useful organization, as yet confined to one parish but worthy of spreading generally, is the Serra Cadets, conducted by Rev. John P. Tobin, in Mission Dolores parish. The boys run in age from fourteen to seventeen years, an age-period which is a most difficult one, as all who have had anything to do with boys will freely admit. There is an annual encampment, drill and gymnasium work, and degree work in which effective use is made of symbolic pictures and lessons which impress the principles of religion upon the plastic minds of the youngsters.

Another interesting experiment is being made by Rev. Michael Murray in the neighboring town of Oakland. He has formed a Greek Letter social club among boys of a class that might too readily be led into the secular High School affiliations which at their best lead into anti-Catholic institutions, and at their worst into utter irreligiousness.

Archbishop Hanna is at the present time engaged in forming a society, mainly composed of laymen, to initiate "Big Brother" work in San Francisco. The idea is to bring together a number of laymen who will each take an active personal interest in a group of boys, or possibly in some special individual case.

The Young Men's Institute admits to membership at the age of eighteen, so that part of its excellent advantages, including gymnasium work, is open to our boys.

All in all, then, as this summary account of the situation indicates, a great deal of work is being done in San Francisco to prevent boys from losing the Faith, to conserve their morality and to aid them in their way in life.

Nevertheless, all to whom I spoke agreed that much as was being done, much more remained to be done. There is everywhere a serious leakage of young souls from the Church. There is a deadening state of indifference among Catholics who should take an interest in the situation. Curiously enough, many wealthy Catholics who do not contribute to the work for Catholic boys are among the notable supporters of non-Catholic institutions like the Y. M. C. A., and the Young Women's Christian Association. Why is this? Do they prefer the plaudits of the non-Catholic world to the approval of their fellow-Catholics?

And everywhere there is discernible the great need of all Catholic social activities, namely, better organization and more efficient coordination of effort. But as the need grows, no doubt, the means to meet that need will be found. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Body and Mind: Some Contrasts

THE celebration of academic terminal festivities for the scholastic year is emphasizing as usual the interest of our generation in the cultivation of the body rather than the mind. There are special honors for

popular athletes, in the shape of official positions of particular prestige that should go by preference to scholars only. This is true of elementary schools, high schools and colleges.

A recent number of the Yale *Alumni Weekly* gives details with regard to the "tapping" for Yale's three famous secret societies, which show that success in athletics is the surest guarantee for the coveted honor. Out of the forty-five lads tapped, thirty-five were chosen on account of their athletic prowess.

Here is a standard of reasonable mathematical accuracy by which to judge the comparative value put today on the training of body and mind. Thirty-five out of forty-five make seven-ninths. The proportion fully written out would be: training of body is to training of mind as seven is to two. Or in a mathematical formula, B: M:: 7: 2. This, I think, is a fair exposition of present-day values. If this in the green wood, what in the dry? If university men place so much emphasis on the body, what are we to expect of people in general?

The plain fact of the matter is that just now there is much more interest in the things of the body and the senses than in those of the mind. And strange to say this is a rather modern phenomenon. Not long ago some one said, in connection with the Shakespeare celebrations, that there is just as much interest in the "movies" now as there was in Shakespeare during the Elizabethan period. Indeed it is a mighty good thing that the dramatist did not come up to New York from the country, say in 1890, to earn his living. Lucky for him that he went to London, 325 years ago. At that time London had only a population of some 100,000 and probably about 200,000 when Shakespeare left that city twenty-five years later. In the meantime, however, he had made a fortune. People crowded to see his plays just as they go to the "movies" now. He and the group of men with him, the Burbages, and later Heming and Condell, made money as fast as "movie" promoters do now.

We have 6,000,000 people comparatively as near to our theater district as any of the Londoners were to Shakespeare's theater. For the Globe which he and his associates built for themselves was in Southwark, on the Surrey side of the Thames. As far as the center of population was concerned, it occupied about the same place that a theater in the Bronx or in Brooklyn would occupy at the present time, and yet there was not only no trouble about filling his theater, but manifestly all the plays had "good runs." Shakespeare wrote on the average about two plays a year and that number seems to have been quite sufficient to make his theater very profitable indeed, and that, despite the fact that probably three-fourths of the people of London could not read or write. That was the reason why their narrow streets were crowded and cluttered up with symbolic signs. There was no sense in describing merchandise in words which could not be read. There were colored lights for the drug-store and wooden Indians for tobacco shops, in Shakespeare's later years. Those, too, were the days of the big bonnet and the big boot and the key and trunk and saddle which are only now going out of use as signs, because at last all the people in the towns can read and so too can visitors from the country.

The Elizabethan Londoners fairly worshiped at Shakespeare's shrine. They may have been ignorant according to our modern standards but they had the very best of taste in dramatics. Shakespeare's name was probably as familiarly known as any other commoner's, not only in London, but throughout most of England.

Now *there* is the literal truth. Shakespeare was probably as well known as the best batter in either of the leagues and his name was as familiar as the manager of the team that carries off the pennant. There is no need of further comment: the contrast between our time and Elizabeth's time is clear.

We are intensely interested in the things of the body and the senses and apparently they were intensely interested in the things of the mind. Professor Shorey of the University of Chicago said the other day in the symposium on "Contemporary Ideals," held by the City Club of Chicago, that there is but one ideal in contemporary letters, but one laudable purpose. That is, "pity for suffering, the effort to look at misery and injustice through others' eyes, painstaking realism in depicting the seamy and sad sides of life." Even here it is a material ideal that makes the appeal. It is physical suffering that is exploited. "Unfortunately," he added, "the humanity is too often misdirected. It is all given to the criminal, the beast of prey, the human tiger, and nothing is left for the victims of the coddled and pitied criminal." Even in Galsworthy's "Justice," for example, Mr. Shorey found "intellectual dishonesty" since "it shirks the crime problem and arraigns society as the real or the greater criminal."

In the same symposium, Mr. Cram, the well-known New York architect, took very similar ground with regard to the present state of the various arts. He spoke with deserved bitterness of "the trivial stuff that passes as music for the tired businessman and the brainless, pleasure-seeking woman who accompanies him." He might have added that the only reason why people go to the theater is to see and to hear, not at all to understand. "Rag-time music" and ever-changing spectacles, these are the popular, the real "attractions"; they "run" for months, everybody must see them; people who do not see them are not "in the swim." No one goes to a play nowadays. Everybody goes to a "show." It is not a "holy show" either, but as a rule the main part of the show consists of a crowd of more or less disreputable women with either a great deal of dress on or a great deal of dress off.

It is all a question of the cultivation of the body and the satisfaction of the senses, with no appeal to the intellect. I think that it is no exaggeration to say that

the key-note of our interests at the present time is so largely material as to stamp our era with a special stigma in this matter. The worst of it is that instead of being ashamed of it our generation seems to glory in it. It is true that in recent years great crowds have been attracted to pageants and masques, but in these it is largely the sense-element, the spectacle, that has appealed, and though the great amphitheaters of our universities have proved very useful for these masques, yet it must not be forgotten that the only reason for the existence of these amphitheaters is the athletic games which attract much larger crowds than our pageants. The Greeks built such amphitheaters to accommodate the throngs of people who, on the festival days of Dionysos wished to be present at the Greek plays. We build ours to accommodate the crowds which come to football games. The ratio of bodily to intellectual interests may be as seven to two, but our great stadia are used for athletic purposes seven times more frequently than for anything approaching an intellectual purpose. The ratio is seven to one.

The close of the scholastic year may be a time to call attention to some of this drift of our generation. It is a strange drift. We usually associate the word "pagan" with an over-appreciation of bodily as compared with spiritual interests. The pagan is typically the man who in the later times of Rome and Greece had lost all serious interest in the older forms of religion and yet had not taken up Christianity. This cult of the body developed to a marked degree in degenerate Greece and decadent Rome. That is what makes the student of history feel disturbed over the conditions that have developed in our generation and the world about us at the present time. I know there are some who will say that this is pessimism. Well, if this is pessimism, there are the facts. Make the most of them. JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

"Patent Insides"

IF you take a square yard and a half of paper and fold it over on itself twice, you may form a roughly accurate idea of the size and shape of a country paper. After this folding you will have four pages inside and four outside. The four outside pages are filled with matter supplied by the country editor; the four inside pages are taken care of by some syndicate that acts, for a consideration, as a general Providence to a score, perhaps several scores, of country newspapers. This syndicated material, which the local papers publish mechanically, is not inaptly called "patent insides."

One might fancy that this machine-made literature would not attract the attention of the casual reader of country papers. But I confess that, after I have reveled in the delightful and refreshing familiarity of the local news, I always turn with new zest to the patent insides. Somewhere in the great cities men are making comfortable fortunes by studying and supplying the literary needs of the country population. The makers of the patent insides have expended vast ingenuity and labor in discovering what remote folk on lonely farms want in their weekly paper. Their investigations presumably have resulted profitably to themselves and satisfactorily to their readers; and I cannot help thinking that I can gain more insight into rural life, habits and tastes by watching the way the patent-inside maker caters to his wide-spread clientèle than by studying the reports of government commissions. The local columns, warm with concrete humanity in their intimate relation with Joe and Bill, are for the poet: the patent insides, which transcend individual considerations and aim at the common spirit of the rural district, are for the philosopher.

Philosophers should never be surprised. But I confess that my first philosophical venture into patent insides created a mild amazement that I have never been quite able to control. I discovered, of course, a serial story by an author, who is no doubt distinguished, but whose name I had never heard. Well, I could not expect the school of Henry James and George Meredith to be popular amid the simple honesties of the country-side. I found out that statistics on any conceivable subject are tremendously exciting reading to the farmer and his family. Pictures of prize-cattle and ears of corn and county-fair presidents—these I had looked for. But I had not looked for the appalling prominence of the patent-medicine advertisement. This is the thing which amazed me. My philosophical equilibrium was disturbed by a phenomenon which seemed to nullify all previous conceptions of "our country's pride," and to upset one of the strongest traditions of life and literature.

What! was I to believe that our "stout yeomanry," with their "buxom, hearty wives and lasses," were hypochondriacs and health cranks! Another of my youth's ideals shattered! Yet the logic seemed irresistible. Patent-medicine venders would hardly pay good money for space in patent insides unless the speculation were profitable. And the patent insides, in which the patent-medicine venders vie with one another for the reader's attention, are almost exclusively for rural communities. The conclusion is unavoidable. At least, if one hesitates to draw the conclusion, he cannot help entertaining the disagreeable suspicion that the hale and robustious farmer of popular belief may not survive the test which a scientific age like ours is sure to submit him to when his turn comes.

With something of a scientific spirit I approached the matter from a different angle. I sought out a friend who owns a shop in a small town and has much to do with farmers. It took me some time to formulate my question in a manner which would not excite his ridicule if it happened to be wide of any known reality. As soon, however, as he caught my drift he laughed outright at my hesitation. It seemed I was inquiring about the existence of something of which every one knew. The shopman's mirth was brutal. It could not have been more

boisterous if I had asked him timidly if he had ever heard that two and two make four. Of course, farmers are health-cranks; they load up on patent medicines. Whenever farmers meet they talk more about their rheumatism, their stomachs and their livers than about their crops. The newest patent medicine is of more absorbing interest to a group of farmers than the latest invention in threshing-machines. I am giving the shopman's words in a slightly modified form. I suggested that perhaps he meant the women folk. No, sir; he meant the men.

When logic receives such field-laboratory confirmation as this, conviction, be it never so reluctant, simply has to step forth. And then, to clinch the thing, another bit of corroborative evidence came my way by mere chance. I happened to be in a small town and was being shown its wonders. A square of huge buildings was pointed out as "the largest patent-medicine plant" in the country. The old question at once balanced itself on my tongue. I had never heard the name of this rich company, and I foresaw what the answer would be when I asked: "Where do they sell their plasters, boluses and specifics?" "Among the farming population principally," was the answer.

It is not my intention to offend a respectable and highly intelligent portion of my fellow-citizens. I am among those who hold that the leaders of men come from the country places. Moreover, it is clear that men, foregathering, can talk of worse things than the pains and aches of the body, and the various electuaries, simples and mithridates put upon the market by persons, who may be honest and who may be skilled, but who are beyond all doubt clever. I do not wish to attack the venders of patent medicines any more that the purchasers of their wares. I think the character in one of Joseph Conrad's stories, who said, "a man who has been in the patent-medicine trade will be up to anything from pitch-and-toss to wilful murder," was uttering a libel. It is not unlikely that patent medicines are good in their place. If I have any criticism to make, it is that the venders induce people to put them in the wrong place. A perfectly good liver-pill should not be encouraged to deposit itself in a perfectly good liver—a reprehensible trick of venders, which they perform by playing on the fears and imaginations of humanity. No man should trade upon our fears.

I repeat, therefore, that I am attacking no one. I only register a phenomenon which, though strange to me, may be familiar to every one else. After all, the phenomenon easily adjusts itself to antecedent processes of reasoning. When the nearest physician is miles away, the difficulty and expense of expert advice are often prohibitive. Of course, there will be a medicine-chest, and every one will be his own doctor, with the gratuitous aid of the patent-medicine publications. Nervousness will forestall imaginary symptoms with utterly irrelevant drugs; or impatience will use the ready dose to do what nature should be allowed to do for herself; and the medicine habit is formed; and the mind, which ought to be wheeling around the stars, devotes itself to wheeling around a drug-bewildered liver.

And, then, think of the lonely winter evenings in the old farm-house, and the lonely summer days on the broad acres. Only strong-minded men can remain perfectly sane and healthy in solitude. Our smart novelists and poets jeer at the anchorites. Six months of an anchorite's life would make a blithering imbecile out of the most dapper of our literary men. Read such hermit-diarists as Thoreau and Amiel, and see how unbalanced even a fairly strong mind can sometimes become in solitude.

The more one learns of life, the greater must be his admiration of the Saints. The old philosopher, who said, *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus,* was boasting disgracefully. If he spoke the truth of himself the chances are a hundred to one that he was an eccentric or a health-crank. It is a rare man that can tolerate his own company for a long stretch of time. It is a test of genuine greatness. The Saints are the only ones we know who have taken the test triumphantly. Their common-sense survived the fiery trial; they never degenerated into hypochondriacs or lunatics. The explanation, of course, is that they lived less with themselves than with God. They remained perfectly natural because they could be so intensely supernatural. God's world was so vividly interesting and soul-stirring that the most solitary hour was filled with thrilling excitement. Their long thoughts never fell back, for want of support, upon their own sensations. They evaded the horrors of patent medicine, patent insides, and patent-psychological literature.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

The Charity of a Catholic Monarch

THE monarch in question is Alfonso XIII, King of Spain. Almost every day the Madrid press publishes conclusive proofs of the humanitarian and charitable services rendered by our young ruler, since the outbreak of the war, in behalf of the wounded and the prisoners of the belligerent countries, as well as of the desolate and sorrowing families of those who have disappeared in the turmoil or have fallen on the field of battle.

On becoming acquainted with the splendid work of mercy accomplished for humanity in these days of sorrow and anguish by their Soverign, Spaniards of every class and party are filled with legitimate feelings of consolation and joy. People of every foreign country, they are sure, will share in these emotions. In all his noble efforts for suffering humanity, the Spanish Monarch is only following the footsteps and the example of the Holy Father. And, be it said in passing, it is to the Supreme Pontiff that the world is turning for help in this terrible tragedy. While doing so, all hearts are filled with deep gratitude and emotion for his unflagging efforts to diminish in every possible way the horrors and sufferings of the contest.

Very shortly after the declaration of war, indeed just after the first shock of the hostile forces had begun to crimson the soil of Europe and to bring sorrow and misery to countless homes, the Royal Palace in the Plaza de Oriente was, so to say, deluged with letters, all bathed in tears. The sad messages deepened into a very wave of sorrow, rising constantly to a

higher crest. The mounting tide surged to the gates of the Royal Alcazar. There, the writers of the sad missives knew, their supplications would reach the heart of a magnanimous prince, to whom Providence seemed to have assigned the noble rôle of mediator and consoler in the dark hour of this frightful struggle.

From the pages of these letters rose a wail and a prayer. The eyes of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and friends of the combatants turned to the young sovereign, asking news of the loved ones who had disappeared or begging his intercession to obtain the complete remission, or at least the mitigation, of sentences imposed by military tribunals. The heart of the King was moved, and yielding to his generous impulses, he immediately ordered his own private offices turned into a bureau of information to take cognizance of all these war-cases. With only one end in view, the good which he might thus accomplish in behalf of all those who were suffering from the effects of the terrible struggle, he increased his staff of secretaries and assumed as his own the subsequent financial outlay. He had the pleasure to find that the bureau thus constituted was working efficiently and with the most consoling results. The number of letters received by the King's secretaries amounts on an average to 700 a day. On some days as many as 3,000 are received. From the hour the bureau of relief was organized, it is estimated that more than 200,000 petitions have been registered. In the archives belonging to the office there are records on file dealing with the fate of 160,000 French prisoners and war sufferers, whose residence it has so far been impossible to ascertain. The solicitude of the Monarch extends also to the prison camps, especially to those established in Germany. The members of the Spanish Embassy in Berlin visit these camps and hospitals regularly in order to become personally acquainted with the sanitary conditions, etc., and to see for themselves how the prisoners are treated. They then report to the King, who in turn communicates these data to the various belligerent nations, which have requested Spain to watch over their interests. But this is not the only service thus generously given by the Spanish Monarch. A special department in the bureau has been organized to seek and find news of those who are in the territories occupied by the German armies and who have not been able to communicate with their relatives or friends. In order to further the ends of this department, a special system of proclamations, advertisements and notices has been arranged. Notices are sent to the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin, who forwards them to the German authorities. These then inform the mayors of the localities where it is hoped that some clue may be found. The latter in turn send back whatever news is available, and thus, very often, correspondence is reestablished between those who for a long time had not heard from each other. Nor can we omit to mention the personal efforts of the Monarch in behalf of those who are condemned by the military tribunals. For some he obtains complete pardon. In the case of minor offences, the sentence, at his request, has been often commuted. Thanks to his efforts, war-cripples and the desperately wounded were frequently sent back to their homes. The Russian journalist, Jantchetzky, and his seven companions in captivity and misfortune; the Austrian Admiral, Müller; M. Theodor, Dean of the Brussels Bar; the Prince of Salm-Salm, and many others, must surely be ever grateful to the noble and generous Monarch for his efforts to alleviate their lot and secure their liberty.

Such in brief is the work of mercy which a Catholic and Spanish King is accomplishing for suffering humanity in these days of sorrow and woe. Two angels of Christian charity seem, for the moment, to have folded their wings and taken up their abode on the heights of the Vatican and under the walls of the Royal Alcazar of the Court of Spain. The Sovereign of all Christendom and the Sovereign of a Catholic people are constantly working hand-in-hand to diminish the sufferings of the countless victims of this cruel war. And thus, over the dark clouds which shroud the horizon, they shed the bright rays of mercy, consolation and love.

NORBERTO TORCAL,
Manager of the Spanish Associated Press.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

French War Orphans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In answering a letter published lately in AMERICA which stated that the society called "The Fatherless Children of France" was an insidious attack upon the faith of these helpless orphans, I urged that no hasty onslaught be made upon the society, but that we should wait until the adverse criticisms should prove to be incontrovertible. The cause has already awakened a hearty interest in people who have no desire to do anything to disturb the Faith of these children. Since that time I have been on the watch to collect further data. I was therefore gratified a few days ago by receiving an emphatic denial of the charge from a friend, a French lady living in this country, who keeps in close touch with people and affairs in France. In fact one of her sons has already been wounded there and another son has offered his services to his country.

My friend assures me that the society lives up to the pledge stated in the prospectus, that these children should be brought up in the religion of their parents, and she mentioned individual cases in the care of Sisters of St. Joseph and Sisters of Charity.

Since writing the above letter, I have heard that a distinguished prelate in France has warned Catholics against the society as an active agency for an anti-Catholic propaganda. To offset this, may I quote from a letter written by M. Jules Valery, a distinguished authority on international law, and professor of law at the University of Montpellier, France? After a most eloquent appeal for aid for these helpless children made orphans by this cruel war, he ventures to estimate that their probable number at the close of hostilities will be at least 1,000,000, as before the fighting about Verdun there were about 800,000. He writes of the formation of a society on the very day of the outbreak of hostilities by M. Appel, Dean of the Faculty of Sciences at the University of Paris, named "The Committee of National Help," to which every man of good-will was called, entirely irrespective of social class or party. This appeal was responded to immediately.

I now quote verbatim from M. Valery's letter:

> Such a committee was unable to cope practically and effectively with all the orphans scattered through each French *Département*. This is the reason of the creation of local committees, among them the "Southwestern Committee for the Orphans of the War," the headquarters of which are at Montpellier. In the meetings of these committees may be seen, seated side by side, the atheist Prefect of the *Département* of Herault, our Venerable Prelate, the Cardinal de Cabrières, many Protestant ministers, and the only rabbi actually in the *Département;* brokers and bankers mix with workmen; lawyers, attorneys, justices, professors of the university, together with modest school teachers, employees of the post office and railroad men, every class of society has here its representative.
>
> Such a diversity of classes in the cooperation of this work can be seen in the local committees established by us in every town and every village in that part of France, because, alas, there is no little hamlet to be found where some family is not in mourning.

M. Valery goes on to relate how admirably the work is carried on, cites many individual cases of dire need and reports how the society of National Help aids the committee. I leave out the practical details, but certain points I must not omit to quote:

> As a matter of fact, every mother whom we have had occasion to visit has, without one exception, expressed her formal wish to keep the children with her. Some mothers, misunderstanding the object of our visit, have plainly declared that they would rather be deprived of help than to be separated from their children. This is a declaration that honors these poor women. There is another to which I beg to call your attention. Inquiring about these applications for help or in the course of the distribution of supplies, I have often visited humble homes where you breathe, so to speak, an atmosphere of sadness and depression. I never heard a word of complaint against the circumstances which have deprived these poor wives of their husbands. All have submitted to their fate with resignation; everyone seems to understand and to appreciate the nobility of the cause for which the companion of their life, the father of their children, has fallen.
>
> I had already occasion to observe the same spirit in our wounded soldiers, too numerous alas! Since the beginning of the war, no matter how terrible their wounds, no matter from what part of France they come, no one complains. They accept their lot without murmuring, showing by their resignation that they were firmly decided to sacrifice their lives for their country and that in shedding their blood, they have simply done their duty.

Such a letter as this with its testimony at first hand ought to make one hesitate about taking any step against the society, for a stand must be taken one way or the other. Work for it if it is worthy; against it, if it is proved not to be; and this is a solemn question to decide in the face of such undoubted, widespread, tragic need.

Boston, Mass. J. G. ROBINS.

The Ever Neutral Flag

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Among the recent inventions of an imaginative scribe in the daily press there appeared the following canard:

> Rome, June 12.—The white and yellow papal flag is to wave for the first time on the ocean, according to a report in circulation here this evening. Mgr. Locatelli, the Papal Internuncio at Buenos Aires, having been transferred to Brussels, where he will be Nuncio, desiring to insure his safety while at sea, has chartered a steamer which will be called the Nuncius and will carry the Papal colors as those of a neutral power. The last ship which flew the Papal colors was the brig Maria Immacolata, which lay in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, thirty-seven miles northwest of Rome, in September, 1870, when the Italians took Rome. The brig, however, had never gone out into the Mediterranean flying the Papal colors.

Strange tales have ever been told of those who go down to the sea in ships, and this one does not contradict tradition. Moreover, it recalls the curious incident of the first and last time a ship sailing under the Papal flag appeared in the harbor of New York. The details of this latter event are preserved in official documents in the State Library at Albany, the archives of the United States Court for the Southern District of New York and the local newspapers of the summer of 1757. A contribution of the Rev. Denis P. O'Neill, in Vol. II, Part II, of the "Records and Studies" of the United States Catholic Historical Society, gives a summary of these documents and reports. From this it can be gleaned that the ship Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception and St. Ignatius Loyola, Captain Lorenzo Ghiglino, while on a voyage from Cadiz to Santo Domingo, was taken by two privateers and brought into the port of New York as a prize, to be sold for the benefit of the crew and owners of the privateers, as was the pleasant custom of that time. Captain Ghiglino naturally protested against this procedure, and in a petition to Governor Delancy claimed that he was "a Genoese by Birth and by Act of Naturalization became a subject of the Pope of Rome." He further stated that, while peacefully proceeding on his voyage from Cadiz to Cape François,

> On the twelfth of June last, he discovered near Hispaniola two Vessels being private Vessels of War, belonging to this Port, one called the Revenge, commanded by Francis Koffler, the other called the Hornet, commanded by James Spellen. Upon one of which said Vessels firing a Ball at the Ship Your Memoralist threw her into the Wind, to wait the Privateers approach, and hoisted the Popes Colours, the ship sailing under the Popes pass. That your Memoralist being subject to neutral powers was unappreciative of any hostile attack in these Seas, till the Privateers approach within Musket Shot when there was an immediate Discharge of Cannon, Musquetry, and Grenade Shells upon the Ship, which besides greatly damaging the Ship, wounded Your Memoralist's Brother, and carried off an arm of one of the Sailors, a Genoese, who since died of that Wound. That your Memoralist conceiving this Attack to be illegal and barbarous made no Resistance, did at the Time protest against the Same but was nevertheless brought with his Ship into the Port where the Ship and Cargoe were soon after libelled in the Vice Admiralty as Prize.

It is gratifying to find that the "Popes Colours" and the "Popes pass" were upheld by Judge Lewis Morris in the New York Court of Vice-Admiralty, and that the ship and one-fifth of her cargo, a valuation of £8,575, were released to Captain Ghiglino, whose contention for the neutrality of the high seas reads almost as if it were written in the twentieth and not in the eighteenth century.

Brooklyn. T. F. M.

Who Was "Father Boulanger"?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your review of "Travels in the American Colonies," by T. J. C., in the issue of June 10, says: "Unfortunately, there is no Jesuit 'Father Boulanger,' either on the official list which we have before us, or in any of the seventy-three volumes of Thwaite's 'Relations.'" This seems to me a very strange statement for, in looking over my own list of missionary priests in the Mississippi Valley, I find the following notes:

> (1) Joseph Ignace le Boulanger, Jesuit, arrived (in Canada) June 16, 1703; was missionary among the Kaskasquias. Died October 16, 1744 (*Tanguay-List of Canadian Clergy, p.* 84). (2) June 17, 1719. Father John (?) le Boullenger opens or begins the parish Register of Kaskaskia, Illinois. Styles himself "Chaplain of the troops." Well versed in the language of the Illinois Indians, and drew up a Grammar and Dictionary, with a very full Catechism and prayers. The MSS., a large folio volume, is believed to be now in the Carter Brown Library at Providence, R. I. (*Shea, History Catholic Church, Vol. I,* 557). (3) October 20, 1721. Father Charlevoix, S.J., found him with Father Joseph F. de Kereben, both Jesuits, in charge of a Kaskaskia mission (*Shea, H. of C. C., I,* 558; *Am. Ch. Hist., O'Gorman, IX,* 200; *U. S. C Hist. Mag., III,* 303; *H. of Cath. Missions, Shea,* 427, 502). (4) August, 1727. One of the Ursuline Nuns, that arrived in New Orleans, Marianne Boullenger de Ste. Angélique, was a sister of the Jesuit Father of the same name in Illinois (*Shea, H. of the Cath. Church, I,* 570, *note* 2). (5) December 8, 1727. He transferred the bodies of the Jesuit Fathers Gabriel Marest and John Mermet to the church at Kaskaskia (*Shea, idem, I,* 585). (6) A facsimile of his signature is given by Shea (*Shea, idem, I,* 584). (7) 1728. He was still at Kaskaskia (*Shea, idem, I,* 573). (8) July 12, 1730. Mentioned in a letter, of this date, by Father le Petit, as having, for the second time, to enlarge his church (*Lettres Edifiantes,* 1819, *Vol. IV,* 298). (9) 1735. Mentioned in list of Illinois Priests as F. Boularger (*Life of Bishop Flaget, p.* 126).

In view of the above facts, it seems that the phonetic spelling of this worthy priest's name has misled your reviewer.

Plattsmouth, Neb. MICHAEL A. SHINE.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Lawlessness and the Courts

OPEN contempt of the rightful authority of the State is fast becoming a common phenomenon in certain uneasy sections of the country. New York, in particular, has harbored for some years vociferous crews of brainless agitators who form a perpetual incitement to lawlessness. The plan of these propagandists is simple. In common with other criminals, they find that certain laws are obnoxious. They propose to destroy these laws by repeatedly violating them. When brought to book, they will justify their course by flouting the authority of any court before which they may be arraigned. It is probably true that the majority of these agitators, parasitic males and unsexed women, are mere seekers after notoriety. Others, however, are anarchistic, both in sentiment and method. Both must be rigorously suppressed, if law and order are not to become mere empty symbols.

It is not pessimistic to say that these chronic violations of particular ordinances are but symptoms of a deeper disorder in the public and private life of a rapidly-growing group of our people. Authority is not a welcome word with the populace, nor even with the young. We fly to the defense of our "rights"; but we suffer the rights of the community and the inalienable rights of God to be flouted without concern. Popular religion, rejecting the supernatural, engages itself with the things of time. Popular sentiment views capital punishment as murder, and regards the criminal as an innocent victim of circumstances. Popular education centers on the development of individuality, and fails miserably in developing the far more important sense of obligation. And all alike, religion or what passes for religion, morbid sentiment and disorderly education, are but integral parts of the cult of a lawless god, whose name is Self.

Judge Cropsey of the Supreme Court of New York, has recently said that the faith of our people in the integrity of the judiciary is being undermined. The statement is undoubtedly correct. When belief in God, the source and center of all authority, has been rejected, men easily lose their faith in those tribunals which administer justice in His name. Yet some degree of this loss of faith in the honesty of our courts, may be traced to the apparent unwillingness of certain inferior courts to deal sternly with cases involving open and persistent contempt of authority. This weakness does not in itself invalidate the authority of a legal tribunal; but no judiciary, high or low, can retain the respect of the community, as long as it tolerates contempt from the criminals brought within its jurisdiction.

"Unionizing" Authorship

MANY American writers are regarding with favor the recent proposal that an authors' labor union should be organized in this country. Highly gratified at being considered, after all these ages, as real workers and not merely parasites, or at best dilettanti, authors are now eager to standardize their calling. One prominent writer frankly owns that as conditions are today: "Authors are about as unskilled as any class of workers. Practically everybody is born an author. The trade requires no apprenticeship." What seems to be needed to remedy this regrettable state of things is a supervising board qualified and empowered to put every would-be author through a protracted and rigorous apprenticeship, then advance him in due season to the grade of craftsman, and finally to the dignity of master-workman. Authors could then be "unionized" as readily as plumbers or carpenters.

But the difficulty lies in finding a way to effect this most desirable reform. Theology, law and medicine were standardized, of course, centuries ago. Before a clergyman can officiate he must be ordained, before the lawyer can plead he must be admitted to the bar, and the doctor is not allowed to practise till he has won his diploma. Could not some similar test be applied before persons are recognized as living authors? Mere success in getting one's "copy" into the papers and magazines should by no means be considered the sole requisite for membership in the authors' union; at least a degree from a school of journalism should be demanded. Indeed, a long period of "cubbage" with a high-class journal might well be exacted besides. Whether the bare publication of a book should be the open-sesame to further advancement in the craft, or whether proof should be required that the work in question was bought by at least seven different people, that it was enjoyed by discerning readers and praised by incorruptible critics: these are questions for the union's advisory board to decide.

When the new organization is perfected, strikes, walkouts and boycotts will no doubt be as common with scribes as they are now among garment-workers; indigent authors to whom standard wages are denied will

be supported by their confrères, and the peaceful picketing of an editor's sanctum will be a familiar spectacle. Why, we may yet see all the papers of a city held up until a fearless, truth-telling reporter is honorably restored to his post! However that may be, if the formation of an authors' union results in improving the quality of the copy supplied to our daily papers, in heightening the literary excellence of our magazines and in increasing the "ethical value" of our "best sellers," let us by all means have such an organization.

Our "Sacred Fund"

THE Dionysiac theater cost Athens her liberty. It was the unwillingness of her citizens to convert to more serious purposes the money lavished on that institution and its spectacles, that left them, when the emergency came, inadequately equipped for war with a less cultured but more efficient rival. The Greek drama is certainly one of the glories of Hellas, but its enjoyment was dearly purchased at the cost of the liberty which had been its chief inspiration, at the sacrifice of the democracy which was the vital atmosphere of its great writers. Yet this is exactly what the Athenians did. Rather than forego the delights of witnessing the performance of the great classics of a previous generation, the contemporaries of Demosthenes set aside a special fund to defray the expenses of the theater and to insure the price of admission to the poorest citizens, and menaced with the severest penalties any one who should move in the Assembly that this fund should be diverted to the more serious service of Athens's navy and defenses. It was the sacred fund: sacred to the great god Dionysos or Bacchus, around whose altar the dramatic chorus danced, in whose honor and in whose theater the most heroic days of Greece were reproduced in mimicry; only in mimicry, alas! Only when it was too late were the frivolous citizens aroused from their dreams by the thunders of Demosthenes and the menaces of Philip and moved to turn their festival reserve into a war-fund, to use this theoric fund, this show-fund, for the realities of civic life, at a time when that civic life was sick unto death.

Americans are not ignorant of the history, the ideals and the institutions of Athens. We have not failed to profit by them for the betterment of our civic, intellectual and cultural life. This lesson of her history is of especial value to us at the present time. The amount spent by our people on the theater and moving-pictures is prodigious even for so vast and resourceful a commonwealth as ours. The question of taxation for our reasonable defenses is one that is enlisting if not puzzling the best minds among our Federal legislators. The equalization of this tax, or the placing it on such goods as may most easily bear it without hardship to the consumer is, as in all similar cases, the point of the problem. America's vast show-fund, a treasure amounting in the aggregate to many millions, naturally offers a tempting field for speculation to the student of public finances. He may seriously question whether, in the existing state of our laws, the show-fund devotes to the general welfare the quota which could easily be subtracted from it without hardship to even the poorest tax-payer. But the indulgence of such speculations by the practical legislator, who must also be a practical politician, is awkwardly checked by the fear that he may find himself indicted by the fearsome public for daring to suggest a diversion of the fund sacred to its great god before whose nightly blazing altars are enacted scenes and dances not unworthy of his "gold-crowned, wine-flushed" prototype of old Athens.

At all events, good citizens who contribute more frequently and more generously to the tax-collector than to the box-office may be pardoned for remarking somewhat testily that the tariff on imported dances could be raised without damage to home industries, or that "spot-lights" are less apt to save a city than search-lights, or that the erection of a new theater has rarely been known to strengthen the defenses of a nation against the inroads of foes or follies.

The "Outlook" and the Dunphy Case

THE recent decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on the Dunphy case nerves the *Outlook* to a brave and bromidic editorial statement on the danger of uniting State and Church. Quite as aptly might the *Outlook* have based its sermon on a text borrowed from the latest report of the corn crop in Kansas. In stating, moreover, that the action of the Court sustains Mayor Mitchel in any point of the present controversy between Mr. Kingsbury and the private institutions, the *Outlook* proves either its complete ignorance of Judge Laughlin's opinion, or its supreme indifference to the truth.

The facts in the case are simple. On Randall's Island in the City of New York, there is an asylum for children. It is conducted by the city. It is under the complete control of the city. It neither has, nor has had, any affiliation with any religious organization. It is, in short, as secular an institution as the Metropolitan Hospital or the Tombs. For a number of years this asylum was administered by Mrs. Mary C. Dunphy, an employee of the City of New York. On May 24, 1915, she was removed by Mr. Henry C. Wright, acting for Mr. John A. Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities of the City of New York. One year later, the Appellate Division handed down a decision that in removing Mrs. Dunphy, a city employee, without the formality of a legal trial, Deputy Commissioner Wright, another employee, acted in conformity with paragraph 659 of the City Charter.

The Court was not asked to pass upon the right of the city to inspect private child-caring institutions. That right, as the *Outlook* well knows, has never been denied.

Not even remotely were the private institutions concerned in this case; the points at issue were the right of the head of a city department to dismiss a subordinate, and the manner in which that right might be exercised. The decision of the Appellate Division has no more bearing on the "present controversy," or on the *Outlook's* cant about Mayor Mitchel's religion and "ecclesiastical opposition to the processes of law," than it has on the question of votes for women, or the mean depth of the Panama Canal.

A Crisis in Catholic History

THOUGHTS of great moment for ourselves and for the Church universal must suggest themselves to American Catholics as they read the report of the United States Branch of the Society for Propagation of the Faith, together with the apposite remarks of the National Director. The total contribution of $503,619.08, including stipends for Masses, may at first sight appear satisfactory enough. It is certainly an indication of an awakening of our dormant sense of missionary responsibility. Yet if we add to these receipts all other donations sent from our country to the foreign missions we will hardly arrive at a total of $750,000, or about five cents *per capita*. Compare with this the $18,793,900 contributed during the same period to the Protestant foreign missions by organizations in the United States and Canada.

It is sad, pitifully sad, to read that rich Catholics, rich congregations, fashionable colleges and academies have with rare exceptions done little or nothing for this great work of God. Yet missionary zeal is a real test of faith, if that word has any meaning; it is a most evident proof that men are seeking purely the Kingdom of God and its propagation upon earth. Catholic millionaires do not figure in the list. "They have no time to contribute to the propagation of their Faith abroad, God grant they keep it themselves at home." If anywhere, it is here that one is tempted to speak in no uncertain tones. It is difficult to excuse from lukewarmness in his holy religion the Catholic who understands the intense need of his assistance at the present moment in the foreign mission field, and who nevertheless holds tight the purse-strings of his wealth.

The excuse pleaded will doubtless be that these needs have never been seriously brought home to him. If so, it is high time that he should realize them. It is his fault if Catholic mission fields have to be relinquished to Protestants who are gaining adherents in vast numbers and are sending armies of men and women to every corner of the earth. It is a real delusion to believe that they are not making converts. With the nature of these conversions we are not concerned; but the great Eastern countries will be Protestantized while Catholics are asleep. The sects are everywhere building schools and striving to train up a native clergy for their mission work. They are doing their utmost to make these missions self-supporting. They are accomplishing their work intelligently.

God has left the promotion of the Faith to human agents. He will not send His Angels from heaven to propagate it. This duty is ours: it is imposed upon American Catholics in particular, at this great crisis in human history. The Lord of the harvest has given us warnings and exhortations in abundance. The zealous handful of men engaged in rousing mission interest among the Catholic clergy and laity are doing their utmost. It depends upon us whether we will heed the call or neglect it. The conversion of the world is given into our hands, as far as by God's Providence that can be accomplished now. This is a critical hour and we must seize the opportunity given us and gladly respond to the call. Were every Catholic in the United States to give even one cent a month, the aggregate sum would be $2,000,000 a year. All can contribute at least this much, and practically all can offer far more. The work must be organized thoroughly and carried out diligently in every parish of the land. Thus will God's blessing come to us at home a hundredfold.

Children and Dangers

THE doctors lately in session in Detroit spoke timely and wise words to the mothers of the race, warning them against the dangers to children, so common in these days of broken ideals. There is nothing new in the advice given, but the occasion and the persons who uttered it give it a new importance. Parents were told that they lack a sense of responsibility and are negligent of primary duties. Their children as a consequence are ruined even before they begin the battle of life, for their ideals are low and their wills are untrained to resist the temptations that arise.

So far so good: the doctors' words are only too true. But why not go further to the very root of the difficulty, godlessness? High ideals and strength of will are from God, and as long as He is excluded from the purview it is useless to warn fathers and mothers of perils to their offspring. There are no dangers to godless folk; they are reckless people to whom even "hygiene" appeals very faintly indeed. God is needed; the parent who possesses Him will have all else, whereas His absence cannot be supplied by motives mountain-high.

It was wise of the doctors assembled in Detroit to talk about the chaperon, the cultivation of self-respect and of a sense of responsibility, the diaphanous dress, wine and so on, but it would have been better had a whole-souled upstanding man spoken to parents of God and eternal reward and punishment. Americans need just such doctrine and until they get it, girls and boys will continue to go wrong, despite sex hygiene which, unassisted by higher motives, has always been quite powerless against the onrush of the primal passion.

LITERATURE

"Risus Filiorum Dei"

THE main business of our time, said Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton recently, is the resurrection of the Middle Ages. Now Mr. Chesterton is a writer of such clarity of thought that whatever else he may mean by this saying, he cannot mean the resurrection of the Catholic religion, for you cannot resurrect something that is not dead, though the Catholic religion is the most important thing about the Middle Ages. But it means, among other things, the resurrection of the idea that every man stands in relationship to every other man, and to God, and it means, one may surely believe, the resurrection of some of the lost joy of life, and of that very peculiar quality we call the sense of humor.

Now the sense of humor began to decay, among the English at all events, when in the sixteenth century the small tradesmen began to get prosperous (and proud), and with the aid of Protestantism, which was more or less of a novelty, took themselves seriously. It began to decay when they no longer, as did their Catholic fathers and grandfathers, called themselves just plain sinners, but discovered that they were miserable sinners—as indeed they were. And so it went on, until the once robustious sense of humor, having suffered in contact with miserable sinners, fell into the hands of the efficient. And now we think of a humorist as a gaunt gentleman with a green shade over his eyes, who sits in an office and draws funny pictures, for which he receives, say, $50,000 a year. Or he may, possibly, receive less than that sum, in which case his funniness is proportionate.

But the medieval and older Christian and Catholic sense of humor, even though it was a trifle bourgeois at times, was measured not so much by efficiency as by spontaneity. It took its rise in such human motives as the love of God, or the salvation of souls. And even a Pope like St. Gregory the Great could not resist a pun when he contemplated the salvation of the English. *Non Angli sed angeli,* "Not Angles but angels," was a witticism that in no way affected the thoroughness of his mission to England. Or take another Catholic gentleman of a somewhat earlier period, St. Lawrence. His persecutors roasted him to death over a huge gridiron, and the Saint turned to them and said, not in reproach, *Assatum est jam, versa,* "The meat is cooked now, turn it over!" and so he died with a glad heart the death of the martyr.

Now it is something of this old sense of humor that is so great a characteristic of much of Theodore Maynard's poetry, a slender volume of which, entitled "Laughs and Whifts of Song," Erskine MacDonald has published. This poet has that sense of the laughter of the sons of God that inspires him to write about the relationship between the high mysteries of heaven and the very ordinary things we meet with in ordinary life. He sees, for example, something particularly spirited in the vision of Christ and His cohorts riding in triumph through the gates of heaven:

> Ah no! These few, the maimed, the dumb,
> The saints of every lazar's den,
> The earth's offscourings—they come
> From desert and from fen
>
> To break the terror of the night,
> Black dreams and dreadful mysteries,
> And proud, lost empires in their might,
> And chains and tyrannies. . . .

He sees, as it were, an almost sacred jocoseness in the picture of contrast between these two stanzas, a Divine relationship that can laugh at our modern and solemn "uplift."

But to say that Mr. Maynard has the medieval sense of humor is not to label him a humorist. There is humor, but there is also terror, and something more that is too vast and impressive for any sort of analysis in the last stanza of his poem called "A Song of Laughter":

> The stars with their laughter are shaken;
> The long waves laugh at sea;
> And the little Imp of Laughter
> Laughs in the soul of me.
>
> I know the guffaw of the tempest,
> The mirth of a blossom and bud—
> And I laugh when I think of how Cuchulain laughed
> At the crows with their bills in his blood.
>
> The mother laughs low at her baby,
> The bridegroom with joy in his bride—
> And I think that Christ laughed when they took Him with staves
> On the night before He died.

Only poetic genius combined with a sound belief in the truths of a revealed religion could paint such a picture of eternal scorn, infinite magnanimity, and the stooping of Omnipotence to meet the onslaught of impotence, as is shown in the last two lines of this poem.

Mr. Maynard is now a Dominican, and in many of his poems there is the touch of the mystic,—the true mystic, that is, not the false mystic who turns everything he sees into a fog, but he who sees the familiar thing not only as it is, but as it appears in its relation to him and to the whole of creation. For instance in looking at the trees, in the third stanza of "Cecidit, Cecidit Babylon Magna!" the poet sees a picture of a well-ordered community. But read the entire poem:

> The aimless business of your feet,
> Your swinging wheels and piston rods,
> The smoke of every sullen street
> Have passed away with all your gods.
>
> For in a meadow far from these
> A hodman treads across the loam,
> Bearing his solid sanctities
> To that strange altar called his home.
>
> I watch the tall, sagacious trees
> Turn as the monks do, every one;
> The saplings, ardent novices,
> Turning with them toward the sun,
>
> That Monstrance held in God's strong hands,
> Burnished in amber and in red;
> God, His Own priest, in blessing stands;
> The earth, adoring, bows her head.
>
> The idols of your market-place,
> Your high debates, where are they now?
> Your lawyers' clamor fades apace—
> A bird is singing on the bough!
>
> Three fragile, sacramental things
> Endure, though all your pomps shall pass—
> A butterfly's immortal wings,
> A daisy, and a blade of grass.

This is an exquisite allegory. For the trees turn toward the sun as to the source of their life, and the poet sees in them something that reminds him of a choir of monks turning toward the altar, to the *Sol Justitiæ.* And not only is it an exquisite poetical fancy, but it is sound mysticism. The trees do not remind the poet of temple bells, for example, that are blown about in the wind; nor do they make him think of water-jars which, when they are dropped, are smashed to pieces. But they do remind him of persons with a definite idea of what is called their "vocation"; they remind him of something positive, and not of a candle fluttering in the wind, which is the spirit of the temple-bells mysticism. And this touch of the mystic is more true to its kind in such a poem as "The Mystic," which is a poem about Almighty God and a poor old woman who earned her bread as a seamstress; in "The World's Miser," which is the antithesis of our modern Pantheism because it postulates a relationship between the Creator and the creature; and in "Easter," where the poet laughs in his soul in company with the inspired poet who wrote *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino.*

Now because Theodore Maynard has this medieval spirit of humor and Christianity, he finds for his themes such things as the love of God, the love of his fellow-man, in every phase of life, and a pious hatred of fraud. And so he can write his poem, "To a Good Atheist," and salute the atheist as a man of conscience and courage. And he can also write his poem, "To a Bad Atheist," a little chap "who wrote what he called a trinity of meek retorts to the preceding poem, which were not meek, but full of pride and abominable heresy." He describes the bad atheist's mind as having room for nothing but sawdust, sun and sand, which is comprehensive and to the point, and he addresses him as "a solemn little chap," which sums up the whole case against him.

But there is something that puts the poet immediately in company with the quaint wit of many an old scribe as he finished the tail-piece to a page of illuminated manuscript, or with a wood-carver of a bygone age as he carved punning devices on the misericordes of the choir stalls, and that is his "Ballade in Praise of Arundel." This is a nobly democratic poem about a parish church and a village inn, and it ends with this superb absolution offered to the Duke of Norfolk:

> Duke, at the dreadful Judgment Day
> Your soul will surely be well shriven,
> For then all angel trumps shall bray,
> *He kept pubs open till eleven!*

A poem which is worthy of the pens of two such Christian men as Hilaire Belloc or Gilbert K. Chesterton. And there is the same kindly love of man in "Requiem."

Therefore the message of this poet is not that the poor are blessed because they are poor, or the good because they are good, or that the humility of the violet is anything for it to be proud about. But it is an old message about the Fatherhood of the Creator and the relationship and interdependence of His creatures: it is an echo of the laughter of the sons of God.

HENRY C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

The Memory of Our Dead. By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J., St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.80.

Father Thurston has collected in the volume before us material already published for the most part in the *Month*, the *Dublin Review* and the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. These materials thus "manipulated and adjusted," as he tells us, contain a "brief but fairly comprehensive sketch of the Catholic practice of prayer for the dead from the first centuries of Christianity down to the close of the Middle Ages." At a time when thousands of families are mourning for their loved ones slain on the far-flung battle-line of the European war, the volume becomes something more than a fine piece of historical writing. It is a herald of consolation. Instructive from the critical and dogmatic point of view, it will also prove spiritually strengthening and edifying. The reader, on laying it down, will feel his piety and devotion enkindled, and his heart new-opened to the deep and touching cry of distress ascending from the prison-house of the King. Thanks to the writer's rich and luminous exposition of the consoling dogma and practice which he has studied from so many angles, that cry of distress will have a deeper meaning and a more heart-stirring pathos. The volume is sound and correct in its historical research and data but its practical results in fostering devotion to the Holy Souls and in keeping alive the memory of our departed far outweigh even its historical value.

The book is made up of seven chapters. In the first chapter "The Early Centuries," it begins with a brief reference to the antiquity of the prayers for the dead as evidenced in the Second Book of Machabees and what is probably the earliest example of Christian prayer for the dead, that afforded by the Abercius monument discovered some time ago at Hieropolis by Sir William M. Ramsay. After discussing "The Diptychs and Their Developments," "A Medieval Mortuary Card," "All Souls and Its Three Masses," "The Month's Mind," "The Devotional Appeal of Prayer for the Dead," "Observances, Abuses and Survivals," the volume ends with the All Hallows and the "Midnight Bells" ringing in our ears. Father Thurston has so skilfully and richly harvested in the field before him, that he is fully justified in writing at the close of the book: "It would not be too much to say that prayer for the departed was one of the great pivots of social, ecclesiastical, educational, and artistic life in all medieval Europe." J. C. R.

G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism. By JULIUS WEST. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

Mr. West writes more as an "English" politician than as a literary critic. The book is full of defenses of the Labor party, defenses of Socialism, and Shavian impertinences about Belloc and Chesterton manifestly not being economists simply because they do not accept Collectivism. The author is addicted to that indiscriminate handling of general terms that is so characteristic of Fabianism. Thus Mr. West calls Chesterton a "Catholic Tory," a term which might apply to the late Wilfrid Ward or the present Duke of Norfolk, but is quite unsuitable to "G. K. C." Moreover, the volume contains numerous misrepresentations. For instance, where in "G. K. C.'s" work does one get the impression that he views God as "an idiot child"?

On the subject of Mr. Chesterton's so-called "Anti-Semitism" Mr. West cannot distinguish between historical analysis and insult. Simply because the "Chesterbellocians" are among the few who have considered the Jewish question of sufficient importance to discuss it, they are "Anti-Semites" The author's suggestion that Chesterton owes most of his beliefs to Belloc is absurd. Even when Mr. West praises the great romanticist there is a sting in his eulogies, a disgruntled approval of Chesterton's "brilliancy"—how tired one becomes of that word!—"paradoxical cleverness" and "intellectual energy." Could one not say that Chesterton parodies himself in his minor literary efforts? Gilbert Chesterton, far more than Mr. Roosevelt, who revels in "G. K. C.'s" books, is the apostle of the "strenuous life," for he calls to mankind from an easy-chair in his garden to be more romantic and vigorous. As to Chesterton's style, Mr. West might have remarked that its origin is in the King James Version of Holy Scripture. On the whole the book is literary gossip rather than literary criticism. H. M.

Old Judge Priest. By IRVIN S. COBB. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

The Stories of H. C. Bunner. Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

These pages from the life of Judge Priest, late of Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry, at present commander of the Gideon K. Irons Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, and an ornament to the Kentucky bench, will delight all hearts that first began to beat south of Mason and Dixon's Line. Irvin Cobb is probably the last of living authors to prate of his "art" and his "literary methods," but he can tell a good story, and his humor is always wholesome and clean. Moreover, he knows how to draw an accurate picture of a Catholic priest. "Father Minor," who is a real ecclesiastic, and not the curious cross between a gull and a fanatic customary with the novelists, suggests in many points the late Father Thomas Major, sometime of the Confederate army, and for many years a priest of the diocese of Covington. A delicate subject is treated with much restraint and beauty in "The Lord Provides," while "Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's Feet" discusses with amusing accuracy the present relations of both parties to the late unpleasantness between the States.

Bunner's two volumes will be heartily enjoyed even by those critics unwilling to accept the judgment of Brander Matthews, that Bunner was "a master of the short story." "Love in Old Cloathes" loses none of its charm by age, and perhaps the jaded reader of a century hence will discern the pathos of "A Letter and a Paragraph," and delight in the quaintness of "Our Aromatic Uncle." There is a distinction about Bunner's work which raises it immeasurably above the average of magazine-fiction, yet to say with Professor Matthews that any one of his stories "can withstand comparison with any example selected from Hawthorne or Poe, Bret Harte or Cable" is to push friendly appreciation to the verge of unthinking panegyric. P. L. B.

Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist. By the Rev. JOSEPH SMITH, C.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $0.50.

This little book reflects the worth of a man whose name was identified during his short life with much that is noble. The Honorable Charles Reginald Pakenham came of a distinguished Irish family, his father being the second Earl of Longford and his mother the daughter of the first Earl Beauchamp. Led by the Divine light into the one Fold, young Pakenham disposed of his commission as an officer in the Guards, divided his property among charitable institutions, and was received as a novice by the Passionists. While his fondness for the spirit of his Institute was consuming, we find nothing very extraordinary in the complexion of his sanctity, for, as his biographer well expresses it: "The simplicity of his spiritual life matched the noble simplicity of his natural character." Soon after his ordination to the priesthood, Father Pakenham was called upon to found the Congregation of the Passion in Ireland, and readers will marvel at the varied activities which were a part of his daily life at this time, though the state of his health called for rest. When he died he had not completed the thirty-sixth year of his age nor the sixth of his religious life, but "being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." The beautiful lines of Lionel Johnson are his fitting epitaph:

> The freedom of the living dead;
> The service of a living pain:
> He chose between them, bowed his head,
> And counted sorrow gain.

A. H. R.

The Riddle of Personality. By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE. New and Revised Edition. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25.

This book might well be styled a study in the abnormal, undertaken with a view to gaining a clearer and a fuller idea of the nature of personality. The author believes that the popular concept which emphasizes the unity and continuity of the ego is inadequate; it fails to account for the phenomena of insanity, hysteria, somnambulism, hypnotism, in a word, for the disintegrations, partial or complete, that often affect the ego during its bodily life. He is convinced that the discoveries made by the investigators in this field of inquiry have not been sufficiently appreciated; and, particularly, that the therapeutic possibilities which the work done by these pioneers has disclosed are invaluable. The work of some, however, viz., the psychopathologists, tends toward materialistic conclusions, and so a corrective is needed. It is proposed, then, "to correlate the discoveries of the psychical researchers and the psychopathologists with a view to showing that, instead of undermining the long-cherished faith in the immortality of man, the results of their inquiries and experiments confirm and buttress it."

In his search for a satisfactory definition of personality the writer seems to forget that such an attempt is necessarily foreordained to failure when the abnormal states of consciousness are made the starting-point of investigation; and this precisely because these states are abnormal and, frequently enough, merely transient. If, however, it is designed simply to supplement, as far as possible, our present knowledge of the complex and often mysterious workings of the one abiding mind underlying and remaining substantially unchanged throughout all these manifestations, then we have no quarrel to find with his purpose. Only it is well to remember that the upholders of a dual personality often overlook the many links that bind together the two states of consciousness, the normal and the abnormal, which can usually be readily detected by those who view the facts in their entirety. J. A. C.

Reveries over Childhood and Youth. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

This book is an example of simple, graceful writing and it will doubtless interest "those few people, mainly personal friends, who have read all" that the author has written, but the taint of sordid "realism" mars the book's literary value. Mr. Yeats's father believed that "Ideals make the blood thin and take the human nature out of people." May not this unconscious revelation of a father's shortcomings account in a measure for the vagaries of his son? In his narrative the author tells of going to a spiritualistic séance at the invitation of a "Catholic" friend: a precious "Catholic," that! Mr. Yeats's mental twist is no doubt responsible for the misleading notions he has of Catholic Ireland. He remarks that "The Irish Catholics among whom have been born so many political martyrs had not the good taste, the household courtesy and decency of the Protestant Ireland I had known." Yet the courtesy and refinement of Irish Catholics have won the admiration of travelers of all nations and all creeds, and their decency is such that it certainly would never allow them to write of such subjects as the refined Mr. Yeats has done in this book. It is clear that the author's youthful "Reveries" have been deeply colored by the opinions he now holds, but he was never really normal at all. A. J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The America Press is publishing a five-cent pamphlet containing the papers on the New York Charities Investigation that have been running in these columns. Father Blakely, Father Tierney, Dr. Higgins and Mr. Hebberd examine from different angles the value of the investigators' testimony, and throw light on the motives that prompted the attack. The pamphlet will be illustrated by thirty-eight photographs taken in the maligned institutions so that readers may see for themselves how baseless are the charges made by the investigators. As the attack on the Catholic charities of New York is only one maneuver of what is evidently a widespread campaign to secularize and paganize all relief-work in this country and to take God from the hearts of children, the pamphlet should have more than a local appeal to Catholics.

It would be illuminating to know just why "The Way of All Flesh," a posthumous novel of the Samuel Butler who did *not* write "Hudibras," has lately been republished, a professor of Yale contributing a flippant introduction. In the course of this bitter satire on Church of England clergymen, the author, who was an ex-minister, attacks Christianity itself. Much of the book seems to be an account of his own life. Given a man who, in Caliban's phrase, is such a "thrice-double ass" as the "hero" of this novel, his adventures are not surprising. There is not an agreetable character in the book. The author could use excellent English but sadly misused his gift in writing this pernicious novel.

Said an officer to a Catholic missionary who had just come to Africa: "You will be home again, Father, in a couple of years;

we can't live long out here." "Live long? We came out here to die, Sir, not to live." Most missionaries do live, however, and find life interesting too. The work is hard, and self-sacrifice becomes a commonplace virtue; there is no room for "half-timers" in the field; character is what counts. This is what the Rev. F. Gavan Duffy, P.F.M., shows in the score of short papers on the missionary's life in the Orient which he has gathered into a volume called "Yonder?" (Devin-Adair, $1.00). Though the book is rather fragmentary and discursive in its make-up, there are many pages in it that should stimulate the reader's zeal for foreign missions and foster vocations for that noble work.

"Shakespeare is the great asserter of the ineradicable soundness of human nature" is the thesis that George Lyman Kittredge admirably demonstrated in a lecture on "Shakspere" he delivered in Sander's Theater, Cambridge, on April 23. The address has now been published by the Harvard University Press and is very refreshing reading after the quantity of commonplace essays on the great poet that his tercentenary year has already produced. The author shows that there are as many Shakespeares as there are people who read him, that all attempts to identify the real Shakespeare with this or that character in the plays are futile, and with sound sense and good humor takes deft shots at the critics who read their own vagaries into Shakespeare's lines. Professor Kittredge has no mercy on the purveyors of literary jargon. Would that we had more lectures like this!

In "How Diplomats Make War" (Huebsch, $1.50), Francis Neilson, formerly a member of the House of Commons, bitterly arraigns the governments of the warring nations, and calls for the abolition of secret diplomacy, foreign-office strategy and cabinet rule. Only when government is made amenable in every particular to Parliament and Parliament made primarily and finally responsible for all affairs affecting the lives of the people, argues the anonymous author who is described as a British statesman, shall we have an era when only a just war can be waged. There is a deal of diplomatic history packed into these 370 pages that repays the reader who may not agree with the writer's viewpoint on the present blood-orgy. Francis Neilson in his closing chapter puts a very weak ending to a rather strong book in prating about "a discredited Christianity." True Christianity is about as much responsible for the present world-conflict as is the man in the moon.

Such a book as H. G. Wells's "What Is Coming?" (Macmillan, $1.50) does not call for serious criticism. A man with the author's industry must find it very easy to produce quantities of idle speculations about what the world will be like fifty or a hundred years from now. But the public's keen interest in Mr. Wells's chatter is not so easily explained. He modestly calls himself "a prophet by use and wont," and then proceeds to forecast the end of the war, the exhaustion of the belligerents, the conditions of peace, the future of woman, the map of Europe, the Socialism of tomorrow, and so forth and so on. It is worthy of note that this popular seer failed, however, to foretell the present war.——In "New Wars for Old" (Dodd, Mead, $1.50) the Rev. John Haynes Holmes makes a rather weak plea for pacifism. The book is full of historical errors and equally lacking in logical cogency. We are told, for instance, that "In 312 . . . the religion of Jesus disappeared like a hidden river, not to emerge again for more than a thousand years."

"Father Bernard's Parish" (Scribner's, $1.25) by Florence Olmstead is a novel that gives a good description of life among New York's poor. But the author is not very familiar with the Church's beliefs and practices. Catholic children are not "destined" by their parents for the convent or the seminary. That call comes from God. As Annie Halligan is religiously inclined her mother would pack her off to a Sisterhood, but the girl's marriage to a non-Catholic, who is not well disposed toward the Church, does not say much for the strength of Annie's faith. Nor is Father Bernard, who seldom appears in the novel, the type of pastor Catholics know. He is made "broad-minded" enough to suit all classes, but is not particularly fond of asserting his own convictions.——Mary Taylor Thornton's "When Pan Pipes" (Doran, $1.35) is an old-fashioned romance with lords and ladies, a duel, a forced "vocation" to the religious life, and a highly improbable sham marriage. The early part of the story is less conventional than the later chapters, little Jerry and Betty being attractive figures. There is a very unflattering portrait of a minister in the story and the priest of the manor "serves" Mass,—his own perhaps. The scene of the novel is the England of the eighteen-thirties, and there are several amiable characters who are Catholics.

Apropos of the numerous conversions from the Church of England which Catholicism is making, Gladstone once remarked: "The conquests have been chiefly, as might have been expected, among women." Whereupon Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, that gifted Catholic journalist who died, all too soon, thirteen years ago, wrote for the *Catholic World*, a rejoinder that is reprinted, with leave, in the current *Catholic Mind*. These are some of the questions which, with admirable and convincing erudition, she answers in her article:

> What, then, are the facts? Did women in the early days submit to torture and death, side by side with men, rather than deny their faith in Christ? Was their faith, too, sealed with their blood? Did women share the labor and the danger of teaching the truths of religion? Did they, when such study was extremely difficult, and required more intellect because it enjoyed fewer aids than now, devote themselves to the investigation and elaboration of sacred subjects? Have they contributed anything to the learning and literature of the Church? Have they gone into uncivilized countries as missionaries? Have they furnished conspicuous examples of fidelity to God under circumstances seductive or appalling? Have they founded schools, established and maintained houses for the sick, the poor, the aged, the orphan, the stranger? Have they crossed the thresholds of their homes, never to re-enter, but to follow whithersoever the Lord beckoned? Has their zeal led them into the smoke and rush of battle, into the dens of pestilence, into squalor and the haunts of crime? Have they proved by evidence which will not be disputed that, to win others to their faith, they have given up everything, they can give up everything, that their faith is dearer to them than all else on earth? Then, surely, a faith which has made its progress even "chiefly among women" has made a progress as solid as if it were chiefly among men, for no greater things can man do than these.

Mrs. Sullivan's paper is both a historical survey of all that Catholic women have accomplished to promote the world's civilization, and a refutation of the charge that the Church keeps woman in a state of intellectual thraldom. The number concludes with a short account of "What One Woman Did."

Dr. Robert Maxwell Harbin, the author of "Paradoxical Pain" (Sherman, French, $1.25), seems to be a Christian with a firm hold on such dogmas as God's fatherly Providence, the eternity of hell, and the expiatory value of suffering. Drawing on an experienced and well-read physician's study and observation he has gathered together a great deal of valuable information, and his reflections, while not free from platitudes, are generally sensible and apposite. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that "In the world of nature there are 50,000 species of plants, 5,000,000 insects, 10,000 birds, 2,500 animals, 35,000 extinct mammals," and he well says that: "The truest and best things are always given and never bought. The most valued friendships

are those which we acquire free-handed, and which we have never sought to win by conferring some favor." Among the best chapters in the book are those entitled "The Rod," "Altruism" and "Striving."

EDUCATION

Vacation Time

THE advent of summer's melting warmth results in a nationwide, promiscuous rush to the mountains, the seaside, the socially-correct baths, the flashy, out-of-the-way and high-priced hotels. Old men and women, young men and women from every walk of life, wherein throughout the year they have been conducting themselves most decorously, are disposed to put off the restraints of their calling and "make a run for it." Youth and age, simplicity and superciliousness, innocence and worldly-mindedness commingle to spend money as though it were water, time as though it were eternity, and their energies as though they would be born again within another generation. There is a certain large percentage of humanity which hypocritically apes respectability during the major portion of the year and unhesitatingly casts discretion and convention to the soothing breezes when summer comes. These "semi-respectables" are generally endowed with that gift of the devil, perpetual middle-age. They retire from one summer's excesses to await with anticipatory glee those of another. Wassail does not turn a hair of their heads; wantonness does not seam their souls.

"CAMPING OUT"

But 'twere a waste of time and sentiment to bemoan the end of these professional tempters of fate, for they will doubtless go their way with hardness of heart while the breath is in their bodies. We are deeply concerned, however, with what is going to happen to the thousands of young men and women who in all innocence go "camping out." The vacation season which broadly covers the months of June, July, August and September is likely to have a powerful influence on the lives of the young. The schools of the country are sending forth thousands of callow visionaries and day-dreamers to the realities of vacation time. They have been planning a summer of some kind of pleasure. They are all a-flutter at the thought of stepping into the unknown. Many strangers they heartily hope to change into lifelong friends. These innocents have long been scrimping for this brief holiday. They are going far from the checks which home-life places on them. For a space at least a new world will be open to them, new companions will attend their sports. Father and mother, and the demands of school and work will be in the dim distance. The pleasure of uninstructed freedom may be indulged without stint. They are going to promote a miniature revolution in their lives: fancy will be dethroned and fact will be crowned king. Reality will step proudly over the prostrate form of imagination.

These thousands of released spirits are going to disregard the sturdy, oft-repeated "No's" and "Thou shalt not's" of father and mother. Very many will get what they ask. Some will be escorted on their vacation by father and mother; still others will be safeguarded by chaperons. And a few go forth into the summer holidays, alone, with joy-crowned faces, and laggingly make their way home after some harrowing experience has changed their brief joy into lasting sadness. Those who know the dangers of vacation time are apt to preach when they get on the subject, or they are prone to over-emphasis. One is as bad as the other. It is difficult to keep calmness at the reins; but I am going to attempt it.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

"Camping out" in its exact and technical meaning has often meant for untested youth a lengthy attack of illness. The precautions of campers are generally of a passing nature; there is little or no attempt to copy and benefit by the perfect sanitation and prophylaxis of the average city home, whence most campers come. Milk and water in the open differ greatly from the milk and water to be found on city tables. The site of the camp may be pestilential, and though the keyed-up spirits of the campers make for immunity, there is a risk which no family physician would suggest encountering. Soft youths and coddled maidens manage to get themselves into hundreds of situations where every physical detail is new. The novelty invites investigation, the risk does not seem so great, and the climax, coming either during or after the holidays have passed, means illness. So much for the physical side. What of the moral?

"Oh, to be sure," explains Mrs. Trust-to-luck, "Gladys is going with the Take-a-chance party and the girls will be looked after by Mrs. Leave-it-to-the-young-'uns, the popular and much-loved chaperon. The girls will like her and will, I am sure, have a good time. Gladys needs a rest, for she has worked hard during the school year!" Mrs. Leave-it-to-the-young-'uns is a "popular" chaperon because she has managed on many an occasion not to see the excesses of her charges. Her policy in the direction of young people has ever been: "When in doubt, say nothing; trust to luck." She believes philosophically in the truth of the idea that there is an especially high place reserved in heaven for "those who mind their own business." She loves her young charges because, as she might phrase it: "The boys are just too sweet for anything, and the girls treat me like a mother and confide to me every evening the doings of the day." But when the party is on, or when one of the couples ventures, knowingly or otherwise, into a dubious situation, Mrs. Leave-it-to-the-young-'uns is not at hand or does not see as far as she should. Mrs. Trust-to-luck may mean well; indeed we may say as much for Mrs. Leave-it-to-the-young-'uns. But "well meaning" is not "doing well."

VACATION RISKS

Mrs. Nothing-could-happen sends Berenice to Palm City or Atlantic Garden with no companion save a suit-case or a woolly dog. Berenice has been about the world and knows a thing or two and "is able to take care of herself." But down underneath all this pretence at motherly satisfaction, there is the all-settling fact that Miss Berenice Nothing-could-happen is "the autocrat of an American home" and does as she wills. She is presumed to know and her cowed mother is the guarantor of that knowledge.

The vacation risks which have here been particularly applied to girls affect the courageous male in a like sense and degree. A decisive, sudden change may be desirous for the vivifying shock it administers to the nervous system, but a deliberate choice of shock should be prepared for in advance by precautionary measures. There's the rub. Parental authority is often set at naught by wilful vacationers. Insistence and nagging, in the way that American youth know how to use those weapons, often break down the sternest Spartan spirit.

I should like to say a word or two to Mr. and Mrs. Deeply-Thoughtful and Mr. and Mrs. Very Earnest: "If you have the welfare of your children at heart, and your name means that you have, examine all vacation projects carefully before you put the seal of approval on them. Do your thinking before, and not after, the harm is done. Apply the worry-lessening principles of 'safety first' to the problem."

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, M.A.

SOCIOLOGY

Fag-Ends of the Charities Investigation

A NARROWED outlook and a gelid charity, in fact a certain degree of snappishness, may be pardoned one who has dwelt in an Arctic Circle igloo, with only dogs, fleas and natives to aid in whiling away the tedium of a six months' night. The Reverend Hudson Stuck, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now on leave from Alaska, evinces signs that he harbors these unchurchly qualities in his missionary bosom. Selected to address the graduates of Columbia University at the recent Convocation, the Venerable Archdeacon of the Yukon transmitted volumes of perfectly innocuous subjects, and forgetting that he was to speak in the cloistered home of Giddings and Devine, chose to express his extreme dislike and "dread of the trained sociologist," with his card catalogue, his filing cabinet, his statistics, and "his last glorious achievement, the plotting of a curve." For this unseemly outburst, the Archdeacon was very properly taken to task by New York's *arbiter elegantiarum*, the *Evening Post*, and now, no doubt, feels that life is as hollow as an empty canoe.

SOCIOLOGY IN ALASKA

Dr. Stuck entertains the odd impression that modern sociology needs less of the professional spirit and more of the spirit of Jesus Christ. A guileless Israelite is this Yukon missionary, not to know that, in modern sociology, Christ is merely a human reformer, with many very reactionary views on the subject of poverty, and some shockingly shiftless principles on not taking thought for the morrow. The Archdeacon thinks, further, that the card-catalogue charity worker lacks "sympathy." The cataloguer is quite convinced that you can put John Smith's soul on a yellow card and file it away in section "S." He does not know that the greatest things in the world, like the blush of a rose, or the tremulous silver fire of a star, or the delicate curve of the cheek of a child, or sacrifice, or home, or the song of a thrush, or faith or love, or anything worth living for or loving, cannot be reduced to a system, or be found in an index. Nor does he understand that the most wayward, unconfinable, uncontrollable force in the world, is the human will, made more wilful, more perverse, more impatient of clumsy, rigid curve-plotting, by delusions and the buffetings of fate.

But this is not quoting the Archdeacon of the Yukon. His expressed sentiments end with the word "sympathy"; the intervening patches are my own. Yet as all readers of the *Evening Post* will feel, Dr. Stuck rises to a climax of uncharitableness, when he says that the trained sociologist lacks a sense of humor. That is why he has so high a conceit of himself.

HATRED OF SELF

Plainly, these are dreadful charges, for a professional philanthropist is a sacrosanct person. He is infallible; all who oppose him are, to poach on Dr. Devine's preserves, "strabismic." He does not "like" criticism; it is always unmerited, and then, like Mrs. Gummidge, he feels it more. He must have adulation; he grows fat on it; and if withheld by a cruel, strabismic public, he feeds upon the vast stores of his self-esteem. "The closing address was a stirring appeal by Graham Taylor," writes Graham Taylor in the *Survey* for May 27, "whose words went straight home to the hearts of his audience as they did a year ago in Baltimore," but they do not seem to have stayed there, for here they are in New York. When the professional philanthropist is not a Niobite like Mr. Kingsbury, weeping over the woes of the boys and the pigs at Mount Loretto, or a most engagingly simple person, caught up by the magic of his own oratory, he would seem to suggest the less pleasing type of Messrs. Doherty, Bernstein and Reeder, bearing tribute to one another in the presence of the Strong Commission, or of Messrs. Devine, Tucker and Folks chanting, at the Syracuse convention, the greatness of Messrs. Folks, Tucker and Devine. These gentlemen apparently make their living by taking in one another's washing.

MR. KINGSBURY'S NEW BOARD

The Archdeacon of the Yukon here passes out of our picture. Yet at the same time he was delivering himself of his heretical message at Columbia, the martyred Mr. Kingsbury was drawing up a plan for the Board of Estimate of New York. This plan proposes to create, at one fell swoop of Mayor Mitchel's somewhat facile pen, forty-two new charity investigators. The work committed to these persons will be the inspection of all private institutions to which the city entrusts dependents. The army will consist of a director, a man, or perhaps a woman, of "broad social view," twenty-two inspectors, seven physicians, and a clerical staff. The annual cost will be the trifling sum of about sixty thousand dollars. Unlike Browning's Mayor and Corporation, who, if memory serves, started up in a fury when asked to pay the piper, the Mayor of New York and the Board of Estimate approved the proposal. The matter will now be considered by the Board of Aldermen, and although the President of that body has announced his opposition, it is fairly probable that the establishment of a permanent staff of inspectors will shortly be announced as one of the crowning glories of the present city Administration. In view of this probability, I shall answer a brief and pertinent question, for the benefit of a few timorous and misinformed Catholics. "Do the Catholic institutions, caring for children committed by the city or State, refuse to allow regular and complete inspections by the public authorities?"

A BRIEF AND PERTINENT ANSWER

No; and they never did.

SOME MISLED CATHOLIC JOURNALS

It is truly regrettable that a few Catholic newspapers, one of which quoted the *Literary Digest* with an air of finality, have unwittingly countenanced certain calumnies against the Catholic institutions. The *Fortnightly Review*, for instance, in its issue for April 15, cites approvingly a paragraph from the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, in which that journal advises the Catholic institutions of New York "to challenge full and thorough investigation, and show the disposition of every cent that they get from the public treasury." This they have always done; though the reason why our Sisters should show what they do with the money received *after* they have cared for the city's charges is not clear. They get none before. The *Citizen's* advice indicates not only a general misapprehension of the points at issue, but complete ignorance of the financial relations of the city with the institutions. The *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport, Iowa, is a sinner of deeper dye. In the number for June 8, this journal deplores "the strenuous controversy . . . between Mayor Mitchel and some of the clergy, Catholic and non-Catholic," the responsibility for which "will probably not be known until further investigation." No non-Catholic clergy are involved; Daniel Potter was once a minister; but that may pass. Apparently, the *Messenger* does not know that the clergy accused by Mayor Mitchel of crime are learned and blameless priests, one the secretary to the Auxiliary Bishop of New York, another the Chancellor of the Archdiocese, a third prominent for his work among the poor. They are not men who seek controversy; but they *are* men who speak out bravely when the interests of Christ's little children are at stake. Neither does the *Messenger* seem to be aware that the only legal body, which has passed on the matter, indicted the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities and his counsel for felony, and just stopped short of indicting the Mayor himself.

FALSE ASSUMPTIONS

After quoting the *Literary Digest*, the *Messenger* continues:

> The Church in her charitable work, in her charitable institutions, must be above reproach, and must see that the people in charge of such institutions rightly and honestly and efficiently conduct them. There ought not to be any effort on the part of the representatives of the Church, whether clerical or lay, to conceal actual conditions in these institutions. They should at all times be subject to inspection and be in a condition to invite inspection from any decent and legitimate source.

Apart from the presumption of instructing the ecclesiastical authorities of New York in their duty, there are five assumptions in this indirect criticism, and all are false. The assumptions are: (1) the Catholic institutions in New York are not "rightly and honestly and efficiently" conducted; (2) the ecclesiastical authorities are remiss in not requiring the institutions to be "above reproach"; (3) "representatives of the Church, whether clerical or lay," endeavor "to conceal actual conditions"; (4) the institutions are not subject to legitimate inspection; (5) they are not always in a condition "to invite inspection." My personal comment is that these assumptions could not be improved upon by Doherty or Kingsbury.

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT

More to the point, however, is a statement signed by Mgr. Dunn, Chancellor of New York, and Dr. James J. Higgins, Secretary of the Catholic Charities Bureau in the diocese of Brooklyn. The statement announces no new policy; as everyone knows, the Catholic institutions have always been open to inspection.

> The institutions of New York and Brooklyn do not resent reasonable criticism or inspection. Our doors are open to the public. We welcome at any and all times healthy and helpful criticism and suggestions. We have nothing to conceal and are not ashamed of our work. On the contrary, *we are proud of it.*
>
> You ask, "Have not the people who pay the taxes a right to know what becomes of their money?" *They have.* "Have not those who subscribe for charities a right to know how their wards are cared for?" *They have.* No one, least of all the managers of our institutions, will gainsay this right. To ask these questions is to answer them.

This should settle the matter for all fair-minded men. Yet no later than the first week in June, certain New York papers, among them the *Globe* and the *World,* repeated the old charge that the Catholic institutions oppose inspection.

ON RANDALL'S ISLAND

I am a poor man and can give nothing but advice, and a small bit is herewith respectfully tendered to Mr. Kingsbury. There is a well-known institution for delinquents, conducted by the city on Randall's Island. It is called the House of Refuge, and more than one uplifter has contributed to its fame. Last April, a few of its young guests, determining no longer to inflict their company upon the house, planned to murder a guard and escape. The plot failed; they murdered no guard and they did not escape. But they did their best. An assistant engineer barred their way; so they promptly beat him to death with shovels. On May 23, these boys were held without bail to the Grand Jury on a charge of homicide. I have not heard of the case since that time. Perhaps the new penology has decided that in interfering with the development of youthful initiative, the real crime was the engineer's. I do not know.

My advice is this. Murder and such trifles are commonplaces in institutions conducted by Papists, some of whom, palpably, are ignorant Irish; but they belie somewhat the sweetness and light of the new sociology. Perhaps Mr. Kingsbury may be able to loan a dozen or two of his forty-two sleuths to the city institutions, to investigate those milder forms of felony, which do not require the imperative intervention of the police. The results would be interesting; as a basis of comparison with the private institutions, they would be invaluable. But Mr. Kingsbury will never act upon the suggestion.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

No particular comment is required on the following description of a sermon preached by a Baptist minister in an Ohio town:

> Dressed in a robe and sandals similar to those used in Biblical times, and with a wig and cane, he represented the father of "The Prodigal Son" and preached a very appropriate sermon. The choir sang appropriate hymns at intervals which fitted in nicely with the services. Dr. Hall's sermon was a great surprise for he had not told any member of his congregation what was to be done. He received many compliments for his unique plan from the hundreds of persons who filled the large auditorium.

The *Living Church* in offering this item to its readers remarks that the preacher "is nothing if not dramatic." Ecclesiastical vaudeville is apparently the latest sensation.

An excellent suggestion for parents anxiously concerned about the purchase of vacation clothing for their romping youngsters, clothing that will not wear out, is contained in a short notice found in *Stone,* a magazine whose name is sufficiently descriptive of its purpose. This is not a fairy tale: real clothes are said to be manufactured from stone, and to be generally worn by the peasants of a certain district in Russia. They are made of a substance woven, its Russian manufacturer claims, from a gray stone of Siberian origin. This stone, according to further details, is susceptible of being drawn into a fiber, and the fabric woven from it is described as soft, durable and presentable. "There is nothing in the newspaper report of this invention," adds *Stone,* "to identify the material with asbestos, the fibers of which have long been woven for various purposes."

At the instance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Rev. Henry Browne, S.J., of the National University of Ireland, has visited many universities and educational centers in the East and Middle West of our country in order to report upon the progress made in visual instruction in teaching classics. He was greatly impressed, he says, with the interest taken in classical studies, which exceeded his anticipations. He particularly noted the fact that practical museums for teaching classical antiquities have been formed in some of the State universities and are put to considerable use. He was not so favorably impressed by our public high schools, and learned with surprise that in these schools there exists a great deal of pessimism regarding the future of literary education in the United States. There was reason he believed, for this misgiving. He has returned to Ireland to report to his Committee and will send a paper on the subject of "Visual Instruction in Teaching Classics" to be read at Chautauqua.

A description of the jargon familiarly known as Yiddish was recently given in the *Nation.* It was originally based upon the dialect of the Rhineland of the fourteenth century and thence was carried by the Jews into Poland.

> As it stands today, it is still predominantly a German dialect, written in the Hebrew alphabet, with borrowings from every land it has touched, and a structure that can only be described as a grammarian's nightmare. In the same sentence, Hebrew, German, Russian, and disguised Latin may jostle each other. Upon Biblical verbs and nouns are superimposed German inflections, and these according to no ascertainable rule.

Yiddish is said to be spoken by ten million people. Newspapers

in this language are widely read in some of our larger cities, and are everywhere in evidence in the streets and street-cars of New York.

It is a delightful surprise to hear, amid the cries of distress arising from our foreign mission fields, the occasional reports of unusual successes. "Although the terrible war has crippled our resources and diminished our numbers," writes a missionary of the work accomplished in Pekin, China, "it has been given us this year to register the largest number of conversions ever recorded in a single year, 38,293 baptisms of adults." Such blessings of God should the more stimulate our generosity. The needs are great on every hand, while Protestantism is particularly active in the eastern countries. Thus the Rev. Gregory Coelho, S.J., Director of the Holy Childhood, Mangalore, S. C., India, writes:

> Allow me to express some needs of our poor mission, and especially of our poor boys. There is a very keen competition here. If we do not help our poor Catholic boys, many of whom are destitute but intelligent, the Protestants and Hindoos will take possession of the entire field. Many of these boys, educated in our schools and colleges, have turned out very good Christians and are occupying high positions in the Government offices. They are full of faith and many have joined ecclesiastical seminaries and more than thirty-five have become Jesuits within the last few years. But their education costs us a great deal. Besides these we have a number of children converted from paganism. The support and education of these means money. Up to a short time since we received some help from England and other European countries, but the war has upset everything and now we receive nothing. If we give up the care and education of these poor children, they will be lost to the Church and the Catholic community will be diminished in size.

Here, as elsewhere, any help is welcome: money, church vestments or articles, books and Mass stipends. Such are the appeals still pouring in from every side. Catholics are more than ever seeking to respond to them. They are helping to bring relief to the missionaries afar, and are receiving in return a more perfect sense of Catholic responsibility, one of the most needful blessings for the Church in America.

According to an estimate made by the editor of the *Catholic Convert,* the number of converts received into the Church in the United States during the year 1915 was well above 40,000 and may probably have risen as high as 45,000. The publishers of the "Catholic Directory" have been able to obtain figures from sixty-nine dioceses only, containing a Catholic population of 8,082,900. The thirty-two remaining dioceses which did not report embrace many of the largest cities of our country and have therefore even a larger Catholic population, amounting to 8,481,500. Since the total number of converts in the reporting dioceses was 19,009, or one convert for every 425 Catholics, it is estimated that with the same ratio the total number of converts for the United States would be approximately 39,000. Attention is called, however, to two other factors which increase this total: one being the converts annually received in the convents throughout the country, many of which, not being asked, do not make returns to the diocesan authorities; the other, the Episcopalians of the High Church party, whose Protestant Baptism is often accepted as valid. As further evidence of such additional conversions, mention is made of the considerable excess of adult confirmations over baptisms, which can only in part be accounted for by attributing it to the negligence of Catholics who do not receive the Sacrament in their youth. While the general ratio of conversions is one convert to every 425 of the Catholic population, it is one to every 313 in Cincinnati, one to every 280 in Omaha, one to every 271 in Louisville, one to every 221 in Indianapolis, and one to every 170 in Columbus, Ohio. The glorious record of this last-named city should serve as a stimulus to Catholics everywhere to strive by their prayers to obtain for their respective dioceses the success which the Lord has granted to Columbus. He alone can give the increase, but we must do what lies in our power to plant and to water.

A congratulatory letter received by the Director of the Catholic Mission Work among the Colored People, the Rt. Rev. John E. Burke, from Cardinal Farley, indicates that forty-four new missions have been established among the ten millions of the colored race in this country and an additional five thousand children are receiving the blessing of a Catholic education. Thanking the Director-General for his zealous work, the Cardinal, as President of the Mission Board, adds:

> For these splendid results, The Catholic Board for Mission Work among the Colored People is indebted to the generous and loyal support of the American Bishops, priests, and laity. They have contributed $63,615.79 for buildings, and $85,962.00 for the maintenance of missionaries, paying $2,720.00 each month for the support of the 126 teachers, mostly Sisters, who have charge of the schools. The Board wishes in an especial manner to thank the Bishops who have welcomed you to their dioceses, and the clergy who have given yourself, the Rev. D. J. Bustin, Rev. W. J. Gibson, and Rev. C. A. Edwards permission to make appeals in aid of its work in their churches. From the Bishops of the South I hear most encouraging reports of their hopes for the future. May God grant you and your devoted assistants the strength and grace to make their needs known in every Catholic home throughout the land!

His Eminence finally alludes to the subscription list which has been opened by the Director-General for a Pius X Memorial Chapel, and generously contributes to this fund. "I am sure that no monument would be more gratifying to the heart of the great and lamented Pontiff, who loved America so well, than a chapel for America's most neglected race."

In an interview with a New York *Times* correspondent Henryk Sienkiewicz earnestly warns Americans against the suggestion, exceedingly detrimental to the cause of suffering Poland, that alms intended for the Poles are absorbed by Germany and Austria:

> It is with very great regret that my friends and I have read the suggestion that the food which we collect for our own people really goes to the Germans. I can state definitely that there is no possibility of this happening. In the whole country (in the Kingdom of Poland as well as in Lithuania and Galicia) are local committees, formed entirely of Poles, who are acting with us and who would certainly not have undertaken such a task if they had not been convinced that the money and other supplies are distributed only among the local population.
>
> Just as relief is conveyed to the Belgians who have remained in their own country, so it is extended to Poles in the territory occupied by German armies. It is as unjust to describe our efforts as pro-German as it would be to apply this description to the relief of the Belgians in the occupied parts of Belgium. It is true that relief has been distributed in Vienna, Graz, Innsbruck, and other Austrian towns, but exclusively to Polish refugees in those places. Many of our people fled from the zone of war to the towns of the interior, where their misery is also very acute. Shall we refuse to succor them because they happen to be in Austrian towns?

It will be remembered that in the "Letter of the Polish Bishops to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world" the request was made that the donations collected in the various dioceses should be sent to the National Swiss Bank, *Banque Nationale Suisse,* at Lausanne, Switzerland, to be placed to the account of the General Committee for the Relief of the Victims of the War in Poland, *Comité Général de Secours pour les Victimes de la Guerre en Pologne,* Vevey. This committee, it was stated, was the only one that has free access to all the provinces of Poland without distinction.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The President's note, whose contents were summarized in AMERICA for June 24, has had the effect of making the First Chief more defiant than ever.

The President and Carranza

The passage which seems to have caused the most displeasure in Mexico recounts some of the atrocities committed by the bandits as follows:

It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed. During the past nine months in particular the frontier of the United States along the lower Rio Grande has been thrown into a state of constant apprehension and turmoil because of frequent and sudden incursions into American territory and depredations and murders on American soil by Mexican bandits, who have taken the lives and destroyed the property of American citizens, sometimes carrying American citizens across the international boundary with the booty seized.

American garrisons have been attacked at night, American soldiers killed and their equipment and horses stolen. American ranches have been raided, property stolen and destroyed, and American trains wrecked and plundered. The attacks on Brownsville, Red House Ferry, Progreso Post Office and Las Peladas, all occurring during September last, are typical of these attacks on American territory. Carranza adherents and even Carranzista soldiers took part in the looting, burning and killing. Not only were these murders characterized by ruthless brutality but uncivilized acts of mutilation were perpetrated. . . .

So far has the indifference of the *de facto* Government to these atrocities gone that some of these leaders, as I am advised, have received not only the protection of that Government but encouragement and aid as well.

Hardly had the contents of the note become fully known in the United States, when word was flashed from Mexico that, on June 21, the Carranzistas had attacked our troops at Carrizal, east of Casas Grandes, the American base, killing thirteen men and taking seventeen prisoners. After that the Mexicans gave every evidence that they were preparing for war. Hence, on June 23, the American Militia was ordered to the border, and on the same day our Secretary of State sent the Southern Republics the following notice of "the critical relations existing between this Government and the *de facto* Government of Mexico":

Should the situation eventuate into hostilities, which this Government would deeply regret and will use every honorable effort to avoid, I take this opportunity to inform you that this Government would have for its object not intervention in Mexican affairs, with all the regrettable consequences which might result from such a policy, but the defense of American territory from further invasion by bands of armed Mexicans, the protection of American citizens and property along the boundary from outrages committed by such bandits, and the prevention of future depredations, by force of arms against the marauders infesting this region and against a Government which is encouraging and aiding them in their activities.

Hostilities, in short, would be simply a state of international law without purpose on the part of the United States other than to end the conditions which menace our national peace and the safety of our citizens.

ROBERT LANSING,
Secretary of State.

Carranza on the other hand is equally sure that the United States is the aggressor. On June 23, Ferrara, Speaker of the Lower House of the Cuban Congress, cabled the First Chief urging him to avoid a war "which would destroy the equilibrium of the American continent." The reply of Carranza places all blame on the United States:

Your kind message received. It is neither the people nor the Government I represent, but the Government of the United States, which has caused the present situation between the two nations, by its lack of tact in international affairs and its lack of respect for Mexican sovereignty. To repel with arms the

Americans who on any pretext invade the national territory—there remains no other recourse than this, to defend the sovereignty of the Republic. Consequently, the American Government can avert war by respecting the sovereignty of Mexico.

V. CARRANZA.

As the strain continued great, Chile, Argentina, Ecuador, Salvador, Honduras and Spain made offers of mediation to the Mexican Republic, but apparently quite without success. On June 24, President Wilson, realizing that Carranza was not inclined to recede from his position, demanded the release of the prisoners captured by the Mexicans at Carrizal. This demand was justified by the Mexican note requesting an explanation of the presence of American troops in the vicinity where the clash occurred. On June 24, Arredondo, Carranza's representative in Washington, sent the following communication to our Government:

I am directed by my Government to inform Your Excellency, with reference to the Carrizal incident, that the Chief Executive, through the Mexican War Department, gave orders to General Jacinto B. Trevino not to permit American forces from General Pershing's column to advance further south nor to move either east or west from the points where they are located, and to oppose new incursions of American soldiers into Mexican territory. These orders were brought by General Trevino to the attention of General Pershing, who acknowledged the receipt of the communication relative thereto. On the 22d instant, as your Excellency knows, an American force moved eastward quite far from its base, notwithstanding the above orders, and was engaged by Mexican troops at Carrizal, State of Chihuahua. As a result of the encounter several men on both sides were killed and wounded and seventeen American soldiers were made prisoners.

On June 25 the President returned this answer through Rogers, our representative in Mexico City:

The Government of the United States can put no other construction upon the communication handed to the Secretary of State of the United States on the 24th day of June, by Mr. Arredondo under instructions of your Government, than that it is intended as a formal avowal of deliberately hostile action against the forces of the United States now in Mexico and of the purpose to attack them without provocation whenever they move from their present position in pursuance of the objects for which they were sent there, notwithstanding the fact that those objects not only involve no unfriendly intention toward the Government and people of Mexico, but are, on the contrary, intended only to assist that Government in protecting itself and the territory and people of the United States against irresponsible and insurgent bands of rebel marauders. I am instructed, therefore, by my Government to demand the immediate release of the prisoners taken in the encounter at Carrizal, together with any property of the United States taken with them, and to inform you that the Government of the United States expects an early statement from your Government as to the course of action it wishes the Government of the United States to understand it has determined upon, and that it also expects that this statement be made through the usual diplomatic channels and not through subordinate military commanders.

This letter makes the issue clear beyond misunderstanding.

The War.—In France the only event of importance has been the resumption by the Germans of a heavy offensive in the Verdun region. East of the Meuse the Germans stormed the Thiaumont fortifications, captured the greater portion of Hill 321 and Hill 320, gained a footing in the village of Fleury, and made progress south of Vaux. Increased activity is reported in the Champagne district, and near Moulainville in the Woevre district. In the Trentino the only gains have been made by the Italians, who have advanced north of Rimini in the Arsa Valley, have reached the Piazza Valley north of Monte Pasubio, and further to the east are approaching Monte Pruche.

Bulletin, June 20, p. m.-June 26, p. m.

In Armenia the Turks have gained a victory north of the Chorokh River, and the Russians in the direction of Diarbekr. In Persia the Turks have driven the Russians from the Paitak Pass to the village of Serail. In Mesopotamia the Russians have been successful in engagements near Mosul and Rowandus. Further south in Mesopotamia the Shii Moslems have risen in revolt against the Turks at Kerbela and Nejeft. In Arabia a similar revolt against the Turks has resulted in the capture by the Arabs of Mecca, Jeddah and Taif.

The Germans have inaugurated an offensive along the Dvina and especially in the vicinity of Dvinsk, but their efforts in the region have been rather in the nature of a demonstration than a serious attack. In the district north of Widsy, the Russians have made a counter-offensive, but without having accomplished anything important. Further south, along the Beresina, the Germans have advanced a short distance in the direction of Minsk. They are also endeavoring to force back the Russians along the Oginski Canal, north of Pinsk. In Volhynia the combined forces of the Austrians and Germans have not only maintained a stubborn defensive, which has effectively blocked the Russian advance, but are exerting a steadily increasing pressure, which has forced the Russians back toward Lutsk, in some places as much as five miles. Battles of a very sanguinary nature have taken place west of Kolki and Sokul, between the Styr and the Stochod, especially at Grusiatyn. Furious fighting has also been in progress in the vicinity of Kisselin, northeast and southeast of Lokatschi, at Gorochow, and along the railroad that runs from Berestetschko to Radziwilow, but at no point in this section has either side gained any decided advantage. In East Galicia the situation has remained unchanged, except that the Russians claim to have reached the Zlota Lipa in one place. They have, however, advanced west from Sniatyn and established themselves on the banks of the Rybnitza.

The Russian Offensive

In Bukowina the Russians have swept forward with great rapidity. Moving south from the Dniester they have occupied Okna and Zastavna; leaving Czernowitz and the Pruth River they have taken Gliboka, Storozynatz, Zadowa and Widnitz. They also crossed the Czeremosz at Widnitz and captured Kuty, but this last place the Austrians claim to have recaptured. Advancing south

and west from the Sereth, the Russians have also occupied Straza, Radautz, Gurahumora and Kimpolung. The Austrians in this region have been avoiding battle as far as possible, evacuating town after town, and have reached the foothills of the Carpathians. Their purpose is to avoid loss of men, and in this they have been in the main successful, although the Russians put the number of Austrian prisoners at 185,000. Practically all of Bukowina is now in the hands of the Russians.

Greece Yields to the Allies

Yielding to the coercion exercised by the Allied fleet through the recently inaugurated embargo and blockade, against which the Ministry of M. Skouloudis entered a formal protest with the Neutral Powers, King Contantine has accepted all the demands of the Entente, which are as follows: a general demobilization of the army, the formation of a new Cabinet which shall be nonpartizan, the adjournment of the Chamber, to be followed by new elections, and the removal of certain objectionable police functionaries. Already orders have been given for disbanding the army; a new Cabinet has been formed with M. Zaimis again at its head; the Chamber is soon to be adjourned, and elections are to take place within forty days. The action of the Allies was taken partly on account of the entry of Bulgarian forces into Greece and their occupation of Fort Rupel, and partly as a result of the renewal of active German propaganda among the Greeks.

France.—The Government has for some time been the object of severe criticism on account of the political, economic and military conduct of the war. But on June 22, after protracted discussions in the Chamber, it came successfully out of the ordeal, obtaining a vote of confidence by 440 to 97. The proceedings, which were secret and extended over seven sittings, were welcomed both by the Cabinet, which was enabled to explain and defend its action freely, and by its critics, who, by reason of the exigencies of national defense, had been unable to give particulars to support their complaints in a public session. When the public sessions were resumed, several motions were read by the President of the Chamber; of these only one was adopted. This resolution was drafted jointly by the leaders of the different groups and expressed full confidence in the Government. It then declared that the secret sessions had given the members of the Chamber a valuable insight into the general conduct of the war, and that the Chamber had decided to organize a delegation to exercise, with the assistance of the Government, a direct general check on all services supplying the needs of the army. While having no intention of interfering with the conception, direction or execution of the military operations, the Chamber held that it was its duty to see that preparation of a defensive and offensive nature, both industrial and military, were carried on with a care and energy commensurate with the heroism of the army. After the passage expressing confidence in the Government was adopted, the motion as a whole was carried by a vote of 444 to 80. A motion introduced by the Socialist, M. Léon Accambray, calling for the appointment of a committee of forty to investigate and report on the conduct of the war and the relations of the high command and the public authorities, with a view to taking steps, if necessary, to organize and control Parliament in the best interests of national defense, was not voted on.

Vote of Confidence in the Government

Ireland.—According to special cable dispatches to the New York press, there was held in Belfast, on June 23, a convention of the Irish Nationalist delegates from the six Ulster counties which, according to Lloyd George's plan, are to be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule Bill. By a substantial majority, the convention decided to accept Lloyd George's proposal as a basis for a provisional settlement of the Irish question. Mr. John Redmond, who according to one report presided at the conference, spoke in favor of exclusion and was supported by Messrs. Dillon and Devlin. After a prolonged discussion, 475 delegates voted for acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, while 265 voted against it. One account of the proceedings, which were held in private, adds that Mr. Redmond declared that if the proposals were rejected he would not again take the platform as the leader of the Irish Party; this declaration, it is said, determined the result. The dispatches say further that acceptance of the proposal is generally looked upon as a settlement of the Irish problem during the period of the war. According to the press "Nationalists of the rest of Ireland are counted upon to follow the example of the Ulster Nationalists. Opposition from the British Unionists is not likely to be pushed to the length of imperiling the negotiations begun by Lloyd George."

The Belfast Conference

A feature of the voting was the position of Counties Antrim and Down, including Belfast, where the Catholics are in a considerable minority and have most to lose by the exclusion. These counties voted almost solidly for the scheme, the vote being 117 to 10. On the other hand the Sinn Feiners of Tyrone and Fermanagh were practically solid against it. According to the same dispatches, opposition to the proposition was manifested by many of the younger members of the Catholic clergy. Previously the Catholic Bishops of Ulster had declared against Mr. Lloyd George's plan. Mr. John Dillon said that he would not shed a tear if the convention rejected the proposed settlement, but that in view of all the circumstances and the changed situation which the late uprising had brought about, he felt certain that it was for the advantage of the cause of Ireland.

Rome.—The new Delegate and Envoy Extraordinary of the Holy Father to the Republic of Colombia, Mgr. Enrico Gasparri, Titular Archbishop of Sebaste, was re-

The Ambassadors of The Pope

ceived on his entrance into the country at Sabanilla with the greatest marks of respect by the political, civil and ecclesiastical authorities, the army and the people. At Bogotá, the presidential carriage awaited him and conducted him to his quarters. On the day of his formal audience with the President, the Delegate was escorted with every mark of honor to the Executive Mansion, where he was awaited by the Chief Executive, Dr. Concha, the Cabinet and the most prominent civil and military authorities. In presenting his credentials, Mgr. Gasparri assured Dr. Concha, that in the midst of the anguish and sorrows of the war, the Holy Father turned with peculiar sentiments of affection, gratitude and love to the Republic of Colombia, "one of the most devoted and loyal portions of the flock entrusted to his care." The President in his answer gave expression to the sentiments which he and the whole Republic felt toward the Holy Father for the signal mark of honor shown them, and added: "You can count, Monsignore, on the loyal cooperation of the Government. For my part I have always found it an easy and welcome task to fulfil those duties which the Executive Power must observe toward the Church. And that Church itself is considered by the Constitution now in vigor as an essential element of social order." Everything augurs well for the mission thus auspiciously begun.

In the troubled and faction-torn Republic of Haiti, Mgr. Francesco Cherubini, Titular Archbishop of Nicosia, met with a similar welcome. He was received with the greatest marks of respect by the President of the Republic, by the Haitian and American authorities. At the religious function, attended by the President and his Ministers, by the chief civil and military officers, the Archbishop of Port au Prince cordially welcomed the Delegate, expressed the feelings of loyalty and devotion of the Haitian people to the Holy Father and voiced the hopes of all present that the sojourn of the Holy Father's Ambassador would be the signal and the sign of the return of prosperity and peace for the whole country. In his answer to the Delegate's official presentation of his credentials, in which the Pope's representative told the President of the Holy Father's affection toward the Haitian people, the President assured Mgr. Cherubini of the high regard in which he was held both for his mission and for his own personal virtues and attainments, and begged him to transmit to the Holy Father "the assurance of the constant and unalterable devotion of the Haitian people and Government to the Chair of St. Peter."

The reception given to Mgr. Ceretti, Delegate Apostolic in Australia, on his official visitation of New Zealand, to use the words of *Civiltà Cattolica,* proved to be a triumphal manifestation of genuine Catholic faith and of love and veneration toward the Holy Father. At Christchurch, at Auckland, in every town or village through which he passed, the whole Catholic population, increased in nearly every instance by the non-Catholic inhabitants, poured out to meet him. At the village of Waichi, where there is a large settlement of Maoris, the Papal Envoy was adopted into the tribe of these once fierce warriors and made one of their chiefs. He presented them in turn with a Papal banner, amidst an enthusiasm and joy which deeply affected him. The day closed with solemn Benediction, at which these faithful and pious Maoris harmoniously sang the *Tantum Ergo.*

Spain.—The Catholic press of the country is active, vigilant, practical and in some respects superior to that of most other countries. In one field especially, that of

Catholic Press Campaign

Catholic social action, it has done splendid work. And what is better still, intelligent enthusiasm for its needs and extension is everywhere growing. The latest event in this propaganda, and a strong proof of the interest prevailing, is the approval lately given by the Papal Nuncio, Most Rev. Archbishop Ragonesi, to the project of the Archbishop of Zaragoza, to hold a monthly collection in all the churches of Spain to further the cause of the press. These collections were to begin this month. In addition to this, Archbishop Ragonesi has directed a circular letter to all the Metropolitans, in which after expressing the pleasure which the proposal of the Archbishop of Zaragoza caused him, he points out the advantages accruing from a concerted action in every diocese in Spain. He then calls attention to the "Legionaries" or "Promoters" of a pure press, and recommends that they should be encouraged and their numbers increased. He advises that the monthly collection should be put in charge of some zealous priest. The letter ends with an appreciation of the importance of good papers, and draws attention to the earnest desire of the Holy Father, who, like Pius X and Leo XIII, sees in the press one of the most important means to combat error.

Señor La Cierva, formerly Home Secretary in the Maura Cabinet, has ever been a puzzle in Spanish politics. In his recent speech at Murcia, he seems to have

La Cierva's Politics

expressed his views a little more plainly than usual. He has made one thing evident, the unjust and illegal conduct of paid and official agents in the recent general elections. The method of procedure, according to Señor La Cierva, was simply to destroy the votes of whole districts and to substitute for them others already prepared. He again asserts that he cannot and will not belong to any faction of the Conservative Party, because one section opposes another and he will not oppose any Conservative faction. In Parliament he will work for economic reform, but only with his own followers. He stands for the nationalization of railways, for "preparedness," and for the peaceful colonization of Morocco. His methods and striking personality may recall to some the characteristics of one or two of our well-known American statesmen.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Witness of Oliver Twist

IN the recent attack on the private child-caring institutions of New York, the experiences of Oliver Twist supplied the pamphleteers and the journalists with a classical reference that has been employed with unwearying repetition. "Worse than 'Oliver Twist'" is the stock phrase that is understood to describe the extreme limit of ill-treatment. There is a peculiarly relevant lesson in Dickens' great novel which the controversialists have apparently overlooked. Private child-caring institutions are vilified to make a case for the exclusive guardianship of the dependent child by the State.

Now it happens that the very institution which supplies the pamphleteers with their supreme illustration of what is reprehensible in the treatment of children was a State institution; and that the cruelties and inhumanities which Dickens satirized were not mere isolated abuses, but part and parcel of the established State system of public relief.

The problem of State relief versus private charity is coming to the front. The trend of opinion among secular philanthropists in this country is in favor of a State system, as was shown, for example, by the National Conference of Charities and Corrections held recently at Indianapolis. It is worth while, therefore, to learn something of the experiences of the only great country that has given a thorough trial to the policy of making the relief of the poor a State function. That country is England, and the history of the English Poor Law is perhaps the most instructive study to which any secular philanthropist could be recommended. The peculiar vices to which State action is prone, and which constitute one of the fundamental arguments against Socialism, there receive their fullest exemplification. We need not say anything of the "Old Poor Law," the system prevailing prior to the reform of 1834, because that system always receives the condemnation it merits from every writer who mentions it. The "New Poor Law" is more to our purpose, because its history is not so well-known, and it is commonly assumed to have represented an enlightened and successful policy. The truth is that the New Poor Law was no less bad than the old, though in a different way. The evil of the old system was the pauperization it produced, bringing the whole nation to the verge of bankruptcy; indeed, many of the parish communities were carried over the verge. The Reform of 1834 was designed not to make better provision for the poor, but to reduce pauperism, which in the minds of the reformers meant to reduce relief.

Two basic principles for the administration of legal relief were then laid down: one was the principle of "relief for destitution only" and the other was the principle of "less eligibility." The first principle meant that destitution, and not mere poverty, must be proved in an applicant before he had a right to claim relief; the second principle meant that the treatment accorded to dependents must be such as to make their condition less eligible, less desirable, than the condition of the poorest persons outside the Poor Law. The argument for this principle was that if the paupers were better treated than the poorest class of self-supporting laborers, the latter would prefer to become paupers. The administration of the Poor Law was to be deterrent, it was to prevent people from becoming paupers by making the condition of a pauper well-nigh unendurable. The Reform of 1834 succeeded in its object. It did cause an enormous reduction of pauperism, but the saving of public money was attained by the sacrifice of human lives. Dickens was one of the insurgents against the callous utilitarianism dominant in his day, and the first four chapters of "Oliver Twist" are a fierce satire on the principles and practice of the reformed Poor Law. This is how Dickens speaks of the reformers in the second chapter of "Oliver":

> The members of the Board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered, the poor people liked it. It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes; a tavern where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea and supper all the year round; a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. "O-ho," said the Board, looking very knowing, "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all in no time." So they established the rule, that all the poor people should have the alternative, for they would compel nobody, not they, of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. . . . For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers; and the Board was in ecstasies.

Incredible as it seems, Dickens scarcely exaggerated. The inhumanities of the "less eligibility" policy were ruthlessly practised, until it was proved that the policy did not even save expense. The first abandonment of the principle of "less eligibility" was in the case of pauper children. It was found that by giving them a better education than other poor children then received, there was more prospect of getting them to a profitable trade, and thus making them self-supporting. The next thing found was that Poor Law institutions were periodically in the grip of infectious diseases, and that, especially among the children, diseases of the eyes were endemic. As the paupers did not all die off quickly, but in many cases lived on in a chronically sick condition, it was deemed more economical to safeguard their health by applying better hygienic standards in the workhouse than prevailed in the least salubrious districts outside. Further, it was eventually found that in regard to the sick in the workhouse-hospitals it was cheaper to try to cure them as quickly as possible, than to prevent the patients from getting any excess of care or comfort, such as might

make their lot seem enviable to the unpauperized poor outside.

Never in its whole history, from its beginning in the reign of Elizabeth to the present day, has the English system of State relief been anything but a mischievous thing, constantly amended but always remaining a failure. Not a single sociologist in England today regards it as anything but an unavoidable evil at best. It is in dealing with children that the State system most signally fails, and it may interest philanthropic experts in this country to know that of recent years the policy of English Poor Law authorities has been to take children from State Homes and board them out with private institutions, paying the latter sums ranging up to eleven shillings a week per child for maintenance.

Thus England is departing from her State system and turning to private agencies just at the time when certain factions in the United States are intent on crushing out private charities, and setting up the system which has proved so disastrous in the older country.

HENRY SOMERVILLE.

A College Indictment

A NEW book has been hurled at our colleges for the purpose of rousing them from their lethargy. It is alleged that they are teaching their men plain facts about everything except American life. They are failing to transmit to America's sons the soul of their sires, which was eminently the spirit of revolution. Religious revolt made the Mayflower sail; it was political revolt that affixed signatures to Thomas Jefferson's Fourth-of-July manuscript. Today social revolution is in order; but the eyelids of faculties are heavy. Why? Because, thinks Mr. Seymour Deming, it is policy for professors to nod on this subject. They depend upon capital for their salaries, and can expect nothing from championing the cause of labor except dismissal. Generally, institutions of learning are large corporations; they decline to preach revolution against themselves. This, of course, is well, for themselves, but, according to Mr. Deming, is a serious incapacitation to their students. Graduates are released from the hands of Alma Mater in tender innocence of the seething sea of American life, and with nothing to buoy them up, when they trip into it, but a beribboned roll of sheepskin. They have a yawning acquaintance with Euripides and Kant; they know nothing about the masses under their very eyes, that are growing blacker and surlier every day and, if not befittingly calmed, will cause the country to quake from Maine to California. Yet these callow and unsophisticated intellects are those to which the country must look for future leadership. How can the nation progress; they fill its chief positions and hold it back? No; our college men should be educated to face the world with nostrils aquiver with the spirit of change, and so on. And in such wise the specious plaint goes on in favor of Socialism.

But *should* there be a social revolution? The radicals themselves will admit that this is a sane and sober question; else they would not expend so much energy and earnestness in trying to answer it. But so long as it remains a question, why should the colleges be censured for not teaching it as a positive doctrine? This is certainly clear: that the country is groaning under social afflictions and that a remedy must be found. This certainly is dubious: that the glittering ungolden knife of Socialism should dash across our population and cut it to a clean level and equality. The colleges teach the former necessity; they have no right to urge the latter speculation.

Besides, economic professors are far from being the fossils that the latest remarks about them would indicate. They are quite alive to the questions of the day; sometimes too much so, witness the recent celebrated case of Scott Nearing. That they so infrequently become inflated with the heat of enthusiasm and float away into Utopia, may be due to their good cool reasoning. It is possible that they have prudence and stamina enough to keep from sinning in the name of progress. They are not blown about by every wind of social doctrine, but stand firm, piercing the gloom for truth and ready to travel in its direction when the path thereunto is opened up. Colleges should not be the seats of social cranks; they should diffuse the light of truth through the land, not exhale the sparks of sedition. The genius who loses his head at the contemplation of the woes of the nation, is hardly the one to right those wrongs; much less to mold the thoughts of young men. It is the social scientist who quietly conducts his investigation, quietly considers the results, quietly seeks the remedy and quietly proceeds to apply it, that should be acclaimed as the people's friend. Opposite conduct indicates amateurs, sentimentalists, enthusiasts; an abundance of whom, in the sphere of economics, our colleges happily do not possess.

To the good of social science and the shame of ourselves, we have become aware that every twelfth corpse in New York City arrives at the Potter's Field or the dissecting table. But is this any reason for rank Socialism? Hardly. It strikes the normal professor of economics that an old-age and sick-insurance provision, such as obtains in the "Fatherland," would be a more expedite and less tumultuous specific.

We know that three-fourths of our laborers receive less than twelve dollars a week. It is a modern miracle that families subsist as often as they do on such incomes; it is sadly easy to understand why they degenerate. What the average department-store wage of six-and-a-half dollars a week means to the virtue and happiness of young girls adrift in the city, may be conjectured. But is all this a reason for teachers to unfurl the banner of rebellion? On the contrary, they perceive that the solution of the problem is a minimum-wage law. Happily nine States have passed such wise legislation; the colleges might help inspire the residue to do the same. This

would not be revolt against the old order but sensible effort to abolish its abuses; a teaching to capitalists of the good old virtue and ultimate profit of fairness and a sensible non-inflammatory *exposé* to working-men of their real, in contradistinction to their imaginary, rights. Such a dignified measure is worthy of learned professors and intelligent pupils. But a wholesale slaughter of the existing order and a throwing of fiery brands into the masses can be deemed patriotic and productive of good only by the radical, who imagines twice as much as he thinks and thinks half as much as he feels.

We know that our country is strewn with the human wrecks of industry, that public institutions are too inadequate to attend to all of them, and that the burden of taxpayers is being constantly increased. But is Socialism the means to brush away these sorry conditions? Not clearly. It appears that the workman's compensation law will be a far more timely and effectual sweeper. Thirty States have already adopted this to their satisfaction. Surely this indicates that the gray matter of our country is not being steeped in the waters of Lethe, and that our college faculties, which so largely influence public opinion, are not all lolling in the land of the lotus.

Six millions of our women do the work of men, under unsanitary conditions too. What this means to the children of tomorrow, is gloomily obvious. But to our consolation and confidence, twenty-four States have already passed mothers' pension laws; the others may be induced by the intellects among us to follow suit.

With such plain and commendable steps in the right direction, who will be pessimistic enough to assert that America is not even beginning to solve her problems? Is it at all right that professors who make important social investigations and exhortations and educate scholars to do the same, should be denounced as guilty of supineness or of a greater desire to pinch pennies than to recognize the needs of the day, simply because they refuse to be out-and-out Socialists?

The necessity of national improvement is not, as Mr. Deming would have it, synonymous with the need of social revolution. A mighty national gyration might just as well bring us backward as forward, or leave us precisely at the point of discord where we already are. Our real desire is to progress, not to pirouette. Let us not be deluded by the fact that sometimes in the past revolution and progress were concomitants; the combination was accidental. Professors are to be praised for not canonizing a social doctrine of chance.

The great force for improvement is public opinion. The more it is Christianized, the more it will be humanized, the sooner will it settle our social problems by aiding the perverse will of man and thereby inspiring the enactment of equitable and ameliorative laws. Not Socialism, which subverts the present order, but Christianity, which perfects it, is our country's present need. If, with so little of the old doctrine of Christ in American life, we have accomplished much for the betterment of our society, how much more we might effect if we possessed the precious dispensation in all its fulness! Though colleges are to be esteemed for not yielding immoderately to the extravagant social ideas of present-day materialists, they might well be criticized for deferring to their extravagant scientific opinions. By following precipitately modern theories of the universe, they are leading our young men, in whose hands the future of our nation rests, from Christianity. And in proportion as true religion departs, the rumbles of an approaching storm grow louder. We shall simply have to invoke the tempest-soothing Voice sooner or later. Why not sooner?

Our teachers behold France, chastened with sorrow, kneeling in supplication to the erstwhile Repudiated One. Do we need sorrow to be chastened? Are the sinister results of positivistic doctrine so dim that it should still be taught from rostrums?

If indeed, as Mr. Deming opines, the nostrils of our students should be treated to revolutionary saltpeter, let professors give it to them and plenty of it; but let it be of a religious rather than a social brand; let the revolt be against the godlessness of the day; let the object be the placing of the Rock of Ages back in its proper place. Then America may look forward to calm sunshine instead of lurid lightning-flash. When the Kingdom of God is first sought, all things are added.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Catholic Lawyers and Reading

I STRENUOUSLY object to being deemed an alarmist. I am not one at all. I am taking the situation at its face value and the proof of my contention is to be found in the daily paper. We are today facing a most disturbing condition of affairs in almost every phase of life. Our ideas, our conceptions of fundamental principles are attacked by the "newer thought." This would lead us to adopt immoral standards for the accepted and Divinely-given precepts that are world-old. Politically, the trend of our legislation is veering toward Socialism; and religious bigotry, the least subtle danger of all, has of late raised its crass, snaky locks and shaken them more violently than ever. It is not so much a question of the existence of these evils as an adequate preparedness on our part to combat them. Inasmuch as we are quite convinced that they do exist, it is rather a waste of time to argue gravely over their existence, and meanwhile to neglect entirely the more pressing demand for forces to meet them.

The first thought a person has in discussing preparedness in things military concerns the number and the equipment of the standing army in existence. It is with a somewhat similar idea in mind that one surveys the field and takes total of the standing army of Catholic laymen. It is our Catholic laymen upon whom the brunt of the contest largely falls, and it is, therefore, our Catholic laymen who must prepare if they are not

properly prepared at present. Particularizing still more, it is respectfully submitted that it is to Catholic professional men to whom we must turn as to a trained standing army. For he, if any one, is qualified to take a place among the "regulars."

By reason of his training and the breadth of experience and sympathy which the wide scope of his endeavors opens to him, the standing of the lawyer is altogether unique. He is in a position to lead, and usually does lead, in all matters of public interest. His voice is accepted as that of an authoritative commentator on almost every question of public interest. Thus he frames more than others public opinion. It is not, therefore, at all unreasonable to suggest that our first line of defense and offense should be our Catholic lawyers. To them the Church has a right to look not only to scent danger and provide for it, but to take a prudent initiative.

In a battle of brains preparedness is as important as in a battle of strength and steel. Are Catholic lawyers properly prepared? Proper preparation means constant reading and study, constant looking to the guns, constant watchfulness that the armor be ever shining.

It is some months since a friend of mine did his best to spoil a dinner for me by painting the terrible waste of time of which I had been guilty in confining my literary grazing in the past two or three years to fields of professional pertinence. It was, therefore, quite apropos for me to inquire of some of my lawyer friends just how much reading lawyers do in these latter days of alleged progress in everything under the sun. One well-known New England lawyer expressed the consensus of opinion by saying, "The lawyer who reads a solid book, interesting from a purely intellectual point of view, is rare." I think that this is true. Some of the older school have kept up and re-read the classics of their college days. One well-known jurist confesses to a fondness for military history and has read all that has been written on the Civil War, and most of what has been written on the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The average lawyer of standing, however, apart from matters pertaining to cases with which he is connected, reads to greater or less extent books bearing upon matters of professional interest, and the development and trend of legal thought. Aside from what we may term "reading shop," lawyers do not turn to books in serious mood but rather simply for diversion, and in doing so confine themselves to the very lightest and frothiest of fiction. I do not submit this as a guess, but as the opinion of men who have been members of the bar for years, and who speak not from mere hearsay but from certain knowledge.

In defense of the profession it is only fair to say that, without reference to the pressing requirements of such cases as he may have in hand, the reading which a lawyer must do, in order to keep up with the trend of legal thought and the vast number of decisions constantly being handed down, is staggering. A New York attorney, for example, must run through, at least in cursory fashion, a couple of hundred pages of recent decisions in the State courts alone every week. To have his equipment properly up-to-date he must go beyond that and at least take a bird's-eye view of the legal thought of the nation at large. Hence, except during the vacation time, a lawyer active in his profession confines himself rather closely to subjects intimately connected with his daily work. Indeed the mental and physical exhaustion incident to his practice makes it extremely difficult for him to delve into other serious fields, even when he has the inclination to do so.

It is hardly a hazarded suggestion, therefore, that the answer to the question, What do lawyers read? is that lawyers read practically nothing at all, outside of professional matters, and what is true of lawyers in general is exactly true of Catholic lawyers. Returning to my earlier thoughts in this paper, it is clear that we must reach but one conclusion. There is need of trained minds to combat the unethical ideas which surcharge modern thought. There is need of men capable of challenging Socialism with a mental equipment worthy of that foe. There is need of informed men who can refute bigoted attacks upon the Church and insidious attempts by her enemies to injure her in ways familiar by reason of their recent occurrence. There is no body of laymen in the Church so able and so enthusiastic in the protection, defense and prosecution of rights as the members of the bar. There is nothing that needs protection, defense and prosecution today more than simple Christian ethics, more than the ordinary fundamental ideas of property and liberty within reason, more than the Church herself. The Catholic lawyer is willing to do his part, but he is not prepared. He cannot be prepared until he appreciates the situation and is willing to undertake the mental preparedness that is essential to what can only be considered plain duty. What do lawyers read? Very little. What should lawyers read? The answer, by reason of the multifold necessities that confront us, would be encyclopedic. But each should do his individual best. The lawyers have been in the past the leaders in the community. Theirs are trained minds and they it is who will continue to lead in the future.

Granting that this entails added labor and personal sacrifice, it is nevertheless such a pressing duty that further discussion of this phase of the question would amount to a discussion of the axiomatic. The realization of our needs and the fact that the average Catholic lawyer reads practically nothing at all make for us premises leading to but one conclusion. The services of our Catholic lawyers are needed but they must prepare in order to render them effectively.

A Catholic member of the bench of a Southern State characterizes outside reading for the Catholic lawyer as a duty, that he may "know how to keep Christ in the law." But his duty goes beyond that, for he is an apostle in even wider fields and for even broader endeavors.

EDWARD KELLY HANLON.

Saying My Prayers in Latin

"LEARN to sing great songs like *Credo* and *Veni Creator* in a great tongue like Latin," writes Father McNabb in the striking little set of directions wherewith he points the pilgrim along the "way to medievalism." Latin is indeed a great tongue to sing in, and a great tongue in which to pray. Those of us who were altar boys learned this unconsciously while serving Mass and assisting at Vespers. We lisped in Latin at first; gradually we came to use it piously, with spiritual profit. And with some of us the habit has endured.

Is it considering too curiously to wonder why a Latin *Pater Noster* yields more comfort than an English Our Father, and why an *Ave Maria* seems more prayerful than a Hail Mary? Perhaps it is. Yet the fancy is pleasant and persists. Though there be no more merit in a *Salve Regina* than in a Hail Holy Queen, one may be pardoned for confessing the preference. Latin will not take us to heaven, but there are many who speak it there. There is satisfaction in the thought that one is praying as Jerome prayed, and Augustine. Their fervor is beyond us, but we may follow them closely through their formal devotions.

We are not asked to suspend our admiration for good Latinity whilst we are engaged in the solemn business of prayer. There is a literary excellence in the great prayers as in the great hymns; and if it be a distraction to dwell on it a little, doubtless it is a minor weakness. Who can recite the *Salve Regina* without valuing the music of its phrases, the insinuating grace of its appeal? The great prayers were not worded carelessly, and to me the *Salve Regina* is one of the greatest. It was not poverty of language which caused the use of *dulcedo* and *dulcis* so close together. For the *Salve Regina* is compact of sweetness. That *Eia ergo* has a fragrance which the English words could not imprison. It is irresistible. It is as though a little child plucked pleadingly and with a smile at his mother's dress. There is another phrase in this prayer which I never cease to admire: *illos tuos misericordes oculos.* Only those who love the savor of good Latin appreciate the suavity of that *illos tuos.* It is as though we had taken a liberty in saying *Eia ergo,* and sought to atone with a little extra politeness.

The Latin of the Mass is full of these felicities of style, this verbal dignity. There are those who speak of "Church Latin" and imply a reproach; but it seems to me that your love of Latin is neither deep nor Catholic unless you enjoy this Latin of the Mass as well as the Latin of the Augustans. There is style here and form no less than in an eclogue of Vergil or an oration of Cicero. The Mass is a drama which mounts steadily to its climax, and the Latin mounts with it. The musician in the choir understands this better than the worshiper in the pew; unless the worshiper has the habit of reading the *Ordo Missæ.*

That reading is a never-ending delight. I gave it up once for a compilation of Latin prayers translated principally from the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. The superlatives and the Oriental ornament of phraseology soon sent me back to it. Here are many "great songs," as Father McNabb so justly terms them —not *Credo* alone but also *Confiteor* and *Gloria* and *Lavabo* and *Vere Dignum* and *Communicantes* and *Nobis Quoque Peccatoribus,* to say nothing of any number of little songs, the lyric cries of the great Sacrifice. Have we all our favorites among these? I confess a special liking for the *Munda Cor Meum* and the *Suscipe, Sancte Pater* and the *Suscipiat Dominus,* although this last is a knotty piece of Latinity, the altar boy's *pons asinorum.* But there is one little prayer in the Mass which above all others puts upon me a curious charm. It is the Memento for the Dead which ends with the words: *Qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in somno pacis.* I know of nothing which affects me in quite the same way except certain lines on purgatory in "The Dream of Gerontius."

EDWARD F. O'DAY.

A Triumph in Stained Glass

EVERY one interested in medieval stained glass would do well to visit the new Church of St. Agnes, Euclid Avenue and Eighty-first Street, Cleveland, Ohio. The edifice is destined to become a hallowed spot of artistic pilgrimage. With scarcely half-a-dozen exceptions, there is not a Catholic church in America where the glass can at all approach the excellence there attained. Indeed, it is not unworthy of comparison with that found in some of the ancient French and English cathedrals, whose glass is still the wonder and admiration of the world.

The Catholic churches of the United States are desecrated with caricatures of stained glass. For centuries a blight has been put upon the great art of glass-making, until it has well-nigh perished from the earth. Go where we will throughout the length and breadth of this fair land, we will see the selfsame catalogue windows, the same insipid Madonnas, the same feminized saints, the same baby-doll countenances, the same monotonous and perpetually repeated designs, the same stereotyped attitudes, without life, without interest, without individuality, without character.

The glass at Cleveland merits attention and study simply because its makers, possessing the instinct of genius and true creative power, knew the boundaries of their art. They did not trespass its frontiers, but kept well within its confines. They did not set out to rival Raphael or Veronese by giving us vast reaches of perspective, nor did they attempt to make the glass the most important feature of the building. There is not a single window in the church in which we find realism displayed, or natural forms copied, or natural colors imitated.

Although the Cleveland windows did not cost a great amount of money, yet they are grandly conceived, nobly expressed, and they flash back fire from every side, because they accord with every basic law of the exquisite art of glass-making. By so doing, they separate St. Agnes's Church as if by an abyss from practically every other Catholic church in America. A stained-glass window is simply a piece of colored or translucent decoration. It must never give a description or tell a story, or fade away into a distant perspective, however lovely. It should be treated in a flat, formal and conventional manner, without any attempt whatever at modeling. That belongs to another art, to other craftsmen, and to other media. There must be no great sheets of glass modeled into flowing drapery, no wind-blown veils, no enchanting scenery. Furthermore, each panel in the window must be a unit, and its figures must not reach out beyond the dimensions of that panel; that is, there must be no outstretched arms, interrupted by mullions, no recumbent figures cut into segments and occupying several compartments of a window.

Too often we lose sight of the fundamental purpose of a stained-glass window. In its historical significance, it is not an opening in the wall, but a portion of the wall itself. The window is not an end in itself, but merely a means to that end. Originally, the stone tracery was pierced by a small opening, and this opening was then filled with colored glass. This was the birth of stained glass in the Orient long centuries ago. Hence the very essence of a stained-glass window is that it continues the structural surface of the wall; it must keep to its place, for that place is an honored one, hand-maiden though it be to surrounding architecture, which it embellishes so magnificently. Consequently, it must subordinate itself to architectural requirements. It must be planned and executed with a serious regard for its place as a component part in a great artistic whole. A stained-glass window is not the whole orchestra. It only plays a part, and it must keep to that part, and beat time in unison with the master mind, the architect; otherwise, the result will be a clashing discord, not a melodious symphony.

This is why a stained-glass window should be a mosaic of comparatively small pieces of glass, held together by strips of lead,

of varying widths. The leads, the heirs of the iron bands of former days, are of quite as much importance as the glass, and great skill is required in their handling, for they punctuate and divide paragraphs of flame with lines of ink. The leads must not be minimized, or concealed, or reduced to invisible lines, as if they were a mere expedient or an inevitable misfortune, from which an escape was sought. They are of vital structural importance, and must be as carefully studied and as fully respected as the glass itself, for to the glowing colors of the quivering glass, they add a strength and vigor and an energy that would otherwise be lacking.

These are some of the fundamental laws governing genuine stained glass. They are not new, for they are to be found imbedded in every text-book on the subject, but they are briefly repeated here to indicate that the leaded glass windows in the new Church of St. Agnes, Cleveland, conform to every one of these laws, and the result, worthy of the best days of the Middle Ages, is well-nigh marvelous.

This article is not intended to describe the windows in detail. No third-hand account will do them justice. One must be present and feel the effect. The great northern rose, high up in the façade, twinkling with an almost barbaric burst of splendor, is the crowning glory of the edifice, with its amazing, deep, gem-like coloring. The tones are as rich and as soft as those of a Persian rug, and the black lead lines give a continual contrast to the unaccustomed dignity and refinement of this glowing labyrinth of translucent jewels. The windows in the nave and apse and clerestory flash out into the cool darkness like the glow of dying embers. No imperial robe could exceed the splendor of their sheer loveliness, with their sparkling greens and lordly violets, their royal purples and brilliant yellows. Where can we find such infinite variety, such a wide range of color, such sudden and harmonious contrasts, such fine restraint of tone? It would be difficult to parallel the glory of their deep, rippling, virginal blues, or to resist the imperious bugle cry of their resonant, dancing, gorgeous reds. Nowhere else in Cleveland, and in but few places in America, can one experience such a subtle sense of beauty as in their rich, sober, mysterious tones. They make one feel that he has wandered back into the forgotten centuries, and beholds once again the dusky hues and blazing colors of the great western rose at Chartres, or the far-famed lancets high up at Poitiers.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

The Sweet Girl Graduate

YES, it was all over now. She was home at last, a little tired after the day's excitement, a little frayed in nerves, but radiant and beautiful and wonderful. She sat down in the chair by the window, close to a little table on which a vase of roses stood. They were the choicest of June flowers, but as she sat there, pensive and quiet for the moment, it would be hard to believe that even they could rival the perfection of her beauty. Pensive and quiet, yes, that was just it, as she looked out across the water to the green hillside loveliness beyond. But it was not the water, and it was not the green-clad heights, that made her thoughtful and full of reverie. It was something else. Perhaps that roll of parchment beside the vase of roses could tell the story, the long white cylinder tied with blue ribbon. For it was Commencement Day, and it was all over now.

Only a few hours back, and she was the center of interest on the flower-laden platform. We had seen her enter with her classmates, all in fairest white, and watched them as they took their places in the half-circle, to look forth upon the admiring throng of guests with a quiet composure altogether unstudied. For all the world they resembled some of the fragile glories of Puvis de Chavannes, and it would evoke no subtle power of imagining to fancy them a frieze of a master, living in all the color and glow of a master's craft. For they were wonderful as Roman vestals gathered to hymn the song to the hearth goddess, lovely as Grecian maidens assembled in Arcadian days of yore to hear a poet chant the legends of fair Hellas. But it is always Arcady in June-time, and it is ever the maidens of Vesta, when the white-vestured graduates come forth to greet their friends.

It was only for a few, brief, fleeting moments that she sat there, glancing across the water. Very little could have happened in the world at which she gazed, or seemed to gaze. A little cloud crossed the sun, blown by an ambitious wind; a boat blew its siren horn and pushed up the stream; a sea-gull glided down from aloft and bathed her wings in the cool water; and ever the motor-cars whirred by on the road below. But in that short space, while the miraculous commonplace was acting its part, she remembered the entire content of the morning, her morning, which was such a priceless possession only a little while before. The memory of it, too, clung close to the actual fact, and it gave her something just short of reality, like a very vivid dream that one retraces in wakeful hours, the music, the flowers, the sea of faces in the audience, glad, joyous faces that had forgotten every care and anxiety, the addresses, the applause, the laughter and congratulations of mothers and fathers and friends.

She glanced from the river to the roses. How strange it all was. Yesterday she had been a schoolgirl, and today she was just a girl, with the school door closed behind her, and the precious school-days receding farther away with every thought she gave them. Yesterday she had been living for what each hour gave her, a gladsome, fairy life of seemingly eternal childhood; today she was a mortal, beginning to wonder, as mortals ever wonder, what was coming next. Tomorrow? Perchance that query wove itself in a nigh-subconscious way in her dreaming. Tomorrow—she might be grateful to the gods, perhaps, that she could not see to the long vistas of tomorrows that lead the way to the last syllable of recorded time.

But she had plans, fair counselings for herself and for all girl graduates of this lovely June-time. Was not her essay full of hope and optimism and forward-looking thoughts? Surely the audience had applauded her as she spoke, and there had been many there old enough to judge the value of her words.

"We stand at a juncture," she had said, "when a woman must do more than simply be a decorative effect in the household, or a continuous sweet chord of harmony. The feminists tell you that women have been mere violin solos long enough, and that they are tired of being passive landscape pictures, full of joy and sunlight, but signifying nothing; that it is woman's place to compete with man in the toil and moil of the day's work, for the applause and prizes of the world. Perhaps these thinkers are right; perhaps they are wrong; we girls who are finishing our school-life today do not know. It may be that we shall find out; it is possible that we shall not. But at all events, I feel, and we all feel, that the day has passed when the whole duty of a girl consists in looking pretty, in attending parties, and in never seeming tired. I do not mean by this that we must give up our teas and our dances; I mean that they must be incidental to life, and not life itself. We must be more than spectators of life, and we must be more, and do more, not in a random, haphazard way, but by taking thought, by premeditation. Our hearts have been trained to the right ideals, and the right sympathies, and the right motives; we must ever be keen and alert to weigh the scales between the good and the bad, the true and the spurious, the flawless and the faulty; we must ever follow the guidance of the inner light. What our work will be, we know not, but that there will be no idle souls we pledge our hearts and hands."

They had seemed to like it, she now reflected, all those mothers and fathers and friends; and she, who had been a child yesterday, and today was no longer a child, wondered if they had ever heard anything quite so ideal, or quite so sane and constructive.

These young graduates, fresh from school, would show the world the new order of womanhood; they would be feminine knights, ardent and full of derring-do, ready to cleanse the world of darkness and dreariness and deceit. They would not sit as idle virgins, with lamps untrimmed, waiting, waiting for what? They would learn to labor, and not to wait. The world was before them, and they before the world; the great adventure was about to begin; and they, who had been children but yesterday, and today had put away the toys of childhood, were eager for the quest.

Eager for the quest, indeed, even as June-time is eager for them. She is no dream-girl, this maiden of my meditations, no vision conjured up from futile imaginings, but your sister and mine, looking out on the world for the first time with woman's eyes. She is glad of life, glad of the years to come, glad of the golden glories that she believes are awaiting her. There is no room in her magical city for the shadow of sorrow. It may come even tomorrow, but there is none today, and her whole heart is a symphony of joy, whose notes ring blithely in the burden of a long *Victura*. She who is about to live sings her gladness to the world; nothing finer, nothing fairer, nothing braver can the world ever hear. And so, with her thoughts and her roses, we leave her, radiant and beautiful and wonderful.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

Catholic Landmarks of Pittsburgh

THERE are few spots in western Pennsylvania richer in historical interest than the site of the rude fortification at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, from which sprang what is now the city of Pittsburgh. Here are enshrined the memories of fierce wars between savagery and civilization and between soldier of France and soldier of England. Above the bustle and smoke rise Pittsburgh's innumerable hills, once forest-clad, over which Catholic missionaries laboriously climbed on their toilsome apostolic journeys. These same hills bear today abundant evidence of Catholicism. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that preacheth salvation! Let us take our stand on Duquesne Heights, the crest of one of its many steep cliffs. There in the shadow of the Church of St. Mary of the Mount, one of the most conspicuous in the city, we see spread out before us in every direction an enchanting panorama. The Cross crowns the summit of the city's seventeen hills, and on all sides the eye is confronted with ancient and modern Catholic landmarks. At our feet stood the old French Fort Duquesne. It was here, within the limits of the stockade, in a chapel bearing the name of "The Assumption of the Virgin of the Beautiful River," that, 162 years ago, Father Denys Baron, chaplain of the French forces, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time on the spot where now stands the city of Pittsburgh. The forest primeval was the sacred spot, the stately oaks with their soaring branches and wide-spreading arches was his cathedral, the flowers sent up their perfume as incense, and instead of a deep organ there was the music of the birds.

From this high point we look down into the very heart of the business district. In every section there is ground sacred to Catholics. The first parochial school in the diocese stood at the corner of Webster and Chatham Streets, adjoining the present Sisters of Mercy Home for Working Girls. The first hospital in the city was opened by the Sisters of Mercy in Stevenson Street; the first orphan asylum was located in lower Penn Avenue; the first college was erected on Wylie Avenue, in the "Hump District," and has since been succeeded by Duquesne University, one of the most striking landmarks of the city.

Enthroned upon the crest of a hill is the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy. Pittsburgh was the first home of the Congregation in America, and their first convent was on Penn Avenue, now in the business district. It was by members of this community that practically all the other communities of the Congregation in this country were founded. There were seven Sisters in the little band that first crossed the Atlantic, but they were a distinguished company, two of them being cousins of Cardinal Wiseman, one a relative of Cardinal Cullen.

To the south, on the slope of another hill, is St. Paul's Monastery, the first foundation of the Passionist Congregation in America. It stands today as it has for many years, a source of comfort and consolation to numberless souls. The mere mention of this holy cloister brings up memories of the saintly Father Anthony, the founder and first superior of the Congregation in the New World, whose name is still in benediction among those who are of a former generation.

On another height to the north, still known as "Nunnery Hill," once stood the Convent of the Poor Clares, in the year 1828 the only convent of the Congregation in the United States. Farther east on still another sharp cliff, known as Troy Hill, is the Home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. This hill was the scene of the labors of Father Mollinger, whose fame as a healer spread through the United States and Canada a quarter of a century ago. On Troy Hill he erected a shrine in honor of St. Anthony, an object of pilgrimage to thousands. To the southeast, on still another elevation, is the convent of the Passionist nuns, the first and only community of the Congregation in this country.

The many thousands who pass daily through the Union Station do not realize that they are treading on holy ground, for here was the site of the first Catholic cemetery. Directly across from the Union Station once stood "old St. Patrick's," the first church of the diocese. For half a century after 1758 Pittsburgh had no resident pastor, and the spiritual needs of the Catholics, who comprised a few scattered families, were ministered to by missionaries, among whom were Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Kentucky, and Prince Gallitzin.

Not far from the Union Station are St. Philomena's Church and house, the scene of the labors of the Redemptorist Fathers, the first religious community in Pittsburgh, for they came to the city in 1839. The names of two of the saintly priests of this Congregation, Father Neumann, later Bishop of Philadelphia, and Father Seeles, are now placed on the list of candidates for canonization. The Western Hemisphere can now boast of only one canonized saint, but Pittsburgh hopes to see two of her zealous workers raised to the altar before many years have passed.

To those who know the history of the city there is no site more reminiscent of the past than the plot of ground on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Grant Street, for there old St. Paul's once stood. In 1843 the Rev. Michael O'Connor was made first Bishop of Pittsburgh, and St. Paul's became his Cathedral. Bishop O'Connor was in many respects an extraordinary man and he had an unusual career. As he knelt before the Pope to ask permission to become a Jesuit, the Pontiff replied: "Yes, but you shall be a bishop first." Nevertheless he later resigned his see and became a Jesuit, visiting Pittsburgh as a missionary. In 1851 old St. Paul's was destroyed by fire, and work was immediately begun on St. Paul's Cathedral, which stood until it was sold in 1903. It was a nursery of bishops, and no less than eight have been stationed there, as pastors or as assistants to pastors.

Did space permit, one might go on describing the growth of many other religious institutions in Pittsburgh and recounting the lives of its zealous workers. The Catholics of the city rejoice today in the memory of more than 150 years of work well done, and they review with pride the roll-call of Pittsburgh's many laborers in God's vineyard.

HELEN SCHMIDT.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Dependent Child

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The heartfelt gratitude and thanks of the entire Catholic community, not only of New York City, but of the country at large, are due in no small measure to AMERICA and its editors, for the manner in which they are laying bare the undercurrents of the Charities Investigation. From the beginning it was apparent to all fair-minded persons, of whatever creed, that "some one had blundered," but now the mask is off and the real situation is revealed in all its insidiousness. The movement had better be abandoned, because the secularization of our institutions will never be tolerated by the Catholics of the United States. Our people have given abundant proof of their loyalty to the Church by building and maintaining schools where the faith of their own children may be preserved; but not less precious in their eyes is the faith of the dependent children, those "least ones" of the flock of Christ, whose protection and care they consider a sacred trust imposed upon them by the Master Himself. From Him they have learned in what regard He holds His little ones. He tells us, "The poor you have always with you." "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." And who is poorer than the dependent child? The Catholics of this country have a bounden duty to safeguard the dependent child's faith, and this duty they will not shirk.

As for the capability of the devoted men and women who have in charge the physical and moral welfare of these children, there never was, and never will be a doubt. Nor has the time arrived when the Catholic Church must look for instruction to those outside her Fold "for the purpose of raising the moral standards" of her institutions. The Church has been engaged in "raising the moral standards" of the world for nineteen centuries, and will continue to do so until the end of time. It was precisely for this purpose that her Divine Founder instituted His Sacraments, and to these must be subordinated all other agencies of so-called moral uplift.

The question is asked in AMERICA for June 17: "Will this insidious attack upon the Faith of our children fail?" Emphatically, yes, it must fail. If "the answer depends upon the practical devotion of every Catholic in New York to the Church and to her maligned institutions," then it has failed, and every effort to take the Faith from the heart of the dependent child will be met by a counter-effort to implant it there more securely. This has been the history of the Church in the past, and there is no doubt that she will remain true to her traditions. There need be no fear then that the Catholic citizens of this country, for any consideration, will ever "lend their aid to the further spread of the kingdom of darkness."

Brooklyn, N. Y. ROSALIND X. SHIEL.

Pussyfooting

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In many of the large centers of this country Catholics measure up about as follows: fifty per cent protest, forty per cent aspiration, and ten per cent constructive work. It is to be expected that this calculation will meet with objection, and this to a certain extent will assist in proving its correctness, because the identity of the probable objectors is obvious. If consistent and persistent efforts were to be made, the percentage of waste represented by aspiration and protest could readily be resolved into constructive work, and it certainly would do no harm to charge up to protesting about ten per cent of our total effort. This would leave about ninety per cent of our efforts to the salutary and necessary work of self-capitalization.

Never in the history of this country have Catholics been better organized. In this respect at least we are models for other creeds. We see on all sides that sincerest form of flattery, imitation; and emulation on the part of other churches directly points to the absolute need of continued effort and work, along what might be termed the same lines, but in a different direction. We have been extending our activities, and very profitably too. Is it not time that we began to do some intensive work? We can do it, and the call has sounded. Trade may be coarse, it may be vulgar, and leaders with temperamental natures warn us not to dissipate our varied gifts in the crass work of money-making, but an examination of our moral, mental and physical makeup reveals the fact that we also have capacity for leadership in things commercial. Our rights and our destiny both demand that we cease being hewers of wood and drawers of water and that we turn a deaf ear to the siren voice of politics.

Let any one who doubts these statements make careful, quiet investigation for himself. The effort will repay him, and will bring him some surprises, more or less disagreeable, according to the degree of his interest in the question. Some one has said that only about one per cent of the total population of this great country does any independent thinking. A frightful indictment, if figures can be produced to support it. Color is given to the accusation by observing the life around us, and if every thinking reader of your paper would resolve to do some necessary independent thinking about material things, it would not be a great while before the Catholics of this country would be ninety per cent efficient in the matter of their material welfare. We need the improvement; we appreciate its dire necessity; if we will, we can.

Dorchester, Mass. JAMES D. RUSSELL.

A Mythical Ordinance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue for June 10 there was an article on "Catholic Landmarks in Cincinnati." Among the statements made was the following:

> The first settlers of Cincinnati were chiefly Presbyterians, and their hatred of the Church stamped their conduct in the framing of an ordinance, which forbade the building of a Catholic place of worship within the confines of the town.

This statement has no foundation in fact, so far as any original documentary evidence can show. Some fifteen years ago I had occasion to prepare a paper on "Early Cincinnati." Having heard this statement many times, I gave the matter a systematic investigation, looking up the old ordinances and the newspapers of the period, especially the files of the newspaper that contained the call for the meeting at Michael Scott's house.

The explanation of the selection of the site, in Northern Liberties, is simply this, that inasmuch as the Catholics were scattered throughout the county, a church located outside the city limits would be more convenient than one within the city itself. I could find nothing further, nor has the alleged ordinance ever been referred to, nor can it be found in any of the compilations.

It would be difficult to imagine how, with the Ordinance of 1787, the Constitution of the United States and the Ohio Constitution of 1801 in existence, all of which documents provide

for religious liberty, any such ordinance could have been passed, however narrow some of the inhabitants might have been. This item has been given wide circulation. The "Catholic Encyclopedia" repeats it in its article on Cincinnati, and doubtless many more publications have given it circulation. In the interest of historical truth, some effort should be made to stay its course.

Cincinnati. W. F. Fox.

Fray Junipero's Habit

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I trust I may be pardoned if I venture to draw attention, although it is perhaps late to do so, to a minor inexactitude which appeared in AMERICA for October 2, 1915. In his interesting account of the Franciscan pilgrimage in California, in the article on Padre Fray Junipero Serra, Mr. Michael Williams says: "Most of the pilgrims were members of the Third Order of Saint Francis, and the Fathers of that Order accompanied the pilgrimage, wearing the *brown,* corded robes, as did their predecessors in the days gone by." Padre Fray Junipero Serra did not wear a *brown* habit, which is the one adopted by the Leonine Union of the Friars Minor. He wore the *blue* habit, characteristic of the Observantine Friars Minor of Mexico, to which branch of the Franciscan family he belonged. I may mention that during my residence in Mexico City I lived opposite the church and former convent of San Fernando, from which "Seraphic and Apostolic College" Fray Junipero set forth and obtained his coadjutors, and I am most interested in all that pertains to matters connected with my Seraphic Father's spiritual children.

Quito, Ecuador. LUCIEN J. JEROME, III O.S.F.

An Error Corrected

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reading Father C. C. Martindale's biography of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson I have discovered an error which, it seems to me, is worth pointing out, and which Mr. Shane Leslie, in his very remarkable review of the volume in your columns, apparently did not notice. Father Martindale states that the late Father Tyrrell wrote "The Church and the Future" under the pseudonym of Ernest Engels. He is certainly mistaken in this. The pseudonym used by Father Tyrrell in that particular instance was Hilaire Bourdon.

New York. LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Vacation Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Can we not do something to make more universal throughout the country a movement which seems to be meeting with some success in St. Louis? I refer to the "Association of Vacation Schools." During the summer months our parochial schools lie idle, barring the time required for the necessary repairs which must be done after the wear and tear of the year. Could they not be used throughout the hot months for our poor children? Surely we need some place for our waifs at this season of distressing heat. The Protestants are each year taking larger and larger numbers of our city children to the country during the summer. It is to be feared that among them many of our Catholic children are to be found. Evidently a sojourn in the winning environment that Protestant wealth can provide cannot be helpful to their faith. Can we not do something to save them from such temptations which of course must be very alluring both to parents, especially foreigners, and to the children? Cannot our schools be thrown open to the poor, and have we not devoted men and women enough to make sacrifices, and look after our Catholic poor at this time? As a general rule the schools with their playgrounds would afford room for recreation and for some respite at least from the heat and suffering which the children experience too often in the small rooms of their contracted homes.

By their ingenuity, zeal and self-sacrifice our pastors can surely invent not only recreations for the little ones but some useful employment such as sewing, perhaps too some little reading in common, possibly some instruction in Christian Doctrine. We owe it to our Catholic children to try by every means to save them from the allurement of the Protestant outings, and also to relieve them as much as possible from the intense sufferings which they must endure during the hot months. A movement of this kind, I am persuaded, could not but be very salutary both for health and for faith. Any little expense connected with it would be gladly borne by an appeal to the more charitably disposed in our congregations. It does not seem right that our large, cool and roomy school-buildings, built mainly by the contributions of the poor, should be bolted and barred during the sizzling months of July and August, while our little ones swelter and melt in the narrow, hot tenements in which they live, or in the scarcely less torrid streets.

New York. GEORGE HARTLEY.

Another Historical Myth?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The statement, said to have been made by John Quincy Adams at the placing of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Astronomical Observatory, November 10, 1843, to the effect that the "Popish" cross should never be planted on the summit of Mt. Adams, seems to be without historical foundation. The story, which is referred to in Miss Minogue's article in the issue of AMERICA for June 10, has been told so often, that it seems worth while calling attention to the fact that it lacks foundation. The lengthy address of Adams was printed in Cincinnati in 1843, by Shepard & Co., under the title: "An Oration Delivered before the Cincinnati Astronomical Society on the Occasion of Laying the Corner Stone of an Astronomical Observatory on the 10th of November, 1843, by John Quincy Adams." There is no mention in the entire seventy-page pamphlet of the supposed utterance. The oration is an outline of the history of astronomy. The only statement that might possibly be suggestive of bigotry is the reference made by Adams to the treatment of Galileo by the Roman Congregation.

Washington, D. C. RAYMOND PAYNE, S.T.L.

Not Talk but Work

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The way to resume is to resume," said a politician when there was question of how to resume specie payment. This was my thought when I read the repeated plans for organizing and the appeals for funds to finance a "Legion of Defense," "Social Work," "Federation of Societies," and similar enterprises. There is too much talk and too little work, too much of schemes and too little of accomplishment. Organization is good when there is something to organize; but just as it is the small, fibrous rootlets that keep the tree alive, so it is individual *local* efforts that are effective in moral uplift, social service or defense of Catholicism. The principal object of conventions should not be to pass resolutions, but to show what has been done, and to thunder on every ear the question: What has your parish or diocese done? It is not to foster vainglory that the world should know which places are working and which are shirking.

Baraboo, Wis. J. T. DURWARD.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Forty New York Immortals

FORTY citizens of New York, modest creatures who shrink from public gaze and newspaper notoriety, recently wrote to Mayor Mitchel about the Charities Investigation. Forthwith his Honor, who had been "consulted" about the letter, sent it to the papers which promptly did their noble duty by publishing the document. It is well they did so, for citizens now have another illustration of the nature of the press campaign that is being carried on in behalf of a broken idol and a lost cause.

The first paragraph of the document is worthy of a pensive Mariana who, confined in a moated grange far from madding politicians, has just "heard the news," and, being unaccustomed to discrimination, has mixed it up. That accomplished, there are set down these following statements which are worthy of comment:

(1.) We think it important to express our belief in the principle that the city government is charged with the duty of insisting that all private charitable institutions to which public moneys are paid to defray the expense of caring for the city's child-wards be required to conform to proper standards of cleanliness, nourishment and care of those children, prescribed by the public authorities. . . .

That's a splendid principle; everybody believes it, even those who are not "noted citizens." But why did the forty immortals write it down? Do they mean to say that Catholic charitable institutions have not conformed to such standards? If so, they are hereby challenged to prove their statement. If not, they are reminded that a false insinuation is unworthy of one gentleman, much more of forty immortals.

(2.) We condemn the attempt of any and all representatives of such private institutions . . . to interfere with the impartial and thorough application of that principle. . . .

This is excellent too; everybody agrees to it. But why did the forty immortals write it down? Do they mean to say that representatives of Catholic institutions attempted the aforesaid interference? If so, they are challenged to prove the assertion. If not, they are reminded that a false insinuation is not in keeping with their high estate.

(3.) We especially deplore the attempt of a certain group of persons interested in some of these institutions to force the appearance of an issue on this subject between the Catholic Church as a whole and the civil government of the city.

Excellent again! But why did the forty immortals write it down? Do they mean to say that certain groups connected with Catholic institutions, and not Mayor Mitchel himself, attempted to force the appearance of such an issue? If so, they are challenged to prove the proposition. If not, they are reminded that a false insinuation is vulgar, to say the least.

(4) In our opinion the attempt of anyone, claiming to represent a religious organization, to obscure the issue by an appeal to sectarian prejudices deserves emphatic condemnation.

The forty demure immortals got mixed here, once again. They meant to write: In our opinion the attempt of the chief executive officer of the metropolis to obscure the issue by an appeal to popular prejudices deserves emphatic condemnation.

That is a fitting climax to the immortal document of the forty immortals. Everybody approves it. But of what avail all this? Are the Mayor and Kingsbury and Hotchkiss right? If so, cannot commissions and committees and courts vindicate them? If not, do Wickersham, Choate, Gary, Schiff and all the other immortals of the unblessed litany intend "to try" the case in the public prints, thus hoping to cripple the hand of justice?

The Freedom of the Press

SPEAKING before the National Editorial Association at its thirty-fifth convention, Mr. Lee J. Rountree, in the annual presidential address, said among other things: "The freedom of the press knows no North or no South; it knows no East or West. Where there is no fraternity or freedom of the press, there is no liberty, only tyranny." He declared that the curtailing of this freedom is responsible for the European war:

It is my deliberate judgment that had the newspapers of Continental Europe been allowed by the royal censors to tell the truth, or even a substantial part of it, the dastardly and inhuman conflict would not now be a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night on the world's horizon.

No one is likely to quarrel with Mr. Rountree for his championship of a sane freedom of the press. It is a right guaranteed by the laws of our country and one that is exercised, though not always wisely, almost without legal restriction. All the same, the editor is at fault in contrasting so unfavorably the official censorship of Continental Europe with the boasted liberty allowed in Great Britain and the United States. There is a censorship among us which is no less powerful than that to

which our continental brethren are subjected, a censorship which few of our editors are brave enough to disregard, public opinion. The tyranny of public opinion is no less a tyranny than that of legislative restriction, and submission to it is all the more inglorious because it is wholly voluntary.

The newspapers of the United States, and the magazines as well, with a few exceptions which are so uncommon as to stand out as things apart, pander to the wishes of the people. They do not intend to form public opinion, they cater to it. They keep their fingers on the pulse of the nation and give "the people what they desire." They are afraid to insist on sound principles consistently, to refute error disinterestedly, to tell unpalatable truth unreservedly. They are the thralls of patronage; they are slaves to subscribers and advertisers; they truckle to their readers. And although they are perfectly aware that the ethics of journalism demands that they should publish only such news as is fit to print, they open their columns only too often to items that are sensational, indecent and scandalous. No attack on religion or morality is too bold to be refused a welcome in their pages. Most emphatically journalism has a North and a South, an East and a West; but unfortunately they are often points in the land of darkness. The President of the National Editorial Association would have spoken more practically had he raised his voice in protest against this domestic tyranny, the tyranny of cowardice, the subservience to greed for wealth, the contemptible sacrifice of principle for gain. Nor was Mr. Josephus Daniels expressing the sense of the better portion of our population, in fact he was departing from the clear dictates of the natural law, when he solemnly told the same association that the first duty of any editor is to "print all the news. He has no business to deny his readers reports of everything that touches mankind." The Secretary of the Navy wants "no expurgated newspaper." It is, of course, a truism that there is no accounting for tastes, but there is comfort in the thought that the country is not accustomed to take this ex-editor's pronouncements too seriously.

Nuns, Newspapers and the Restaurants

NEW YORK seems decidedly unfortunate in the character of its investigators. As if the recent Charities Investigation were not evidence enough, additional proof has been furnished by the Health Department which has been "investigating" the city's restaurants. According to an indignant editorial in the New York *World*, an establishment was rated "bad," if it did not furnish an individual towel for every employee. As a result, of 181 restaurants, including many of the largest in the metropolis, only one was found to be "good." Of the rest, 175 were "bad," and five were "fair."

Perhaps these restaurants *were* bad, but so is the reputation of the typical municipal Paul Pry. Of one establishment, Paul reported that "water from mildewed, leaky pipes dropped into simmering pots on the stove." Dr. Alfred W. McCann of the *Globe*, promptly camped on the trail of this charge. He found (1) that the pipes were not mildewed, (2) that they were not leaky, (3) that the stove was covered by an iron hood, through which not even water from leaky, mildewed pipes could drop. Whereupon he remarked that a certain city official had been guilty of "a lie, an indecent lie, an ignoble lie, an abominable lie."

Interesting as all this is, still more interesting are the action of the Health Commissioner and the attitude of the New York press. The Health Commissioner suddenly removed the chief investigator, on the ground that the matter was getting too much undesirable publicity. The New York *World* gravely remarked that "after all, it is the food and the way it is served, and not a crack in the ceiling that is of most importance." Other journals followed suit. The *Times* solemnly warned the public against panic. "The probability is," said the *Times*, "that in most of the restaurants, the handling of the food is better and safer than it is in the homes of the patrons." One restaurant in particular, exclaimed the *Globe*, had not been "inspected." "It had been raided." And the chorus swelled. The investigation was creating "a false impression."

Possibly the Health Department's investigators were indiscreet, inaccurate. If so, the city authorities and the watchful press promptly squelched the inaccuracy and indiscretion. But no one remembers any similar action on the part either of the newspapers, or of the municipal officers, in connection with the slanders spread broadcast during the Charities Investigation, although, to adopt the *World's* philosophy, "after all, it is the child, and the way it is cared for, and not a crack in the ceiling that is of the most importance." The conclusion seems plain. In New York a newspaper may say what it chooses against defenseless religious women and their little charges. But it must not say one word against the restaurants. The reason for the distinction is not written in Sanskrit. Nuns do not advertise. Restaurants do.

The Soldier

ANXIOUSLY awaiting orders to march, more than 12,000 National Guardsmen assembled in the New York City armories within twenty-four hours after the President had summoned the Militia to mobilize. The scenes enacted in the metropolis were reflected the country over, wherever the call to the Colors had sounded. There was very little shouting, but a calm business-like air pervaded the assembly that preceded entrainment for camp and possible war.

These men in khaki were from every walk of life. The business man, the clerk, the broker and the tradesman, the ignorant, and the educated, all united for a common purpose—to do their duty at their country's call. An

hour before, their interests were diverse, their ambitions varied. At the bugle's blast, individual purposes were blended into the paramount interest, private aims melted into the Nation's aim. They were soldiers. A serious business was at hand. They were ready to do it, unpleasant as it might be. They did not speak of patriotism, they lived it. They had left desk and counter, not because they liked to do so, but because their country ordered it and being soldiers they obeyed. Some of them had tasted war in '98, and they knew it meant much more than a summer camp. Others were inexperienced youths, like the four million who wore the "Blue," in '61, before the age of twenty-three. Yet one and all rallied to the Flag, for they knew it was their duty.

The President's voice was the word of authority, and the word of authority calls for obedience, for it is the voice of God. And because these men of duty answered the Nation's summons, God's blessing will go with them, and a Godspeed from every good man and every noble woman in the land will follow them. We do not want war. But we want the honor of America held sacred and inviolate by every nation in the world. The prompt mobilization of the National Guard is America's message to the nations. It is patriotism energized into action.

A Comprehensive Prayer

"O God, make bad people good and good people nice," is the admirable prayer that a child in a recent novel used to offer every day. If that petition were granted without reserve, the earth would be an Eden, the Golden Age would return, sin would cease to be attractive and virtue would always be amiable. But now, alas! so fallen is the world, that often a winning personality robs vice of ugliness, human imperfections obscure the beauty of holiness, and arrogant pretense triumphs over modest worth. This was the sad spectacle that made Shakespeare call for "restful death," so tired was he of beholding:

> . . . Desert a beggar born,
> And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
> And purest faith unhappily forsworn, . . .
> And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
> And strength by limping sway disabled,
> And art made tongue-tied by authority,
> And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
> And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
> And captive Good attending captain Ill.

Without question, much could be done toward securing the desired answer to the first part of little Sally's prayer, and more "bad people" would become "good," if "good people" would only make greater efforts to be "nice." Piety should be amiable, and true Catholic piety, because it is so cheerful, sensible and practical, is always amiable. But the Novatian, the Jansenist, the Puritan, or whatever the rigorist of the age was called, invented a dour, inhuman and unworkable "virtue" which he misnamed piety, but which differs as widely from real piety as pinchbeck differs from gold. In the Ages of Faith, Christians were no less "merry" than pious; the Catholics of our day besides being "good" should also be "nice."

Winona's Enterprising Catholics

THOUGH Winona, Minnesota, is not a large town, it seems to possess a remarkably enterprising and well-organized Catholic population. This is evidenced, for example, in the far-reaching influence exerted by St. Teresa's College and by the Catholic Press Club, two wide-awake Winona institutions of which any city might be proud. The latest expression of the Club's zeal for the spread of Catholic literature is a five-cent pamphlet bearing the title "Are These Your Friends?" and containing information about "a few of the most representative Catholic magazines and newspapers published in the United States today." Then in answer to several other pertinent questions, the compilers of the pamphlet name the editors of our leading Catholic periodicals, give a list of prominent Catholic authors who are writing today, mention nearly fifty representative Catholic magazines and papers published in this country, call attention to the value of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and end with practical suggestions as to how readers of the pamphlet, by organizing Catholic Press Days, Catholic Press Hours, Catholic Press Programs, Catholic Press Lectures, Catholic Press Exhibits and Catholic Press Circles, can make themselves and others better acquainted with our Catholic periodical literature.

This worthy movement, moreover, has nowhere been promoted with greater zeal than in St. Teresa's College. Last year an admirable Catholic Press Program was given there consisting of an address on "The Apostolate of the Press" by a member of the faculty, brief papers by the students on typical Catholic periodicals, and closing remarks by a prominent clergyman. With a view to stimulating interest in the history of the Church in the United States, St. Teresa's College is likewise offering fourteen one-hundred-dollar scholarships to the young women graduates of high schools and academies who write the best one-thousand-word essay on the first bishop of the ecclesiastical province from which the candidate applies.

The means Winona Catholics are using to awaken interest in the history of the Church in this country, and to make Catholics appreciate practically the value of our periodical press, could be imitated with profit by the Catholics of other American cities and towns. It is with the young, moreover, that the work should begin. If the boys and girls who now fill our high schools and academies, if the youths and maidens who attend our colleges, can only be taught to read intelligently our representative Catholic periodicals and to enjoy the writings of our best authors, the future of the Catholic press in this country is secure.

LITERATURE

XXIX—Francis Thompson

"WHY indeed should it be that the poets who have written for us poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller thing of earth, are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature?" As we read this we can almost see in imagination the frayed sleeve of a shabby coat nervously pushed through the open door of an editorial sanctum. The hand was Francis Thompson's and it held "The Hound of Heaven" a masterpiece of modern literature.

Thompson was one of those poets who, while he lived with men, still dwelt among the untrodden ways of the land of vision. "The earth he treads is to him a star, vibrating with radiance. He feels the stellar light breaking beneath his feet, through all its rocky crust; he hears its planetary song, star to star across the holy gulfs of space. He is lonely, and yet never alone, homeless and yet strangely at home." Poetry had made of Thompson her confidant, whispering many of her inmost secrets into his musical ear, and Thompson was as impotent to suppress the burning truths with which he had been trusted as is the sea to pause in its ceaseless roar.

Thompson was truly Catholic and hence it is that he has presented Catholic truth in language burning with inspiration and the noblest of art; for what else is literature but "the living utterance of a man's inmost soul caught up into the emotion which some visioned truth excites in the soul of the seer"? For Thompson was "a seer and singer of rare genius." And why should it not have been so? His was that true faith which is born in the heart of the Catholic babe and is nurtured by the warmth of the true Catholic home. Thompson's faith was instinctive and he was powerless to remain silent. He of all English poets has sung of the true Catholic spirit such songs as never before were heard. Indeed one of the striking qualities of his poetry is his reverence for things unseen; unseen with the eye of sense, but blazing with brightness to the eye of faith. His was a spirit which caught Nature's sweet harmonies fresh from the hand of Him who first made chaos ring with the music of the spheres. Hence it is that the personality of the singer is felt throughout his works, and realizing this we are not surprised at the gorgeous imagery with which he framed his songs, for he told only of what was in his soul.

Such a personality was it which has sung in the immortal verse of "The Hound of Heaven," the story of the loving Master following after the soul fleeing before, which vainly seeks in earthly love the happiness it yearns for. When at last all human hopes are vain, the fugitive submits to his Divine Hunter who speaks in accents of tenderest forgiving love:

> All which I took from thee I did but take,
> Not for thy harms,
> But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
> All which thy child's mistake
> Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
> Rise, clasp My hand, and come!

This poem profoundly stirred the literary world. It was hailed as one of the greatest odes in our language. The deep thought that pervades the entire poem, the brilliant imagery in almost every line, the deep knowledge of the human heart that it discloses, and the deep love of the Master running through it all, holds the reader almost spellbound. Surely "'The Hound of Heaven' fingers all the stops of the spirit—but under all, the still sad music of humanity."

Thompson's imagination was ever seeking an outlet for the images with which it was seething, "to give vent to the thoughts that craved language birth." No one but Thompson could have written in the "Orient Ode:"

> Lo in the sanctuaried East,
> Day, a dedicated priest
> In all his robes pontifical exprest,
> Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
> From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
> Yon orbèd Sacrament confest
> Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.

The sun likened to the Sacred Host, the sky the monstrance, day the priest; surely this is the height of "devout audacity."

But lest it be thought that Thompson could sing only of visioned sights, we must remember that he was preeminently the poet of childhood, the rightful successor of Blake and Patmore. His songs of childhood possess that tender simplicity and sweet sincerity so characteristic of children. For Thompson himself was ever a child. One who met him just before his death remarked in him the "*sancta simplicitas* of the true poet and real child." "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming with the waters of Baptism." He was ever playing, even to the end, with his great toy of imagination whereby this world became to him a box of toys. It was this that made him "dabble his fingers in the day-fall, made him gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars." He tells his godchild to "Look for me in the nurseries of heaven." Through all his works that childlike spontaneity is apparent. For who but a "real child" could thus address the Babe of Bethlehem?

> Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
> Once, and just so small as I?
> And what did it feel like to be
> Out of heaven, and just like me? . . .
> Hadst Thou ever any toys,
> Like us little girls and boys? . . .
> And did Thy Mother at the night
> Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
> And didst Thou feel quite right in bed,
> Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

What more natural, more childlike! And still it is real poetry. Thompson had early learned the necessary lesson that "we must stoop to the child" if we would understand childhood. And it was this rare faculty which made him beloved of his children friends. This was the secret of his success—he could feel and realize that though "children's griefs are little, so is the child, so is its endurance." Indeed an important lesson some moderns might learn from Thompson is his reverence for childhood.

The strange personality of the singer pervades his songs, and at times it is a sense of loneliness, even of sadness. However there is a vast difference between the hopeless songs of Shelley and Thompson's cry of faith under all his wanderings. Take the exquisite lines in "Daisy," for example:

> The fairest things have fleetest ends,
> Their scent survives their close;
> But the rose's scent is bitterness
> To him that loved the rose. . . .
>
> Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
> That is not paid with moan;
> For we are born in other's pain
> And perish in our own.

But Thompson was not only a poet, for "it might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose. Indeed there is manifest reason why a poet should have command over that 'other harmony of prose.'" And Thompson was pleased to show himself a "master of prose." Though we may say that his essays, with the exception of "Shelley," fail to reach the artistic heights of his poetry, nevertheless throughout his prose-compositions are evidenced those very qualities which have won for him the poet's laurel. Of the Shelley essay, "the greatest literary contribution to pure letters in English during the last twenty years," he himself says: "It is written at an almost incessant level of poetic prose and

seethes with imagery like my poetry itself." Listen, for instance, to his all-embracing plea for the straying child, poesy:

> This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your Faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her, you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!"

And there 'neath "the foot of the Cross," did Thompson make "sanctity and song" grow together. Thompson was the "poet of the return to God." The essay "In Darkest England," which is a review of General Booth's book, exhibits the powers of the master-critic, for therein Thompson has combined keen criticism with consummate literary skill. Having vividly portrayed the brilliant section of London, with it he contrasts:

> A region—is it not rather another universe? A region whose hedgerows have set to brick, whose soil is chilled to stone; where flowers are sold and women, where the men wither and the stars; whose streets to me on the most glittering days are black. . . . Misery cries out to me from the kerb-stone, despair passes me by in the ways; I discern limbs laden with fetters impalpable, but not imponderable; I hear the shaking of invisible lashes; I see men dabbled with their own oozing life.

It was only such a master as Thompson who could portray these contrasting scenes in their true light, for he had known by sad experience the awfulness of the scenes "of that life which is not a life." Hence did he exert his every power in this essay to rouse to arms the Catholic army, the Franciscan Tertiaries. "Sound to the militia of Assisi that the enemy is about them, that they must take the field."

Of an entirely different type is "Paganism, Old and New," in which "it was sought to expose the fallacy of searching for love of beauty and sweetness in the pagan mythology." Thompson believed that the ancient Paganism possessed only a soulless beauty, that it was only the advent of Christianity which gave to the world that true beauty which is exemplified in the "Madonna and a greater than the Madonna." In Francis Thompson's single volume of essays will also be found the beautiful "Mœstitiæ Encomium," wherein he says "a world without joy were more tolerable than a world without sorrow. Without sorrow where was brotherliness?" and "Finis Coronat Opus" together with the well-known essay on "Health and Holiness." Throughout all of this author's works is evident the absence of that fault of so many moderns, "the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul." To him language was but the channel, the means of expressing his inmost thoughts. Artist that he was, however, he chose the best means at his command.

Such are the masterpieces one may find within the volumes of Francis Thompson's treasures of poetry and prose: rich, imaginative, but above all, Catholic. He can scarcely be called a popular poet, but to those who have opened his books, what a treasure-house is unlocked!

> The chambers in the house of dreams
> Are fed with so divine an air,
> That time's hoar wings grow young therein
> And they who walk there are most fair.

ALOYSIUS J. HOGAN, S.J.

REVIEWS

Filibusters and Financiers. By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This book, by the Professor of Economics and Sociology in the Louisiana State University, is the story of William Walker and his associates. We are all familiar enough with Walker's name, but how many of us know anything more than the name? Professor Scroggs, therefore, has put those who take an interest in American activities in Mexico and Central America under an obligation. "Thou shalt not covet" is a precept of both natural and revealed law: the forgetting of the precept gives occasion to many evils of which one is filibustering. But there are filibusters and filibusters, those who go abroad and those who stay at home. To the former, danger and often death; to the latter, not infrequently, the fruits. If all that Professor Scroggs tells of the rivalry between the Vanderbilts and the Garrisons and of its connection with Walker's Nicaraguan career be true, and there is no reason to judge otherwise, the reviewer thinks better of the "little pigs who went to market" than of "the little pigs who stayed at home."

Professor Scroggs holds that Walker was the last of American filibusters. Though the opinion is not altogether indisputable, the reviewer is not going to dispute it. But in adding the limiting term "American" he knew what he was about. Quoting the London *Times*, always virtuous in word, on Walker's collapse in Nicaragua, Professor Scroggs remarks: "Fine words, these, from a nation which owes its beginnings to buccaneering expeditions of Viking and Norman, and its mastery of the seas to the buccaneers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Yea, the Jameson raid in the Transvaal is still fresh in the memories of men." He might have said more to the point, that, when the *Times* was taking such a high moral tone regarding Walker, Palmerston, the prince of stay-at-home filibusters, was in his heyday organizing his filibustering expeditions into the Kingdom of Naples and the other Italian States. Within three years, the *Times* approving cordially, Englishmen were to be enlisted openly in London to serve under Garibaldi, and all England was to go wild over that filibuster and his associates, not the least famous of whom was "Garibaldi's Englishman," Peard. But in the case of Nicaragua "British interests were involved," which made all the difference; and the action of an English naval officer in bringing about Walker's sad end seems to have been not exactly chivalrous.

Walker was a graduate of the University of Nashville, and from this Professor Scroggs takes occasion to depreciate the American Universities of the early nineteenth century. Yet this must be said to their praise: Their graduates wrote good English, the fruit of fair classical studies, something the modern university professor does not do always. There are far worse writers in American Universities than Professor Scroggs, but his language might be purer. He speaks more than once of "Walker's ranking officers," meaning his subordinates of the higher grades; the expression really means officers of a higher rank than Walker. He shows an inordinate attachment to the ugly word "governmental"; but this is venial compared with "to install steamships on the Pacific." When electricians misuse the word "install," we can pity them in patience: a professor should not look for like tolerance. Neither should he speak of "the prayer *pro tempore pestilentiæ*." The Roman Missal does not pretend to classical Latinity, but even the Mass-book does not fall into such a barbarism. Lastly, it is not good taste to use the language of Holy Scripture in flippant narrations of the doings of such people as filibusters. Professor Scroggs may say he only follows the example of Professor Oman of Oxford; but in more things than one Professor Oman is not a safe guide.

H. W.

Saint Catherine of Siena: Her Life and Times. By C. M. ANTONY. Edited by Fr. BEDE JARRETT, O.P. With a Preface by Fr. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.80.

Though we already have the scholarly monograph of Mr.

Edmund Gardner on this renowned fourteenth-century mystic, and Theodosia Drane's admirable biography of the Saint is a Dominican classic, the present volume is none the less welcome, for the author undertakes to tell the general reader the story of the *Popolana's* remarkable achievements and wonderful visions. Few saints have combined more perfectly than did Catherine of Siena the perfection of the contemplative with the fulness of the active life. She lived during one of the darkest periods in the Church's history and was the Providential means of bringing the Popes back to Rome. When the great schism began we find her on the side of the true Pope, imprudent and unattractive as he was, though multitudes of the Faithful, including a large proportion of St. Catherine's own Order, were giving their support to the amiable anti-pope.

But besides being a diplomat and a woman of affairs, this daughter of a Sienese dyer is one of the Church's greatest ecstatics. Particularly interesting is the author's account of the origin of the famous "Dialogue," a better title for which is "The Book of Mercy." On October 9, 1378, she went into an ecstasy after receiving Holy Communion, and during the next five days, for four or five hours daily, she dictated to a secretary the revelations she received. They were all taken down in such choice Tuscan that St. Catherine is now considered one of the foremost writers of the language. Catherine was called to heaven before peace was restored to the Church, but she never faltered for a moment in her belief that the schism would finally be healed. In her last letter to Urban VI, the legitimate successor of St. Peter, she exclaimed: "Take courage! Fear nothing! God will provide for this, as for everything, for He is the Protector and the Master of the Ship of the Church, and of your Holiness."

W. D.

Under the Apple-Trees. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.25.

This is a series of essays whose unique claim to publication in one book is that they were all thought of in the same place: "Under the Apple-Trees." Roughly, the papers fall into two classes, those dealing with natural history and those in which the author has ventured into the field of philosophy. For the former there is nothing but praise. Besides manifesting that extraordinary power of observation for which Mr. Burroughs is justly renowned, the papers on natural history themes are written in a simple, unpretentious style that is quite attractive. Had the author not seen fit to transgress this proper demesne of his, the book could be unreservedly recommended. But when the author becomes philosophical, he becomes not only uninteresting but unscientific as well.

Mr. Burroughs is uninteresting because it is so hard for his readers to know what he means. In the first place the author suffers from his fear of definitions and hence from obscurity. He has a latter-day proneness for ponderous generalities, and hence his plentiful lack of idea-bearing words. He is negative rather than positive, and asks his readers questions which he should answer himself. The author is unscientific principally because he takes for granted the theory of evolution. For science, if it means anything, implies demonstration wherever proof is required. Now, evolution is far from being a demonstrated fact. Nor can we admit, in the face of the philosophy of common sense, that the theory is self-evident. Had Mr. Burroughs, therefore, patiently and clearly given his reasons for the theory, instead of simply assuming it, as one would an axiomatic truth, had he answered a few of his own questions on Darwinism and explained Bergson's oft-cited *élan vital*, the author would, perhaps, have been saved from making statements like this: "Are we to look upon the universe as half-natural, half-supernatural; must it not be entirely one or the other to be a *uni*verse?"

The author remarks in his preface: "I am quite certain that the majority of my readers would have me always stick to natural history themes." Yes, indeed! Mr. Burroughs the naturalist in science we can accept, but not Mr. Burroughs the naturalistic philosopher.

G. D. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Here is the *Bookman's* latest list of "best sellers": "Just David," Porter; "Seventeen," Tarkington; "Nan of Music Mountain," Spearman; "Bars of Iron," Dell; "The Border Legion," Grey; and "Under the Country Sky," Richmond. These novels have already been noticed in AMERICA, and favorably too, with the exception of "The Border Legion," which is not fit to read. Everyone, however, can and should enjoy "Seventeen," for it is a merciless but faithful description of a boy's "calf-love" period. "Silly Billy," Jane, Genesis, Mrs. Baxter, George, Mr. Parcher and Miss Pratt are all true to life, and Mr. Tarkington's gift for describing ridiculous situations has a rich field for its exercise.

"The Soldier Boy" (Putnam, $0.75), by C. Lewis Hind, is a well-written little book containing fifteen sketches that are designed apparently to hearten and spiritualize the British volunteer. All the belligerents in this war are doubtless firmly persuaded that they are fighting for the cause of civilization and that the world's happiness hangs on their success. So it is not surprising that the author finds the Germans wearing "sacrilegious helmets," whereas "our" soldiers are "God-reverencing." Without question every combatant in the entrenched armies can profitably choose some warrior-saint as a "patron of chivalry." That will help to keep them brave and merciful soldiers and better fit them for a sudden death.

"Wild Animal Ways" (Doubleday, Page, $1.50) has to do with the great outdoors. A wild horse, a raccoon, a wild hog, a froward monkey, a faithful dog, and some wild geese are the central figures of entertaining chapters. "Atalapha, a Winged Brownie" will be found the best of the stories. The author's description of the bat's mating, and its race with the swallows is excellent. An instinctive love for wild live things pervades the book; no sentimental kindness is preached, but only a sensible regard for the interesting animals to the observation and study of which Mr. Seton has so well applied himself. A vigorous style suits the various sights in the volume, while the gentler incidents are marked by writing that is quite poetical in thought and appeal. There are 200 drawings by the author.—To boys who enjoy a story about warring Indians, and wild horses, and roaming buffaloes, in addition to the exploits of a picturesque hero, Everett T. Tomlinson's latest book, "Scouting with Kit Carson" (Doubleday, Page, $1.25), will doubtless prove very enjoyable, for narrow escapes crowd upon one another and the courage, perseverance and modesty of the hero are never overlooked.

The July *Catholic World* is a particularly readable number. It opens with Dr. Kerby's discerning study of the late Mr. Thomas M. Mulry's character, which is well summed up in this paragraph:

> Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. To be simple is old-fashioned. To refuse to be misled by shallow ambitions, by short outlooks and aimless social rivalry, or to find home the fixed center of the world is old-fashioned. To shape life and guide affections by the eternal truths is old-fashioned. To peer unerringly beneath the accidents of life and live in the presence of its eternal laws is old-fashioned. To refuse to be cheated by the lesser joys of

life and to steer one's way with a compass rectified by the hand of God is old-fashioned. In this way Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. God gave him that surviving grace.

Brother Potamian contributes a good paper on Sir Isaac Newton, Blanche M. Kelly a study of "Hawker of Morwenstow,' an Anglican vicar and poet of Cornwall who became a Catholic shortly before he died in 1875. He wrote of the Sangreal the splendid lines:

> The selfsame Cup, wherein the faithful Wine
> Heard God, and was obedient unto Blood.

Monica M. Gardner makes "The Anonymous Poet of Poland," Sigmund Krasinski, known to American readers, Dr. Peter Guilday reviews Professor Meyer's "The Catholic Church under Elizabeth," Dr. Schumacher proves that Our Lord Himself was at times a "resistant," Dr. Shanahan writes on "The Originality of the Christian Doctrine of Life," and there are stories, poems and the usual departments besides.

Dr. John Rothwell Slater's "Freshman Rhetoric" (Heath) confines itself entirely to prose, and its twenty chapters range from letter-writing and note-taking to the use of a reference library and the interpretation of literature, and 700 original subjects are suggested for themes and essays. Because of his discursive style the author's explanation of the precepts is somewhat unwieldy and cumbersome, while much of the matter could have been left to high-school text-books. The multiplication and lengthy explanation of precepts in our present-day text-books on the writing of English is making the confused student detest what could easily be made likable. The author of "A Text-book for the Study of Poetry" (Allyn & Bacon, $1.00), favorably reviewed in our issue of August 2, 1913, should now prepare as good a book on writing English prose.——"The Ideal Catholic Third Reader" (Macmillan, $0.40), by a Sister of St. Joseph, presents an attractive selection of child literature. The religious element is insisted upon, though there is also an excellent collection of patriotic and nature stories. The book is well graded and contains valuable word-lists and phonetic drills.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, the editor of "A Book of Princeton Verse, 1916" (Princeton University Press, $1.25), considers the volume capable of holding its own with any contemporary anthology and warns the Oxford undergraduates to look to their laurels. The selections made are from verses written during the past six years and twenty-six authors are represented. Mr. Ainsworth O'Brien-Moore's "Iphigeneia" is a good specimen of the anthology's quality:

> My father sent a ship and men who cried:
> "Come, wed Achilles!" So I rose, and went,
> And came where they were gathered, at his tent.
> (Slowly the great ships swung upon the tide;
> Ever the wind blew west-ward.) Laughing-eyed
> I sought my future lord, all innocent
> Of the grim spouse those stern-eyed chieftains meant.
> None spoke. Then, suddenly, I knew he lied.
> At first I wept a little, and besought—
> Being but young, and half-afraid to die—
> But when I saw my father's face, and heard
> His broken weeping, and moreover thought
> That no one of the kings did more than I,
> I kissed him twice, and knelt without a word.

Mr. Noyes remarks that "It is encouraging to find the younger men in an American university developing just those qualities of lucidity, order, and proportion which are the first essentials of literature, at the very moment when the older generations, both in Europe and America, seem ripe for chaos in both thought and form."

Now that summer visitors have begun to flit hither and yon, the prudent hostess should snip out, mount on a card and place in a corner of the spare-room mirror these stirring lines from the London *Queen* on "The Perfect Guest":

> She answered by return of post
> The invitation of her host.
> She caught the train she said she would,
> And changed at junctions as she should.
> She brought a light and smallish box
> And keys belonging to the locks.
> Food strange and rare she did not beg,
> But ate the homely scrambled egg.
> When offered luke-warm tea she drank it,
> She did not crave an extra blanket,
> Nor extra pillows for her head;
> She seemed to like the spare-room bed.
> She never came downstairs till ten.
> She brought her own self-filling pen,
> Nor once by look or word of blame
> Exposed her host to open shame.
> She left no little things behind
> Excepting grateful thoughts and kind.

Even the most troublesome and exacting guest cannot recite these verses daily without being the better for it. However inconsiderately she behaves in the home she first visits, her conduct is sure to improve as the season advances.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The America Press, New York:
A Campaign of Calumny: The New York Charities Investigation. $0.05; postpaid, $0.10, $5.00 a hundred; Perfect Contrition Easy. By H. C. Semple, S.J., $0.05, $3.00 a hundred.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
The Cruise of The Jasper B. By Don Marquis. $1.30; Your Boy and His Training. By Edwin Puller. $1.50.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
How One Church Went Through a War. By W. Spooner Smith. $1.00; Sermon Reading. By W. Spooner Smith. $1.00.

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Roma, Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome. In Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, With Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Parts XIV and XV. $0.35 each.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Dante: How to Know Him. By Alfred M. Brooks. $1.25.

Catholic Alumni Sodality, Philadelphia:
Catalog of Catholic Books in the Free Library of Philadelphia.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Book of Saint Bernard on the Love of God. Edited with Translation and Notes by Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., Litt.D. $1.25; In Khaki for the King. By Escott Lynn, Six Illustrations by Norman Ault. $1.50; Phyllis McPhilemy. By May Baldwin. Four Illustrations by W. A. Cuthbertson. $1.50; The German Republic. By Walter Wellman. $1.00.

M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin:
Harmonics. A Pure Thought Sequence. Being Wreaths of Song from a Course of Divinity. By Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L. 1s.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
For England. By H. Fielding-Hall. $1.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Chief Catholic Devotions. By Louis Boucard. Translated by W. B. Mitchell, M.A. $0.75; The Sodality of Our Lady: Historical Sketches. Compiled by Augustus Drive, S.J. $0.60.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:
Songs of a Vagrom Angel. Written Down by Elsa Barker. $1.00.

John Lane Co., New York:
Louise and Barnavaux. By Pierre Mille. Illustrated by Helen McKie. $1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Philosophy of Bergson. By Gustavus Watts Cunningham, A.M., Ph.D. $1.25.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Prisoner. By Alice Brown. $1.50; The Human Boy and the War. By Eden Phillpotts. $1.25; An Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor in America. By George Gorham Groat, Ph.D. $1.75; Poverty and Social Progress. By Maurice Parmelee, Ph.D. $1.75.

Robert McBride & Co., New York:
A Dominie's Log. By A. S. Neill, M.A. $1.00.

John Murphy Company, Baltimore:
Essays on Catholic Life. By Thomas O'Hagan. $0.75.

Oxford University Press, New York:
The Mechanism of English Style. By Lewis Worthington Smith. $1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Ships in Port. By Lewis Worthington Smith. $1.25.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:
A Retreat for Women in Business. In Fourteen Conferences. By Rev. J. A. McMullan, C.SS.R. $0.75.

Yale University Press, New Haven:
Community Drama and Pageantry. By Mary Porter Beegle and Jack Randall Crawford. $2.50.

EDUCATION

De la Salle and Popular Education

IN virtue of the charter given her by her Divine Founder, the Catholic Church is essentially an educator. "Go and teach all nations." Such was the command given her by Christ Himself, who, though veiling uncreated Wisdom and Truth in the homely garb of parable and story, was the greatest teacher the world has seen. Faithful to that mission, the Church has ever summoned the passing generations to listen to her message and to heed her warnings. Unlike the pagan philosophers, Aristotle, Plato or Seneca, she has not confined her teaching to the chosen few, to the cultured minds of an inner and exclusive circle, but, imitating her Master, she has stepped into the crowded thoroughfares of life, crossed the threshold of the poor, stooped over the toiler and the outcast and lavishly opened to them her inexhaustible stores of knowledge and truth. Auguste Comte, a thinker whom we can little suspect of any leaning toward her practices or dogmas, has written: "The Catholic Church has been the most powerful and efficient promoter of the popular development of the human intellect." Yet she is represented by her enemies as the enemy of popular education. The story of the life and work of St. John Baptist de la Salle is an eloquent refutation of the charge.

BLAZING A NEW PATH

The world pays insistent homage to the memory of such educators as Herbart, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Sturm, Basedow and Comenius. Even such a visionary and unsound master as Rousseau finds his admirers. It has too often forgotten the name and the service of one of the initiators, one of the safe and sure pathfinders in the tangled jungle of modern pedagogy, St. John Baptist de la Salle. Yet this humble priest is one of the great benefactors of the people. The sacred cause of popular education never had a more practical or more unselfish champion. His holy life, the Institute which he founded, the cohorts of devoted men whom his example and his rule have inspired to imitate his virtues, have been the source of blessings to thousands. A child of that seventeenth century which saw France at the very height of her power, he is one of the glories of his country and his age. The schools of the Christian Brothers which he founded and where his epoch-making methods were first tried, reflect more glory on his native land than the ephemeral and sterile victories of the great captains of his day.

STRONG AND PRACTICAL SAINT

John Baptist de la Salle was born at Reims in 1651 and died at Rouen in 1719. The story of this high-born and noble-minded priest is as simple as it is sublime. It can be summed up in these words: "He had compassion on the multitude." The man who, in the spirit of Christ, goes to the poor, is clothed with a radiance and a beauty all Divine, even though he stoops to their lowliness, while at the same time he is endowed with irresistible energy and power to accomplish great things. God had given La Salle a priestly soul, the heart of a child, the tenderness of a father, the noble and authoritative presence of a man born to command, a keen insight into the heart of the people and their needs, and one of those indomitable wills, so often found in the saints, which knows neither doubt nor fear and inevitably triumphs in the end. The founder of "The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools" is one of the world's practical educators. To prove it we need only recall that he mobilized and vitalized the methods of popular education prevailing in his day, that he is the founder of the normal school, that he standardized the simultaneous method, and that he gave to the teacher a position and a dignity which hitherto had been denied him.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN LA SALLE'S DAY

It must not be imagined that the Church then neglected popular education. A collection of decrees taken from the synodal statutes of the French dioceses during the seventeenth century and the early years of the eighteenth, and bearing on the necessity, the organization and programs of the primary school, would fill a goodly volume. The Councils of Toulouse, of Saint-Brieuc, of Agen, of Le Mans order archpriests, parish-priests and their assistants to build and maintain schools for the poor. And the cause of popular education found eloquent and effective advocates in bishops, priests and holy men. Vialart de Herse, Bishop of Châlons, calls schoolmasters "workmen absolutely necessary to the Church." Froullay de Tessé, Bishop of Coutances speaks of the "holy duty of the schoolmistress." The saintly De Nesmond, Bishop of Bayeux, who in some ways anticipated the pedagogic methods of La Salle, wrote "A Plan of Instruction for the People's Schools." Bishop de la Poype de Vertrieu composed a similar program for the schools of the diocese of Poitiers. Somewhat earlier, St. Peter Fourier had elaborated for Lorraine a complete program for the education of girls and had founded that admirable body of teachers, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. At Lyons, the holy priest Charles Démia founded schools for the poor children of the city and wrote to the *échevins* or aldermen a famous "Remonstrance," in which, with apostolic boldness, he vindicated the right of the people to an adequate education, and reminded the "City Fathers" of their duty to provide for it. The Jesuit missionary, Michel le Nobletz, venerable priests like Olier, Bourdoise, saints like Vincent de Paul had spoken in the same strain.

LA SALLE SYSTEMATIZES POPULAR EDUCATION

But in spite of all this generous movement, the best results had not been obtained for lack of system and of coordinated effort. La Salle realized that individual effort, no matter how generous, could not deal with a national problem. In 1682, he founded "The Brothers of the Christian Schools." In the long and glorious files of the names of Religious Orders, there is no other, perhaps, which evokes in the hearts of Catholics a similar sentiment of affection and love. A body of devoted teachers had thus been mustered. Effort was no longer individual. A concentration and mobilization of educational forces had begun.

THE SIMULTANEOUS METHOD

A pedagogical difficulty faced the founder. How teach the thousands of pupils who soon flocked to his schools? His practical judgment suggested the solution. He applied the "Simultaneous Method" on a large scale. Though the Jesuits had applied this method together with the "decurion" system in classical schools, and De Nesmond and St. Peter Fourier had plainly outlined its scope and utility in large classes, La Salle was the first to apply it on a broad and consistent scale to the purposes of popular education. One teacher, one lesson, one text-book, one task, one correction for all the pupils of a certain grade and capacity, at the same time, such was the simple, but epoch-making innovation introduced by the Saint. It seems almost incredible that the method was not devised earlier. On the day it was introduced, pedagogy took a great step forward. In his "Conduct of Christian Schools," the founder elaborated his principles more thoroughly. The book is a masterpiece of simple but sound pedagogy. "Later works on the same subject," says Matthew Arnold, "have little improved the precepts, while they entirely lack the unction."

TRAINING THE TEACHER

If the Simultaneous Method primarily affected the pupil, La Salle's second innovation directly affected the teacher. It is to his glory that the first normal school in the modern sense

was founded by him at Reims in 1684, thirteen years before the Pietist, August Hermann Francke, organized his teachers' class at Halle, and fifty years before Hecker founded the first Prussian Normal School at Stettin. The idea of the normal school is to be found, at least in germ, in the old monasteries where the younger members of the teaching orders were trained for their life-work. In England, in 1581, Richard Mulcaster had suggested in his "Positions" the establishment of a seminary for the training of teachers. But the idea did not fully crystallize into action until La Salle founded his school at Reims.

John Baptist de la Salle gave popular education a definite outlook, a scientific method and form. Obvious and simple as his innovations are, they gave modern pedagogy an impulse and momentum almost incalculable. He dignified and ennobled the vocation of the schoolmaster. He had all the love of the child and of the poor, which burned in the heart of Froebel and Pestalozzi. He added to these the supernatural virtues which have made him a model of sanctity and heroism for all coming time. The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools is a splendid monument which ever perpetuates his name and nobly carries on his work. The cause of Christian and popular education owes a debt of undying gratitude to John Baptist de la Salle and his devoted sons. JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

In Praise of Folly and Crime

IN two respects, the late Father Timothy Brosnahan, of the Society of Jesus, was a very odd person. He believed in the science of logic, and he did not like cold weather. In winter, the good man's second oddity was easily abated by a stove or some similar contrivance; in summer, by the rising temperature. But to the winter of his discontent, occasioned by the prior idiosyncrasy, there was no end. To the day of his untimely death, his preference for logic kept him fiercely disdainful of the mental anarchy which he saw in the philosophy of his generation.

FATHER BROSNAHAN'S LOGIC

This strange preference forced him to positions deemed extravagant and reactionary by the thinkers of our day. Father Brosnahan would not admit, for instance, that "it may be" and "it is," are synonymous phrases. He did not understand how you could say that George was the very counterpart of Jim, when your own proof set forth: (1) That you had never seen Jim; (2) That no one had ever seen Jim; (3) That the very possibility of Jim's existence was dubious. Nor did this logician allow a conclusion notably wider than your premises. In the precarious proof that the giraffe's neck was shorter in prehistoric days than it now is, he did not see a final demonstration, perfect and complete, of evolution. Obviously, Father Brosnahan must have passed through this world as one born out of due time. But he was spared the sight of two volumes recently published by Macmillan, "A History of the Family" by Willystine Goodsell, Ph.D., of Columbia, and "Poverty and Social Progress" by Maurice Parmelee, likewise a Doctor of Philosophy. If he had read them, he would have sneezed at the first in a most appalling and vindictive manner, like Lear's mice, and the second would have served as fuel for his stove.

LOGIC AND MODERN THOUGHT

In their remarkable disregard of the ordinary laws of logic and common-sense, these two books are thoroughly typical of the so-called "modern thought." "It is well-nigh impossible to collect reliable evidence concerning the earliest forms of family life," writes Dr. Goodsell, "since that evidence is largely lacking." This frank confession would seem to augur ill for any lengthy evaluation of the subject, since, as Mark Twain once remarked, proof usually bogs down in the absence of evidence. But the Columbia professor is not easily daunted. Following a method, largely but not exclusively, confined to the Sunday-supplement school of scientists, she calmly assumes, first, that things which are extrinsically analogous are identical in essence, and secondly, that the distinction between what actually is, and what conceivably might be, is as unreal as a pink chimera idly buzzing in a absolute vacuum.

With her conclusions assumed, the learned professor regales her readers with a number of details touching the *vie intime* of those very interesting individuals, "the cave-men who were our original ancestors." These details do not rest, of course, upon personal observation, nor are they accurate deductions from ascertained facts. Some are drawn from the *obiter dicta* of Herodotus and Strabo on early barbarians, others from present-day studies of modern savages and man-like apes. Although no one ever saw a cave-man, the Jim of this argument, Dr. Goodsell holds that the Veddahs of modern Ceylon furnish many replicas of him. To the ignorant, this conclusion may seem like saying that the late Booker Washington tallied, feature for feature, with Cham; but as no photographs of Cham have reached us, who can deny that the assertion *may* be, and therefore *is* true? The argument drawn from the conduct of apes is, however, unexceptionable. It is confirmed by no less an authority than Mr. Arthur Brisbane who has shown to demonstration that there is no essential distinction between the anthropoid apes of the jungle and the clever young men who edit the Hearst publications.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CAVE-MAN

The careful student will be grateful for the luminous clarity with which Dr. Goodsell describes the psychological life of the cave-man. Her transcription of the thoughts wherewith this eocene person occupied such of his moments as were not taken up in repelling eighty-foot lizards and similar perils, is photographic in its exclusion of the imaginary. They were not thoughts that lay too deep for tears. The cave-man had not even a "glimmering conception of that ideal love which today binds men and women together in the strongest of human ties." On the contrary, he wooed the lady of his choice with a club or a boulder, just as in the moving-pictures. For the most part, he was a prosy sort of person, largely engaged with schemes to fill his stomach and keep himself warm, the latter, no doubt, a difficult task, since these ancient caves must have been deplorably damp and draughty.

Reverting to more readily ascertainable facts, the professor holds that the work of the house, more properly, perhaps, of the cave, was the burden of the cave-man's consort, who also assumed the labors of the field. Forced by stern necessity, this lady invented the process of putting seeds into the ground to make things grow; after which she devised the plow, the mill, the metate, the muller, the cooking-pot, the spindle, the scraper, the stone knife and the adze. She is also the discoverer of "simple processes" of tanning leather. "Such achievements," observes the savant, "constitute an honorable record for primitive womanhood." They do, indeed.

PROOF BY ASSERTION

In itself of no particular importance, this book is an interesting product of the modern school, in which reiterated assertion takes the place of rigid demonstration, and unsupported assertion is a proof as strong as Holy Writ. But if Dr. Goodsell is, on the whole, somewhat amusing, Dr. Parmelee is decidedly offensive. Incredible as it may seem, this professor in the College of the City of New York writes as if Christianity were a polytheistic religion (p. 176), and attributes to it a silly and utterly untenable doctrine of animism. The supernatural is a baseless assumption; Christianity, "a prejudice," "a theological assumption," "an a priori theory." Does Parmelee

adduce a single proof for any of these statements? Not one. He proves them by asserting them, although, with unblushing effrontery, he finds a place in the preface for a panegyric of his "intensive and accurate analysis."

HUMANITARIAN IMMORALITY

"Humanitarianism," a cult which finds its god in self, is Dr. Parmelee's panacea. The obvious excesses of this system, Dr. Parmelee vaunts as "progress"; as, indeed, they are, but toward barbarism and hell. The family and the State "have no importance aside from the individuals which make them up" (*p.* 214). These entities cannot "be allowed to crush out, like juggernauts, the happiness and lives of individuals." The Christian ideal of marriage is immoral. "By making of marriage a sacrament, and by its opposition to divorce, Christianity has caused women an enormous amount of injury . . . and many men a vast amount of misery" (*p.* 241). Men and women must "be left free to make and also to break their sexual matings as they please" (*p.* 214). Extra-marital motherhood is justifiable, first "on the general ground of freedom, and in the second place, in order to afford the women who are unable to secure a permanent mate, the privilege of motherhood" (*p.* 215). On the other hand, all must "be left free to have children or not as they please" (*p.* 215), and laws which forbid the propagation of unnatural crime are "barbarous," "stupid," "brutal," "vulgar," and "disgraceful" (p. 186).

THE DEPTHS OF ROTTENNESS

No doubt Dr. Parmelee, whose books are texts (note it, you Catholic parents with daughters in pagan schools) in many "non-sectarian" colleges and normal schools, would resent a classification with Emma Goldman's secretary, the unspeakable Ben Reitman. Yet Reitman, now cracking rock on the Island, did no more than crib a few principles urged by the respectable Parmelee, in a book issued by the eminently respectable house of Macmillan. But in one point of decadence, Parmelee has outdone both Reitman and Emma Goldman. I have not heard that these worthies have openly proposed to defile the minds of innocent children; yet with the help of Macmillan, Parmelee announces that it is "evident that it is most important that the young of both sexes be taught frankly and fully . . . *the means of controlling reproduction*" (*p.* 317).

This is sounding the very depths of rottenness. It is the triumph of "academic freedom" as understood in institutions similar to the College of the City of New York. It suggests a question on the ethical obligations of publishers. What class of books, if any, do Messrs. Macmillan propose to exclude from their presses?

KNOWLEDGE OR RESTRAINT

And it prompts a wider question. Do our children need more sex knowledge or more training in self-restraint? Possibly you read an answer in the headlines of your paper this morning.

From a little town in Illinois, there are spread throughout the country, the shameful details of an action in which a student, who has barely attained his majority, is on trial for the murder of a girl of seventeen. As mere children, the protagonists in this sordid drama had eaten of the bitter fruit of knowledge. The ready answers given by their friends, girls still at school, to questions proposed by the attorneys in the case, evidence that to them as well, there is little in these base details that is not familiar. "These school children, boys and girls," writes a newspaper correspondent, "not only possess this knowledge, but employ it in conversation in the most cynical manner."

FOUL IS FAIR

Where is all this to end? Parmelee and his followers solve the problem by calling evil good, and good evil. The unclean rabble who translate this theory into action, abolish vice by holding it to be purity. We justify them with Parmelee "on the general ground of freedom." But in our easy tolerance of vice, vice that is flaunted by a decadent press, visualized by a decadent stage, practised by decadent parents, and taught by decadent educators, we are writing for ourselves the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

G. K. Chesterton, writing on "Divorce" in the New York *Sun*, for June 25, pays a worthy tribute to the virtue of the poor:

> It does not seem to me to be worth contradicting that the rich largely believe in divorce; as the poor largely believe in fidelity. But the modern rich are powerful and the modern poor are powerless. Therefore for years and decades past the rich have been preaching their own virtues. Now that they have begun to preach their vices too I think that it is time to protest.

A glance at the Society page of any American paper confirms this statement. The names of the poor are not found there.

Woodrow Wilson is the third President since the Civil War to receive the honor of a nomination by acclamation, Cleveland and Roosevelt having also won that distinction. Before the war, Jackson, Van Buren and Clay were so nominated. Roosevelt is the only one of the six who had not received a Presidential nomination before. Clay and Van Buren, in addition to this, had the honor of receiving every vote on the first ballot, while Grant, though not acclaimed, received two nominations on the first ballot without opposition. The New York *Evening Post*, remarking on these facts, adds that nomination by acclamation has been followed by defeat more often than by victory.

The *Pan-American Union* describes a gold nugget found in the placer mines at Chuquiaguillo in Bolivia, weighing fourteen pounds and valued at $4,000. It appears that much of the gold in the possession of the Incas at the coming of the Spaniards was obtained from the Chuquiapu and the Chuquiaguillo Rivers, whose names bespeak their riches: "river of gold" and "inheritance of gold." The former river, upon which La Paz, the metropolis, is situated, contains within the city limits auriferous gravel washed down from the slopes of the Andean range. During the colonial period the gold placer-deposits of its waters near La Paz were profitably exploited by the Spaniards. In the Chuquiaguillo River another celebrated nugget of gold, valued at $4,500 was found by an Indian miner in the seventeenth century. We are told in general that in Bolivia gold is widely distributed in veins and placers, and that extensive deposits of auriferous sands of great richness occur along the rivers which run in a northeasterly direction, following the eastern slopes of the Andes.

President Hyde of Bowdoin College, speaking to the graduates, told them of the aims and objects of America's teaching:

> First, the United States must teach the world a lesson of a just industrial democracy. The second lesson is thorough science and respect for the expert. Third, we must give the world an art that is beautiful without being sensual. A fourth lesson America should teach the world is a citizenship that is at the same time efficient and free. A fifth lesson is justice and generosity to other nations. Finally, America has an opportunity to give the world a much-needed religious leadership.

To carry this torch before the world, supposes that we have fed its flame at home. In editorial comment the New York

Sun remarks that "it may do these young gentlemen no harm to be reminded that America has a whole lot of learning to do on its own account."

In the course of a paper read at the convention of the National Editorial Association, Mrs. H. C. Hoatling gave expression to these very sane views:

> A careless, slangy written language set before a populace week after week is to be deplored, as it can but create an irreverence for worthy objects. The busy editor can and should strive for a style of language which is clear and pure. Otherwise he fails to give his subscribers the full value due them.
>
> To excuse the shortcomings of one's paper by throwing the blame on the readers and say there is no use striving to do anything better because the reading public do not demand it or want it; to say that they prefer and clamor for the yellow journalism is but the shifting of responsibilities to ease the promptings of a sluggish conscience. The taste for news may be cultivated, modified, or entirely changed, if the wielder of the pen only has faith in his fellow-man. Be a fighter for the good and uphold it at every possible turn and such service will bring results.

That puts the responsibility where it belongs. The man in the editorial chair, and not the reader, is the one to decide "on all the news that is fit to print."

Mgr. Brann, the venerable and learned pastor of St. Agnes' Church, New York, speaking of the decree on dancing that was read in all New York churches, Sunday, June 18, disagrees with Bishop Greer, who is reported as saying that New York improves:

> It surely does not improve. And that it does not do so is not the fault of foreigners. The worst offenders are old-line American families, those of wealth. They are leading the downward way, not alone for themselves, but for others. Divorces and worse, immodest dancing and worse, questionable shows to accompany dinners, all these are of record. What is to become of American families, and what are they thinking about?
>
> The decree of the Church is justified, and it was brought on by the immoral dances of the last few years. I am no prude, and I want our young people to enjoy themselves. But I have myself seen in New York hotels frequented only by the well-to-do, dances that were shocking. Were a woman of my household taking part in them I would have taken her by the arm and led her away.

A few years ago, when Thompson took hold of the amusements at Coney Island, he declared his object was to make it a place where a man could take his mother or sister without fear or shame. It might be well for the hotel managers of New York to take Mr. Thompson into their confidence.

The Miami *Herald* considers that, by the defeat of S. J. Catts in the primaries, the State of Florida has been saved a great humiliation. While admitting that there may be nothing reprehensible in the man's private life, the *Herald* considers his nomination would have been a disaster.

> It was his public utterances that disclosed his danger as a public official if he were nominated and elected. He made his campaign on a wholly fictitious issue, that the State was in danger from political dominance of the Roman Catholic Church. He made it on the misrepresentations of the political power of that religious organization. He threatened, if elected, to make certain searches of convents, parochial schools and churches themselves, which he would have had no power as Governor to carry out, and which, if he had attempted, would have subjected him to impeachment. He aroused a fanatical zeal for persecution, and his whole campaign was carried on in a spirit contrary to the genius of this country and contrary to democratic principles.
>
> In view of the trouble that the candidate would have caused the State, in view of the humiliation the selection of such a candidate would have caused the party and the people of the State, it is well that another and safer man was nominated.

Mr. Catts should have been a New Yorker; he might have secured a place on the Charities Investigation Committee.

Union Theological Seminary has been accused of producing religious wrecks, by the Rev. G. W. McPherson, superintendent of "Tent Evangel":

> Union Seminary stands for the new theology, that theology gets rid of the supernatural and interprets all life from the standpoint of the natural. It is rationalism on the throne. It teaches that all life must be interpreted from the standpoint of evolution. It rejects the infallibility of the Bible and teaches that there are no revelations to men save what come from men's struggles and experiences. This modern heresy cannot look up to God, but finds Him where he first entered into the evolution of man through worm, fish and monkey up to man of today. This view makes God a very part of man. God never spake to man by angel or by Himself. Jesus Christ never came into being in any way contrary to the laws of nature. The Bible itself is twisted and distorted to suit the new creed of the evolutionists. I use Union as example, but Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Chicago, among universities, and Harvard Divinity, Yale School of Religion, Drew Seminary and Chicago and Crozier, among divinity schools, rank in the same class. It is the mission of Tent Evangel in part to expose the heresy of our colleges and seminaries. The time has come for the clergy to speak out.
>
> The question before the Church today is: Whom shall we believe, the teachers of modern evolution or the writers of the Bible, Herbert Spencer or Jesus Christ, the Apostle Paul or Union Seminary? This is the issue. We cannot dodge it. The fight is on.

The gentleman is mistaken. There is no such question before the *Church* today, though it is very much before the churches.

The "Declaration of Principles" unanimously adopted by the Association of National Advertisers at their recent meeting is refreshing reading and will be heartily endorsed by Catholics:

> *Resolved,* That we, members of the Association of National Advertisers, are opposed to advertising of the following kinds:
>
> All advertising that is fraudulent or questionable, whether financial, medical, or any other; all advertising that is indecent, vulgar, or suggestive either in theme or treatment; that is "blind" or ambiguous in wording and calculated to mislead; that makes false, unwarranted or exaggerated claims; that makes uncalled-for reflections on competitors or competitive goods; that makes misleading free offers; all advertising to laymen of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs; all advertising that makes remedial, relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference, that are not justified by the facts or common experience; and any other advertising that may cause money loss to the reader or injury in health or morals or loss of confidence in reputable advertising and honorable business.
>
> *Resolved,* That we recognize our own obligation as advertisers to conform to these principles.
>
> *Resolved,* That we urge upon all publishers and upon all sellers of advertising space or service, a strict adherence to these principles and that in so far as the exigencies of our individual business will permit, we direct our advertising to those mediums which make the observance of these principles their rule and practice.

It is to be hoped that the men who drafted these resolutions will conscientiously carry them into effect and will meet with the support of all self-respecting journals and newspapers. Much that passes as pure and innocent today is in reality wrong, offensive or suggestive. The morality of an unchristian world is not the morality of the Gospel.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—On June 27 the Mexican *de facto* Government sent this second reply to the Latin-American Republics that had made offers of mediation in the United States-Mexico crisis:

The United States and Mexico

It looks as if the American Government, without justifiable and political reasons for declaring war upon Mexico, wishes to make it inevitable by using incidents that are bringing us close to war.

Mexico should win or succumb with dignity, but before she does she is willing to demonstrate to the other countries of the American continent that the policy followed by the United States is that of attempting to seek a pretext for intervention.

This communication is in line with the "First Chief's" attitude since the Carrizal incident. His endeavor has been to place the responsibility for the present strained situation on the United States. He has notified the Southern republics that the "conduct of the American Government does not harmonize with its protestations of friendship for Latin-American republics, and that its unjustifiable proceedings with Mexico affect other sister-republics and tend to break the bonds which by a community of ideals, origin and interests should and do unite them in a close solidarity now and hereafter." In the interchange of notes between Mexico and the other republics, Carranza assures them that

> The Mexican Government and people are lovers of peace, and convinced that peace is the only way of attaining liberty and true greatness, they will not spare their efforts to preserve peace except when preserving it involves derogation from dignity and sovereignty.

The tension of the situation was relieved when in reply to the demand of President Wilson, the American prisoners taken in the fight at Carrizal were released by Carranza's orders. André Garcia, Mexican Consul at El Paso, informed General Bell commanding the American forces in that city of the decision of his government:

> My Government, to show its good faith and to convince the American Government that it wants to be fair, has decided to send the prisoners to the border that they may be turned over to General Bell. Our Government does not believe that the American Government, when it investigates fully, will approve the action of the American forces which engaged the Carranza troops in action at Carrizal last Friday. For that reason, we see no good reason for holding those men of the American command made prisoners by us. We will return the prisoners with their arms, horses and equipment to the American border.

On June 29, the twenty-three United States cavalrymen, with General Gonzales at their head, reached the center of the international bridge. General Bell advanced from the American side, and when the two generals arrived at the imaginary dividing line, General Gonzales said: "General Bell, as representative of the Government of Mexico, I deliver to you these troops of your Government." The troopers were sent to Fort Bliss for food and clothing. On the day after the release of the Americans, the New York *Times* printed this telegram from Colonel Alberto Salinas, nephew of the First Chief, and head of the Mexican Aviation Corps, to Mr. William A. Staats, of 29 Beekman Place, New York, the purchasing agent of aviation supplies for the Carranza Government:

> MEXICO CITY, June 29, 1916.
>
> Neither the Government of Mexico nor the people of Mexico want war, and both are doing everything available to avoid it, but as long as your Government insists on keeping troops in our territory the danger of war will exist. If there is war all the responsibilities will fall on the American Government, as it has neither the right nor the motives for keeping soldiers on our soil.

It is inconceivable how your Government can bring about war, which would cause immense damage for many years to both countries, just to remedy insignificant and temporary ones, as we are determined to keep up the war indefinitely to uphold the sovereignty and independence of our country. You who have been here and know us personally should tell the American people the truth about Mexico.

A. SALINAS.

The day after this was sent, and coincident with the publication in Mexico of the latest American note to the *de facto* Government, the First Chief issued a memorandum, by no means conciliatory in tone. It flatly denies many statements contained in Mr. Lansing's communication, reiterates the Mexican Government's denial of the right of the American forces to remain in Mexico, and impugns the honor of Generals Funston and Scott. It is suggested in some quarters that the memorandum is merely a statement of Mexico's case for home consumption, paralleling the American note of June 20, which was not made public in Mexico till June 30. The fact that the memorandum was not sent immediately to Señor Arredondo, Mexico's representative in Washington, gives color to this view. Our Administration's intentions are not entirely clear. In the course of his speech before the "New York Press Club" on June 30, President Wilson, while avoiding direct discussion of the details of the Mexican difficulty dwelt with some insistence on the need of keeping this country out of war. "Do you think the glory of America would be enhanced by a war of conquest against Mexico?" said the President. Then he added: "I am not the servant of those who wish to enhance the value of their Mexican investments, but the servant of the rank and file of the people." Meantime while this play is being staged, Mexico continues in agony. Persecution of a most violent kind has broken out anew. A reign of terror is on: houses are searched daily; many people, including ladies, have been arrested; some merchants have been set to sweep the streets, others have been tortured and others killed. The decree nullifying the Vera Cruz notes has caused another economic crisis. What trade there was has been brought to a standstill and the people are in most acute want.

The War.—The Allies have shown unwonted initiative during the past week. They have taken the offensive on many fronts. In France, in the Trentino and the Julian Alps, in East Galicia and Bukowina, in Armenia and Persia they have been attacking the Central Powers, and everywhere with success. Near Salonica also there are signs of renewed activity.

Bulletin, June 27, a. m.-July 3, a. m.

Near Verdun the French have recaptured, lost and recaptured the Thiaumont fortress. The Italian offensive has driven the Austrians back all along the line from the Adige to the Brenta, and has resulted in the recapture of Posina, Monte Pria Fora, Arsiero, Monte Cengio, Pedescala, Asiago and Gallio. The Italians have also resumed the offensive along the Isonzo in the vicinity of Goritz. In the regions about Riga, Dvinsk and Lake Miadsiol engagements between the Germans and Russians have been without notable result. Further south, in Volhynia, the Germans have driven the Russians across the Stochod, and taken Liniewka. Between the Dniester and the Pruth the Russians have taken Obertyn and Kolomea. In southern Bukowina they have occupied Pozenille. In Armenia the Turks claim further victories north of the Chorukh River. In Persia the Russians have recaptured Bana but have lost an engagement east of Serail.

The principal event of the week has been the combined British and French offensive in Picardie. The attack had been in preparation for seven days, during which the British made numerous raids on the German positions and kept up a continuous rain of shells quite unprecedented in this sector and probably exceeding in violence anything that has taken place in the war so far. It is said, though unofficially, that 5,000,000 shells were fired at a cost of about $125,000,000. On Saturday morning the German first-line trenches, on a front of twenty-five miles, from the southern outskirts of Arras to the Somme River, were subjected to a bombardment of unparalleled ferocity by guns of small and large caliber and especially by British mortars of a new and very destructive type. After an hour and a half, the fire of the guns along the entire line of attack was shifted simultaneously to the German second-line trenches, and at the same time the infantry dashed forward. Five hours of fighting resulted in a gain of about one mile on the whole front, with greater gains at the salient; east of Albert, where the Allies have pushed forward about five and a half miles. Serre, La Boiselle, Montauban, Mametz, Curlu and the Favière Woods are now in the hands of the Allies, the last two places having been captured by the French.

Important British Victory

The controversy between Austria and the United States over the shelling of the American tanker, Petrolite, by an Austrian submarine in the Mediterranean on December 5, 1915, reached a decisive stage on June 21, when Mr. Lansing instructed Ambassador Penfield to deliver to the Austro-Hungarian Government a friendly but unmistakably clear note. The Secretary of State bases the position of the United States on the sworn statements of the Captain and the crew, and declares that in the light of the evidence so obtained it is impossible to accept the report of the submarine commander, who, it will be remembered, justified his action on the ground that he mistook the Petrolite for an enemy vessel sailing under false colors, which attempted to ram the submarine, and hence was fired on in self-defense. Mr. Lansing declares that the shape of the tanker precluded the possi-

The Note to Austria

bility of its being mistaken for an auxiliary cruiser, a mistake that was rendered still less likely by the fact that the name of the vessel was painted on its side in letters about six feet high. Moreover the captain, immediately after the first shots, swung his vessel broadside to her course and stopped the engines, circumstances under which suspicion of attack was out of the question. And yet the majority of the twelve shots were fired while the vessel was at a standstill and in this position. Accordingly the United States has formulated its demands in the following significant paragraph:

In the absence of other and more satisfactory explanation of the attack on the steamer than that contained in the note addressed to you by the Foreign Office the Government of the United States is compelled to regard the conduct of the commander of the submarine in attacking the Petrolite and in coercing the captain as a deliberate insult to the flag of the United States and an invasion of the rights of American citizens for which this Government requests that an apology be made; that the commander of the submarine be punished, and that reparation be made for the injuries sustained by the payment of a suitable indemnity.

The note closes with the customary expressions of friendship.

China.—On June 30, Li Yuan Hung, President of the Chinese Republic, announced the personnel of the new compromise Cabinet as follows: Premier and War Minister, Tuan Chi-Jui; Foreign Affairs, Tang Shao-Yi; Interior, Tsu Shih-Ying; Navy, Chen Pih-Kuan; Commerce and Agriculture, Chang Kuo-Kan; Justice, Chang Yao-Tseng; Education, Sung Hung-Yi; Communication, Wang, Ta-Hsien; Finance, Chen Chin-tao. The President has issued a mandate summoning Parliament to resume sessions on August 1 and to adopt a permanent constitution for China.

The Cabinet, New Mandate

Germany.—Press dispatches announce the conclusion of a new treaty of alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary. According to the report

Treaty of Alliance

The treaty, which is for twenty-five years, provides for the unification of direction of military and foreign affairs. While regarding economic questions it provides for concerted action in dealing with foreign countries, interstate relations being left outside its scope. The administration of the treaty will be under a committee to consist of members delegated by the Federal Council on behalf of Germany, and by the Austro-Hungarian Government. The treaty will not be submitted to the Austrian or Hungarian Parliaments for ratification, as it is treated as a foreign affair and is under the sole responsibility of the Crown.

This of course belies the oft repeated rumor that Austria-Hungary would eventually sue for a separate peace.

Great Britain.—On June 29 the trial of Sir Roger Casement for high treason ended in a verdict of guilty and sentence of death by hanging. The plea of the defense was that the Irish knight had attempted merely to organize an Irish brigade in Germany for use against the Carsonites. After an hour's deliberation the jury returned the verdict and sentence was immediately passed. In his speech the prisoner made these statements which will live long in the hearts of his countrymen:

Casement's Sentence

If we Irishmen are to be hanged as murderers, shot as rebels and imprisoned as convicts just because we love Ireland, then I am proud indeed to stand here in the traitor's dock, proud to be a rebel, glad to give my last drop of blood for the rebellion. . . . Irishmen are told to die for Flanders, Gallipoli, or a patch of desert in Mesopotamia, with the promise that they may get Home Rule after their death. But if they are willing to lay down their lives for their own native land they are called traitors. . . . I have been asked if I had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me, but I am not called upon to say anything. I reply that I hope to be acquitted of presumption when I say that I do not seek judgment in this court. I prefer to leave the judgment of myself to a far higher justice. . . .

We have seen the constitutional army refuse to obey the constitutional Government, and we were told the first duty of Irishmen was to enter that army. If small nations were to be the first consideration, I saw no reason why Ireland should shed any blood for any people but her own.

If that be treason, I am not ashamed to avow it here.

I am prouder to stand here, in a traitor's dock, than to fill the place of my accusers.

Self-government is our right. It is no more a thing to be withheld from us, or doled out to us, than the right to life or light, to sunshine or spring flowers.

The chief British papers support the sentence, some of them in rather offensive language. The *Daily Telegraph* declares:

Casement is as guilty of the rebellion in Dublin as if he had taken an open share in it. How we can otherwise regard such a man than as a base and treacherous enemy against our country, a treasonable agent against his liege sovereign, a mean and pitiable conspirator with our worst enemy, it is impossible to say. If ever a man deserved capital punishment it is he.

The *Daily News* says:

The sentence of death was the only conceivable sentence that could be passed. His crime was open and flagrant, and it was deepened by the circumstances of his career. There could be no clearer case for the extreme penalty, and so far as he himself is concerned there is no reason to suggest any mitigation of sentence. From other and more weighty considerations it is doubtful whether true wisdom lies in giving him that crown of "martyrdom" which he obviously desires. There is one thing above all others to avoid at this moment, that is to give fresh impulse to elements of unrest at a time when the whole fate of Ireland is in the balance.

The *Daily Express* thinks:

There need be no fear that the justice of the sentence imposed on Casement will be questioned in any country in the world. There can be no question of Casement's guilt, and we are entirely unimpressed by his elaborate apologies for the crime for which he stands condemned. His plea that as an Irishman he is outside the jurisdiction of the British court is not only a misstatement, it is a disingenuous subterfuge advanced with the rest of his carefully-prepared speeches to

impress the Clan-na-Gael section of Irish-Americans. The Irish have a genius for the canonization of martyrs, but even they will hardly find ground for admiration in the career of this clever, educated, and rather sordid and extremely degenerate traitor.

As is usual in such cases, American opinion is sharply divided over this issue. Many of the papers published by Irishmen speak of the verdict as inevitable because of the fact that Casement was tried in England and not in Ireland. The New York *Evening Post* declares that in view of the light sentence imposed on Liebknecht, Germany has gained a moral advantage over England. The New York *Sun* declares the Irish knight is not an object of commiseration if he is sane.

Ireland.—On June 26, Mr. John Redmond presided at a meeting of the Irish party at the Mansion House, London. John Dillon, Joseph Devlin and other Nationalist leaders were present. Resolutions were passed expressing gratitude for the "magnificent spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice" manifested at the Conference of the Ulster Nationalists in consenting to the temporary exclusion of six Ulster counties from the Home Rule Act. The resolutions also favored acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's plan, and protested against the conduct of the Government in failing to liberate men imprisoned who were in no way connected with the recent uprising in Ireland.

Terms of the Lloyd George Proposals

A clear and full idea of Mr. Lloyd George's plan of temporary exclusion of six Ulster counties from the operation of the Home Rule Act, is given by such Irish papers as the Cork *Weekly Examiner* and the *Leader*. From statements issued by the Irish party, these journals thus indicate the substance and the main features of the Lloyd George plan. It intends (1) To bring the Home Rule Act into immediate operation. (2) To introduce at once an Amending Bill as a strictly "War Emergency Act," to cover only the period of the war and a short specified interval after it. (3) During that period the Irish members are to remain at Westminster in their full numbers. (4) During this war emergency period, six Ulster counties are to be left as at present under the Imperial Government. (5) Immediately after the war, an Imperial Conference of representatives from all the Dominions of the Empire is to be held to consider the future government of the Empire, including the question of the government of Ireland. (6) Immediately after this Conference, and during the interval provided for by the War Emergency Act, the final settlement of all the outstanding problems, such as the permanent position of the six exempted counties, the question of finance and other problems which cannot be dealt with during the war, will be proceeded with.

Rome.—The Holy Father has been working earnestly to bring about the exchange of Italian and Austrian prisoners of war, whose wounds and physical condition render them unfit for further military service. For this end he has made use of the services of the international Red Cross of Geneva. Austria consented to the exchange in principle, but at first laid down certain conditions and restrictions which for a time prevented satisfactory settlement. According to *Rome*, among the conditions laid down by Austria was one to the effect that the Austrian prisoners taken by Serbia and afterwards sent to Italy for custody, should be included in the arrangement, but Italy insisted that she had not full power over the disposal of these and that they must form the object of another agreement. Austria also wished to confine the exchange to prisoners seriously mutilated or blind or in desperate conditions of health and not to include others recognized by the doctors as unfit for military service. Through the Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna and his special Delegate at Berne, the Holy Father appealed to the Austrian Government to remove these restrictions. The appeal has been listened to and the last difficulties have been smoothed away. The final formalities for the complete exchange of Italian and Austrian prisoners of war unfit for military service are being carried out through the instrumentality of the Swiss Government and the International Red Cross of Geneva. It seems regrettable, *Rome* adds, that no reliable statistics have hitherto been published of the number of prisoners of war thus restored to home and freedom through the action of the Holy Father.

The Pope And War Prisoners

Spain.—The question of Catalonian Regionalism is still profoundly stirring the country. The Catalans maintain that the problem is the most important issue in Spanish politics and that it demands an instant solution. The Government and Parliament on the other hand generally deny the fact and claim that the vital problem for Spain at the present moment is an economic one and that at least until the conclusion of the war, the energies of the nation should be devoted to national defense in all its aspects. The speech delivered by Señor Bergamin, late Minister of Education, has done much to excite the various partisans. Up to the present the Government has made no official statement, and the attitude which it will take is awaited on all sides with the deepest interest. Judging from the latest press dispatches, it would seem that the Catalans, justly proud of their history and tenacious of their privileges, will be satisfied with nothing less than complete independence. The King of Spain as in ancient times would be merely Lord of Barcelona, but for the rest, the Catalans would enjoy complete self-government and home-rule. If the question is not settled in their favor before the end of the war, they declare that they will bring the matter before the international peace conference, and thus take it out of Spanish hands.

Regionalism and Catalonia

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Woman Suffrage and Allied Problems

WHILE woman suffrage has been discussed from every possible standpoint, renewed and vigorous agitation in its favor justifies some passing thoughts both on the nature and extent of the power or duty, whichever way we may regard it, to be committed to women in common with men, and on certain considerations connected therewith.

It does not need much reflection to realize that the ballot in itself is after all a very limited mode of carrying out its purpose. While a public expression is, of course, necessary in order to reduce to concrete form a community thought, nobody needs to be told that the mere casting or counting or publication of a vote does not of itself run a government. The only use to which the vote can be put is either to decide a question or elect an agent. But the question itself must first be framed and the name of the proposed agent presented; and these functions must be exercised by a very small number of people at best. And it may readily be conceived how small a share in either decision the voter possesses, if in expressing his decision he can neither choose the question nor modify it, nor substitute the proposed agent.

Then again the decision of the question as thus framed in advance is rendered only by a majority of those who vote, and in practice these never amount to a majority of those entitled to vote, even though those entitled to vote never constitute the entire community which is interested in the result. If then to this consideration we add the further thought that not a tithe of the issues which are determined in the daily course of government come before the electors, we are forced to conclude that the community at large has precious little to do with the conduct of affairs in popular government unless indeed there is something behind the ballot which really emanates from the community and controls and directs the vote.

This force, if we may so call it, is the pressure of public opinion: a subtle influence resulting from the union of minds through the process of intercommunication, which crystallizes into a consensus, we might almost say unconsciously and certainly through no process known to the physical world. In this process no one can doubt that the entire community, men and women included, participates. It moves in currents, with opposing and cross currents, and forces the agent, be he legislator or executive, to keep abreast of it if he would retain his hold upon popular favor, and really instigates the questions that are put to the electorate, and to some extent the names of the candidates for election. And no decision, whether in the legislative hall or executive chamber or even at the polls can ever stand or be carried out if that silent force makes itself felt in its own peculiar way to oppose it.

In an autocracy this force is largely quiescent, being content to accept the rule imposed by governing authority, though even there the ruler must take soundings. In a true democracy it is thoroughly alive and insistent. The voter may think in casting his ballot that he is acting solely upon a conviction, emanating from his own inner self. In truth he is so swayed by the currents of thought by which he is environed that notwithstanding all the vagaries of the majority vote with its continual reversals, no one can fail to recognize in the long run as regards questions which sound the depths of public interest a steady purpose which suggests more the design of a single individual than that of the conglomerate mass of the people.

I have said that in a real democracy this public opinion is thoroughly alive and insistent. Indeed, I may add that its activity is the real test of democracy. If the people, as is often the case, become too preoccupied with their individual private affairs to give thought to what concerns them as a community, the ballot becomes a farce and is most likely to represent the influence of a coterie intent upon using the machinery of popular expression to accomplish their own selfish ends. This is often perceptible in our municipalities where the result of the ballot may be plainly perceived to oppose the interest of the community generally, in which is, of course, included the interest of the voters themselves.

Therefore, the holder of the franchise should be regarded more as an agent than as a principal, however unconscious he may himself be of the nature of his function. And this conclusion is further emphasized by the consideration that the franchise, no matter how extensive, is not a natural right in the same sense that the right to life, liberty or property are natural rights. If it were it could not be restricted, whereas in the purest democracy it is always restricted in one way or another. In this country where as regards males it enjoys its largest expansion, it is confined to individuals over twenty-one years of age, to natives or naturalized citizens, and generally to those who pay a tax in one form or another. Every extension is not an unmixed blessing, for it is conceivable, in view of what precedes, that by merely enlarging the numbers of voters, though the cost of securing the vote be thereby increased, we may not necessarily alter the result. If, for instance, women are as instrumental as men under present conditions in forming that public opinion which expresses itself in the ballot it would be hard to imagine that once possessed of the franchise they would so far differ from men in casting it as to reverse in the long run the trend of decisions. It seems more probable that they would divide as men divide on public questions; and the limited experience to which woman suffrage, already conferred in certain quarters, has contributed, seems to confirm this conjecture. But this is mere surmise and not intended for argument. It results from

these reflections, however, that in seeking the solution of this important question it is public opinion which in the end must decide it; and it will not be finally decided until that opinion has been fully aroused to its importance.

The family is the social unit. If every community question does not actually find its source in the family it is for the most part the family which is most concerned in its solution. And it is the family sentiment which must be brought to bear upon it for its final determination. This particular question is one which peculiarly concerns the family because suffrage involves a function for woman which she has never before exercised. And in this connection it is further to be considered that as the franchise is not a natural right, so it is not a mere privilege; it is primarily a duty involving other functions besides the mere casting of a ballot. Quite true, a citizen may vote or not, may run for office or not, may serve in the militia and police or not, as he pleases; he may even offer excuses for the purpose of evading jury duty. But assuredly any such mental reservations whether by an individual or a class do not in a democracy disclose the proper attitude toward the incidents of citizenship. If woman should share the function she should not abandon any part of it exclusively to men. May it not be reasonably supposed that it is this thought on the part of the community at large which has hitherto prevented any crystallization of public opinion on this subject? For while innumerable measures affecting woman's status in regard to personal and property rights have been enacted from day to day, it seems impossible as yet to gauge the popular sense in this question of suffrage. And yet there is no reason, as affecting her capacity, to prevent woman helping to express public opinion seeing that she contributes her full quota in shaping it. Is she then inclined to participate in this duty? Is the community, of which she composes at least one-half, of opinion that she should?

It behooves every family throughout the land, therefore, to consider the question in all its bearings seriously and intelligently and to exert a strong influence on that crystallization of public opinion which must sooner or later take place and find concrete expression in the ballot.

J. PERCY KEATING.

Vacations

I SUPPOSE it may be assumed without question that one of the things that everybody desires is long life. The Psalmist's warning that the years after threescore and ten may be full of trouble and physical discomfort is no deterrent for most of us; we look forward hopefully, yes, even wistfully, to a long span of years. Fourscore of years would be a pleasant anticipation, and fourscore and ten doubtless still more satisfying. Most men are anxious not to wear themselves out prematurely, but rather to preserve their vitality just as long as possible. There is a very definite impression rather widely prevalent at the present time that it is possible by continuous hard work to exhaust ourselves before our time and thus to shorten our existence. As a consequence, we are taking more and longer vacations than ever in the hope of preserving full bodily strength, confident that in the end we shall thus make rather than lose time and be capable of more effective accomplishment.

The career of probably the most distinguished physician of our generation in America forms a most instructive, though quite startling, commentary on this point. He died a couple of years ago at the age of eighty-six or eighty-seven. Most people will surmise at once that I refer to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, a nerve specialist known not only throughout this country, but possessed of no mean reputation even abroad. I shall not soon forget my first experience in Paris. I applied at the Salpetrière for opportunities to study nervous diseases, and on being introduced to the late Professor Gilles de la Tourette, he asked me where I had studied in America. I told him at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. The word "Philadelphia" caught him at once and he said, "Ah! then you must know Weir Mitchell"; —at least that is the name he thought he was saying to me; what he really said was *"Wire Mishell"* with the accent on the "shell." I could not for the life of me make out whom he meant. I had known Weir Mitchell very well; I had met him often in the laboratory of hygiene of the University, where he was doing some work on rattlesnake poison while I was following out some investigations in ventilation. *Wire Mishell,* however, was an utterly unfamiliar name. After a time, Dr. Gilles de la Tourette made it clearer whom he meant, and then my acquaintance with Weir Mitchell became an open-sesame to another precious acquaintanceship.

On almost any topic, Dr. Weir Mitchell's opinion, being that of a cultured gentleman, would be of value; but in regard to a change of serious occupation as a means of vacation, as opposed to a complete rest from toil for the same end, his scientific knowledge as a physician, united to his unique personal experience as an ultra-active octogenarian living on almost to the nineties, gives his opinions especial weight.

He had been accustomed to go annually for the summer with his family to Bar Harbor, though he always found it quite impossible to spend four months or more merely resting or in social diversions. Even hunting, fishing, all-day excursions, though physically tiring and conducive to appetite and sleep for the time being, failed to satisfy perfectly the whole man. As an experiment, at the age of forty-five, he tried his hand at writing a novel. Every year after that, almost without exception, he finished a book of some kind, always spending a number of hours every day of his vacation in pure literary work. He looked forward to the summer to get away from other interests and occupy himself with literary work, the composition of novels, essays, poems, medical treatises.

He was always an extremely busy man. He saw his patients and did hospital work during the winter. He was constantly appealed to for addresses and poems on special occasions; he was looked to for papers at important medical meetings; and had very little time that he could call his own. With this press of work during the winter, it would seem as though his summer literary labors—labors such as many others would consider a good year of work—must surely prove serious for him. As the expression goes, he was undoubtedly burning the candle at both ends, and in thus exhausting his vitality, would surely die young. His friends will tell you that he did die young. He died eighty-six years young. Though a tremor that developed when he was about sixty, involving particularly nodding of the head, seemed to forebode premature death, and was even taken by some of his friends to mean that he had worked too hard, he nevertheless lived on for twenty-five years after its development, active in mind and body until the end.

He had probably studied more cases of neurasthenia, nervous exhaustion and nervous breakdown than any one else in the country, yet he always declared that he owed his own health and longevity to the constant and thorough occupation of his mind. He felt sure that if he had tried to spend his vacations doing nothing, he would not only have been extremely dissatisfied, but he would have "got on his own nerves" and been more unfit for the winter's work than after the complete change which he secured by devoting himself to literary effort during the long summer months.

For while a vacation is usually translated as freedom to do what one pleases, it should not be forgotten that the expression *vacare rei* in Latin means to apply oneself whole-heartedly to something: as it were to be free from all other disturbing thoughts so as to be able to apply all one's mental energies to a particular subject. It is probably quite impossible for the human mind to do nothing. It must occupy itself with something. The all-important consideration is that it should not occupy itself with any one thing too continuously. That probably brings about an exhaustion of the particular portion of the brain, the nerve-centers or sense-organs subserving the given mental process. The only way to get a rest is to occupy the mind with something entirely different from that with which it was engaged before. If it is deeply concerned with some interest, as the minds of all serious people are as a rule, then an attempt to do nothing or to occupy the mind with trivial matters will almost inevitably lead to a reversion to the thoughts about the special subject of interest. This is particularly true if there are worries connected with that subject. One may take up the newspaper, but after the sensational news of the day has been seen, the reading of conventional happenings will give opportunity for the intrusion on the background of the mind of the anxieties and solicitudes with regard to the main subject of mental occupation. There is just one way to be free from them, and that is to have another intellectual interest which will occupy the attention just as completely as the preceding one. However, it is not always easy to manage this. Just in as far as it can be done, the mind gets an ideal rest. What we need is diversion of mind, distraction from preceding thoughts, not absolute mental idleness. This was S. Weir Mitchell's conviction; it was illustrated by his life; it was confirmed by his fourscore years and six of active mentality.

Here is something which people should recall now that they are arranging for vacation. Particularly is it of importance for those who have been engaged in mental pursuits. It is the custom for teachers and other professional people to take a longer vacation than others. The old-time tradition in this matter is probably founded on a well-established need. It is important to remember, however, that the ideal vacation for both teachers and members of professions would come by taking up some very different but quite serious interest during the summer months, rather than by a complete surcease of mental effort. A change of scene is very conducive to the perfection of this diversion of interest and to the distraction of attention that is thereby afforded. It is quite probable that vacations could be made to yield fine fruit of intellectual development which, far from lessening vitality or mental power, would add to it and at the same time give the best possible recreation.

A little planning would be necessary, but the deliberate taking up of a special subject as unlike as possible the ordinary vocational work would probably prove as effective for a good many teachers in giving fine intellectual satisfaction and in preserving health and strength, as it did for Weir Mitchell.

There is an entirely unwarranted fear in our time that we may exhaust mental vitality by over-use of it. Yet it is worry, not work, that hurts. Unceasing, fretful occupation with some single narrow interest is at the root of more nervous and mental exhaustion than anything else. You sometimes hear people say complacently that the many nervous breakdowns of our time are due to the intense absorption of men in their work and the high pressure of our strenuous life. I do not believe a bit of it. There are more nervous breakdowns among women who have comparatively nothing but absurd social duties to occupy them than among any others of their sex. As for the men, it must not be forgotten that this is an age of specialism and men become too intensely occupied with narrow interests. Specialism puts into use but one part of their brain cells; having no relief in diversity of interest, that little part exhausts itself and men are unable to use it any more. No wonder a sense of utter inability to work comes over them.

A healthy mind in a healthy body means activity of both with diversity of interests. The men who have lived the longest have been in the main men who have worked the hardest but have had a number of varied interests. Even vacation must have its intellectual interests, and

they must be serious. There can be no real vacation in the mental any more than in the moral order.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Mysticism and a Wooden Post

BLACK night had shut in my house and garden with shutters first of slate and then of ebony; I was making my way indoors by the fiery square of the lamplit window, when I thought I saw something new sticking out of the ground, and bent over to look at it. In so doing I knocked my head against a post and saw stars; stars of the seventh heaven, stars of the secret and supreme firmament. For it did truly seem, as the pain lessened, but before the pain had wholly passed, as though I saw written in an astral alphabet on the darkness something that I had never understood so clearly before: a truth about the mystics which I have half-known all my life. I shall not be able to put the idea together again with the words upon this page, for these queer moods of clearness are always fugitive: but I will try. The post is still there, but the stars in the brain are fading.

When I was young I wrote a lot of little poems, mostly about the beauty and necessity of wonder; which was a genuine feeling with me, as it is still. The power of seeing plain things and landscapes in a kind of sunlight of surprise; the power of jumping at the sight of a bird as at a winged bullet; the power of being brought to a standstill by a tree as by the gesture of a gigantic hand; in short, the power of running one's head against a post poetically is one which varies in different people and which I can say without conceit is a part of my own human nature. It is not a power which indicates any artistic strength, still less any spiritual exaltation; men who write very much better poetry than I are quite without it; men who are religious in a sense too sublime for me to conceive are equally without it. Of the pebble in the pathway, of the twig on the hedge, it may truly be said that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see these things and have not seen them. It is a small and special gift, but an innocent one.

As my little poems were mostly bad poems, they attracted a certain amount of attention among modern artists and critics; I was told that I was a mystic and found myself being introduced to rows and rows of mystics, most of them much older and wiser than I. Of course, there were professional quacks and amateur asses among them; but not in much larger proportion than would have appeared among politicians and men of science or any other mixed convention. There was the long-faced, elderly man, who said, in a deep, bass voice like distant thunder: "What we want is Love"; which is true enough if to want means to lack. There was the little, radiant man, who radiated all his fingers outward and cried: "Heaven is here! It is now!" as if he were selling something, as he probably was. There was the chippy little man who took one confidentially into a corner and said quietly: "There is no true difference between good and bad, they are alike leading us upwards." He was easily disposed of merely by asking, if there was no difference between good and bad, what was the difference between up and down. But it would be gravely and grossly unjust to suggest that any of these were representative of the modern mystics whose acquaintance I made. I met many men whom history and literature will rightly remember. I met the man who was and is by far the greatest poet who has written in English in decades. For I will not call Mr. Yeats an English poet; I will only say that I should be sorry to see him translated into any other language. I met a man like Mr. Herbert Burrows who, almost alone among men in my knowledge, contrived to combine an Oriental and impersonal religion with that hard fighting and hot magnanimity which we in the West mean when we are speaking of a man. There were great poets and great fighters, then, among these modern mystics whom I met; and their genius and sincerity, as well as their mysticism, led me to conclude that they were quite right. And yet there was something inside me telling me, with what I can only call a stifled scream, that they were quite wrong. It was the same, for that matter, with my early economic opinions. I was a Socialist in my youth, because the attacks on Socialism, as then conducted, left a man no choice except to be a Socialist or a scoundrel, as a young American friend of mine once excellently put it. But, even then, long before I had ceased to be a Socialist, long before I heard of peasant proprietorship or any other escape from our present disgrace, I had felt by a tug in my bones, that the Fabians and the Marxians were pulling the world one way when I wanted it to go the other. So I felt about great mystics like Mr. Yeats; about sane Theosophists like Mr. Burrows. I felt, not merely that their mysticism was different from mine, but that their mysticism was in flat contradiction to mine, more even than the materialists. I went on feeling this; it took me a long time to give it even an obscure expression. I never found a really vivid expression until I knocked my head against the post. The expression that leapt to my lips then, I am, I say, forgetting slowly.

Now what I found finally about our contemporary mystics is this. When they said that a wooden post was wonderful—a point on which we all agreed, I hope—they meant that they could make something wonderful out of it by thinking about it. "Dream; there is no truth," said Mr. Yeats, "but in your heart." The modern mystic looked for the post, not outside in the garden, but inside in the mirror of his mind. But the mind of the modern mystic, like a dandy's dressing-room, was entirely made of mirrors. Thus glass repeated glass like doors opening inwards forever; till one could hardly see that inmost chamber of unreality where the post made its last appearance. And as the mirrors of the modern mystic's mind are mostly curved and many of them cracked, the post in the ultimate reflection looked like

all sorts of things: a waterspout, the tree of knowledge, the sea-serpent standing upright, a twisted column of the new natural architecture, and so on. Hence we have Picasso and a million other puerilities. But I was never interested in mirrors; that is, I was never interested in my own reflection—or reflections. I am interested in wooden posts, which do startle me like miracles. I am interested in the post that stands waiting outside my door to hit me over the head, like a giant's club in a fairy tale. All my mental doors open outward into a world I have not made. My last door of liberty opens upon a world of sun and solid things, of objective adventures. The post in the garden: the thing I could neither create nor expect: strong plain daylight on stiff upstanding wood: it is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.

When the modern mystics said they liked to see a post, they meant they liked to imagine it. They were better poets than I; and they imagined it as soon as they saw it—for, as I have already described, I might feel it before I saw it. To me the post is wonderful because it is *there:* there whether I like it or not. I was struck silly by a post, but if I were struck blind by a thunderbolt, the post would still be there; the substance of things not seen. For the amazing thing about the universe is that it exists, not that we can discuss its existence. All real spirituality is a testimony to this world as much as the other: the material universe does exist. The Cosmos still quivers to its topmost star from that great kick that Mr. Johnson gave the stone when he defied Berkeley. The kick was not philosophy, but it was religion.

Now the mystics around me had not this lively faith that things are fantasies because they are facts. They wanted, as all magicians did, "to control the elements"; to *be* the Cosmos. They wanted the stars to be their omnipresent eyes, for instance; and therefore they favored twilight, and all the dim and borderland mediums in which one thing melts into another, in which a man can be as large as Nature and, what is worse, as impersonal as Nature. But I never was properly impressed with the mysticism of twilight, but rather by the riddle of daylight, as huge and staring as the Sphinx. I felt it in bare, big buildings against blue, high houses gutted and still empty, great blank walls washed with warm light as with a monstrous brush. One seemed to have come to the back of everything. And everything had that strange and high indifference that belongs only to things that are. You see I have not said what I meant; but if you admit that my head and the post are equally wonderful, I give you leave to say that they are equally wooden!

G. K. CHESTERTON.

A Study in Contrasts

MORRIS was engaged in sorting and filing his newspaper clippings when I called to see him the other night. He is a veteran journalist who reads, or at any rate, skims through, goodness only knows how many periodicals. He says when I ask him why in the world he needs so many clippings, on so many and so varied subjects, that he is engaged in beginning the "graveyard" for the Catholic daily that some day is going to appear. Every big newspaper, of course, finds it indispensable to collect and systematically file away all sorts of clippings and articles and reports. This collection, in journalese, is always called either the "graveyard," or the "morgue," I suppose because the "obituaries" of many people, more or less prominent, are kept therein, canned, as it were, awaiting their more or less interesting deaths.

My friend Morris is a middle-aged, getting-to-be-elderly bachelor who for thirty years or more has drifted to and fro about the country working in various capacities on daily newspapers. Of late years, however, he has stuck pretty closely to San Francisco, as he has a theory that its fog is "good for rheumatism." When it is pointed out that the general opinion is that fog is bad for rheumatism, he smiles, rather contemptuously, with a sort of patient pity for human ignorance and obstinacy, and shakes his big, bald head. Then he slowly fills and lights a pipe, if the occasion happens to find him unfortified, and begins—but I will spare you his harangue. I think Morris is preparing a great work, his *magnum opus,* a sort of huge "Dictionary of Erroneous Opinions." There is a strong dash of the reformer and crotchety critic in his nature; in fact, if he had not —rather suddenly, and I suspect, rather curiously—happened to be converted to Catholicism, he might have founded some queer sect, or political party, of his own. But of late he has grown steadily more tolerant in most matters; but equally as confirmed in his views in other things; these latter things, I notice, being those closely connected with his new-found faith. He has had such an extraordinarily comprehensive sort of experience of life, and his own temperament is so unusual, that I find him the most interesting person I know, and I often go to talk with him.

"Now here's a corker!" he cried, as I entered his smoky, book-stuffed room high up on Russian Hill. "Cut it out of the *Examiner* today. Run your eye over that, my boy, and fill your pipe."

He handed me a newspaper clipping which contained two "stories," as we newspapermen term all news articles. The headline of the first ran as follows: "Catholic Teachers in Annual Session." The headline of the other was this: "Course in Honesty is Urged for Schools." In substance, the first item briefly related the events marking the first day's business of the Catholic Teachers' Institute, which had been attended by four or five hundred "Sisters and Christian Brothers, teachers of the parochial schools," who had heard addresses by the Archbishop, a Professor of the Catholic University, and several others. The second item ran as follows:

An appeal for a Department of Morals anl Ethics in the Public Schools has been made by Mrs. Frank Harris, President of the Mothers' Congress, in a letter to the special Government commission which is conducting a survey of the local school system. Mrs. Harris believes that graft and dishonesty are increasing in American public life, and that this is due to the lack of definite moral instruction in the public schools. She is carrying on an agitation in the Mothers' Congress and Parent-Teachers' Associations, with a view to arousing a public sentiment which will compel the Board of Education to provide such a department.

"Very interesting—quite a study in contrasts," I remarked.

"Ex-actly!" cried Morris, using his favorite form of exclamation when excited. "Ex-actly! You know it, and so do I; but I wonder if you feel it as keenly as I? I don't think you do, unless you happened to have gone to the Cathedral yesterday? No? Didn't think of it, eh? Well, I was there. Fortunately, I have a good deal of time at my own disposal, so of course, when I heard that the nuns and Christian Brothers and pastors of the city were to assemble at Mass before the opening of the Institute I determined to be there. You see, my boy, I've only been attending Mass for a few years. I've got to make up as much as possible for the forty years or so I didn't hear Mass.

"I'm a Welshman, by descent, and the Welsh are supposed to be like the Irish in susceptibility to supernatural things. Which is at least one commonly received opinion that chances to be right. But although Wales itself is now a sort of huge Methodist camp-meeting, time was when the Faith ruled there, as, please God, it will again some day, and deep down in every Welshman, no matter how thick his layer of Methodism, there is a Catholic door to his soul, which door is his predisposition to supernatural influences. I mention all this to explain, if it does, why it was that on entering the Cathedral yesterday, after the Canon had begun, I was moved very, very deeply. Ranked before the high altar, pew behind pew, knelt our Sisters; the Christian Brothers were in the sanctuary. The Archbishop was kneeling in the center, the bell was ringing, and the celebrant was bowing under the weight of the tremendous words of the consecration: the Lord was uniting His Eternity with our time. . . .

"The holy rites proceeded; then his Grace entered the pulpit, and to the 500 women and men who had given all to follow Christ, and who under His guidance were expending their entire selves, all their forces, all their talents, all their lives, to teach little children, he preached duty, and right, and justice, and love, and the sacrifice and the consecration of life to these things, yes, but also to more than these high, holy things, to the Living God whom they dimly yet so surely proclaim, and from whom they come!

"And I thought—ah, my friend, I thought many things, far more than I can tell you! I thought of my own boyhood, in a public school. I thought of the millions of souls that in these crowded days pass through the public schools. I thought of how true it is that the goodness of God, and God Himself, is everywhere. Therefore, that which is good in the system of the public school, that which is useful in preparing boys and girls to be men and women of honesty and kindness and goodness proceeds from God, and will work His will to good. Yes! But I thought also how my soul was stunted and starved, because God was not taught in the public school which I attended, God was not served and manifested as He is by these sanctified men and women, our Catholic teachers. There was, in the school of my unfortunate boyhood, no pervading and impregnating atmosphere of faith and service and love; there was no firm, undeviating, demonstrated, final system of morality; nor is the state of the public school better today; it is worse, and must continue to grow worse unless God is acknowledged, taught, served as the first, indispensable principle of all education.

"Do I bore you? I know a convert is apt to wax excited where Catholics of birth and tradition and training calmly see and accept things that are matters of course to them. But don't you become just a bit too matter-of-fact and unemotional and unexcited? Don't you sometimes forget what you are doing for your country with your Catholic schools? Believe an old newspaperman when he says that his experience proves to him that the great trouble of the times is hunger and thirst, a slow starvation, a malnutrition of the soul. Men and women are good at bottom, for at bottom they are immortal spirits, God made them, and they must be good, and only that which is good will be useful to them and satisfy them and make them joyous and at peace. But they are mostly cut off from the source of their true food by ignorance and error and the fog-banks fuming from the seas of evil where the spirit of darkness dwells. But we who are Catholics know that the source of the food and light which they crave is the Church of Christ; and that His religion is not merely going to church on Sundays; it is life itself; life sanctified by Him; and we know our schools are part of His work.

"In fact, my boy, if Mrs. Frank Harris only knew it, the Department of Morals and Ethics which she so correctly desires to see established, is already working—in the Catholic school. But I see you are smiling again at the convert. Let's talk about the Conventions. If Teddy——"

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The Call to the Colors

THE first New York regiment to leave the city in answer to the call to arms was the Sixty-ninth. Fifth Avenue and the side streets through which the khaki columns passed on their way to entrainment at the New York Central yards were lined with cheering people. Flags waved, handkerchiefs fluttered, and here and there along the line of march a quiet woman wept. For there was a tone of seriousness and reserve running through the enthusiasm that greeted New York's fighting Sixty-ninth. On the Cathedral steps a real "Mother Machree" epitomized the situation, as only an Irish mother could: "God send it won't be

war; but if it is, there's many of the poor lads will not be coming back again, and what will their mothers do?"

The night of June twentieth, the men of the regiment slept in their armory. Early in the morning of the twenty-first, the "assembly" rang out and the ranks filled. Bishop Hayes entered the armory with Father Duffy, the regimental chaplain, as the band played "The Wearing of the Green," and more than a thousand men in khaki shouted themselves hoarse. The cheering ceased, and Bishop Hayes, the official representative of the Church that had mothered most of these soldiers and taught them what true love of country means, began to speak. He expressed the regret of the Cardinal at his inability to be present in person, and reminded these khaki-clad sons of the Church that they were not bent on a war of aggression:

> "This is no war of conquest," said the Bishop, "but a mission to uphold the dignity and the honor of your country and your homes. On such a mission it is fitting that we should ask the blessing of Almighty God, and we may feel secure that it will be granted to men in such a mission as is yours. God bless you all."

With the blessing of their Church upon them, the olive-drab ranks filed out of the armory. The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the crowds that jammed sidewalks, roofs, and windows cheered heartily. "We're with you, Sixty-ninth." "You're the Boys!" "Oh! You Irishmen!" "Hats off to Father Duffy," were a few of the greetings echoed from the shouting throngs. For New Yorkers love the Sixty-ninth. They have every reason to. It is New York's fighting regiment, and its record is a proud one. The Sixty-ninth has *never* lost a *flag*. That means something if you know anything about soldiering, and glance at the big granite slabs, inset at either end of the armory façade, where the Sixty-ninth's battle honors are writ in stone—Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Cold Harbor. Surely a stirring roll. So it was not surprising that the cheering crowds cast curious looks at the Stars and Stripes borne aloft by the color-sergeant, a towering Celt with firm-set chin and fighting eye. For the staff that bore the flag these men were serving, as their sires had served it before them, was covered by dozens of silver rings, each bearing an inscription of battle or campaign in which the Sixty-ninth had served.

Viewing the marching columns, this fair June morning, the mind harked back to other days, to the first chapter in the history of this military organization that stands for all that is best in Irish martial vigor, and true Catholic patriotism, true because it is Catholic. It was the spring of '61. The nation was in the first awful pangs of civil war. Not long before, there had been a disgraceful outburst of fanatical bigotry, fomented by Know-nothingism and Native Americanism. It is the most un-American page in American history. The Colonel of the Sixty-ninth, Michael Corcoran, was then under military arrest for refusing to parade his regiment in honor of a foreign prince. His refusal was the occasion for an outburst of vituperation akin in sentiment to the vaporings of the Guardians of Liberty who up to the present have not rallied to the Flag they love so dearly. Great patriots these, brave guardians of liberty who hate the race and creed of the men who make up the majority of the fighting Sixty-ninth! A short time before those days of national stress and strain, a narrow Governor of Massachusetts, under the license of his official position, had deprived the Irish military companies in Boston, of their arms and disrupted their organization. It was the day of the patriots whose patriotism burst into flames that lit up the darkness of New England skies, and left the Charleston Ursuline Convent a mass of charred ruins, black as the hearts of the cowardly incendiaries. But when the call to arms came in '61, the men of an outraged race and creed, both in New York and Boston were among the first to rally to the defense of the Flag. Under the shadow of old St. Patrick's, the Sixty-ninth formed ranks, nearly two thousand strong. After Mass within its hallowed walls, these Catholic soldiers fell into line, and swung down Broadway on the march to the front.—The first morning in camp, it was Corpus Christi, a fortnight ago, found the Sixty-ninth of today kneeling, in a rain-soaked field, at Holy Mass. How strangely real Catholic patriots act!

Sitting in the office of the *Metropolitan Record*, the diocesan organ, on that spring day of '61, was New York's great Archbishop, John Hughes, who blessed them as they marched by. An old New Yorker told me he was in the room with Archbishop Hughes that day, and as the first Blue line appeared, Father "Tom" Mooney, the regimental chaplain, left the command, hurried into the office of the *Record*, and kneeling before the Archbishop said: "Your blessing, Archbishop, on the flag and on the regiment." He then rejoined the tramping column. History repeats! Did you see the Sixty-ninth swing by the Cathedral, on June 21, 1916? "Eyes right," commanded Colonel Conley. "Eyes right" repeated the company commanders. And turning their heads the soldiers greeted a group of black-robed priests standing on the Cathedral steps, in their midst, the representative of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York with his hand raised to bless them.

Massachusetts repeats the story of New York. Of the four infantry regiments from the Bay State—the Second, Fifth, Eighth and Ninth—practically all the men of the Ninth are Catholics, and a goodly proportion of the Fifth and Eighth. Sixty priests from various religious orders and the diocesan clergy were detailed to hear the soldiers' confessions at the State Camp, Framingham, where 3,000 soldiers attended a Field Mass on June 25. The Bay State has the honor of leading the movement of all the State troops to the Mexican border. On June 26, the War Department received a report from the Massachusetts State Camp at Framingham, announcing that the entire Second Brigade of four regiments was entrained, ready to move, and that the Ninth Infantry (The Catholic Ninth) had left for El Paso, at 11.10. Yet neither the Ninth Massachusetts nor the Sixty-ninth New York belong to so-called patriotic organizations whose patriotism finds expression in bigotry or calumny against fellow citizens of other religious beliefs. Strange, when the call to the Colors came, they were the first to answer. The self-styled patriots, Guardians of Liberty, members of Charities Commissions, who are so fearful for the welfare of our Government, whenever a campaign of calumny is in vogue, are very conspicuous by their absence from a campaign that has drawn real men from office and store, to the dog tent and the hardships of the field. While mobilization was on, and troop trains were moving and the rumble of caissons was heard in the city parks, a group of so-called prominent citizens commended the Mayor of New York for his patriotic stand in a recent travesty on justice called the Charities Investigation. On the muster rolls of the departing regiments you will not find the names of the signers of the commendatory letter. No wonder! Only the names of the soldiers, true patriots are found on regimental muster rolls. I looked for the name of Mrs. Zenas Burns in the commendatory letter. It was not there. She is the wife of a veteran of the Civil War, and the names of her four boys are on the roster of Company B, Sixty-ninth Regiment. "It is their duty, and I suppose they ought to go," was her only comment.

Yes, it is their duty; and the Church that taught them their duty, and sent them off khaki-clad a week ago, is the Church that was attacked by the Charities Committee. The armchair patriots who led the attack, to save the State from Catholic aggression, did not feel uneasy in their comfortable homes, when khaki-clad Catholics followed the Flag to the Mexican border. Of course it is only an incident, but it is worth noting. It shows where true patriotism lies. GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

The French Prisoners of War

ALTHOUGH, while the war lasts, we cannot expect a full account of the manner of life followed by prisoners detained in German camps, we are better informed on the subject than we were a year ago. As regards the French soldiers in particular, much valuable information may be gleaned from the reports, published in French, by the *Mission Catholique Suisse* of Fribourg. The members of the organization are permitted by the German Government to visit the prison-camps, and their reports are strictly authentic. The Abbé Devaux, their chief delegate, during the year 1915, visited 169 camps or hospitals, all of them at least once, many of them several times. As he was commissioned to distribute the money collected by the Cardinals of Paris and of Lyons, he was brought into touch with the charitable institutions which have been organized in the camps by the prisoners.

From the very outset it became evident that the charitable assistance extended to our prisoners would have to be established on a fair and regular footing. The mere fact of being a prisoner does not change human nature, and as a consequence some prisoners, in the beginning, succeeded in securing an undue share of clothes and money, while others, more timid and scrupulous, got nothing. This evil was happily counteracted by the wise and charitable activity of certain prisoners, who, being wealthier, better-educated, possessed of higher principle and more capable than their comrades, put the distribution of money and provisions on an equitable basis. These efficient leaders were generally priests, seminarians, non-commissioned officers, landed proprietors and engineers, men who had been accustomed to work methodically for the benefit of others. They urged that a fund be regularly established in the camps and a system of mutual assistance that would create a closer link between the prisoners. These associations, founded by the more fortunate on behalf of the more needy, have often enabled the latter to bridge over the anxious time of waiting for assistance from outside. Another advantage of such organizations was the fact that the leaders of the work, being actually on the ground, were better fitted than passing visitors to discriminate between real and fictitious poverty.

At present, societies and associations, with different names but the same object, exist in all the camps. Their resources are slender, but they are eked out by assistance from the *Mission Suisse*. At Lauban, for instance, an association called *La Fraternelle* is supplied by subscriptions made by more fortunate prisoners, by gifts taken from parcels received from home, and by provisions and money sent by the French Red Cross. At Stuttgart, a capable adjutant directs a flourishing *Caisse de Secours*, that is in excellent working order, although supported only by the voluntary contributions of certain generous prisoners. At Lageuzata collections are made in the chapel for the poorest soldiers; at Würzburg the happy recipient of a parcel from home pays from two and one-half to five cents to the charitable fund of the camp. At Niederwehren a group of seminarians started a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. The *Fraternelle* at Lauban is directed by a committee which meets every first Sunday in the month; its members undertake to discover the neediest soldiers, to examine into their wants, and to report the result of their inquiries at the monthly meeting. At Stuttgart the delegates of the *Caisse de Secours* do the same. In the beginning they had to take care of 200 soldiers who were in absolute want; in course of time, however, some of them were provided with "godmothers," others were enabled to correspond with their families and so to procure help, in which case the committee withdrew its assistance and transferred it to the soldiers who come from provinces held by the Germans and hence are cut off from all hope of aid from relatives. Food and clothing are distributed in preference to money; the money collected at Niederwehren-Capel is expended on bread; at Holzminden clothes are given; at Parchim the *Caisse de Secours* has, since October, 1915, distributed 1,000 shirts, 1,000 caps, 1,000 pieces of underwear and 500 towels. At one of the Münster camps a Committee of Charity, with the help of the Bishop of Lille, who gave about $100, furnished wine, milk and broth to weak and ailing prisoners. The *Caisse de Secours* at Stuttgart, founded in 1914, had expended by last July over $750 for articles of clothing, linen and food. This excellently worked fund has been considerably helped by the *Mission Suisse*, which, between March and July, 1915, sent about $325 and 120 boxes of bread to the Stuttgart Committee. At Ohrdrüf the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, founded in the camp, had, last July, already given away food and clothing to the value of about $315. At Münster, in Camp III, the more wealthy prisoners have founded an *Association de Prêts Mutuels*, a bank where small sums are lent, without interest, to the poorer prisoners. The latter promise to pay back the money fifteen months after they have recovered their freedom. Again, at Münster, in Camp I, a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul is flourishing; not only do its members give material aid to their needy clients, but, faithful to the spirit of their association, they exercise a useful moral influence, and, when allowed to do so, visit sick soldiers in hospitals, encourage and assist them in a great variety of ways.

These different institutions alleviate the misery of thousands of prisoners, and at the same time stimulate the activity and charity of their promoters, so that we may safely say that these charitable efforts benefit the helpers not less than those whom they assist. The moral weariness of the better-educated soldiers is harder to bear than their material privations. These committees, associations and charitable funds give an outlet to the powers of organization, initiative and business capacity of lawyers, tradesmen, engineers, merchants and landed proprietors, who are condemned by their imprisonment to forced inactivity, which is in itself a heavy trial. The delegates of the *Mission Suisse* fully recognize the businesslike organization of these different institutions, frequently give them monthly allowances, and in cases of pressing need help them tide over temporary difficulties. The beneficiaries themselves derive much profit from the associations, even apart from the fact that their material necessities are wisely and practically relieved, for they are brought to feel the moral influence of men who are willing and anxious to be their friends in every sense of the word. They also learn to appreciate the strength that comes from united and common action, a strength that individual initiative can never possess.

One of the greatest privations suffered by the better-educated prisoners is the lack of reading matter. This need is supplied from without. A learned society, the *Société Bibliographique*, has undertaken to send books to the French prisoners, which, thanks to the good offices of the Swiss and Spanish authorities, are duly delivered. The prisoners' gratitude is warmly expressed: "Your books," says one, "will be valuable companions"; "They will cheer my dismal days," writes another; "Your books help to encourage and cheer us"; again, "Thanks in the name of your happy readers. We should be glad to receive some Saints' Lives." Many officers express a wish to have books that treat of religious subjects, others make use of their enforced leisure to study a particular branch of science.

A soldier-priest once said to me, alluding to the religious revival that has been fanned into flames by the war: "Many of our soldiers at the front will lose their anti-religious prejudices and return to the Church, but it is, I believe, from the prison-camps of Germany, even more than from the front, that we may expect the builders of a new and better France." Events would seem to be bearing out his prediction.

B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Conditions among the Afflicted Syrians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the instruction of those who are interested in the Eastern peoples, kindly permit me to make the following citation from a letter written in Cairo, Egypt, on March 24, by a Syrian friend, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Darien:

> We send you our blessings asking the Almighty to keep you in good health.
>
> It is with deepest regret that we announce to you the latest news from our dear countrymen. There is sorrow in every heart on account of the death of all our nearest relatives and friends. Four bishops have been exiled; three were executed and many priests and well-known people have disappeared. The Patriarch himself was summoned to appear before the "War Tribunal" and has not returned to his people. Mt. Lebanon is blockaded and no food is permitted to be sent to the poor people. Recently we received samples of the food distributed by the Turkish authorities. It was composed of oats, corn and peas mixed with sand. Many people who partook of this stuff were taken ill, ulcers breaking out on their bodies. No fewer than 100,000 persons have died of starvation, and to complete Mt. Lebanon's misery the locusts have devastated that region, destroying the crops for two successive years. The Government has confiscated horses, cows and in fact all domestic animals, either for use in the war or for food.
>
> If any person wishes to leave Mt. Lebanon to seek work or food elsewhere, he must give a bond for a large amount and procure a certificate from an official. This must be renewed every week, and at each renewal a fee is exacted. Should a person go to Beirut for food he is punished by imprisonment. Private papers have been confiscated and every person whose name appeared therein in any connection with France or England, before the war or during it, is sentenced to death or exile.
>
> We have petitioned the Holy Father and the American Ambassador to intercede for our people but as yet we have received no response. Here in Egypt we are doing our best for them and we have written to friends in various countries begging them to send help to the starving Syrians. We hope too that our people in America will take pity on their friends and relatives at home.
>
> Our hand trembles as we write this letter but our faith is in God.
>
> We bless you again and again and implore God to protect you.

This, I believe, is the latest authentic account of the conditions that obtain among the afflicted Syrians.

Buffalo. J. G.

Priestly Ministrations in France

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As is well known, there is in France a law which provides that no one shall secure the services of a priest without personally stating this desire. If anyone is too ill to send the summons, the patient may die without the ministrations of the Church. In these days of war, the law works with exceptional cruelty. In consequence, a benevolent plan has been evolved which is now giving comfort to thousands of men at the front. A small pamphlet with prayers for Mass and other Catholic prayers has been published, under the name of "Vade Mecum du Soldat." On the inside of the cover are printed in French the following word :

> In the name of the liberty of conscience promised by the law of 1903 (Article 1), which reads thus: "The Republic guarantees liberty of conscience," I declare that I belong to the Catholic religion. . . . At the military hospital I desire to be visited by the priest and to receive all his priestly ministrations. In case of accident or grave illness, I demand that the Catholic priest shall be with me. If I die, I wish the prayers of the Catholic Church and religious burial.

The following words are subjoined in capital letters, "This is my express wish." The soldier then signs his full name, the number of his company, regiment, battalion or garrison. Catholic soldiers leaving for the front accept these leaflets most gratefully. The soldier carries it on his person.

The well-known Catholic Paris newspaper *La Croix* has taken charge of this praiseworthy work, receives contributions of money, and is now sending thousands of these leaflets to the front. A dollar sent to the newspaper office ensures the distribution of one hundred copies. Contributions sent to *La Croix* may be marked the *Département des Saines Lectures pour les Soldats.*

Boston. J. G. R.

Is It True?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The author of the essay on "Body and Mind," which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for June 24, closed his commentary on modern life by asserting his belief, that some who read his essay will brand it as pessimism. In holding the mirror up to nature he made no attempt, even feeble, to deceive, but invited all to a careful inspection of the image reflected. But how unfortunate that he should have conveyed to weak minds the suggestion that what he had written in such an interesting manner, and with a degree of fidelity to existing conditions, is pessimistic. His mental stature, and his known scholarship, surely qualify him to speak with unquestioned authority on public topics, and we might well hope for a stronger conclusion to a sterling essay, than the one which the author employed. If it be not heresy, that were better whispered than shouted, I cheerfully add my feeble word of approval to all that the doctor wrote in his admirable essay, and express the hope that he may live long to teach to the world much-needed lessons in correct thought and living.

The fact that our interests at the present time are largely material, and are sharply characterized by ultra-emphasis of the sense-element, indicates a condition of intellectual dishonesty, which makes us less than amateurs in the art of living. Thought is not burdensome, but the process has unfortunately become irksome. Educated men are proving this by their lives, and the man who thinks, and speaks the truth as he sees it, gets the solid opposition of the "Amalgamated Societies of Expedients and Pussyfooters." But their assaults are about as efficacious as a fusilade of spit-balls against the side of a battleship. To one not devoid of the sense of humor, it is amusing, and at the same time pitiable, to witness intellectual and physical activity spent in a fruitless endeavor to obscure or destroy truth. Youth despises old age; and age, evident and marked, tries to counterfeit youth. Culture is old-fashioned and somewhat of an impediment, because it operates against the doctrine of "the main chance." Refinement is enfeebling, because it emphasizes the superiority of the mind over the body; courtesy is superfluous, for the reason that we cannot be successful "Buccaneers," and practise consideration for others.

In times when the value of illustrations and pictures, as potent aids to the attention, is recognized and extensively employed, we cannot mistake the popularity of sense-perception as a means to an end. If we no longer love thought for itself or its results, does the fault of our intellectual defects and intellectual dishonesty lie in our distaste of the process, or in the inferior quality of the media which we employ to simulate a habit, of which too many of us are never consciously guilty?

Dorchester, Mass. J. D. RUSSELL.

AMERICA

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"Superstition-Ridden Barracks"

IN addition to the *Masses* and a few similar publications, New York also harbors a somewhat pretentious weekly, the *New Republic*, a very Autolycus of magazines. The noblest feature of this publication is its beautiful format. The sober presentation of accurate thinking does not enter within its province; its "views," for the most part, are juvenile, half-baked, and frightfully unoriginal. Witness the following stately paragraph, an echo caught from the mouthings of a paid slanderer, afraid to sign his name:

> The Roman Catholic Church, if it has any sense of its own prestige or any knowledge of the temper of the American people, will not make itself the defender of the ill-ventilated, lousy, and superstition-ridden barracks in which so many helpless children are denied a child's happiness. If it regards an attack upon lice, malnutrition, foul air, exploitation, and black ignorance as an attack upon religion, then it is in all literal truth blaspheming God.

Edited by mere Papists, AMERICA cannot hope to rival the *New Republic* in refinement of thought, felicity of epithet, charm of style, or studious regard for the truth. Comment, therefore, will not be attempted, save to point out the significance of the single adjective, "superstition-ridden." AMERICA thanks the *New Republic* for the word. It reveals perfectly the motives which prompted the recent shameless attacks upon the Catholic institutions of New York.

Father Damien's Latest Champion

IN a series of excellent papers on Hawaii, which Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould is contributing to *Scribner's Magazine*, there occurs an article about the leper settlement on the Island of Molokai, where Father Damien, whom Stevenson's famous "Open Letter" made known to the literary world, gave his life for his flock. The homage that Mrs. Gerould, who is not a Catholic, pays that heroic priest is an admirable refutation of a slander that was published some three months ago, when a writer in the *Scientific American* charged Father Damien with purposely contracting leprosy, because he had an overweening ambition to become a martyr. The calumny was run to earth in an article that appeared in the *Catholic Mind* for May 22, but Mrs. Gerould's paper, which attacks Stevenson for leaving a stain on Damien's character, is a thorough rehabilitation of the priest and a eulogy of the work the Church is doing for the lepers of Kalaupapa. She writes:

> In Honolulu, where the truth always co-existed with gossip, Damien has his rights. His name is no household word, but at least he is not, I fancy, scandalously thought of. But for a wider circle, Stevenson and the unfortunate Doctor Hyde, between them, have managed to malign Father Damien almost beyond redress. Most of us know about Damien solely from that unhappy controversy. It cannot be too firmly or too often reiterated that Damien suffered an unmystical and truly glorious martyrdom without breaking one of his priestly vows. Dirty he was, apparently, as Stevenson says repeatedly in his magnificent polemic. Certainly he did not carry a bottle of lysol in his pocket; if he had, he would doubtless never have been, in the technical sense, a martyr. He worked incessantly for the health of the Settlement: for pure water, for clean houses, for sanitation, as any one not an expert could have understood it in the '70's and '80's. Damien, remember, was the first member of any religious body to concern himself with the purgatory—for no one pretends that Kalaupapa was a paradise then. And because there was no toil that he disdained, he worked with the lepers to build them houses, running the constant risk—a risk that in some unknown, unrecognized moment fulfilled itself fatally—of inoculation. The "torn and bleeding fingers" of the carpenter-priest encountered, over tools and timbers, the stumps and sores of his flock; and for Damien it can always have been only a question of time—only a question of time before that memorable day when, after a difficult exploration of the cañon of the great cliff (in search of pure water-supply for the Settlement), he drew his shoes off his tired feet, found one heel bleeding and lacerated, *and felt no pain.* . . .
>
> No one with taste can regret Stevenson's "Open Letter"; it is one of the finest polemics we have. But it is a pity that Stevenson's hero should have been also his victim, and ironic that Stevenson, in the end, should have seemed to agree (for I think most people read it that way) with Doctor Hyde and "the man in the Apia bar-room." Stevenson makes us all feel with him, for the moment, that even if the scandal is true it does not matter; but from the moment that the scandal is not true it does matter immensely. There is all the difference in the world between a good man and a saint; between excusable human frailty and superhuman self-control. The leashes are off, the bars are down, then, for our enthusiasm, and Damien's very grave, hushed and shaded and small, beside his Kalawaco church, becomes a different thing.
>
> To the Sisters, too, Stevenson's is but a squinting tribute. Catholicism was never dear to him: whenever he comes face to face with Rome, whether it is François Villon writing the "Ballade pour sa Mère" or the Franciscan Sisters disembarking at Kalaupapa, his admiration halts, his mouth is wry. He thinks them saintly poor-creatures; he boggles over the pass-book kept with heaven. To him who does not love, it is seldom given wholly to see. I do not question the authenticity of the "ticket-office to heaven." It sounds like many a mild convent joke that I have heard

from the lips of nuns. The most devout nun will talk with familiarity and gayety of the things that are most important to her; homely metaphors are on her lips for the most reverend facts. Religion is her business, and all her practical business, for her, is religion. The Pauline or the Miltonic mind may not find the Catholic practicality alluring, but the Catholic practicality is not for that any the less Christian. Of Mother Maryanne, Stevenson had nothing but good, in a little poem, to say. I love R. L. S. as much as one can love any man for style alone, and I am not tempted to quarrel with his "horror of moral beauty" that broods over Kalaupapa, or even "the population—gorgons and chimeras dire." But things have changed greatly since '89 and the days of the monarchy. In point of fact, at the present day, the moral beauty is without horror. . . .

Mrs. Gerould then describes the unwearied devotion with which Brother Joseph Dutton, the Civil War veteran, serves his afflicted charges; writes a beautiful paragraph about Mother Maryanne and the Sisters; remarks that "there is a Catholic Red Cross Society in Kalaupapa," but the "Calvinistic and Mormon pastors 'were not interested,'" and ends with the fervent aspiration: "It is cause for thanking God that the Settlement is managed by men who can make science and religion walk hand in hand."

Modern Justice

APPARENTLY it is out of date to look upon crime as anything but a disease easily remedied. The curative process is simple: appeals to honor are part of it, so too are games and entertainments and lectures. After the cure comes release from the sanatorium with consequent mischief to innocent tax-payers.

Sometimes, however, the mischief is done in the sanatorium itself. This of course is not the fault of the sick man nor of his "nurses." The stupid law is to blame. For despite the efforts of the doctors of sociology, some laws remain so perverse that they act as irritants on the patients. As a consequence, they rebel. Oreste Shillitani rebelled last week, in Sing Sing. He was once so sick that he murdered a man, and the stupid law put him in the "death house" to await the hour of retribution. While there, the patient grew steadily worse, until, in a paroxysm of moral agony, he murdered one of his defenseless nurses. Forthwith his illness took a new and convenient turn, and he fled wildly through the country. He was caught, and no sooner was he returned to the sanatorium than his illness entered upon another and most opportune phase. He became a maniac, and were it not for a cruel Governor who refused him a respite, might have lived to become an honored citizen. For sickness is a shifty thing.

But his keeper is dead, and a penniless widow and three helpless children mourn him. But what of that? Probably that is disease too; in time modern sociology will remedy it; there will be no crime, no widows, no orphans; only disease and progressive sociologists to cure it. But the latter evil will be worse than the former.

Our Misleading Language

"WHY is that book called a Breviary, Father," asked the inquisitive parishioner, "if you cannot finish it without reading the Divine Office for an hour every day throughout the year?" For a minute the priest was nonplused, but, fortunately remembering what the seminary professor once said, answered brightly: "The Breviary is so named, of course, because its contents are made up of *brief* selections from Holy Writ, *brief* lives of the Saints and *brief* sermons from the Fathers." But *Breviary* is but one of countless *lucus a non lucendo* words in our language. The noun *politician,* for example, would seem from its derivation to mean a man with a fixed, consistent policy, but no one alters his opinions and line of conduct more easily than our politicians. A person's *worth,* too, would naturally suggest the possession of sterling virtues, but the word now commonly means the quantity of earth and metal a man has succeeded in accumulating; while *temperance* is a term that prohibitionists have, by their words and deeds, quite robbed of its original meaning.

A movement should be started to restore to such words their ancient honor and to give a thousand other terms, which are now used vaguely and thoughtlessly, their real significance. *Uplift, service,* and *investigation,* for example, are words sadly in need of being clearly defined, and such expressions as the "peaceful penetration" of a country, the "taking over" of ecclesiastical property, the "strategic retreat" of an army, and the "masterly inactivity" of a statesman signify to "those who know," something quite different from that which the unsophisticated understand by the phrases. In the childhood of the world words were used, as a rule, to express thoughts clearly: nowadays many a high-sounding epithet or substantive often means the least to those who use them most. Their words instead of throwing light, only darken counsel.

Marriage by Proxy

NEW JERSEY, with a zeal for the law altogether worthy of one of the original Thirteen Colonies, is just now in a flurry of excitement over a matrimonial tangle. The perplexity was occasioned by the announcement of an engagement of marriage, made just as the happy man, a soldier, was forced by an unkind fate to set out for the border with his regiment. Immediately there arose a question about the validity of marriage by proxy. The judicial mind of New Jersey is vexed with anxiety both to settle the problem and to be forearmed with knowledge that will meet embarrassing demands. Hence City Clerks are cudgeling brains and ransacking statutes to find out what the law permits. Up to the present, however, the officials are rather ruthless and are warning prospective husbands and brides that marriage by proxy seems to be impossible in their State.

The Church is not so severe. She has always admitted that such marriages, if proper conditions are fulfilled, are valid. Her records have many instances of these nuptials. Recognizing that marriage is a contract, that the essentials of the contract are fulfilled when the man and the woman manifest consent to take each other for man and wife, and that such consent may be manifested through a representative no less certainly than by verbal or other legitimate expression made personally in the actual presence of the other contracting person, the Church has always held that marriage by proxy is a valid and, in certain cases, a licit way of contracting matrimony. Witness the Council of Trent and the recent matrimonial legislation of Pius X.

Of course the prescriptions of the natural and the positive law must be complied with, especially the *Ne Temere;* and in each particular case, the explicit permission of the Ordinary must be obtained, but all these things supposed, there is no reason why a true, internal and personal consent cannot be secured by proxy; hence there is no reason why marriage by proxy is impossible. Naturally such a manner of contracting marriage would be permitted only under exceptional circumstances and for grave reasons; but it is by no means out of the question, as seems to be the opinion in New Jersey, under stress, no doubt, of recent marriage laws.

It is true that the instances recorded in history have taken place mainly among royal persons, the classic example being that of Maximilian of Austria and Mary of Burgundy; but the puzzled City Clerks and Surrogates need not go back so far for an example, nor even to the Catholic Church, although if the Church permits anything in the matter of wedlock, the rest of the world can take courage. Less than two years ago one of New Jersey's sister States recognized the legality of a marriage contracted in the United States between an American girl and her fiancé, the latter being at the time in the East Indies. Here surely was a marriage by proxy of a very pronounced type.

The Gag Rule in Chicago

IT is a principle with thugs, petty politicians and tyrants, that the minority has no rights which the majority is bound to respect. This principle received an approbation last week which has never been paralleled since the days of the infamous carpet-bag domination in the South, when the Chicago Board of Education, headed by Jacob M. Loeb, summarily discharged sixty-eight teachers and superintendents. In but eighteen cases were these discharged teachers ranked as "inefficient"; forty-three had records ranging from "good" to "superior"; for seven, no record was given. How it was possible to drop forty-three teachers who had given satisfactory service is outlined in the Chicago *Tribune* for June 28. The account is worthy of record.

School trustees were startled at the list presented to the board by President Jacob M. Loeb. Few persons had seen the list. Just what trustees had, is not known. . . . When the secretary read the list, the trustees not "on the inside" tried vainly to write them down. . . . As soon as the secretary finished reading the list, Max Loeb moved a two weeks' postponement. Dr. Clemensen then came into the room, a few minutes late.

"May I ask," he said, "why this list was not presented to the members of the Board?"

"That's good logic," broke in Michael J. Collins.

"I am not going to be left absolutely in the dark on this," went on Dr. Clemensen. . . . "I should think that we ought to have a sight of that list."

"Who made out that list?" asked Harris W. Huehl.

"I made it out," said President Loeb.

"I know nothing of this list," interrupted Ralph C. Otis. "I don't think any person has any right to dictate who shall be dropped from our school system. There may be frightful injustice. . . ."

"Did you have suggestions from the superintendent of the schools?" asked Mr. Collins.

"I had no suggestions from the superintendent," replied Mr. Loeb.

"I believe the superintendent is selected to make such recommendations," said Mr. Huehl. "I am not willing to take the recommendation of a member who I think knows less about this matter. . . ."

"I did not have time to write down the names as they were read, I was startled so by some of them," said Mrs. John MacMahon. "There are teachers who have been marked superior for years. The question is whether or not we shall let the President select our teachers."

By steam-roller methods the Chicago Board of Education then proceeded to answer Mrs. MacMahon's question in the affirmative, as teacher after teacher, regardless of record, was dropped by a bare partisan majority vote.

Let us hear no more of Star-Chamber methods, of the Committee of Seven, of the tyranny of doges or of the tortuous methods of the Spanish Inquisition. All have been outdone by the Chicago School Board. Is this the new Americanism of which our reformers and our "advanced" journals have been boasting?

LITERATURE

Guiding the Stream

TRUTH and virtue triumph by their own inherent beauty and power. Error and vice, on the contrary, never win their victories solely on account of the elements of evil and decay which they hold, but rather because of the factors for good which they unconsciously retain, and which in the eyes of the multitude frequently offset their destructive and immoral tendencies. If Lutheranism has made any conquests, it owes them in no small measure to the forceful character and personality of its protagonist and champion, the apostate monk of Wittenberg. When we try to gauge the startling influence which he has exercised on his own country and on the world at large, it is impossible to apply to him his own theory of human nature and maintain that his character was entirely depraved and corrupt.

Two studies of Luther are before us, one, a monograph by Professor Heinrich Böhmer, of the University of Marburg, (*Luther in Light of Recent Research:* New York, The Christian

Herald) the other, the fifth volume of the "Martin Luther" of Father Hartmann Grisar, S.J. (St. Louis, Herder). The Jesuit and the Lutheran professor readily agree that the standard-bearer of the Reformation had eminent qualities to which he owed much of his success. He was fiery of temperament, iron-willed of purpose, irresistible in his march towards any given end. He was frank and outspoken, often brutally so, and when his cause was at stake, could be self-sacrificing and disinterested. His nature ever held in reserve vast, almost inexhaustible stores of energy and power. In everything he did he worked with his whole heart and soul. In his virtues and defects, he was, as he himself expressed it, German to the core. With rare exceptions, the national character has not produced a more complete representative. He had a tinge of that idealism and mysticism so often found in his countrymen. Fierce to almost demonic fury towards his enemies, he was tender-hearted towards those whom he loved, and the ardent controversialist and agitator who plunged Germany into war, could shelter a drooping violet from the north wind or romp in sport with his children. Few men knew better how to reach the popular ear and heart, or wield with more force, that which is an irresistible weapon when deftly used, the strength and power of the native tongue. Father Grisar recognizes the "unquestionable excellence" of Luther's translation of the Bible from the standpoint of the language. He as readily pays homage to the melody and strength of his hymns. A mere glance at these two studies of Luther will convince the reader that the Jesuit historian has followed a more modern and more critical method than the Marburg professor. The Marburg historian does not give his readers the opportunity of verifying his statements. With very few exceptions, he has not charted his pages with the lights and buoys of reference, authority and citation. We are left to our own unaided effort to trace the tangled maze of statement and fact. Not so Father Grisar. Every statement almost is backed by some extract from the Reformer's writings or by some reference to standard authorities. Luther is made to tell his own story, to unmask his doubts, his terrors, and those compunctious visitings of a disturbed conscience which seem at one time at least, to have made his life a torture. Luther's soul is laid bare to the reader. It is at times a dismal and terrifying revelation. As a psychological study of the Reformer, this fifth volume of Father Grisar's work is invaluable. The criticism is searching, the exposition orderly and clear, the judgment balanced and given without passion or exaggeration. The writer everywhere avoids the harsh language of Denifle, though as thorough and even more methodical than the learned Dominican in sifting evidence. Father Grisar stands by his documents. In the case of mere conjectures and surmises, as for instance the supposed immorality of Luther before his marriage with Catherine Bora, he faithfully follows here the standard set down in the second volume (pp. 188-189) where he studied that question. He admits no evidence against the Reformer which would not be received as proof in a court of law. Professor Böhmer, though a serious historian, does not seem to have set himself such a severe standard. His treatment of the disgraceful story of the bigamy of the Landgrave of Hesse leaves something to be desired, both in regard to accuracy of statement and the correctness of the inferences which he draws. The permission granted to the immoral princeling to marry Margaret von der Saale, while the Landgravine was still alive, and the pitfall of mendacity and deception into which it led the Reformer, is one of the foulest blots on his doctrine and his name.

After reading the life of this extraordinary man, the reader will naturally ask: How is it that Luther has so profoundly influenced the history of the world? He was not an original thinker. He has nowhere given us a complete, methodical and reasoned synthesis of doctrine. He is inconsistent, illogical; he is not afraid to contradict today the statements of yesterday. His teaching that human nature is entirely depraved by original sin, and consequently that man sins in everything he does, even in the act of justification, destroys the freedom of the will, and leads to recklessness, atheism, despair. The great body of doctrine taught by him, which makes God the author of sin, which affirms that His precepts are an intolerable burden, thus opening up spacious avenues to crime, which declares that Faith alone is necessary and sufficient for salvation, is so unnatural and opposed to the teaching of Christ and the natural law, that it seems incredible that Christians could ever have believed it. His cardinal principle of the supremacy of the individual's private judgment, leads to the contempt of all authority, human and divine. The coarseness of his life, the obscenity of his "Table-Talk," the unutterable filth of his caricatures against the Papacy the one institution which he hated most in life and which he constantly battled to destroy, his titanic pride, his unrestrained temper, his lack of personal dignity, little became one who was to reform the Church and the age. Yet he is a world-power. What is his secret?

The sixteenth century was ripe for a reformer. A reformation was undoubtedly necessary, not in the doctrines or the Faith of the Church, but in morals. A pretext may have been found for the great religious upheaval, in the rivalries of religious Orders, and the occasional abuse of indulgences. But the movement could with far stronger reason be attributed to the general corruption of morals, the striking character of some of the leaders of the revolt, and the appeal they made to the unruly passions of princes and people. And the way had been unfortunately too well prepared for the destructive march of the cohorts of error who were to follow the standard and the battle-cry of the "monk of Wittenberg." As far back as the fourteenth century, worldliness had crept into the sanctuary. The people at first estranged from pastors whose wealth and lax morals shocked them, soon imitated them and then disregarded their lessons and warnings. Popes, Councils, holy men tried to stem the tide. But it was gathering momentum. Even the Papacy, though never failing in its essential duty of guardian of the Faith and morality, through the removal of the Popes to Avignon and the disorders of the Great Schism of the West, had lost something of its former prestige. Spiritual allegiance was not entirely destroyed, but weakened. A false idea of nationalization crept in. States chafed in their spiritual subjection to Rome, and gradually endeavored to make the Church their tool. The movement culminated in the Renaissance. This revival of ancient learning, the Church welcomed. For she is the Mother of letters and art. But the movement was paganized, and in art and literature alike the boldest Renaissance leaders brought back to Christendom the ideals of the most decadent days of Greece and Rome. Sound scholastic studies and vigorous mental training were neglected. Where the noble mind of the Angelic Doctor had formerly guided in the search of natural and revealed truth, the unsound Occam ruled.

It was the destiny of the monk of Wittenberg to crystallize in himself all these elements of spiritual, moral, national, social, political and esthetic revolt. They were seething around him. He did not create them. He bent them to his own purpose, his own passions, his indomitable will. The torrent had been let loose. He canalized its waters and with unearthly wizardry hurried them over the land. He found willing helpers in princes anxious to lay their hands on the rich patrimony of the Church, in priests no longer men enough to bear their self-imposed yoke of chastity. He found means for the spread of his principles in his protest against the authority of the Church, in his apotheosis of the judgment of the individual as the final interpreter of revealed truth, in his doctrine of justification by faith alone, in his appeal to national animosities by his denunciation of Rome and the Papacy, which he lampooned with an

indecency and ribaldry which have never been surpassed, in his rebellion against the very spirit of the Gospel which he pretended to wrest from the corruptions of Popery. Professor Böhmer would have us look upon such a man as a "hero of civilization." Father Grisar's studies will correct such a verdict. The true hero of civilization, ennobled in his own life by personal virtues which Luther seldom manifested, never stoops to the coarse methods and passions which he so unscrupulously used.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Flight of the Earls. By TADHG O CIANAIN. Edited from the Author's Manuscript. With Translation and Notes. By Rev. PAUL WALSH, M.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

The Record Society of Maynooth has done a meritorious work in giving to the world the very words of the diary written by Tadhg (Thaig) O Cianain during the journey of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel, and Maguire of Fermanagh, with relations and retainers, to the number of ninety-five in all, from Ireland to Rome. They had fought stoutly against the rule of England and caused many an agonizing moment to Elizabeth in her declining years. But with ranks thinned by battles, with people reduced to starvation by the ravages of English soldiers, and with strife and treachery fomented by the British Government, the chieftains were forced to make their submission while the Queen lay on her gloomy death-bed, and actually signed terms of agreement after she had breathed her last. Rumors of plots on either side were rife. O'Neill and O'Donnell felt that their lives were not safe, that their possessions were coveted by greedy partisans of James, English and Scottish, and that there was no security for the practice of their religion. With a view of enlisting the sympathy and aid of the King of Spain and the Pope to their cause, they secretly set sail from Lough Swilly. A storm forced them to land in France. The opposition of the English Ambassador induced the French Government to send them to Flanders which was Spanish territory. The new King of Spain had not the same interest in Ireland or in the Catholic Faith that was manifested by Philip II. Though well treated in Flanders, the exiles plainly felt that if they wished to achieve any success they must reach the King of Spain through Rome. So from the Low Countries they rode through much of the present scene of combat, made their way into Germany, through Switzerland, Lombardy, down the shore of the Adriatic as far as Loretto, and then across the Peninsula to Rome. The author, like a good historiographer, eliminates himself and fixes his eye on the persons and doings of his chiefs, not forgetting to cast a glance at his surroundings. The churches, the mountains and the bad roads attract him most. His dislike of heretics and his admiration for Swiss love of liberty is pronounced. His narrative of facts is simple, refined, not unlike Xenophon's. Persons and scenes evoke a multiplicity of energetic, nervous adjectives, each one a stroke to complete a picture. The Four Masters belong to his school, though without allowing themselves the same latitude in their record of facts. The work seems incomplete. Perhaps more may be discovered later. P. J. D.

The Mechanism of English Style. By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.00.

The Elements of Style. By DAVID WATSON RANNIE. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $1.50.

However varied the definitions of style may be, the methods of studying it fall into two very decided groups. Imitation, in the broad sense, is the primary end of the one; appreciation, of the other. Though both schools dissect and analyze the writings of our best authors, the former do so that the student may obtain a command of the resources of style; the latter "with the aim not of learning to do something, but with the aim of learning to know something." Mr. Smith in the "Mechanism of English Style" is frankly in favor of the constructive method. He does not enter into the subtleties of the subject, but is content with stating a few broad principles that are found in all good writing. The keynote of his system is contained in a set of questions which he wishes to be applied to the selections, stylistically various, which form the greater part of his book. His insistence on few rules and much repetition is sound pedagogically and should prove helpful and inspiring.

Mr. Rannie, on the contrary, in "The Elements of Style" is decidedly of the philosophical school. "The real importance of the study of style," he says, "is not practical but scientific." He applies the test-tube and the dissecting-knife to the subject. Style is synonymous with expression, which he defines as "the translation of thought into language." The whole of expression, however, cannot be analyzed; there is an "informing mystery" in it, which can only be indicated by the word "individuality." Still there are many processes of expression, capable of being learned, and with these the book has to deal. After discussing the difference between expression in prose and poetry, a difference which, the author to the contrary notwithstanding, certainly consists in more than the absence or presence of meter, he studies the "fitness" of style as applied to the chief forms of literary composition, and its relation to words, sentences and paragraphs. Under the head of "Fashion" he makes a close analysis of that which is timeless in literature and that which is merely temporary. The last chapter is devoted to the question of the individuality, which is a part of the writer, and which the reader feels but cannot explain. The book is logical and well-arranged. F. X. T.

Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War. By VARIOUS GERMAN WRITERS. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. $2.00.

This book is a collection of essays which were published in Germany in 1915. The writers, with one exception, are professors in German and Austrian universities, many of them having served the Empire in different capacities. The one exception is a government officer, who founded the system of State functioning, which he explains in the course of his essay. The book's purpose is to reveal the historical, cultural, and social foundations of modern Germany, to visualize the mind of Germany at work. The writers tell us the things Germany is doing in the fields of science, industry, and State functions. It is an explanation of all that is implied in German *Kultur*. The true significance of *Kultur*, in relation to the civilization and progress of other peoples, and in its meaning to the Teuton, forms a separate chapter. The leaders of German thought reached the conclusion that Germany owed it to herself, to place her aims before the world; "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War" is the expression of this conclusion. The book's value lies not so much in the official papers that are cited, but rather in the fact that its pages reveal the view taken by German philosophers of Germany in relation to the world of today. While the chief purpose of the volume is to interpret Germany, it also strives to interpret Germany's Allies, and particularly Austria, to the world and to America especially. G. C. T.

My Lady's Dress. By EDWARD KNOBLAUCH; **The Apostle.** By PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON; **A False Saint.** By FRANÇOIS DE CUREL; **The Mothers.** By GEORGE HIRSCHFELD. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. $0.75 each.

This "Drama League Series of Plays" is intended to be a collection of the best obtainable works of modern dramatists, both in this country and abroad, the four dramas mentioned

above representing types from the English, French and German stage. As "My Lady's Dress" has little, if any, of that vital element, will-conflict, which above all is the essence of drama, the committee doubtless intended that the play should serve mainly as a specimen of interesting experimentation in the realm of the novel and unconventional. The opening scene centers around a lady's elaborate gown which seems destined to have a particular effect upon the relations of a husband and wife and may even exert a deciding influence over their future fortunes. The author then employs the somewhat hackneyed mechanism of the "dream-play," and embarks upon his main theme, which is concerned with the materials and making of the dress, but little dramatic unity of any kind is observed. It is not surprising that the author of "Marie-Odile" should make the major tragedies sexual, and the general trend of the dialogue and the innuendos in the dressmaker's shop are toward the salacious.

"The Apostle" approaches nearer to true dramatic standards, having as its central theme a conflict of souls and ideas, not merely bodies. The author depicts the cruel injustice done a child who is brought up with neither religion nor morality based upon religion, and draws a powerful indictment of the so-called "lay morality" that has wrought such havoc in France. The hero is Baudouin, a Senator of the Republic, a freethinking atheist who is devoting his life, honor and fortune to the "sacred cause" of republican morality! Then Nemesis lets loose the whirlwind he himself had sown, for his profligate son Octave, a Deputy, upon whom his affections had been lavished and in whom Baudouin hoped to see the finest flower of lay morality, is discovered to be the secret traitor upon whose head the party of his father is calling vengeance. The moral is driven home with power, though Professor Baker of Harvard attempts to water it down in his introduction.

"A False Saint" is proposed as a study in psychology. According to this dramatist, the convent is the proper place for disappointed lovers, hence he sends Julie Renaudin to the *Sacré Cœur* in an outburst of despair over the defection of her lover, Henri Laval. For eighteen years she wears the externals of a saint, but only as the disguise of an embittered, spiteful woman.

"The Mothers" presents another of the memorable "psychological" dramas of our time. Stage psychology nowadays consists mainly in sentimental mouthings in justification of free love, "soul mates" and easy divorce. This play runs true to form.

These plays, with the possible exception of "The Apostle," will not go far to restore the fast-waning confidence once felt for the Drama League by many who welcomed its advent, and who still sympathize with any attempt to restore true dramatic ideals to the American stage. If the committee can find no worthier plays than these for their collection, they might re-edit Shakespeare.

E. A. W.

Thinking as a Science. By HENRY HAZLITT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00

The title of this book must not be taken as an index of its character. The volume is not a scientific treatise on logic or psychology; the author does not even allow himself time to explain to his readers just what they are to include under the caption "Thinking." And even when he identifies thinking with reasoning, we cannot be sure that we have caught his full meaning, simply because he leaves us in doubt about the nature of reasoning. Some of the chapters, however, contain many helpful, practical suggestions. This is especially true of the chapters dealing with "Concentration" and "Thinking and Reading." But besides containing much that is commonplace, the book is irreparably marred by the assumption of unsound philosophic doctrines. Evolution is supposed throughout. On page 15 we find a ridiculous description of a frog, which, by means of serious thinking and mature deliberation, extricates itself from an awkward situation. And incidentally, the astonishing feat of this frog reminds us that all thinking owes its origin and evolution to adversity and to thwarted purposes. Unqualified nominalism is maintained. Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Schopenhauer, Dewey and William James appear to be the writer's favorite authors, and, quite needless to say, these are the guides recommended to unsuspecting readers.

D. J. C.

The Latchstring. By WALTER EMERSON. $2.00; **Canoeing in the Wilderness.** By HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.00.

The chief attraction for Thoreau, when he first visited Maine in 1846, was "the primitiveness and the virgin woodland of the region." Since his pioneer tour, Maine has blossomed into one of the recreation States of the country. Annually over 400,000 visitors summer there, while the income from these transitory residents forms the greatest revenue producer of the State, which realizes almost $25,000,000 yearly. Though widely differing in viewpoint and purpose, these two books agree in one thing: that Maine as a vacation land is unsurpassed.

Thoreau visited Maine with the eyes of a poet and a naturalist. The journal of his canoe trip, first published under the title of "The Maine Woods," has the graceful musings and fancies of an idyl. He shows an intimate familiarity with woodland life, a poetic insight into nature, and a painstaking power of observation. But this attention to detail often betrays him into useless digressions and narrations. In editing the latter half of "The Maine Woods," Mr. Johnson has eliminated many such minutiæ and has left it a better book. Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, has written a blustering sort of a book, replete with American boastfulness. It is none the less acceptable because it has the tone of an advertiser and promoter. When he lifts the "Latchstring" his enthusiasm compels all who have "visited or intend to visit," or would like to visit Maine, to follow him through her beauty-spots. He paints in glowing terms the grandeur of her nature and her possibilities for all manner of sports, in winter or summer. Besides this, Maine has great natural resources, and his appeal is also to the native to reap the harvest. Both books, written half-a-century apart, emphasize the fact that Maine is still as much in her pioneer days as are some of our Western States.

F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Meagher of the Sword" (Herder, $1.10) will recall to Irishmen and Americans alike the memory of a sincere patriot, a dashing soldier and impassioned orator. In the stirring days of '48, Meagher was the official tribune of the Irish nation. Mr. Arthur Griffith has collected into a volume of 350 pages the speeches delivered by the orator in Ireland from 1846 to 1848, and added his narrative of events and his personal memoirs. The eloquence of Meagher is imaginative, impassioned, picturesque. At a time when Ireland is drawing to herself the eyes and the sympathy of the world, editor and publishers have been well inspired in thus presenting to the public the writings of one of her most gallant sons.

"Are Catholics Intolerant?" asks Father Peter Finlay in the current *Catholic Mind*. "Yes," is the answer, "for the Church being the Divinely appointed guardian of the Christian Revelation cannot but combat error." The author fully explains the meaning of the principle: "Outside the Church there is no salvation," and reminds the reader how much easier it is for a Catholic to gain heaven than for anyone else. The number concludes with "Hemolysis and Man's

Descent," a convincing paper on evolution by Father Tierney. The America Press has also published a five-cent pamphlet by the Rev. Henry C. Semple, S.J., entitled "Perfect Contrition Easy." He shows the wonderful efficacy of the act and tells the Faithful how to make it. The pamphlet is a good one for the vestibule bookrack. "A Campaign of Calumny" (postpaid, $0.10), AMERICA's booklet on the New York Charities Investigation, is attracting wide attention. A mere glance at the numerous photographs in the publication proves how baseless are the charges made against the Catholic child-caring institutions.

Among recent books bearing on the European war, Preparedness, etc., is Walter Wellman's "The German Republic" (Dutton, $1.00), which is a pacifist's idle prophecy of what is to happen to the German Empire. After an affecting farewell Kaiser William sadly leaves Berlin to become Prince of Heligoland——"The Martyr's Return" (Bartlet Pub. Co., Wantogh, N. Y., $1.00), by Percival W. Wells, consists of dialogues that General Hazard, a Civil War veteran, has with the shade of Lincoln. The General, who does most of the talking, thinks this country is going straight to the dogs, and strongly urges preparedness of every description. The President is more optimistic and believes there is hope for us still.——"Louise and Barnavaux" (Lane, $1.25), by Pierre Mille, which Bérengère Drillien has translated from the French, had best been left in that language, for if the scandalous adventures described are those of the typical French soldier, the book is not calculated to win him American admirers. Helen McKie's colored pictures are good.

In "A Living from Eggs and Poultry" (Orange Judd Co., New York, $0.75) Herbert W. Brown tells how he left the city for the country, regained his health, and made a neat income by raising chickens. He tells all his mistakes and how he profited by them, gives descriptions of everything connected with a successful hennery, and offers good advice about the way to keep fowls happy and productive. Both the professional and the amateur poultry-farmer ought to find in this book much that is helpful. Illustrations abound.——Luigi Cornaro was a fifteenth-century Venetian who at forty found his health gone owing to the dissipated life he had led. Full of repentance he then began to diet himself rigorously and the new regimen made him so robust that he attained his one hundredth year. In "Discorsi della Vita Sobria" he told his countrymen how it all happened, and a new edition of the English translation has recently been published, entitled "Discourses on the Sober Life" (Crowell, $0.25).

The fifteen chapters which make up "How to Know Your Child" (Little, Brown, $1.25), by Miriam Finn Scott, bear the stamp of experience, prudence and good sense. The author has more than the usual knowledge of child-character. In certain byways of what is sometimes a *terra incognita* to many teachers, she is a safe and instructive guide. Mothers will find valuable hints as to the best means to be used in developing the finer traits of their little ones, and in checking the first seeds of evil habits. But the writer has forgotten that a great model is needed for childhood. The lessons from the life of the Divine Child of Nazareth have not been brought out. The omission makes a void in what is otherwise a useful and practical book.

Mr. Eden Philpotts in "The Human Boy and the War" (Macmillan, $1.25) has collected a number of sketches of the English boy. All of them are tinged with the war thoughts that pulse through the school, and show how completely the great conflict is dominating every phase of British life. As was to be expected from Mr. Philpotts, the characters are well drawn and have the ring of truth; but the volume is not very ambitious, and it is to be doubted if the English boy, as painted by the author, will strongly appeal to American readers.——In "The Cruise of the Jasper B." (Appleton, $1.30) Don Marquis, the New York *Evening Sun's* "columnist," has written a highly fantastic story about a humdrum reporter who suddenly inherits a fortune and thus has an opportunity to gratify to the full his thirst for adventure and romance. The book is hardly funny enough to be amusing, yet does not pretend to be a serious attempt at a novel.

In the introduction to Theodore Maynard's "Laughs and Whiffs of Song" Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton observes that "the finest poetry as such is to be found in the images and even in the very title of 'The World's Miser.'" The poem runs thus:

A miser with an eager face
Sees that each roseleaf is in place.

He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

The colors of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—well He may!—

And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.

He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,

And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearmen small.

He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to shew it as His Own,

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,

That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture books,

To shew in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

In the *Notre Dame Quarterly* for June is an anonymous poem entitled "Mystery," written in memory of a sixteen-year-old Jesuit novice who died at the end of the "long retreat" after a few days' illness. The following lines describe how he is received in heaven by his fellow-Jesuits:

We joy to think how they have welcomed you
To Jesus' Company, ere yet the tear
Had fallen from her eyes upon your bier
Who gave you first to earth and then to heaven,
Who cradled you at birth and death
In gentle arms.
Ignatius first with tender, father-pride,
And something of a mother-love beside
(Because you were so little after all);
Then Xavier, with his strong arms open wide,
And those whose martyr-blood has sanctified
The very soil where rolls the Hudson's tide,
Jogues and his hero-band who blazed the way
For you. Then all the rest you'd learned to know
And love while here below.
How in triumphal joy they led you, sweet,
To Jesus' Feet!
Or first did Mary twine
Her arms about you, knowing that below
Your mother wept, and by her hand, just so,
Bring you up to her Son—
With memories of Him once a Little One
Bright in her glorious eyes?
The rest is silence, for we hesitate,
O, happy child, what joy, what bliss Divine,
Flooded your eager soul with love elate
In that fulfilment of a life-desire!

EDUCATION

The Catholic Educational Convention

MORE than fourteen years have passed since the Catholic Educational Association was organized, and the city of Baltimore has just seen the close of the Thirteenth Annual Convention. Thirteen years is not a great span of life, yet in this brief period the Association has proved, and more than proved, its necessity and its usefulness. Much work, however, remains to be done. Although the Baltimore convention presented an array of papers which will form a valuable addition to the literature of sane pedagogy, and was attended by educators from every part of the United States, yet the careful observer can scarcely avoid the conclusion that too many Catholics, clerical as well as lay, have yet to be awakened to the value of the Association's work, and to the necessity of supporting loyally its efforts for the perfecting and progress of Catholic education.

EXTENDING ITS USEFULNESS

This is sounding, apparently, a note of pessimism. It is in order, therefore, to assert that not a trace of pessimism or of discouragement, was visible among the delegates, many of whom came from great distances, at the expense of valuable time. They felt, no doubt, that the sacrifice would be recompensed, as it was, richly. The papers read at the various sessions ranged from subjects proper to the primary school, to topics affecting the ecclesiastical seminary and the university; the subjects were treated by men and women who spoke with the authority which is secured by years of study and experience. The attendance, too, was excellent, although, in the nature of the case, it could be only a very small proportion of the great army of Catholic men and women who are devoting their lives to the supremely important work of Catholic education. Many of the delegates, especially from the teaching communities of Brothers and Sisters, will, no doubt, present an abstract of the proceedings of the Convention to their respective communities. The "Annual Proceedings" contain the papers and addresses in full, and copies should be furnished our teachers for study and reference. Many of these papers can be readily used as the basis of interesting and highly useful discussions in the community or the local teachers' conferences, nor should their value be overlooked in the annual summer terms for the teachers.

THE CORNERSTONE AND FOUNDATION

Our educational interests have grown wider within the last few years. Our colleges and universities have enjoyed a period of unusual prosperity; they have increased in number and efficiency, while broadening the scope of their labors. But the bulwark, humanly speaking, of the Catholic Church, and the source from which she draws the great rank and file of her devoted followers is the American parochial school. To insist upon its importance may seem trite, even unwise. We must have colleges and universities for the young men and women who are to be our intellectual leaders, and these institutions, facing as they do the enormous financial superiority of secular foundations, might seem to claim our chief care. It is imperative, moreover, that the number of our High Schools be increased, and that the diocesan and private schools already existing be strengthened by abundant financial aid and by the encouragement of a liberal patronage on the part of our Catholic people. No Catholic educator will countenance any movement, within the fold or without, which would tend to deny or unduly limit their importance. But the foundation of our educational system, the organization which must exercise the only educational influence which the bulk of the population can receive, is the parochial school. It is, therefore, first in importance.

CATHOLIC CHILDREN IN NON-CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

It has been said that the laity are well aware of this importance; that they too, as a body, are working manfully to bring every Catholic child in the United States to his proper place in the Catholic school. In a general sense this assertion is probably true, yet figures seem to weaken it. Is there a single American city of any size in which three-fourths of our Catholic children are to be found in Catholic schools? Accurate statistics are not at hand, but it appears to be a sorrowful fact, that more than half of our children are being educated in schools in which Jesus Christ is merely the name of an historical personage.

Many reasons may be assigned for this unhappy condition. In some localities, owing to the lack of Catholic schools, it is unavoidable. In others, it is due to those weak-kneed Catholics, the shame and disgrace of the Church, who love the things of this world more than they love God or the souls of their children for whom they will be asked to give an account before the face of Christ, our Judge. But surely, no one can review, even briefly, the work of the American hierarchy and of the parochial clergy in behalf of the parochial school in this country, or consider the sacrifice made daily by so many Catholic parents, without a thrill of admiration. This zeal, coupled with the active cooperation of the laity, has borne rich fruit during the last three decades. Its promise for the future, in reclaiming those indifferent or criminally negligent parents who in these days of rampant secularism, send their children to non-Catholic and even to anti-Catholic but fashionable schools, is even greater. But the laity must do their part, if the Catholic school, the only educational force in the country which stands unswervingly for a place in the heart of every child for God, is to be crowned with complete success.

PROBLEMS AND DIFFICULTIES

None are better acquainted with the many difficulties to be faced, and the incidental shortcomings of our schools, than the men and women who conduct them. They are fully aware of the new problems presented by our newer forms of living; they know that social conditions are changing and that our schools must prepare for an adjustment corresponding to the change. There is a great cry in modern educational centers for a completely revised curriculum, insuring the child a training which will "fit him for his place in life." To attain this laudable end, study-programs without end, and of varying degrees of excellence or lack of it, have been devised. Some of these documents ignore the basal fact that to impart information is not to educate; others, apparently, consider the mental capacity of a child to be without limit; practically all deny the place of religion in education. Catholic educators, on the contrary, while not minded to deny that education, like any science, must progress from a lower to a higher degree of perfection, and that, in particular, it must be influenced by and influence in turn, the forms of life and being which change from decade to decade, have never been able to admit that man has essentially changed and stands in need, therefore, of a new education, based upon principles essentially new.

With typical conservatism, the Catholic school has adhered, in the main, to the traditional programme. While this program is being subjected to careful and constant testing to eliminate the dross, there is no foundation whatever for the statement that "half of what we are teaching is antiquated and useless." On the contrary, there is an insistent

present need for just that training in the elementary subjects and that reasonable discipline of mind and body which are offered in our Catholic schools.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Guardian Angel Settlement, St. Louis

UNLESS you have an eye for out-of-the-way corners, you are not likely to happen across Guardian Angel Settlement. In fact, many a dweller in St. Louis who flatters himself on a pretty thorough knowledge of the city of boots and bridges, lives on, blissfully unacquainted with this efficient center of Catholic social action. For its staff, like that of most Catholic institutions, boasts no publicity agent.

Yet there, in the vortex of the ever-shifting foreign quarter, this solid little square of buildings hums day and night with activity, generating a power of charity measurable only in kilowatts. And though the dweller on Hortense Place or Longfellow Boulevard may not be conscious of its existence, those who need it most, know it best, and use it most gratefully.

Hemming in the Settlement on all sides are the shabby, decrepit, down-at-the-heel cottages and flats that the land of liberty allots to the strangers who seek its hospitality. The air of the neighborhood is heavy with smoke from nearby factories and train yards, smoke that plays havoc with the throats and lungs of the transplanted child. Almost within its shadow, you can hear tongues as diverse as those of Pentecost: Polish and Lithuanian, German and French, Italian and Bohemian, Spanish and Greek. And to all the nations, the Guardian Angel Settlement stands as one of the links binding the land of their adoption with the land they left behind; for the Settlement is Catholic, it is hospitable, it has never come to laugh at nor despise the faltering tongue or strange customs of the alien.

HISTORY AND PURPOSE

Guardian Angel Settlement is still in its infancy; yet the building that it occupies has an historic tradition. First a parish school, it has served in turn to receive, at their entrance into St. Louis, the Christian Brothers, the Nuns of the Visitation, and the Nuns of the Good Shepherd. But in February, 1911, at the initiative of his Grace, Archbishop Glennon, the building which had been the Bethlehem of these religious communities in St. Louis, opened its doors to the poor who swarm in its vicinity. In charge were those indefatigable angels of God's afflicted in slums and hospital and orphanage and battlefield, the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

One of the saddest facts in our present social system, at least to my uneconomic mind, is the entrance of women into the commercial and industrial fields. It is a necessity that I freely admit, but frankly deplore. Yet the sacrifice of women to the god of commerce never seems more pitiable than when the woman is a foreigner, poor, and a mother. To the unmarried woman, business often means a pseudo-independence; to a mother it can mean nothing but the thwarting of her dearest interests. In the early morning, at the imperious summons of the factory whistle, she must kiss her still sleeping baby and drag her ill-nourished, weakened body to the mill or the garment shop. Evening has fallen before she is again with her baby; and it is no poet's fancy that her heart through the long day is often weary with anxiety for the infant at home, a prey to dangers such as only a mother's mind can conjecture.

To mothers like these, and they are many, Guardian Angel tenders its kindly offices. With the first blast of the factory whistle, girl-mothers not yet out of their 'teens and women of maturer years deposit little bundles of helpless humanity with the warm-hearted Sisters of the Settlement. Separation from their children throughout the whole day brings a pang; but the pang is lessened by the knowledge that their little ones are cared for—whereas they might otherwise be utterly neglected—and safe from the thousand dangers to body and soul that lurk in the city.

Six hundred such children are enrolled in the Day Nursery and Kindergarten; the youngest, a baby of not quite a month, whose mother is once more at her bench in the factory; the eldest just too young for admission into school. Guardian Angel has ample provision for all. Two nurseries, one for infants of the pre-ambulatory stage, and one for babies skilled in the art of pedestrianism, open out onto large porches. They are spotlessly white and, as far as my inexperienced eye could detect, complete in every detail of infantile equipment. Immaculate cribs line the walls, like white roofless birdcages; there are high chairs and low chairs; trays of carefully tagged bottles; and bathtubs the height and size of ordinary wash-bowls.

PSYCHOLOGY AND LOVE

Once one has grasped the psychology of a baby, they tell me, his care is not extraordinarily difficult. If he cries, it is simply because he needs exercise which can be gotten only in that way, or because he craves food which he has no other way of demanding. But the care of youngsters from walking age to the riotous age of six is a problem calculated to tax the resources of an entertainment committee, a commissariat, a Red Cross corps, and a Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Yet a single Sister acts this quadruple rôle toward different groups of the children.

One of the Sisters we found performing all simultaneously. It was just four o'clock; tea-time without the tea. Her band of children, to the number of perhaps seventy-five, was gathered about her, singing, to the rhythm of a large swing, a hymn to the Guardian angels; office number one. As the last verse began, she slipped away and returned with a huge tray covered with slices of bread and jam; office number two. One of the children during her absence had fallen; tray notwithstanding, she lifted him up and applied the sovereign remedy for imaginary bruises; office number three. Then they said grace, and her hand guided that of a lisping youngster in his initial sign of the cross; office number four.

PLAYROOMS AND CLUBS

There are playrooms for the children, plenty of showers and tubs, and a well-equipped kindergarten. Professional kindergarten teachers freely give their services to the Settlement and train the youthful aliens to quickness of hand and eye. In the dining-rooms meals are furnished not only to the children who remain all day, but also to school-children whose mothers are at work and who would go dinnerless and supperless without this charity. On Saturday afternoon these school-children are gathered in a sewing class, and each child becomes the proud possessor of any garment her hand has fashioned.

In recounting the clubs attached to Guardian Angel, one naturally begins with the flourishing club for working girls. There are nearly three-hundred members, and when the last child, has been returned to its work-weary mother, Guardian Angel is turned over to them on every night in the week.

The need of amusement is a recognized social problem nowadays. Happiness is the natural craving of youth, and if denied in wholesome surroundings, will be sought where amusement fraternizes with sin. With the patronage of some of St. Louis's society ladies and under the direction of an

expert club women, the working girls' club holds lectures, literary meetings, card parties, dances, stenography classes, choral classes, sewing schools, gymnasium classes, cooking classes, and even "movies." These girls whose names smack of almost every nation in Europe, whose days in most cases are spent in wearying work in factory and shop, find at Guardian Angel the companionship and recreation which every young heart craves.

In character, the club is non-sectarian; yet few non-Catholics can escape the unobstructive influence of Catholic example such as they meet there, and several converts are numbered among its members. If Guardian Angel Settlement did nothing more than furnish innocent recreation, nobler ideals, and wholesome surroundings for these daughters of the poor, its existence would be fully justified. Still more so, as from the ranks of these girls have, within the past three years, sprung up a number of religious vocations.

THE OLDER CHILDREN

Each Friday evening, the Mothers' Club, which numbers over one hundred members, meets at the Settlement. These women, unacquainted with American methods and often hopelessly at sea in a strangely boisterous land, are taught the care of children, modern domestic sanitation and cooking, economic purchasing, and the thousand and one things that help to make their homes pleasanter and more easily managed. The help given is by no means merely theoretic. Groceries are furnished needy families at cost price and at no price at all often enough; while thousands of bottles of pure milk are yearly distributed for the babies of these poor families. The delicate children are cared for in the dental and medical clinic, superintended by two charitable St. Louis doctors, and those in need of protracted treatment are taken to St. Mary's Infirmary at the expense of the Settlement.

The Sunday School with its five-hundred members and its staff of forty teachers; the Ladies of Charity, a society of women who personally visit the poor in company with the Sisters and supply their needs, the circulating library and the lunchroom conducted for the factory girls of the neighborhood, cannot be given even cursory treatment. Yet their very enumeration will indicate the extent and variety of Guardian Angel Settlement charities.

Guardian Angel is a remarkable example of the cooperation of the laity with an active Sisterhood. Without the sacrifice and heroism of the Sisters, Guardian Angel would be impossible. Their self-devoting zeal is the foundation upon which the entire work rests. They have learned the Catholic art of achieving wonderful results with small resources. Yet Guardian Angel counts among its active supporters men and women of the most loyal Catholic homes in St. Louis. Together, the Sisters and their supporters have built up in four years a flourishing, efficient Catholic settlement. Who can predict the good that the future of such an institution will bring to the foreign population of St. Louis?

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

At the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which opened in Philadelphia on June 25, R. Goodwyn Rhett, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, stated that our national prosperity hinged on proper relations between capital and labor. He pleaded for cooperation "wherein efficiency with due regard to humanity shall be recognized as a prime necessity and the equitable distribution of results shall be ascertained no longer by wasteful strife, but by agreement, by arbitration or by judicial decision." The time has passed when labor can be viewed as a mere commodity. If the Ten Commandments were as popular in America as is the greed for gain, capital and labor would now be working in harmony.

The Bankers' Association of South Carolina has erected a tablet in memory of a sheriff and his deputy, who were slain last year in defending a prisoner from a mob attack. The crime was committed on the steps of a court-house. The Association denounced the act of the mob "as destructive of the interest of all law-abiding citizens, and as tending to bring the State into the contempt of our sister States." The tablet is placed in the court-house whose sanctity was violated. But the tablet says nothing of the members of the mob who were the murderers. Were any of them brought to justice?

At the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on June 17, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to 600 converts. The Boston *Globe*, speaking of the ceremony, says:

> The more than 600 who received Confirmation this morning represented practically every part of the Boston diocese. From Lawrence, Salem, Malden, Lynn, Brockton, and all the other cities and from the towns of Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, Norfolk and part of Plymouth Counties they came. Some individual parishes sent as many as twenty converts, this number coming from two or three, and this was about the largest number from an individual parish. It was quite noticeable that the more than 600 were practically all men and women, scarcely a score of children being in the number. Thus it was an adult class in the main.

It is reported that during 1915 some 1,600 converts were received into the Church in the Boston archdiocese.

In the current *Harper's*, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., shows that many financial theories about war have turned out to be illusions, for example, the belief that the great international bankers could prevent war, that the cost of war was bound to be so great as to enforce an early peace, and that international trade was so firmly built that nothing could wreck it. The total daily expenditures of the belligerents Mr. Lamont estimates to be over $100,000,000, made up as follows: Great Britain, $25,000,000; Germany, $22,000,000; France, $15,500,000; Russia, $16,000,000; Austria, $12,000,000; Italy, $8,000,000; Turkey, $1,500,000; Servia, $1,500,000; Belgium, $1,500,000. Total, $103,000,000. The writer discusses the probability of America becoming the financial center of the world, for the large foreign loans taken by American investors indicate our financial ascendancy. These amount to about $1,058,500,000.

There were 80,000 cases of cancer in the United States during the past year. Up to the present the causes of the disease have baffled investigation, and its mortality is on the increase. An eminent physician of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital insisted, in a recent address before the State Medical Society, that diet had not been sufficiently tried in cancer cases.

> Laboratory and other studies have decided pretty certainly that cancer is not due to a parasite, nor contagious, that it is not hereditary, nor due wholly to local irritant action, that it is not altogether a disease of old age, nor belonging to any particular occupation, and that it does not affect any particular sex, race or class of persons, and that it occurs all over the earth, but with striking difference in frequency according to certain peculiarities of life associated with advancing civilization.

As prophylactic measures against cancer, Dr. Bulkley advises healthy habits of life, reasonable exercise, avoidance of excesses, especially in meat, tea, coffee and alcohol, which he excludes entirely. Any swelling which is not acute or in-

flammatory should be shown at once to the doctor, for cancer can be cured if attended to in time.

Advertising to stimulate church attendance was the subject of a special conference held in connection with the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in Philadelphia, during the last week of June. Among the subjects discussed were: "The First Successful Church Advertiser," "Publicity for the Smaller Town Church," "Putting a Downtown Church on the Map," "Securing Money for Church Publicity," "Sensationalism *vs.* Sanity," "Delivering the Goods Advertised," "A City-Wide Campaign," "Publicity Aiding the Preacher's Message," and "What Newspapers Want." The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently appointed a committee on church publicity. Lutheran, Unitarian and Christian Science Churches have also organized publicity bureaus. Yet the natives of "benighted" South America, and other Catholic countries, are objects of concern to many of these Churches that have to resort to advertising in order to fill their pews here in the United States.

The Rochester *Post Express* furnishes these interesting figures from recent shipping reports:

> The Ward liner Monterey, on April 1, landed 1,350,000 rounds of ammunition at Vera Cruz for the Carranza government, all soft nosed or dumdum bullets. On May 13 a similar cargo to the same consignee was landed at Vera Cruz by the Esperanza; this was a month after the attempt to ambush the American expeditionary troops under Major Tompkins at Parral. For the past three months ammunition has been going over the border in quantities, as have war supplies. All of this material has prepared Carranza to meet the American soldiers whom it seems President Wilson must send against him to secure our self respect. What about the waiting? Has it been watchful? Has it been wisely managed?

These questions were answered diversely by the Chicago and St. Louis Conventions.

In a recent issue of the *Survey,* there is a statement by the "Committee on Financial Federation of the American Association of Societies for Organizing Charities." According to the Committee there are financial federations in eleven cities in the United States, four cities having abandoned federation once begun. The effect of federations on the standards of work done, and on the formation of new social agencies are topics discussed as follows by the Committee:

> Allied to these questions is another raised by the fact that in several of the financial federations, commercial organizations name a certain number of the federation's directors. Is this close alliance of a community's social work with its organized business interests a source of strength or of weakness? If, as some fear, commercial representation may come to mean commercial control to any extent, the danger to social work is plain, for social work must, of course, always be free to take issue with organized business interests, if that proves necessary. The question then arises: Can financial federations be successfully organized without direct commercial representation on their directorates? Several have so organized, and their development is being carefully studied.

The discussion reduces itself to one question. Is a Charity "Trust" feasible?

Marfa *Town Talk,* a Texas newspaper, commends the new pastor of the Marfa Methodist church, as a "common sense" parson because in the course of a sermon on "Every Man His Own God," the minister stated:

> Religion is personal with each individual. The sun shines down upon all of us; yet there are a few rays which fall for my especial benefit. They strike my eyes alone and make me see in an individual way the objects around me. Thus it is with God. Each man has his own conception of God, his *private* God, to be worshipped by him in his own way.

The Texas paper remarks: "We commend Rev. Morgan for holding such a sensible view and we feel that he will be the man who can reach the great body of 'outsiders,' who have always held aloof from denominational worship because of narrowness of opinion." The Texas minister is broad enough to reach even heathens by the simple process of becoming a heathen.

American exports for May reached a total of $472,000,000. This exceeds all previous monthly records and is greater by $81,000,000 than the March record. The total exports for the year ending with May were $4,136,000,000, an increase of $500,000,000 over the preceding twelve months. The Government report states:

> May imports were also the greatest on record, the total value being $229,000,000, an increase of $11,000,000 over April, the previous high mark. For the year imports totaled $2,110,000,000, an increase of $436,000,000 over the preceding year. The favorable balance of trade in the month and twelve months ended with May are the largest ever known. For May it was $243,000,000 and for the year ended with May, $2,028,000,000. The corresponding figures for last year were $132,000,000 for May and $983,000,000 for the twelve months. The favorable trade balance for the past twenty-three months is $3,120,000,000.

The report does not give the figures on war supplies in the export column.

The Toronto *Catholic Register* quotes in part the speech of the late James J. Hill, delivered at the opening of St. Paul's Seminary in 1895:

> Some of you may wonder why, I, who am not a member of your Church, should have undertaken the building and endowment of a Catholic theological seminary, and you will pardon me if I tell you plainly why. For nearly thirty years I have lived in a Catholic household, and daily have had before me and around me the earnest devotion, watchful care and Christian example of a Catholic wife, of whom it may be said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and on whose behalf tonight I desire to present and turn over to the illustrious Archbishop of this diocese this seminary and its endowments as provided in the deeds and articles of trust covering the same. Almost all denominations have in their various flocks those who are able to help their church work in every material way; but the Catholic Church, with its large number of working men and women, coming from almost every nation and clime, have little else than their faith in God and the aid of those earnest, pious and devoted men who have been placed in charge of their spiritual welfare. They have to provide places of worship, and while the State provides schools for all, their consciences call upon them to see that the education of their children goes hand in hand with their spiritual training, thus making for them an additional burden. Having seen the efforts of Archbishop Ireland in behalf of the Church of which he is so distinguished a prelate, to spread throughout this country the light of religious truth and to show to all men that there is no conflict between scientific or physical truth and Divine Revelation, I felt called upon to devote a portion of this world's goods with which I have been blessed to the work of educating for the priesthood men who will be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven. May the work which has been commenced here and which has today received the blessing of your Church, continue to send out men who will bear witness to all the world that no nation or people can long prosper, or even continue, without the aid and direction of living and active Christianity.

No Catholic ever stated the position of the Church in America more clearly. It is not surprising that a soul so Catholic should receive the gift of faith before the end.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The long-expected note from the Mexican Government reached Washington on July 5. Omitting all threats to attack American forces, and all charges of bad faith, it contained not only an expression of willingness to accept mediation, but a plea to continue negotiations through diplomatic channels. The text in part reads:

The United States and Mexico

This Government is disposed now, as it has always been, to seek an immediate solution of the two points which constitute the true causes of the conflict between the two countries, to wit: The American Government believes reasonably that the insecurity of its frontier is a source of difficulty, and the Mexican Government on its part believes that the stay of American troops on Mexican territory, aside from being a trespass on the sovereignty of Mexico, is the immediate cause of the conflicts. Therefore, the withdrawal of American troops on the one hand, and the protection of the frontier on the other, are the two essential problems, the solution of which must be the directing object of the efforts of both Governments. The Mexican Government is willing to consider in a quick and practical way, and prompted by a spirit of concord, the remedies which should be applied to the present situation.

In conclusion Carranza assures the United States that his Government will "employ all efforts that may be at its disposal to avoid the recurrence of new incidents which may aggravate the situation. At the same time he hopes that the American Government may make efforts to prevent acts of its military and civil authorities on the frontier from causing new complications."

On July 7 the United States Government, through Secretary Lansing, replied to the First Chief's communication as follows:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous note transmitted to me by Señor Arredondo on the 4th instant, in which you refer to my notes of June 20 and June 25, and to assure you of the sincere gratification of my Government at the frank statement of the difficulties which have unfortunately arisen in our relations along the international boundary, and the unreserved expression of the desire of your Government to reach an adjustment of these difficulties on a broad and amicable basis. The same spirit of friendship and of solicitude for the continuance of cordial relations between our two countries inspires my Government, which equally desires an immediate solution of the matters of difference which have long vexed both Governments.

It is especially pleasing to my Government that the *de facto* Government of Mexico is disposed to give quick as well as practical consideration in a spirit of concord to the remedies which may be applied to the existing conditions. Reciprocating the same desire, the Government of the United States is prepared immediately to exchange views as to a practical plan to remove finally and prevent a recurrence of the difficulties which have been the source of the controversy.

The note of the Mexican Government coupled with the American reply changed the relations between the two countries. There now seems to be no disposition on either side to appeal to mediation conferences, but rather an inclination to settle the questions at issue by more direct ways. Meanwhile some temporary arrangement will have to be agreed upon, as Pershing's force is gradually withdrawing to the border. Scarcely had the American note reached Mexico City, when Carranza through his representative in Washington informed our Government that a large band of Villa outlaws had defeated the *de facto* Government's forces. Carranza expressed the fear that the bandits were heading for the border. He suggested that our border patrol exercise special vigilance along the territory between Boquilla and Ojinaga, and promised that the Mexican forces would use every means to pursue and destroy the band of Villistas.

On July 8, prominent officials of the Carranza

Government met in Mexico City to consider plans for the solution of the difficulties existing between the United States and Mexico. Two plans were proposed; one called for a telegraphic conference between Washington and Carranza, the other was a proposal that delegates of both Governments meet at some town in the United States, preferably a summer resort, and settle the questions at issue. While the Mexican officials were in session at the National Palace, Mexico City, the First Chief sent this circular cablegram to the leading newspapers of Cuba, Central and South America:

> The American people praise the conciliatory attitude of the Government of Mexico, and consider that the conflict, which was on the point of breaking out, has been settled definitely without smirching the dignity of Mexico. We shall proceed actively to reorganize Legations in Central and South America, with a view to bringing about closer relations between Spanish-American countries.

The *de facto* Government has already named Ministers to several Latin-American countries, and the Mexican campaign to gain the good-will of Latin America is moving apace. Meantime the attitude of our Administration towards Carranza has called forth much severe criticism. Last week troops were mobilized to give him battle; this week the Administration signifies a desire to have American bankers finance his Government. United States Senator Catron of New Mexico crystallized opinion hostile to this proposal by declaring it was "the most insanely idiotic thing in all the swiftly changing policies of the Administration in regard to Mexico."

The War.—The German struggle for Verdun has not been halted by the activity of the Allies in the East and the Far West. For the fourth time Thiaumont has fallen into the hands of the Germans. The artillery fire continues heavy on both sides. Kermenshah, a Persian city of great military and commercial importance, captured by the Russians in their advance last February, has been recovered by the Turks as they pursued the Russians in their withdrawal from the Mesopotamian border and their Bagdad objective. No important changes have occurred in the Trentino.

Bulletin, July 3, p. m.-July 10, p. m.

In the past week the French forces have had much more success in carrying forward the new Franco-British offensive than their allies. By the capture of Biaches they have come within two miles of their immediate objective, the German military base, Péronne, having advanced more than five miles since the beginning of the drive. They have been pressing the Germans back into the bend of the River Somme near that city; their advance line now stretches along a seven-mile front from Cléry, on the north, to Barleux, on the south. The British objective is probably the important railroad and highway center of Bapaume. Their advance line extends from the Ancre River, south, to Contalmaison, and west to Montauban and Hardecourt. There they have been held for the past week, save for the capture of Contalmaison, and Hardecourt by the strong German defense and counter attacks. Even should the Germans be forced to retreat across the River Somme the French will not be able to follow far, until the British shall have advanced to their support on the north and straightened out the otherwise hazardous French salient.

The Battle of the Somme

The Russians continue to push their enormous offensive all along the 600-mile line from Riga to the foothills of the Carpathians in southern Bukowina. Around Riga the attack has been confined to heavy artillery fire by the land forces assisted by the Russian fleet. Fierce infantry fighting has been taking place in Volhynia in the region around Kovel. Here the Russians have succeeded in advancing their lines about thirty miles westward from Czartoryski on the River Styr to Ugli, there crossing the River Stokod. From a point further north the Russian lines quarter-circle Kovel at a distance of about thirty miles to the south and west, following the curve of the River Stokod. In southern Galicia the Russians have forced back the right of General von Bothmer's army five miles westward from Kolomea. By taking Delatin they have cut the important railroad line of communication running from Lemberg across the Carpathians into Hungary. Thus the Russian lines are verging toward the rear of the Austro-German forces in the endeavor to compel a retreat upon Lemberg. The fighting at the town of Baranovitchi toward the center of the line has also been severe.

The Russian Offensive

The British Government on July 8 published a new Order in Council governing the blockade of enemy ports. It discontinues the operation of the Declaration of London with regard to naval warfare and further declares:

The British Blockade; The Deutschland

> (1.) The hostile destination required for the condemnation of contraband articles shall be presumed to exist until the contrary is shown. . . .
>
> (2.) The principle of continuous voyage or ultimate destination shall be applicable both in cases of contraband and blockade.
>
> (3.) A neutral vessel carrying contraband with papers indicating a neutral destination which, notwithstanding the destination shown on the papers, proceeds to an enemy port, shall be liable to capture and condemnation if she is encountered before the end of her next voyage.
>
> (4.) A vessel carrying contraband shall be liable to capture and condemnation if the contraband, reckoned either by value, weight, volume or freight, forms more than half the cargo.

Shortly after this was published the 300-foot German "merchant" submarine, Deutschland, arrived at Baltimore after a 16 days' voyage of some 4,000 miles from Kiel. She carried a 750-ton cargo of dye-stuffs and medicines worth $1,000,000. The United States Government officials have pronounced the vessel to be an unarmed merchantman; they will next be concerned with the question of the effectiveness of the British blockade.

France.—To the list of the distinguished Catholic generals who have rendered important services to the country during the war, and whose names have already been published in AMERICA, must be added the roster of the Catholic Admirals whose fine Catholic spirit keeps up the best traditions of the French Navy. These officers are, as a body, solidly and conspicuously Catholic, and the service is remarkably free from the virus of irreligion. This is in a large measure due to the fact that the personnel is chiefly recruited from Brittany and Normandy, where the old Faith is still strong and, that for years the officers and men have been coming into close contact with the missionary, have seen him at work and have witnessed his courage and heroism.

The Catholic Admirals

Since the war began, the names of the following admirals have been almost constantly before the public: Boué de Lapeyrère, Lacaze, Dartige de Fournet, Ronarc'h, Merveilleux du Vignoux, Guépratte, De Bon, Le Bris, Chocheprat, all faithful and practical Catholics. All these men are distinguished officers. Some of them have rendered to the country services which France cannot forget. In its latest issue *Studies* gives a summary of their work, from which these items are taken. Boué de Lapeyrère, who before the war enjoyed a reputation similar to Lord Fisher's, is largely responsible for the reorganization of the fleet in recent years. In spite of governmental obstacles he has ever furthered the work of the chaplains in the navy. The skilful manner in which Lacaze, Boué de Lapeyrère's successor as Minister of the Navy, accomplished a difficult mission in Syria, is still fresh in the minds of his countrymen. Dartige de Fournet won his honors in 1893 by the splendid part he played in the expedition against Siam, and later as Commander-in-Chief of the international squadron at Constantinople, during the Balkan War. Transferred from the deck of his ship to the trenches at Dixmude, Admiral Ronarc'h, a Breton, showed himself a splendid fighter *terra marique*. Before the war, he devised the system of mine-sweeping, now employed by the British fleet also. Guépratte commanded with distinction in the Dardanelles. De Bon is Chief of Staff to the Admiralty. Le Bris and Chocheprat, both formerly successful squadron commanders, are now engaged in departmental duties. Merveilleux du Vignoux is one of the submarine experts of the country and as Commander of the School for Naval Cadets gave proofs of progressive efficiency and the highest powers of organization. Thus it appears that Catholic officers form part of the very soul of the French Navy.

Germany.—At the annual meeting of the "Association for Fostering German Economic Interests Abroad," Professor Jastrow of the University of Berlin made the following significant remarks:

Trade and Finance

Our commercial policy must protect our own interests. There are only two solutions to the problem that faces us. The German nation must work more and consume less. An annual average per capita production of 300 marks ($75) gives an annual production of 20,000,000,000 marks. If we consume 10,000,000,000 at home we shall be in a position to export the remaining 10,000,000,000 and import an equivalent in foreign products in return.

We must not give up the international exchange of raw materials and finished products. If we were not in a position to export goods we should be compelled to export men. Austria is one of our strongest customers, but our exports to Austria can hardly be much increased. Turkey and Bulgaria, too, are no adequate substitute for the loss of the rest of our foreign trade. It will be desirable to have closer commercial relations with Austria, but without thereby limiting our world commercial policy.

Our second task is to maintain our position in world commerce. The suggestions of the Paris conference are just as impossible of execution as the demand that we should use our military supremacy to influence the development of international commerce to our benefit. Even now our enemies are not united in their economic demands regarding Germany.

World commerce is here and will continue. Immediately after the war there will be such a feverish hunger for raw materials that one will take them wherever obtainable. The question of raw materials can be settled in a peace protocol. The "most favored nation" clause must also be extended in every direction. This also determines our attitude toward the problem of Central Europe.

At the time these statements were made, *Sparkasse*, the organ of the German savings banks, remarked that more saving accounts had been opened in Germany during the second year of the war than ever before. Statistics from the big cities and the industrial regions alone indicate an increase of 288,000 accounts and a total of 6,280,000 accounts. The excess of deposits over withdrawals is 2,500,000,000 marks ($625,000,000). The total increase in the capital of savings banks is 3,250,000,000 marks ($812,500,000).

Great Britain.—David Lloyd George has been appointed Secretary of War to succeed Lord Kitchener, lost on the cruiser Hampshire on June 5, and the Earl of Derby, late director of recruiting, has been named Under Secretary of War. Lloyd George, now in his fifty-second year, has had a remarkable career. Born the son of a poor Welsh schoolmaster, he at first aspired to the ministry but later took to law. In order to fit himself properly for the profession he studied assiduously at odd moments, learning Latin from the village schoolmaster and French from his uncle, who was a poor shoemaker. At twenty-two Lloyd George began practice; at twenty-six, in 1890, he was elected to the House of Commons, where he became a follower of Gladstone; in 1908 he was named Chancellor of the Exchequer. His first budget, in 1909, designed to overcome a prospective deficit of some £16,000,000, was held up by the House of Lords, but the Government appealed successfully to the country and the budget was finally adopted. The controversy over the lack of high explosive shells for the army in France brought on a crisis, which was adjusted by placing Lloyd George at the head of a new department, the Ministry of Munitions, thus preparing him for his present

The Career of Lloyd George

office. The career of this remarkable man has been marked by militant activity which has often involved him in serious difficulty, but, strangely enough, when he seemed most unpopular he was returned to Parliament by increased majorities.

Finances

In his final article in the *Economist,* Francis W. Hirst, who, after a tenure of nine years, has just resigned the editorship of that paper, declared: "In my view the financial fabric of western Europe is in imminent peril, and in a few more months it will no longer be possible to disguise the bankrupt condition of several great nations." Just how far England is involved in this judgment is not clear, but there is no apparent dearth of funds. Up to June 14, 1916, 39,042 widows, 83,389 children, and 24,059 other dependents have been awarded grants to the amount of $1,750,000 from the Royal Patriotic Corporation.

Ireland.—Further details have been published of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for provisional Home Rule for Ireland. The following are the principal features:

The Lloyd George Plan

An Irish House of Commons will be constituted by the transfer to the Irish Parliament of seventy-eight members now sitting in the English Commons, for the twenty-six Home Rule counties. At present the total Irish representation in the Imperial House of Commons is 103, of which twenty-five members sit for the six Ulster counties, provisionally excluded from Home Rule. (2) Of the seventy-eight members to be transferred to the Irish House, seventy-six are Nationalists or Independents, while two are Unionists, namely, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. J. H. M. Campbell, Attorney-General for Ireland. These two members represent Trinity College, Dublin. They have consented to sit in the Home Rule Parliament. (3) Members of the Irish House of Commons will retain their seats in the English House. (4) Representation of the Unionist interests in the south and west of Ireland will be provided through the nomination of their representatives to the Irish Senate. It is proposed that the Senate sit with the Irish House of Commons during the temporary settlement. (5) The temporary settlement is to continue until one year after the termination of the war. At that time the whole arrangement will come under the review of the Imperial Conference, which is to be held to adjust the government of the Empire. (6) The framework of the Irish finance in the Home Rule act will not be altered, but some increases will be made in the sum to be transferred to Irish revenues from the Imperial Treasury. (7) A new Lord-Lieutenant will soon be appointed as a preliminary to the new arrangement.

Japan.—A "political convention" between Japan and Russia was signed at Petrograd, July 3, for the purpose of "unifying the efforts of the two countries to maintain a lasting and constant peace in the Far East." The two articles of the convention are these:

Russo-Japanese Alliance

(1.) Japan will take part in no arrangement or political combination directed against Russia. Russia will take part in no arrangement or political combination directed against Japan.

(2.) In case the territorial rights or special interests in the Far East of one of the contracting parties, which are recognized by the other contracting party, are menaced, Japan and Russia will consult with each other on measures to adopt with a view to supporting or extending assistance for the safeguarding and defense of these rights and interests.

When the Japanese Foreign Office was asked what effect the new alliance was likely to have on the integrity of China and on American interests in that country, the reply was that no danger threatens either. The convention, which is expected to last ten years, ends the old rivalry between Russia and Japan and is directed of course against the extension of German influence in China. England which still has an offensive and defensive treaty with Japan, appears to regard the new alliance with serious misgivings. For the Anglo-Japanese treaty was meant to discourage Russian aspirations in the Far East, and when the present war is over, England will scarcely be able to keep Russia and Japan from doing as they please in China.

Rome.—A noble address has been presented to the Holy Father in the name of a Committee of Danish ladies of the highest social and literary standing. The following passages deserve attention:

The Pope and the Ladies of Denmark

With profound veneration we come from neutral Denmark to present to your Holiness the expression of our respectful gratitude for your Holiness's many proofs of a supernatural love of universal peace and of pity for the violated rights of humanity. . . .

Your Holiness, fully endowed from on high with calmness of spirit, possesses today an authoritative right to pronounce the just judgment of universal love on the conflicts of life and death, and that judgment will be echoed everywhere, consoling the devastated and desolated countries and condemning every usurpation by the sword.

Full of confidence, we venture to express the hope that God will preserve your Holiness's strength to renew your intervention for the restoration of peace between Governments and to make a fresh declaration of the sublime spirit of universal love for all mankind, throwing light on the most important question of the hour: what will be the fruit of the great war for the common welfare of the whole human kind?

May that voice, which invokes Divine and human justice, not be silent. May it be heard above the thunder of the cannon, sustaining the hope and courage of the terrified human race, and the conviction of the legitimate and equal rights of the autonomy of peoples, the inviolable rights of all humanity, and bringing the general conflict to an end in a way worthy of God and man.

Cardinal Gasparri, Cardinal-Secretary of State, replied in the name of the Holy Father who had been deeply touched by these sentiments, thanking the ladies for their remarkable address.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Solution for the Boy Problem.

THE Catholic press has frequently urged the necessity of a Catholic organization with branches throughout the country that would maintain club-houses where Catholic boys and young men could meet in social intercourse and learn to take an interest in one another's welfare, where libraries, gymnasiums and other means of mental and physical betterment could be found. For the purpose of effecting such an organization the American Federation of Catholic Societies has maintained a committee, but no plan has as yet been presented nor has any definite concerted action been taken by those interested. Yet the need of such a society is so obvious and has been expounded so often that it requires no argument.

There are too many Catholic societies having the same or nearly the same objects, but the Young Men's Institute is the only one, national in scope, that has for its purpose the betterment of Catholic young men and which in addition has for many years actually attained, so far as its means allow, the very objects above mentioned.

The Young Men's Institute, or the Y. M. I., as it is generally called, was organized as a parish club in San Francisco, in March, 1883, by a few young men, but its principles appealed so strongly to Catholic young men elsewhere that branches or councils were rapidly instituted throughout the State of California, and thence east to the Central States, until today it has councils extending from Scranton to the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, and from Mobile, Alabama, to Ladysmith, British Columbia.

The Y. M. I. is a Catholic fraternal society having for its particular object, besides mutual aid and benevolence, the moral, social, intellectual and physical improvement of its members together with the proper development of sentiments of devotion to the Church and loyalty to the Country, in accordance with its motto, *Pro Deo, Pro Patria,* For God and For Country.

For the purpose of carrying out these objects the subordinate councils or branches are expected to maintain, to the extent their finances will permit, club-houses or club-rooms for such innocent social pleasures as may be deemed most expedient. Thus they provide, wherever possible, gymnasiums equipped with proper gymnastic paraphernalia, where basket-ball, hand-ball, indoor baseball and other athletic games can be taught and played; libraries of useful books, current magazines and newspapers; tennis courts, and games of less strenuous amusement, such as billiards, etc. Where possible, an instructor in physical culture is engaged to teach regular classes devoted to physical improvement, and in many places regular educational classes are maintained for the teaching of branches ordinarily taught in the schools; lastly, provision is made for lectures, addresses, and debates and discussions on timely topics. The councils also have employment committees to seek employment under proper influences for members out of work; in addition a great number of councils maintain sick and death benefits for the protection of their members, although the sick and death benefit features are entirely optional with the subordinate councils and have no connection with the governing body.

The Institute is very democratic, and extends as warm a welcome to the man whose hands are hardened by daily toil as it does to those who come from the more influential classes. But from the one as well as from the other, it demands that his character be clean and above reproach, and that he be a practical, and not merely a nominal, Catholic; for it believes that it would be a fatal mistake to swell its ranks by lowering its standard of membership.

For the purpose of a more accessible government the councils are divided into two Grand Council Jurisdictions, the Atlantic, comprising all States east of the Mississippi River and those immediately adjoining on the west, and the Pacific, comprising all the other States, Western Canada and the Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The uniformity of its laws is maintained by a National Constitution which can be changed only by its National Conference Committee composed of representatives from each of the Grand Council Jurisdictions. In this way the councils in each group can keep in closer touch with one another and the central governing body, and each council can be represented directly in convention without too great an expense. Each Grand Council maintains a monthly publication which is sent direct to the home of every member and in which are chronicled the happenings of the various councils.

On reaching the age of eighteen years young men are permitted to become members, although in the Atlantic Jurisdiction any subordinate council may, with the consent of the Board of Grand Directors, lower the minimum age limit to sixteen years.

Each Grand Council holds regular conventions to which the subordinate councils send delegates in proportion to their membership, every council however, having some representation. These conventions act as a stimulus to the attending delegates, who return to their respective councils charged with fresh enthusiasm and zeal, the result of contact with zealous members from other parts of the country, and enriched by many new ideas the fruit of the inevitable interchange of views.

It is seen from the foregoing that the Y. M. I. does in fact already possess all the features to be sought for in the desired National Catholic organization, or so nearly so as to be easily susceptible of whatever change may be necessary to use the society as a basis for the formation of a splendid national society for the Catholic young man, with branches in every part of the country. To

succeed in this task requires the cooperation of the Church and the active support of the Catholic press and laity, together with the financial resources necessary to carry on an extensive plan of organization work. More, however, than money is needed the awakening of Catholic parents to the realization of the great benefit to their children of membership in a Catholic organization of this character.

There are a great many local and parish clubs in various parts of the country working independently, and while some of them may have an alliance or federation with other clubs somewhat similar in character, their work must often be ineffective and inferior, because they lack the great strength of unity which would result from all clubs for Catholic young men being a part of one great organization with the same objects and purposes and working under one central power or government. It is for the most part hardly possible for these isolated parish clubs to be of any benefit except each in its own particular parish, so that any member changing his residence no longer receives benefit. On the other hand, if all these clubs were bound together in a national body, a member could not only easily be transferred from one to another, but the stronger would be able to help the weaker to the great advantage of all.

It is essential to the success of such a society that it be composed of the united strength of all the Catholic young men of the country. There should be but one such organization, and since the Young Men's Institute, for many years in existence, has all the qualifications required, we feel that it should be extended and built up with the help of our Catholic people so that it may have a branch in every city in our country.

ROBERT BURKE.

Through a Glass Darkly.

AFTER all how little we know about our next-door neighbor! The slum-worker and the college professor have mapped every cove and headland in the lives of the poor, the unfortunate and the criminal, and the Socialist and scandal-monger can have left few uncharted rocks in the waters made glad by the rich, the mighty and the holy. And yet how slight is our knowledge of the lives of any class outside our own coterie. On one side, as the net result of all the research, do we not conjure up a picture of a frightful mass of dirt and pain and misery and sin; on the other have we not a vision of a vast amount of joy and freedom and luxury and happiness? "Blessed are ye poor; for yours is the Kingdom of God" has not wholly convinced the rich; "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God" is still doubted by the poor. Why could not Christ have suited His dicta to the convictions of humanity; or can it be that men must be humble?

Which one among us, being rich, can possibly have an adequate understanding of the poor? The rich man leaves his well-kept bed, let us say at half after seven, steps out on the soft pile of a Daghestan rug, encases his feet in lamb's-wool slippers, stretches out his arms and luxuriously yawns for a spell, trips into his dressing room and revels in the delicious bath saturated with orris-root, rubs a pink glow into his flesh with a Turkish towel, inhales a few puffs from a cigarette, shaves before his triplex mirror, or if ultra-fashionable has the shaving, and much beside, done for him by his man, arrays himself in his fine linen and morning dress, and after a vigorous polishing of nails, a struggle to lay properly a wayward wisp of hair, and much other fine detail of a gentleman's toilet, he is ready to step into the sunshine of a pleasant breakfast-room to find the morning paper at his plate and to devour the news of the latest scandal, the while his eggs and toast and coffee find a comfortable berth within his satisfied stomach. After breakfast he is ready for a drive in his limousine to a well-appointed office, where a few hours are spent in observing a stenographer dispose of a heap of mail, and in consulting with his manager as to the course of more or less important affairs. Then at three he is in trim for a run to the country club for a weak game of golf, followed by a sponge-down, a change to evening clothes, dinner at a downtown club and the opera afterward; thence after a light lunch, back to the comfortable mattress whence he set out in the morning. There are deviations from this program, else where would be the spice to life? On the whole, though, it is a fair outline of the daily routine of a large number of the rich. Is it reasonable to think that such men can have a realization of poverty or work?

Michael Maguire is a wiry son of an Irish immigrant father. He has turned fifty, and he looks it. His face is weathered, his hands calloused. His home is a dreary cottage set down in a squalid city street. Michael in his youth mastered in a way what are called the "rudiments," and then he went to work. He has been working ever since, pounding the heads of red-hot rivets with a tremendous hammer, and he will be at work pounding away until Azrael finally stays his arm. Michael's alarm-clock has cut loose promptly at 5.45 every morning, except Sundays, for thirty-three years, and Michael has always stretched wearily and rolled out of his creaky bed at the call of the faithful timepiece. His cheap cotton socks, heavy brogans and grimy trousers are hastily donned, a dash of cold water from an enamel-ware basin is splashed over his neck and face, he kneels for an Our Father and Hail Mary, perhaps takes a pull at the old cob-pipe, and at 6.15 is seated in the kitchen with the "old woman" for a breakfast of flap-jacks, fried potatoes, corn-beef hash and a cup of strong coffee. Then there is a hasty peep into the boys' room and the girls' room and a kiss for each of the seven bairns, and with a wave of the hand to the wife he is off with his dinner-pail to take the car to the shops. If luck be on his side he will have a quarter of an hour before the last whistle to chat with the boys, and then for the hammer and pound, pound, pound

until noon. How he enjoys the nooning, the thick piece of ham buried in mustard, a hardboiled egg or two, a big gob of cheese, a half-circle of blackberry pie, and, to wash it all down, a quart of cold coffee, and then the cob-pipe again and a half-hour of banter and joking and gossip with the boys, and the last whistle at one o'clock; then pound, pound, pound until five o'clock. Home again at six, a wash and a clean shirt and a fresh suit, a supper of boiled brisket and cabbage and potatoes with their jackets on, with perhaps a huge dill pickle, a piece of cake, a plate of stewed peaches and perhaps, but keep it from the "unco' guid," instead of the pious coffee, a brimming quart of draught beer. Then he sits in judgment on little Tim's trouble with his school-fellows; hears Mary's spelling, rocks Jim's fevered head in his mighty arms until the curtains drop over the weary eyes and one little soul is in dreamland. Then a walk with mother to ask if Mary O'Brien is better today; home again, family prayers, little ones tucked away, and Michael is back on the lumpy mattress, walking in green pastures by pleasant brooks in that land of sleep where no one can be his master.

Sunrise and morning star and good Father Kelly on his knees for an hour of meditation on the happiness of heaven. A few moments reading of Thomas à Kempis, then a holy half-hour at the altar with the Redeemer in his anointed hands and Heaven in his pure heart, an ecstatic twenty-minutes of thanksgiving, a cup of coffee, a piece of toast, and then a round of calls among the sick and the poor and those that are "weary of sin." Perhaps a baptism, perhaps a marriage, perhaps a burial, then to the school and the busy hive of children. Then with the builder to consult about the new tower, then "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker" each follows in the spare moments between canonical hours. Then "sunset and evening star" and a frugal dinner, a black cigar, a half-hour's reading, evening prayer and dreamless rest after a day of happy work. How must the wild world with its sin and its sorrow, its fever and its passion, present itself to the tranquil soul walking in the presence of God and showering benediction along his pathway? How will he value the flinty hardness and dryness of the soul that has never known or loved "the beauty of God's house and the place of the habitation of His glory"? The grace of his vocation and of his stainless life will do much to make his judgment true, but it will at best be far from infallible.

Jack Green was born in the slums of a slum father and, what is infinitely worse, a slum mother. Tobacco smoke and fumes of cheap whisky were in his nostrils from birth. Blasphemy and coarse words were in his ear from infancy, lying and indecency were on his tongue since he began to lisp. Sorrow and misery were his portion from the cradle. Kindness and encouragement were unheard of formulas in his youth. Heaven and hell and judgment were no part of the language spoken in his set. Nourishment and raiment and amusement were secured by him in much the same way as these necessaries were filched by his skulking dog. Prayer, the Sacraments, pardon or forgiveness might be parts of an aeroplane for all he knew. Life was just one skirmish for food and shelter with a *cul-de-sac* at the end in so far as Jack Green could get any handle to it at all. What wonder that Jack landed in the penitentiary, after knocking a bank cashier on the head? And now in his cell, after years of lock-step and striped clothes and monotonous hammering on leather straps in the harness shop with no result to him, and association with all manner of depravity, and occasional experience of the straight-jacket, what an interesting caricature must be Jack's conception of dear Father Kelly, granting that Jack has sufficient mentality left to piece together even a caricature.

Such is the outlook of the multitudinous grades of life upon one another. Youth regards age quizzically through the morning mists; age forgets the shimmery castles built by youth; the strong over-ride the weak, not realizing the cruelty; the weak over-estimate the mastery of muscle; beauty sneers at wrinkles; deformity discovers in the Apollo Belvedere a fairness that is not there; wealth thinks it cannot abide dirt; poverty sees charm where the inside of the platter is unclean.

Is there then no certainty in the estimates we make of our kind? There is not. "Now we see through a glass in a dark manner." Perhaps the glass through which we observe our fellows has many flaws and is affected by all manner of cross currents and variations of temperament. At best we get a confused image. Michael Maguire cannot see through it the weight of convention hanging about the neck of the exquisite. He does not understand riches. The rich, in turn, have no real appreciation of the contentment in the workingman's home in spite of the cabbage smells. Father Kelly with all his holy meditation can hardly value at its true worth poor Jack Green's storm-beaten spirit, and forlorn Jack, what an amusing daub would be his vision of Father Kelly's spiritually well-groomed soul.

Happily though, "there remain faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." With charity in the heart how envious the rich man will be of Michael Maguire; how will Michael sigh over the fetters binding the weary rich; Father Kelly will see how dear to God, and perhaps how clean, is the misshapen soul of Jack Green; and in Jack's eye will be a pleasant image of the delectable garden enclosed within the walls of Father Kelly's bulk of flesh. Charity, not knowledge, is the bridge between the classes of mankind. We may measure every mouthful consumed by the poor, weigh every luxury enjoyed by the rich, dissect to its ultimate origin every motive of the criminal, trace to the scourge and unwearied hours of prayer the sweetness of the blessed soul, but never will balance, or rule, or scalpel, or syllogism bring real understanding of our fellow-man without charity; with it we will know, here and hereafter, even as we are known.

M. J. RIORDAN.

The Glorious Fourth in a Convent.

IT all began with Father Gorman who knows his Brooklyn as Boz knew London. I was going to say that he knows Brooklyn's seamy side, but on reflection—a habit in which I occasionally indulge—I conclude that the objects of his cognition, do not constitute a seamy side. He is at home with outcasts, with people as poor as the Son of Mary at Bethlehem. At present he is trying to induce somebody to give him a street car to take a crowd of mothers and babies on weekly trips to some place near Coney Island. Not from what he says, but from what he does, I gather that he goes about to assure the outcast that he has a friend, to lift to respectability the down and out, and to add a little more happiness to the lives of the poor. Please note my nice use of words. I say "more happiness," because I abominate the modern theory that the poor cannot be happy. Along with priests and Sisters they are the only really happy people that I know; that is, if they are truly poor, and not merely persons afflicted with a perennial grievance against all that is. This is not poverty, but a kind of wrongheadedness, that has no more connection with poverty than baldness has with wisdom.

These remarks constitute, as your keenness has doubtless perceived, a digression. To resume. When, all unmindful of the ubiquitous wire-tapper, Father Gorman telephoned me, "Be sure to come over on the night of the 'Fourth,' for we are going to have something very fine," I inscribed a vow on all my mental tablets, that the night of the "Fourth" would find me "somewhere in Brooklyn," for a purpose not very clear. But I felt sure that it would be something very fine, as Father Gorman had announced, and also something very unusual.

And it was. Any exhibition built on a foundation of music, secular and sacred, the drama, and the choicest thought of the artist in pyrotechnics, is bound to be very fine, or at least spectacular. It was unusual because it was displayed, music, tableaux, fireworks and all, on the lawn of a Convent; and that lawn, as I am a sinner, no other than the lawn of the Convent of the House of the Good Shepherd.

And the actors? You would have thought them mere children, so unaffected were they, so intent, each of them, on doing her part well in the simple songs and tableaux, so obviously pleased and grateful for the applause of the audience. Perhaps in all truth, they were even as those little ones whom the Lord Christ bids us imitate, if we hope to find Him after our tired pilgrimage, in the fields of heaven with the children and the Angels. The world calls these revelers, "inmates of the Good Shepherd," a name touched with pity and contempt. But I have an idea that Our Lord calls them by another name, and that He finds in many, a heart curiously like the trustful, loving heart of a child. They have walked the hard ways of the world, and have passed through the waters of great tribulation; but now they are children very dear to His Heart, for once dead, they have been born again in His great love.

As children, then, I looked on them, as they went from song to song. Truly this great metropolis is a desert through which the Shepherd of Souls walks, and from which He often returns with saddened eyes and empty arms. But here, at the edge of this City of the Dreadful Night, are many souls, won back by His pleading; yet, at first, I could hardly look at these returned wanderers, singing on the lawn of their Convent home. For all her beautiful story, to most of us, Magdalen is a name of mingled joy and pain. Why, I do not know. Perhaps the reason is that when we think of our mothers and sisters, and the perfect type of sweet and noble womanhood given us in our Blessed Mother, desecration seems simple and utter horror without remedy. But it is not so. For many, the desecration has been a *felix culpa*. Out of these marred and broken stones, the Holy Spirit has rebuilt the temple of God. We forget that when Innocence was hanged upon a bitter tree for our sins, Magdalen the sinner, spoke broken words of comfort to her who had first caught His baby smile at Bethlehem. So near, too, was she to the Saviour, that even as in the house of Simon, she had bedewed His feet with her tears, so now the crimson tide flowed down upon her pitying hands; so near that through her tears she saw His messenger, death, snatch the light from His Divine eyes, and waken His mangled limbs to a last shudder of agony, as He gave up the ghost. And now daily is Christ immolated upon our altars, and daily in imitation of her, do Magdalen's sisters kneel at the Sacrifice, happier than their prototype on Calvary, to receive Him into their Hearts.

But in the background of this simple entertainment given by the children of the Good Shepherd, was a principle of Catholic practice, deep and true and fine, and so sincere that to the world at large, it must seem to contain an element of incongruity. Did you ever, for instance, see a "Consecrate" explode a torpedo quite near a spectator's toes, or toss a sizzling firecracker into the air? One does not expect these children, whose lives are so largely made up of penance and prayer, to array themselves in Japanese costumes for a bit of opera, reminiscent of "The Mikado"; and it is a strange sight, indeed, to witness Children of Mary sending up balloons. And after a time, what with explosions of fire-crackers, and whizzing of pin-wheels, and triumphant concussions of fountains of fire, and the crack of sky-rockets, and a dense cloud of smoke hanging over the audience, the scene on the lawn bore a vivid resemblance to the storming of Verdun. Yet in reality there is not a trace of incongruity in this Fourth of July celebration on the lawn of a Convent. What has come to be known as puritanism is almost an antithesis of the Catholic spirit, a spirit that has never looked askance on cakes in moderation, or a sober cup of ale. St. Ignatius liked laugh-

ter in his sons, and St. Teresa once commended a nun who was wont to compose jokes for the merriment of the community. It was the dour Endecott who, it is said, cut the cross from the flag of England and set the ringleted merrymakers in the stocks, while his Puritan brethren anathematized plum-pudding, Christmas and the Master of the Revels, as Popish mummery. But it was Christ who took the children into His blessed arms, and made the marriage feast at Cana happier by His gentle presence and His unexpected gift of wine.

The Church knows human nature, its needs as well as its possibilities for holiness. Her practice reflects her knowledge, and makes her Saints pleasant as well as good. The holiest people are usually the happiest and the kindest. I never heard of a gloomy, bitter Saint. Gloom and bitterness are the fruits of sin and error. The world's *rigidi Catones* are unbending because they do not understand human nature, and because they do not understand, they neither love nor trust any but themselves and their sour works. They can never sympathize with St. Paul's "rejoice, rejoice always," and even the gentle Faber once compared their happiest psalm-singing to the despairing wail of demons. St. James counsels singing as a remedy against sadness. I do not think that he meant a dirge, nor always, a hymn, nor a psalm, sung featly through the nose; although no exegete, I incline to the opinion that he would not forbid "Dixie" or "The Star Spangled Banner" did these venerable anthems serve the desired purpose. And St. Paul, a very human, likable Saint, one who never seemed to tire of asking about his friends, who yearned to meet them and wept at parting, shows his spirit in these matters when, after the storm at sea, he began to urge his fellow-passengers to take their breakfast "for their health's sake."

The Church in her practice is human, even as Christ, her Master; she understands the needs of human kind. No one ever loved man so much as Christ who understood him best. No simple, human joy was ever lessened by His sacred presence. I cannot believe that He stilled the laughter of the little children whom He took into His arms, or that when He walked among men, He brought anything but a quickened happiness to those He met. "I have compassion on the multitude," He said, and worked a miracle that they might not go away hungry. And when His inspired biographer would tell of the wonders of these years, he did not draw the picture of the Lion of Judah ruling sad hearts under a cloud of gloom. Indeed the sweetest life-story ever penned was epitomized in five precious words: "He went about doing good." It was this spirit that prompted the Fourth of July celebration for the children of the Brooklyn House of the Good Shepherd, where white-clad nuns perpetuate the sweet spirit of the Master, making hearts light with the joy of the children of God.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

An Open Letter to a Spiritist

SIR,—You have doubtless heard the story of the lawyer whose principal occupation was sending postal money orders to the spirits of the departed. I do not know how the incident impressed you at the time, but it set me thinking, I remember, about a number of problems raised by the case, independent of the legal problem of the ownership of the moneys thus dispatched. The question that I asked myself was this: Why are these spiritist manifestations so grotesque, so incredible to reasonable men, so provocative of laughter rather than reverence?

It is not, as your dexterous rationalist will at once affirm, because all dealings with the supernatural have become incredible to men. From the beginning of time, as far as recorded history goes back, the mass of men have believed that a supernatural world existed and that the manifestations of that world sometimes, so to speak, broke into our world of sense. Nor has this belief been confined to the ignorant and the unskilled in investigation. Many of the most powerful, many of the most carefully trained, many of the most skeptical intellects have held and still hold it. This does not, of course, prove it to be true, but it does prove it not to be so preposterously silly that an ordinary man laughs at the mere sentiment of it.

Moreover, ordinary men do not naturally laugh at such things. Take a typical modern man who has practically ceased to believe altogether in the supernatural. Tell him of a sick person healed at Lourdes or at the shrine of St. Catherine of Sienna, tell him of a case of diabolic possession, tell him even of the weird things wrought by Indian fakirs; he may be and probably will be incredulous, but he will not be simply derisive. He will perhaps call it simply a legend, but as a legend it will move him. And it will not move him to mere ridicule; it will move him more likely to reverence, perhaps to regret for his own incapacity to believe. Anyhow, he will not treat it as he treats, for instance, the stories of the deceased "Dr. Reeves" and his appetite for "flimsies," which even death could not satiate.

No: I am convinced that one must dig deeper into the philosophy of the business to find the real root of that curious element of absurdity in such modern spiritism as you profess.

I think that the root of it will be found in your view of death, a view that can easily be made to sound plausible and even impressive, but is at bottom so inhuman that its consequences must needs turn out altogether incongruous with human sentiment.

I have often heard your prophets speak on the subject. They will not speak of death at all. They call it "passing over" or some such thing. "It is just going out of one room into another," they say, and we are assured that the departed are in no way affected by their translation, but remain just the same kind of futile people that

they were when on this earth. Similarly, I note that in the very case of which I have spoken the lawyer spoke of "opposition spirits," and when asked whether he meant evil spirits answered that he was not allowed to use that word. Apparently we are to conclude that in the next world there is an "official opposition" and that it must be spoken of with decent courtesy and according to the traditional rules of procedure.

But to return to the subject of death. Your view is that death makes no difference. The view of mankind is that it makes all the difference. On that at least Christian and pagan, Mahometan and agnostic, are agreed.

There are two ways of looking at death that are natural to man and appeal at once to his instincts. One is the simple pagan view that death is the terrible price we pay for life, that its presence is the shadow falling on all our joys, and that its outcome is nothingness. So terribly real is this view that the great unbelievers, ancient and modern, who have felt it, cannot fail to rise to nobility when they speak of it. *"Sunt lachrimæ rerum,"* said Vergil, *"et mentem mortalia tangunt."* "Is it possible to believe of anyone," exclaims Huxley, "who has stood with his dead before the abyss of the eternal, that he has never had a thought beyond negative criticism?" "Where God has bound for a token," said Swinburne, "the darkness that maketh afraid." There is a monument in the Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris that has exactly caught this note of reverent despair. That thought at least is real; that at least is human.

Yet with that thought comes another thought. Is it possible that this dreadful thing is a veil for something more dreadful and yet more beautiful? Does this black climax of human life which seems the end of all thinkable things mean the beginning of things unthinkable? Since the beginning of time men have had that thought also. Some of us not only have it but feel certain that it corresponds to a reality.

But note this well. If there is a light beyond the grave, the unanimous instinct of mankind will feel that the light must be as astounding as that astounding darkness. If the tragedy of death is to turn out after all a comedy, it must be a Divine Comedy like Dante's. It must not be a three-act farce with impecunious ghosts on the look-out for postal money orders, or with disembodied ladies and gentlemen getting surely unnecessary physical exercise throwing tables and chairs round the room. Men may easily be made to feel death as terrible. Men may by a violent revelation be made to feel death as glorious. But no man that is born of woman can possibly be made to feel it as unimportant.

"Just passing from one room to another." No: it will not do. Something in our bones cries out that it is not that.

"Sunt lachrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt." That is real and human; that really does touch the heart. And this also is real and human. This also touches the heart:—

"I heard a voice from heaven say: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

But a "Dr. Reeves" and his miscarried postal money orders? No, no! Believe me,

Your obedient servant,

A. L. WELLFORD.

Uncle Sam Sighs

A CLASH across the Rio Grande, at a little place called Carrizal, and the war clouds loomed dark against American skies. Uncle Sam sounded the call to arms, and the telephone tinkled in office buildings and homes, calling the citizen soldiery from civil life to camp and field. No praise can be too strong for the National Guardsmen. Often at great personal sacrifice they answered "Ready!" to the Nation's cry for the mobilization of the militia. They proved they were not too proud to fight. They were not too pleasure-loving or business-interested to blend their individual interests into the paramount interest, and face the heat of a Texas summer, or the more unpleasant business that might await them on the other side of the international boundary-line. No finer spirit was ever shown in a nation's crisis.

You would think Uncle Sam would cheer at this. He did. But he sighed when he reflected on the system whereby his citizen soldiers were forced to give expression to their soldier-spirit. Unfortunately the militia system did not prove itself equal to the emergency that arose over night. The men were willing but they were not ready. Here is the story, clear as summer sunlight, whose first chapter was Carrizal. Ten days after the orders to mobilize, a nation of one hundred million people was able to start only a few more than fifteen thousand troops to the Mexican border for patrol duty and possible war. Not one fighting unit of the departing troops was in real war form, properly equipped and thoroughly trained. A visit to Governor's Island, headquarters of the Department of the East, will furnish the inquirer ample proof of this statement. On the desks of the staff officers there you will find dozens upon dozens of telegrams, and endless memoranda of revoked orders. All the skill and labor of General Wood's staff, all the energy and good spirit of militia staffs and commanders were not strong enough to make up for the defects of the militia system that was put to the emergency test in this summer of 1916.

This was the situation: General Funston called for troops. The State Governors were ordered to "rush the militia to the border." They did their best. The railroads were suddenly called upon to do the impossible. The rush to the border was a painful delay, marked by confusion everywhere. The railroads could not gather together a sufficient supply of rolling stock at short notice, the State Governments had not supplied their troops with sufficient field equipment, there was a shortage of horses and mules. The truth is '98 has come again. Commands that ought to move find something missing and cannot move. Supplies that were expected to arrive at a certain time are still expected; trains due at a certain place are not there. This is how 1,000,000 volunteers, who, according to the "Great Commoner," were to spring to the nation's defense within twenty-four hours, really mobilized. Are we prepared? What would have happened if the black speck on the horizon had been a big war-cloud? What if the call had been for the mobilization of two hundred thousand men to withstand the invasion of a well-trained army? It is not pleasant to think about. Yet every true American should think about it, after this fearful lesson in unpreparedness.

The men best fitted to discuss the situation, the officers of the regular army, declare that not half of the militia force of one hundred and twenty thousand men will be of military value for

at least six months! It brings to mind the statement of General Wood before the House Committee on Military Affairs, given on January 27, 1916:

> The militia has done all that officers and men can do under a rotten system. I am not criticizing them at all. The militia has 130,000 officers and men enrolled. But when I say they can turn out 60,000 men in fairly good condition, I think I have stated the limit. You might turn out more, but they would be untrained and of little value.

It is the system that is at fault, according to the same authority, not the men of the Guard. Over at Governor's Island, the other day, General Wood said to a New York *Sun* reporter:

> I have nothing but praise for the officers and men of the National Guard. Their spirit and their training are admirable. Theirs is not the fault for the deplorable delay in the mobilization. The system in vogue in the militia throughout the country is to blame.
>
> This system left the men short of the necessary equipment. In many armories, for instance, it was not permissible to store the extra equipment, because the buildings are not fireproof.
>
> This system left the men short of horses. Manifestly it is impossible to go into the market on a few days' notice and pick up 5,000 trained cavalry and artillery horses. Green horses destroy the efficiency of an organization just as certainly as green men do.

It is very generally conceded that New York's militiamen are among the best trained, if not the very best trained, in the country. How smoothly did the system work that was to get them under way for the Rio Grande? Instance the departure of the Seventh, "the crack regiment" of the metropolis. It was to move at two o'clock, one fair June day. At the time set for its leaving, several packing cases of shoes were unloaded at the armory gate. The report was given out that regulation shoes had not been given to the men. Meanwhile the soldiers' relatives were crowding around the armory to say good-by. Final orders came from Governor's Island for the Seventh to entrain at seven o'clock. But the distribution of shoes had not been finished, in fact examining and mustering in of the men was just completed at that hour. So blame for delay was put on the railroads. "The delay is due to car shortage," said the military authorities. "There never has been a car shortage," replied the railroads. "The Pullman Company could not supply cars for all the soldiers, but there were coaches enough for all. The order for cars was not received till late yesterday, and it was physically impossible to mobilize them until this morning." By the by, there are only about six hundred tourist sleepers in the land, scattered everywhere from Virginia to California. Responsibility was shifted from the military to the railroad, and back again to the military. Blythe calls it "passing the buck," in speaking of the cardinal sin of politics. Had hostile fleets controlled our waterways, with well-laden transports in their wake, "passing the buck," which is another way of saying "shirking responsibility," would not have saved our homes from destruction and our Flag from disgrace.

Let us face the facts and remedy the system. Every American citizen has a right to ask if the country has received the full value of the seven million dollars a year from the Federal Government that has gone to the support of the Militia. If it has, why were not guns, uniforms and blankets in the hands of two hundred thousand men when the call to arms sounded? Why are State camps without a good water supply? Why are militia machine gun companies without machine guns? Do you realize that it was a machine gun made in the United States, in the hands of Mexicans that is blamed for the disaster at Carrizal, the defeat of American troopers who had no machine gun?

It is not easy to believe with a certain New York paper that the National Guard "is about as unfit as in 1898." But unless we are blind we can see unpreparedness written large on every movement that began with the call to the Colors, and ended, after delay and confusion, with entrainment.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The French War Orphans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The American prospectus of the *Orphelinat des Armées* bears upon its title-page, which is written in French, a sketch of a procession of weeping mothers and little children, walking through a graveyard with two crosses visible in the background. Among the assurances printed below this picture the last one, *la religion de leurs pères,* is of supreme importance to every Catholic benefactor. For the fate of a million children may be hanging in the balance. Shall they be Catholics or atheists? There is no *Via Media.*

Let us look at facts alone rather than discuss possibilities. The vital question is not whether the children shall grow up with a mother's care in the little town or village where the fathers lived, but rather what school shall these war orphans attend. If it be the *école laïque,* or so-called "neutral" school, then good-bye to all faith in God. No mother's care, no curé's personal influence can save the soul of a child who during five days in the week is taught that there is no God. The prospectus of the *Orphelinat des Armées* asserts that "on its honorary, active and administrative committees are the greatest names of France." First of all is mentioned Monsieur Poincaré, the most conspicuous champion of the "neutral" school; second, Monsieur Briand, a most notorious anti-Christian; and third, Monsieur Viviani, the leading spirit of them all, the man whose famous speech in the Chamber against God was printed and posted up by order of the Government, in 1906, throughout all the 36,000 Communes of France. I will quote only a few sentences as a reminder to those who may have read it, and as information to those who have not:

> The Third Republic summoned round her the children of the peasant and the workingman and into their obscure minds, their unenlightened intelligences, she poured little by little the revolutionary germ of education. But this was not enough. With one consent, with our fathers, our elders, and our fellows, we have bound ourselves throughout the past to a work of anti-clericalism and irreligion. We have torn the minds of men from religious faith.

The Léon Bourgeois Bill, brought up in the Chamber of Deputies last March, gives over the *education* of the entire *Orphelinat des Armées* to the Ministry of Public Instruction. This means that every pupil will attend the *école laïque.* The Catholic population of France has for fifteen years organized and conducted at an immense expense its own Catholic schools, called *écoles libres,* in order to have the children brought up in the Faith of their parents. But these "war orphans" are to be deprived of this necessary support to faith, and shield against evil.

Some people do not even know the extent of atheistic aggressiveness in the French "neutral" school. Since 1902 every schoolbook has been revised, and the mention of prayer, of a future life, and even the name of God stricken out. The first sentence of Larive and Fleury's grammar for small children used to be "God is great"; it now stands corrected, "Paris is great." In January, 1905, the Society of French School Teachers printed and distributed, as a New Year's gift, a pamphlet called "The Republican Catechism," which announces in its preface: "It is not the Church alone that we must destroy; we must kill God," *il faut tuer Dieu.*

What are French Catholics doing? They are fighting with all their hearts, they are enduring the bitterest grief, and the most terrible privations, striving to save their beloved *Patrie*, and with all their strength, which politically counts for nothing against the great radical majority, they are trying to defeat a law which is going to give over to the atheistic powers more than a million innocent and helpless souls in their own country and of their own race. It is the future of France that is at stake, when these children shall become grown men. Catholics in the United States must help the Church in France and not strengthen the hands of her worst foes. The Catholics of France need help and sympathy of every kind. They need money for their wounded, and moral support against radical tyranny. The horrors of war have awakened a religious fervor, which makes them heroic in the face of death. And what is their reward? Abuse and calumny so wanton, by the *Dépêche de Toulouse* and other radical organs, that Monsieur Briand upon the urgent request of some Catholic Deputies of the Chamber wrote a perfunctory public letter of protest. As an Italian paper put it, "Briand protests and lets it go on (*lasciá fare*)." On March 12 the *Libre Parole* attacked the bill for the education of the War Orphans, when it was brought before the Chamber, because of its "anti-religious character." In April the entire French episcopate banded together to support a petition to the Senate opposing this same bill.

In AMERICA for June 24 you print an eloquent letter on the subject from the late Cardinal Sévin to his Eminence, Cardinal Farley. Some time ago you printed some extracts from Cardinal Luçon's Pastoral Letter, written at Reims, in which he warns French Catholics that "a peril threatens us from within far greater than the danger from foreign foes. It is a spirit of hostility to religion."

Cincinnati. MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I again ask the privilege of space in your columns for this letter written from Paris to our American Committee by the Misses Schofield and Fell, who came to America to plead the cause of the French fatherless children?

Miss Fell and I saw the French Committee as soon as we could on our arrival here, and the members were profoundly touched to hear of the generosity of America and her interest in the little children. It was realized on our report that America, in this matter of the children, was striving to do something both constructive and national; that her standing by the little ones of France might be put on record for all time, as a deed, not only great in its results for France, but great also as a monument of your great Republic's fidelity to friendship. The Committee decided that this great help must be accepted in the spirit in which it was given, namely, nationally.

Since we left France, many other associations had sprung up beside the *Orphelinat des Armées*, which you know has been hampered by lack of funds; and the great majority were helping the children on the same lines, namely, leaving them in their mothers' care while seeing that they get the educational training they need, and instruction in their parents' religion.

When we made it clear that America in this work wanted to help, not so much one institution—unless that institution had been the main one for all France—the Committee decided that the honorable thing for them to do would be to allow every Society that was helping the impecunious war orphans in France, on the lines approved by America, to share in the largess of America.

A *Comité de Répartition* was formed under the name of the "Fatherless Children of France," with *Orphelinat des Armées et Œuvres Coopérantes*, and it was decided that all societies which cared for impecunious war orphans in their own homes on the lines approved of by America should after investigation of their standards, management, etc., be admitted to receive the American help for their children, in the order of their application and as the help came from America.

That the spirit of friendship in which your help is given may be still further respected and that it may really lead to a deep and lasting friendship between the two peoples, it has been decided that the money should go to the children through the Post Office; so that each time they get it they may think of its origin and that the mother and child may fully realize that it comes from America, from some particular town, and when their friend's name has been given, from that individual American; thus they will not confuse in their minds the help they receive from America with any previous help given by the Association.

Of course, you will understand that all the associations of which we speak are without exception in need of funds, that they could not have gone on helping the children if the help did not come from America. The duration of the war, the number of the losses have surpassed all the calculations made when the different associations were started, and they have been overwhelmed by the needs.

I enclose the list of the active members of the Committee. As you will see, most of the active members of the *Orphelinat des Armées* are on its board—M. Croiset, the President of the *Orphelinat des Armées* and who is still President of it, is on this Committee, as general correspondent for America. One of the Catholic Bishops is on it, and one or two very well known Catholics.

Offices have been given gratuitously to the new Committee at 110 rue de Grenelle.

The work that all this entails is being almost entirely done by teachers from the invaded districts, who still get their stipends from the Government though they have no work to do, and who are in consequence able to devote themselves to this other work without pay. The mere distribution of the money is a work of considerable labor, as it is sent in small sums to the mothers.

The different associations continue their tutelage, and report to the Committee any mother who is not using the money wisely and who is refractory to advice. But such cases must be very rare, since we are not dealing with the unworthy, but rather with the most worthy of the population.

America can be perfectly confident that the money sent goes directly to the children, with the very minimum of expense; for if the help continues to flow in from America, on the scale thought possible by your Committees, that is, in sufficient amount to relieve the one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) little ones of France, the Government in every probability will make all postal expenses free. On the other hand, even the expense of our journey, which had been met by funds from the *Orphelinat* have been entirely reimbursed by a French subscriber, passionately desirous that every penny of the American money should go to the children and should awaken in their hearts that feeling of love and gratitude for America which is going to be the finest outcome of the work.

Very shortly the American Ambassador to France, the President of the Clearing House in Paris, and some other notable Americans are to be invited to receive the thanks of France both for the money that has already come over and the effort that is further being made in America. At the same time they will be asked to inspect the offices, and it will be proposed to show any expert they may care to appoint, account of the use made in France of the funds received.

I trust you will feel as we do that this is very satisfactory; the details have taken a little time to get in order, but the recognition of the greatness of this deed of America was instantaneous, the realization also of what it must mean for the future. It is raising the standard of love and friendship in the welter of suffering; a brave turning to the future; a magnificent beginning again on better, higher lines.

Miss Fell and I thank you deeply for all that you have done and are doing for France, and also for your kindness to us personally. Our trip to your side was hard work, and meant sacrifice because of those we left, but it was one of the great experiences of our lives, and there was a deep happiness about it because of the meaning of it all.

F. M. SCHOFIELD,
ELLINOR FELL,

As doubts have been spread abroad about the attitude of the *Orphelinat* toward the religion of the children, this letter, written

from Paris by those engaged in the work of relief, would seem to refute hostile criticism.

Boston. J. G. ROBINS.

"A Legion of Defense"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It was a source of edification and gratification to me to see the numerous answers to my query on a "Legion of Defense." The answers prove not only that a Catholic sense exists but also that a Catholic pulse is in evidence.

All the communications agreed, first, that prejudice and bigotry exist; secondly, that the principal cause is our indifference; and thirdly, that a Legion of Defense is not only advisable but absolutely necessary.

Let me add another observation that the letters showed, viz., there is a vast amount of zeal, ability and energy wasted among Catholic laymen, which could be used in favor of the Church if it could only be directed. Fifteen years ago Niagara Falls had tremendous energy and power, but all was wasted; now the Falls are harnessed and light the city of Buffalo. Who will help harness and direct our power and energy to light the world?

The two things we have to fear are indifference and uncatholic Catholics or anti-Catholic Catholics. We must avoid that indifference which overlooks insults to our Church, our principles, our priests and our Sisters. We must also avoid and expose "political Catholics"; the Catholics who live not in the Church but off the Church; the Catholics who think, not that they were created for the Church, but that the Church was created for them; the Catholics who sacrifice their faith to further political ambitions!

What we lack is unity and organization. If we cannot present a united front against our enemies, we shall never accomplish anything. The Church in France and Mexico fell because of lack of organization and unity on the part of Catholics. The Church in Ireland has lived and prospered because its people were organized and willing to fight for their faith.

Over here in Brooklyn a number of zealous laymen, members of the Knights of Columbus, have started a movement which will surely develop into a Legion of Defense. We also hope to make it a Legion of Offense. Our underlying and undying principle is love, love of God, love of Church, love of country, love of society. Our purpose is to win heaven to earth and earth to heaven. We have some twenty-five self-sacrificing members who meet every Friday evening. Our aim at present is self-development as speakers. In the fall we intend to conduct a vigorous campaign of organization. Our task is great, but the gift of faith combined with the grace of God can overcome all obstacles. With God's help we hope to turn a paralyzed laity into a militant laity.

Brooklyn. P. F. SCANLAN.

First American Books

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A paper on "Early American Bibles," credited to the *Christian Herald,* is just now going the rounds of the press. The article begins in this fashion:

> The first Bible printed in America was in an Indian language, translated by John Elliott, pioneer missionary to the Indians and published at Cambridge, Mass., the New Testament in 1661, the entire Bible in 1663.

Apparently the writer of this article means to say that no portion of the Bible was printed in America before 1661. If so his statement contains almost as many misstatements as there are lines. Of course John *Eliot,* which is the correct spelling of the name, was not the "pioneer missionary to the Indians" by any means, neither was his publication a "first."

The first Bible printed in America was an edition of the Gospels and Epistles issued in Mexico in 1579 by the Dominican Didacus de S. Maria. At the same time, an edition of the Book of Proverbs was also printed in Mexico by the Franciscan Louis Rodriguez.

The *first book* printed in North America was a Catholic devotional work, "Escala Espiritual," (The Spiritual Ladder), published in Mexico in 1535. It is a translation of the seventh century "Scala Paradisi" of St. John Climacus. No copy of this book is now extant. The oldest known existing American printed book is a Catholic Catechism, "Doctrina Christiana," also published in Catholic Mexico, on June 14, 1544, or *ninety-five years* before the oft-exploited New England "Bay State Psalm-Book," appeared. The date of the latter is January, 1639.

A copy of the "Doctrina Christiana" is among the most valued treasures of the Hispanic Museum in this city and by permission of Mr. Archer Huntington, a facsimile reproduction of it will be published, this fall, by the United States Catholic Historical Society. The book will be edited with an appropriate historical explanation by Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, the President of the Catholic Historical Society.

New York. S. H. H.

Dr. Badé's Book

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My attention has been called to a communication in AMERICA for June 10 in which Father Drum continues to discuss the use of Dr. Badé's book as a text-book in the University of California. The following letter from Mr. Newton B. Drury, secretary to the President of the University, may throw light upon the subject under discussion.

> University of California, Office of the President.
> BERKELEY, June 5, 1916.
>
> MY DEAR FATHER O'NEILL:
>
> In reply to your inquiry as to whether Dr. Bade's book "The Old Testament in the Light of Today" has been introduced as a text-book in the University of California, permit me to say that, to my knowledge, it has not been so used. Professor Gayley, in his course entitled "The Bible in English Literature," referred to Dr. Badé's book and the work was reported upon by a student as a basis of discussion, but Professor Gayley informs me that the book was not used as a text for the course.
>
> Very sincerely yours,
> NEWTON B. DRURY,
> *Secretary to the President.*

It is with reluctance that I bring this book to your attention again, for I feel that it has already received a great deal more publicity than it deserves. Fairness, however, seems to require that the readers of AMERICA be given an opportunity to judge whether or not those interested in the work are justified in claiming that the book is used as a text-book when it was merely reported upon by one of the students and presented for criticism to a class in English Literature.

Newman Hall, Berkeley, Cal. T. L. O'NEILL, C.S.P.

The Story of a Neglected Grave

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The note printed in your issue of June 17, concerning the neglected grave in Calvary Cemetery, of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly, was brought to the notice of his grandson, a resident of California. He has notified the cemetery authorities to put the plot in order at once. A happy result, which also shows how widely AMERICA is read.

Brooklyn. T. F. M.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Cry of the Children.

IT soughs over the battlefields in the wake of the screeching shell where the dead and dying mark war's progress. You cannot mistake the tiny voices crying to the God of peace to stay the clash of steel that is orphaning the little ones of the nations. For the flying bullet ricochets from the battle-ground to the distant home, wounding mother-hearts and leaving children fatherless. There may be songs of hate sounding in the din of battle; there is naught but a sigh of pity coming even from the sturdy lips of the men in the trenches or on the firing line, at the thought of the children of the warring armies, helpless little victims of the great world-slaughter.

America has heard and hearkened to the cry echoing first from one land and then from another, and American hearts have gone out in pity to the innocent little ones of a blood-mad world. Last and saddest of all of the cries for help to reach our shores is the cry of the little ones of a land whose history is as sad as it is glorious. On account of the great war, the increased cost of the necessaries of life, the distress following upon the wholesale executions in Dublin but a while ago, there never was a time in Erin's history, when the rising generation demanded a care, for the neglect of which today, Ireland will surely suffer tomorrow. According to the statement of the Lord Mayor, "the British Government's money-grant is inadequate to relieve the suffering of Ireland's children."

To awaken the public conscience to the need of preventing criminal waste of infant life, in up-to-date, enlightened American cities, it was found necessary to hold a "Baby Week." If that is true, think of the need which exists in a country suffering from the loss of her young manhood, from the ravages of war, after having suffered for more than half a century from the excessive emigration of the flower of her youth:

Think of the thousands of lone women with large families in the overcrowded, badly housed Irish cities, and remember that the country will lose a higher percentage of these children from preventable causes at home than from deaths and sickness caused by the war, unless steps are taken to save these infant lives.

Funds have been raised for the alleviation of distress of various classes, but these cannot be used to meet the expenses of the special baby-saving campaign which is sorely needed during the summer months in most of the cities of Ireland, if the little ones who alone can heal the country's wounds are to be rescued from death and disease.

You have seen the worried looks of mothers, and the anxious eyes of fathers, as they hurried their little ones away from the danger zone that blighted child life in America's metropolis, when infantile paralysis stalked abroad. Remember there is no escaping the danger zone in Dublin or Belfast or Limerick or Cork for the little ones of Erin. The trying conditions now prevalent in the land constitute a danger zone that is too big for the children to flee from. We in America are asked to lessen the danger, to help make their living conditions more tolerable, to give Irish babies a chance for their lives. Generosity or selfishness will answer the pitiful plea: "Are the little children of Ireland worth saving?"

The New York "Sun."

THE New York *Sun* has changed hands once again, and its admirers, among whom are hosts of Catholics, are anxious for its career. On the whole the *Sun* has been an admirable paper, true in instinct, clear and forceful in style. Whatever may have been its defects this much at least may be said in its favor, it has been faithful to the natural law. Great moral issues found it on the right side: it had no word of praise for vice masquerading as a social or economic necessity: it scorned cant and hypocrisy and understood what justice is and how to defend it. And now the *Sun* has passed to new management. What will its fate be? Will profit or expediency become its norm? If so, the metropolis will lose another "institution" which helped to give dignity to its life and fame to its intellect.

Infantile Paralysis

DURING the past two weeks we have been reading with amazement of the rapid spread of infantile paralysis through the homes of our city. About fifty cases are reported daily, making an alarming total up to the present.

No precautions are neglected for abating the evil. Mothers who are able to do so are fleeing out of the stricken zone with their children, and those who are forced to remain in the danger are faithfully following out the careful directions of an active and efficient "Health Department." These vigilant measures must soon succeed in exterminating the pestilence that had gained such headway before we were aware of its presence.

All of us, whether relatives or not, feel our hearts touched with pity for the poor suffering children, more even than for the men-sufferers of the war in Europe. Those frail babes are not equal to the conflict with the savage foe of their little lives, and it is hard to see them perish in it, so young.

Pity them, indeed, and take warning. There is, however, a pestilence in modern life and thought that threatens to corrupt its way, not through the bodies, but into the much more precious souls of our children, old and young. It is the irreligion in so many of the schools of today, and the license of so much of our manners. Are you fighting against that, too, parents, relatives, and friends? Are you trying to keep the fever of it away from the lives of your little ones? If not, there is danger for them as for the victims of this infantile paralysis. "The danger period, the time when the crippling comes," says the report, "is after the fever." So too with this moral disease. When the children are older they will feel their sad liability in the warping of mind and heart away from that which is true and good.

Religious Tests for Office-Holders

MANY years have been numbered with the past since religion was divorced from education. Our present system is, in theory, non-sectarian. Education has been made a function of the State, and, in the opinion of many, a function pertaining exclusively to the State. All who administer the system, supervisors, State and local, principals, teachers, are simply the State's paid officials. This implies no manner of reproach. The teacher is worthy of his hire. It merely states what is now a fact.

Up to the present, every office within the gift of the people has been open to every American citizen. We have no preliminary religious tests, although there is no constitutional reason why the people of the several States should not impose them, should they deem such action fit and proper. No notable attempt, however, has been made in this direction; but it may be seriously questioned whether or not we Catholics are now facing a general disqualification on the ground that the religion which we hold, unfits us for the administration of a public trust. The undoubted public tendency towards this disqualification was clearly indicated in an address by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, formerly Superintendent of the Chicago public schools, to the National Educational Association. "Mrs. Young dealt chiefly with the teaching of religion in the schools," reports the New York *Times* for July 5, "and said that the demand for non-sectarian teaching was likely to lead to a further restriction by which persons educated in sectarian schools would not be eligible to teach in secular ones."

Those who are acquainted with the progress of secularism during the last quarter-century, will agree that Mrs. Young is undoubtedly correct in holding that the next step in the evolution of non-sectarian education, is "likely" to be the imposition of a religious test as a qualification for public office. Rumors and reports of the rejection of Catholic men and women because they are Catholics, by public or quasi-public officials are common. Of course, there are ways and means of attributing the rejection to other causes. But what are we Catholics going to do about it? Do we intend to adopt the policy of purchasing a lock after the horse has been stolen?

Our Boys

WELL-NIGH two years ago AMERICA began a movement in favor of greater care of our Catholic boys. Social workers in the chief cities of the country contributed papers dealing with the boy problem, as they see it in their respective localities.

The one outstanding impression left on the minds of those who read these articles is, that though much has been done to save our youths, yet the fringe of the problem has scarcely been touched. Our streets are thronged by an army of boys who are surrounded on all sides by temptations against faith and morals. Cut loose from the restraints of the school, they remain practically unguided through an impressionable age, when direction is most needed. As a consequence, many fall by the wayside, and their story is told by disease, by prisons, by reformatories, by godlessness, crude and blatant. Thus those who might have been upstanding citizens become a burden to the State and a shame to the Church. This problem is great and acute; there are men charged with the awful responsibility of solving it, men of whom God will demand a reckoning for the soul of every boy lost through the temptations common to our streets and other loitering places. The existing state of affairs would not be so sad if the solution were difficult. Such, however, is not the case; the way is clear to a remedy; all that is required is zeal, good-will on the part of those to whom God has committed the care of His flock.

It is to be hoped that some day a prophet and priest will arise in the proper place, the Spirit of the Lord hard upon him, to force attention to the salvation of the thousands of Catholic boys who under present conditions go to increase the wreckage along the way of life.

The Song of the Plutocrats.

FOR some time past, residents of New York have known that a chorus of 100 "noted citizens" had been laboriously formed under the direction of G. W. Wickersham; their song was known too, at least to the choristers and to those who had been invited to lend their voices, but refused from love of truth. But now everybody knows the refrain, even those who are not noted citizens. It burst on Monday evening's air with all the melody usual to the performance of creatures who mis-

take noise for music, deceit for truth. The lusty voices shouted:

We have come together here in support of the Mayor, because we realize that the fight he has been waging is not his fight, but our fight. As members of this community, and as citizens of this country, we have no right to let him stand alone in this struggle. It is clear to us by this time that the Mayor has been fighting for two important principles. First, he has stood firmly upon his conviction that it is both the right and the duty of the city authorities to see to it that the city gets a dollar's worth for every dollar expended for the care of dependent children in private charitable institutions, as in every other phase of municipal activity.

To this end he has insisted upon adequate inspection and supervision of the various institutions housing the 25,000 homeless children who are the city's wards. He has demanded that these children shall be properly clothed and properly fed, and that they shall be given a chance to learn and a chance to play, and that they shall be given a reasonable opportunity to grow up to be good citizens. This is what the Mayor has been fighting for. The Mayor's struggle in behalf of this principle has unfortunately thrust him into a fight in behalf of a still more fundamental principle—a principle that cannot be better expressed than by his own words before the Thompson Committee:

"If there is one thing that is fundamental in American life it is that just as we declare that Government shall not lay its hand upon the altar of the Church, so the Church shall not lay its hand upon the altar of Government."

As to the merits of these two issues there can be no division of opinion among good citizens of this city. It is our duty, therefore, regardless of race, creed or political affiliations, to stand behind him in his courageous attitude on these issues. It is for this purpose that we have come together here today. . . .

There was a pause, and then there floated from the City Hall a well-prepared, if fatuous, answer, the very echo of the song sung by the 100 noted citizens.

All this is splendid. In fact nothing could be better. May the chorus sing many such songs! Their sharp contrast with the truth will convince those still in doubt that Mayor Mitchel's case must be weak indeed, if it needs the support of shifty, spectacular methods, whose one purpose is to obscure the issue. Moreover, workmen fighting for existence against greedy capitalists will note among the "singers" men who have amassed unlimited wealth through the ill-paid labor of others and, having noted it, these sons of toil and sorrow will cease to wonder why the wires of their "Unions" were tapped. More, they will smile at the solicitude of these plutocrats for children, whose fathers and brothers, capitalists have sweated in unspeakable misery, for a non-living wage, thus making many of the institutions for dependent children a necessity.

Sing again chorus of 100.

The respectable women who were submitted to the indignity of having their conversations over the wire listened to by hirelings, will note that these same plutocrats have engaged two distinguished lawyers to defend the men indicted for the infamy, and having noted it will form their own opinions of plutocratic standards of honor and decency.

Sing again chorus of 100.

The sharp eyed "Tiger" glancing at the names of the 100 noted citizens will recall history, blink its eyes, scent the cheap political scheme that everybody recognizes, wag its tail and fall asleep again, disdaining a trap meant for a tiger but constructed for an ass.

Sing again chorus of 100.

Citizens of Irish descent, whose fathers and brothers bled on American battle-fields, will read the singers' names and find among them that of a man who a few years since, publicly bade the Irish go back to Ireland and "home-rule" that place instead of trying to "home-rule" New York. And all other men of true American spirit will observe the same thing and evaluate the worth of the opinion of that particular singer and others of like mind.

Sing again chorus of 100.

And the city will be merry for many a day over the fact that the chorus makes its hero tilt the windmill or slay a man of straw. The hero is fighting forsooth for the conviction that the city should get due return for money expended. That conviction has never been contravened in theory or practice.

Sing again chorus of 100.

He is demanding that dependent children in private institutions be properly clothed and fed and given a chance to learn and play and grow up good citizens. A splendid demand but quite unnecessary. All this and more have these children obtained, far in excess of any provision that could be made for them, in virtue of the paltry sum paid by the city each week, for the child's keep. And apropos of this the chorus of 100 should remember that the five dependent children recently convicted of homicide were not from a private institution.

Sing again chorus of 100.

Now there is a burst of song, Adler and Arnstein and Frankenheimer and Goetz and Lehman and Lewisohn-Lewisohn and Lippman and Sachs and Seligman-Seligman and Speyer and Warburg and Wile and Choate and Bacon and Wickersham and all the other shams see the fair, pale moon and to her do sing that their hero is striving to prevent the Church from laying its hand on the altar of the Government. His Honor, the hero, must have been absent from the rehearsals of that part of the song; "he took that all back" long ago and declared there was no such attempt on the part of the Church.

Sing again chorus of 100.

In the meantime citizens who are not noted should remember (1) That private institutions give an account of all money received from the city. (2) That private institutions are flooded with small armies of inspectors. (3) That private institutions feed, clothe, and educate the children far better than public institutions. (4) That the noted citizens of New York have misstated every item of the case. (5) That songs of this kind will probably be heard again from time to time, for in New York cases are first tried and adjudicated in the press by "noted" citizens and then taken up in courts after a "suit-

able atmosphere" has been created. (6) That no Catholic institution has been proved derelict in duty, no priest has been indicted for crime, but Mr. Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities, and Mr. Hotchkiss, his counsel, have been indicted.

Sing again chorus of 100.

Your inaccurate songs offer a splendid chance of restating the truth, which is, that a vile, unwarranted, calumnious attack has been made on private child-caring institutions and that the Commissioner of Charities of New York City and his counsel have been indicted by a Grand Jury for deeds committed in an endeavor to obtain evidence which is not yet forthcoming.

Sing again chorus of 100.

LITERATURE

XXX—John Ruskin

JOHN RUSKIN was one of the very few writers who, during their own lifetime, have attained to what Wilde has called "symbolic relations" to the age in which they lived. From the first he spoke as a teacher and seer: and for almost the half-century of his literary labors it was as a teacher and seer that men listened to him. To be sure, they did not to any great extent obey his message: they mocked often, and oftener misunderstood. But, whether because of his intense spiritual conviction, or the novelty of his views, or, as he himself suspected in the later years, because he had the trick of setting words "sometimes prettily together," they did undoubtedly listen. And when Ruskin was carried to his tomb in 1900, it meant for all English-speaking people the passing of a patriarch and a prophet.

Yet even before his own death, much of Ruskin's radicalism had already become conservative. Many of the searching and unpopular truths he had preached had become, by a strange turn of the wheel, at once popular and commonplace. He would have had men heed the beauty of early Italian art, and leave the folly of amassing large fortunes: and he lived to see nearly all early Italian art not then confined in national galleries safely treasured in the homes of American millionaires! There is a strange failure and a strange success in such paradoxes: as in the paradox that Ruskin's name should today be held in such almost universal benediction, and his works in such almost universal oblivion. He felt himself that in the large issues his life had failed. Yet one is always coming upon turns of the most modern thought which show how mightily it has prevailed in spirit, and often even in letter. The dignity of handwork, the need of beautiful civic architecture, familiarity with the artistic past, social service and the rights of the laborer: these things are taken for granted by the most thoughtless of our contemporaries. They are so thoroughly taken for granted that one forgets by what years of costly effort Ruskin and a few others gave them to their generation in England. Perhaps our schoolgirls do not read "Sesame and Lilies": that is a pity, since every one of them would be wiser and sweeter for familiarity with its thoughts. Yet when they serve as "little mothers," or give themselves lovingly to Red Cross work, they are not far from the "Queen's Gardens" Ruskin had in mind. And who can doubt that he would rather see systematic settlement work a part of all modern college life than to have the Slade Lectures remembered?

Doubtless one reason why Ruskin's work is somewhat neglected in our short lives is simply that it fills twenty-five large volumes. It was the fruit of fifty years' profound thought and profound feeling. The young Oxford graduate was only twenty-four when he set about revolutionizing English taste in his "Modern Painters." As all the world now knows, without any longer particularly caring, this monumental work, the first volume of which was printed in 1843, the sixth not until 1860, was an attempt to justify the matter and manner of Turner's art. It was a labor of love, almost of consecration, to Ruskin, and became the text for a general discussion of truth and beauty in pictorial art, and for a characteristic merging of esthetics and ethics. This merging was very conspicuous throughout "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," a work which broke in upon "Modern Painters," and defined the seven spiritual luminaries of the master-builder as the Lamps of Sacrifice, of Truth, of Power, of Beauty, of Life, of Memory and of Obedience. Ruskin's ever-alert sympathies drew from him in 1851 a volume in praise and defense of the Pre-Raphaelities. In "Stones of Venice" he traced the story of Lombard art from its spiritual beginnings on to the gorgeous and opulent decline of Renaissance worldliness: a story which he later retold, with apologies for the "pert little Protestant mind" of his youth, in "St. Mark's Rest." Ruskin's own best-prized work, "Unto This Last," was published in 1860. It was a plea for social justice, the harmonizing of capital and labor; and it contained such modern suggestions as old-age pensions, legislated wages, model homes for the poor, and other measures since adopted as the very watchwords of municipal and private charity. At the time, England thought them the wildly unpractical dreams of a visionary, and there was something of St. Francis's lonely heroism in Ruskin's final plea: "Not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure. . . . Waste nothing and grudge nothing. Care in nowise to make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact that what one person has, another cannot have. . . . Consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury could be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world." . . . Later, and with a note even more passionately personal, the cry was repeated in "Fors Clavigera": "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like . . . because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

It was easy for respectable Victorian complacency to see in such words as these no less than in Ruskin's painting-lessons for workingmen, or his tea-shops for the poor in Paddington, or his various handicraft industries, or in St. George's Gild, which he and his followers organized that by the labors of their own hands food and raiment might be brought into the waste places of England, merely fanaticism and over-zeal. But our brisk twentieth century, with all its faults, is not so complacent: and the Catholic mind will scarcely pass that swift judgment. It will observe many ideals common alike to St. George's Gild and Father Faber's Brothers of the Will of God. It will remember the "divine discontent," the hunger after good works, which fires at moments every soul sensitive to the grace of God, which dominates and controls to the end those marked out for the Counsels of Perfection. And so perhaps, it will merely think what a monk John Ruskin would have made, had not the "invincible ignorance" of his Puritan upbringing dimmed the way by so many shadows.

To return to his literary work: "Unto This Last" was followed by "Sesame and Lilies," a volume of three precious essays; one upon books and words, another upon the mystery of life and its many disillusions, and the third upon womanhood. There are some few pages in this last which our own actively feminist day may find superannuated. Not so, Ruskin's contention that idleness and cruelty were the least pardonable sins of protected woman; nor that the girl's education should be thorough and broad, since she "may always help her husband by what she knows, however little: by what she half-knows or mis-knows, she will only tease him"; nor that fine, fundamental

paragraph: "We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the superiority of one sex to the other. . . . Each has what the other has not: each completes the other and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each working and receiving from the other what the other only can give."

Meanwhile "The Crown of Wild Olive," a discussion of labor and war, was followed by the mystical application of some famous myths in "Queen of the Air." Then came the long series of the Slade Lectures delivered while Ruskin filled the Chair of Fine Arts at Oxford University. Art criticism, natural history, glorified travel-books, letters "from the workingmen of England" followed one another, until the naïve and pathetic autobiography of 1889, "Præterita." It is a stupendous body of work; and if in scores of instances its technical value has been superseded, in hundreds of others it abides, valid and inspirational.

Ruskin was born and bred in a particularly strict sect of English Protestantism, and by nature he was not only conservative but reverential toward the paternal heritage. But one of the most interesting facts in his intellectual development was the gradual, unconscious Catholicizing of his views. This shines through all his later work: in the exquisite sympathy of his Italian sketches, the brave retractations of "Stones of Venice," and that wonderful fragment, "The Bible of Amiens." Here he is gazing direct at Catholicism, gazing from without, of course, and frankly misunderstanding many important things: but with how much love does he contemplate that mighty Cathedral, with its memories of Clovis and St. Martin, its *Beau Dieu*, and all the glory of its Gothic Christianity! "Believe it or not, reader, as you will," Ruskin writes of this vital faith, "understand only how thoroughly it was once believed, and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of it—until what we may call 'this present time,' in which it is gravely asked whether religion has any effect on morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either religion or morality."

One marvels that going so far, Ruskin went not farther still. He remained the last, perhaps the noblest, of those "Catholic Protestants" who were the enigma of nineteenth-century thought.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

REVIEWS

With Americans of Past and Present Days. By J. J. JUSSERAND, Ambassador of France to the United States. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The amiable Ambassador's account of the relations of his fellow-countrymen with the Americans of the Revolutionary and later times makes very pleasant reading. It is a chronicle of facts and at the same time a plea for the preservation of the friendship which the French strove hard to win in the perilous days of '76, when they so unselfishly threw their fortunes with American rebels although those same rebels, because of their English blood, looked at them with suspicion and distrust. It took a long time to convince even Washington of the disinterestedness of these unexpected allies, and he felt quite sure that as a return for their assistance in the struggle, they would ask for the restoration of Canada to the French allegiance. Not to ask it would be a disinterestedness that was simply incredible. It was remarked, also, that these crusaders for liberty did not display any rancor toward their hereditary foes, the English. They were merely fighting for an ideal. The difficulty of driving that conviction into the minds of the Americans was almost insuperable because none of the soldiers, and even very few of the officers, could speak English, and hence finally to have succeeded in winning the confidence of the Americans speaks volumes for the patience and courtesy of the French troops, especially of the rank and file. Many of them must have thought they were on a fool's errand when they saw themselves associated with the ragged and sometimes barefooted men who constituted the main body of Washington's army and who had not the slightest idea of fighting in the scientific fashion to which the French were accustomed.

The character of Rochambeau is very attractive and it will be interesting for many to know that he was originally intended for the Church but was obliged on account of the death of his elder brother to follow the career of a soldier. On the battle-fields of Europe he had been in conflict with foes he was afterwards to meet, at least indirectly, in America, Lord Cornwallis, Clinton and others. The few lines he wrote in his old age about the partner of his life show the character of his family relations: "My good star," he says, "gave me such a wife as I could desire. She has been for me a cause of constant happiness through life, and I hope, on my side, to have made her happy by the tenderest amity which has never varied for sixty years." Some of the diaries quoted help us to know how the domestic habits of the early colonists struck the romantic Frenchmen. Of course the story of Yorktown is told, and it is very helpful to historians, for it is a view taken from the French side. There is also in the volume an intimate history of L'Enfant, who drew up the plans for the city of Washington. His *entêtement* is almost amusing, but had he been listened to, Washington would have been even more beautiful than it is. The book ends with a sympathetic sketch of Lincoln and an address on Horace Howard Furness. T. J. C.

The Sodality of Our Lady. Historical Sketches. Compiled by AUGUSTUS DRIVE, S.J. Translated by Two Members of the Prima Primaria. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $0.60.

The recent increase in interest in the Sodality renders this translation of the excellent study made by Father Drive a book full of interest. It gives an outline of the development of the Sodality itself and of its more important branches, and reviews the work done by sodalists in all parts of the world, civilized and semi-barbarous. Especially enlightening to those who are of the opinion that the Sodality's activities are limited to the recitation of prayers will be the details of its varied and efficient work among the poor. The best features of the much-vaunted sociological efforts so much in vogue at the present day were anticipated by centuries by the members of the Prima Primaria. Loans on security, training schools for apprentices, employment bureaus, public dispensaries, prison work, systematic visiting of the poor followed by relief that assisted but did not debase, organized opposition to heresy, measures for safeguarding the faith of students, catechizing the ignorant, and a variety of other details of social work show how thoroughly the Sodality has endeavored to better the needs of the destitute and the unfortunate. Chapters on the words of commendation given to the Sodality by the Sovereign Pontiffs, on its distinguished members, on its publications, its present status, the persecutions it has suffered and the results it has achieved make the book timely and suggestive. J. H. F.

Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. By THOMAS MACDONAGH, P. H. PEARSE (Padraic MacPiarais), JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT, Sir ROGER CASEMENT. Edited by PADRAIC COLUM and EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $0.50.

Along with the glory of their doom, great sadness, like the smile and the tear in the Irish eye, invests the memory of these four poet-patriots in the minds of their countrymen. It is sad-

ness not only for their untimely death, or sentence of death, but sadness also for their disappointment in their cherished patriotic hopes, that flashed out of the dark so furiously for a moment. One will not be disappointed in seeking to find, in this little volume, what that ideal of patriotism was. For MacDonagh it had become his love, and his child, and his religion all in one.

For I am the lover, the anchoret
And the suicide—but in vain

He was a man who had "missed his joy," and, like a visionary, he stares abstractedly toward the "Star of Death" in the hope of finding there the joy he had missed in life. Pearse's patriotism too, like MacDonagh's, had settled down into a long regret,

Woe is me for the Gael!
Seldom a mind joyous,

only struggling up into an aspiration for better things, like fire through smoke, in the single poem "On the Fall of the Gael." But neither Plunkett, whose heart did "volcanic burn with anger of the Sons of God," nor Casement, upon the "rock where his *Gaelic* faith should bide its vow," seem ever to have lost hope.

MacDonagh's verse is to a great extent rough in form and abstract in thought. His best poem, though, the "Envoi to 'Songs of Myself,'" is free from both of these defects and it throbs with the passionate sadness of his own sad life. The first stanza reads:

I send these creatures to lay a ghost,
And not to raise up fame!
For I shrink from the way that they go almost
As I shrink from the way that they came.

But of the four, the warm soul of the young and gentle Plunkett was the richest soil for the bursting of the seed of poetry. From such poems as the "Envoi to 'Songs of Myself'" of his master, MacDonagh, he may have learned how to make an echo of words create a haunting music of verse, but if so, he improved greatly upon the other. He had the patience of an artist, which his master lacked, and he added a delicacy of expression very much like Francis Thompson's own, as for instance in "White Dove of the Wild Dark Eyes," that holds combined in every line the brilliance and the wonder of the title. His poetry too, however, is strongly tinged with the deep browns of death and disappointment that overspread all the poems here presented of Pearse and MacDonagh. The latter, in fact, says of himself that his "creed is only death."

The two poems of Sir Roger Casement are enough to justify the praise which Padraic Colum bestows upon him in the introduction of the volume. "If poetry comes out of intensity of vision, Roger Casement was potentially a great poet." This introduction, by the way, contains a very valuable account of the lives of the poets and is no mean addition to the interest of the book. Lionel Johnson is the author of an introductory poem on "The Ways of War"; and "The Song of Red Hanrahan," by W. B. Yeats, makes a noble conclusion to the volume.

W. T. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

John Foster's romance, "The Bright Eyes of Danger" (Lippincott, $1.50), is well described as "a chronicle of the adventures of Edmund Layton of Darehope-in-Liddisdaill, in the troubled years 1745 and 1746; how he rode from the border to the Lothian and what befell him there; his quest on the Moray seaboard, and his personal dealings with the young Pretender; all of which came of meddling in other folks' affairs." The book is full of movement and seems to contain every picturesque character that a thrilling tale of "the forty-five" ought to have.——Sylvia Chatfield Bates's novel "The Geranium Lady" (Duffield, $1.25) is a well-constructed love-story, of which the scene is laid in an Atlantic seaside resort. June is winsome, Miles is noble, and the island-folk quite true to life.——"For England" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50) is a collection of commonplace verses and stories by H. Fielding-Hall which are meant to stimulate recruiting. The author betrays both his ignorance of history and his anti-Christian bias when he absurdly remarks: "The greatest exhibitions of intelligence and patriotism occur in States which have thrown off religious ideas."

Mary Roberts Rhinehart, the author of "Through Glacier Park" (Houghton, Mifflin, $0.75), was one of a party of tourists who made a thorough inspection of the wildest and, as some say, most beautiful of our national parks. The reader will find some fine descriptions of mountain, vale, and cañon, noble glaciers, sparkling blue lakes, awe-inspiring trails. The hope is expressed that the book will influence those who have the naming of our country's peaks and passes, that so the modern names may be dropped and a return made to the more poetic Indian nomenclature. "Every peak, every butte, every river and lake of this country," says Mrs. Rhinehart, "has been named by the Indians." To preserve these names is the only way of perpetuating the legends of the red men.——The amateur botanist will gladly welcome Elizabeth Marie Dunham's "How to Know the Mosses" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25). The mosses treated are those of the Northeastern United States, though many of the species here enumerated are common to other localities also. Such characteristics are dwelt upon as may be perceived without the aid of a lens.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Benziger Brothers, New York:
Roma. Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. D.D. With Preface by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Part XVI. $0.35; A Retrospect. Three Score Years and Ten. Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. By a Member of the Congregation. $1.00; Master, Where Dwellest Thou? By Marie St. S. Ellerker. With a Preface by the Bishop of Northampton. $0.60; Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By Bishop Challoner. $1.00; The Wayside, A Priest's Gleanings. By Vincent McNabb, O.P. $1.00.

Bureau of Indian Missions, Washington:
Kiahlik Iksa Nana-Aiyimmika I Katikisma.

Columbia University Press, New York:
American Men of Letters: Their Nature and Nurture. By Edwin Leavitt Clarke, Ph.D. $1.50; The Human Worth of Vigorous Thinking. Essays and Addresses. By Cassius J. Keyser, Ph.D., LL.D.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
With the Zionists in Gallipoli. By Lieut-Col. J. H. Patterson, D.S.C. Illustrated. $2.00.

Duffield & Co., New York:
The Geranium Lady. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. $1.25.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Action Front. By Boyd Cable. $1.35.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Business of Being a Friend. By Bertha Condé. $1.25.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia:
American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles. By Dan Beard. With Illustrations. $2.00; The Bright Eyes of Danger. By John Foster. $1.35.

A. N. Marquis & Company, Chicago:
Who's Who in America. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. Vol. IX, 1916-1917. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. $5.00.

John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia:
Games and Dances. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By William A. Stecher, B.S.G. $1.50.

The Mission Press, Techny, Ill.:
Heroes of the Mission Field. By H. J. Wegener, S.V.D. $0.50.

Charles A. O'Connor, New York:
Sweet Olde Irish Songs. A Selection of Famous Celtic Airs and Ballads. Edited by Robert J. Cole and Harry C. Phibbs.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The Gate of Asia. A Journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea. By William Warfield. With 48 Illustrations. $2.50.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:
Everyman Militant. A Modern Morality. By Ewing Rafferty. $1.00.

The Science Press, New York:
Rosmini's Contribution to Ethical Philosophy. By John Favata Bruno, Ph.D. Archives of Philosophy. Edited by Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. $0.75.

Joseph F. Wagner Co., New York:
Short Sermons on Gospel Texts. By Rev. M. Bossaert. $1.00.

EDUCATION

A Word to Catholic Parents

THE world of today counts the worth of a man or woman in terms of results. Two questions are put, and on the answers to those questions will depend the popular and correct estimate of personal preparedness. Those questions are: "What are you getting out of this life?" and "What are you laying up for the life to come?"

It is a popularly accepted notion that the world is generally concerned only with the things that concern it, and to a great extent that notion is true; but the world realizes that anyone who concentrates all his energies on winning a high place in the world to come is a valuable and safe man to do business with. He will be conscientious, reliable, exacting and just; he will judge himself as severely as he judges the world. Results, then, mean something big in today's final judgment. Everyone is asked to account for the blessed advantages he has received; and in this modern time advantages are merely a question of the proper disposition. He who wants may have them in supreme degree.

THE VALUE OF SOLID EDUCATION

The man who guides the destinies of 10,000 factory workers into full-fledged accomplishment and service will tell you that training brought him into that leadership. The woman who plays a powerful part in ministering to the wants of the ill, the poor, the forsaken, the unfortunate, will explain that, while the sweetly-disposed human heart within enables her to work mighty deeds in mercy and correction, efficiency, after all, elongates her ministering hand and enlarges her field. The doctor, the merchant, the lawyer, the chief, those mystic playfellows of fortune-telling, wishful, wide-hoping youth, will invariably insist that training is essential in their chosen lines of work.

But they will be equally unanimous and insistent that the best preparation for their life-labor is a general, solid education. Those among the leaders of today's world who have had the advantage of a carefully arranged training, duly voice their thanks; those who had no such advantage deplore the lack, because they see in the distance the flights they might have made, the good they might have done, the fuller realizaton which might have come to them, had they received a broad, general preparation.

GENERAL EDUCATION FIRST

Hence, Catholic fathers and mothers, I am directing to you this plea for the education of your sons and daughters. The business, the scientific, and even the religious world today, instead of getting wider, is getting smaller in inverse ratio to accomplishment. He who increases his prospects of success is the specialist. And yet a specialist, without a previous general, well-balanced, securely founded training is a lost man and a dangerous animal to that portion of society in which he operates.

In the United States, Catholic fathers and mothers, Catholic young men and women have exceptional opportunities to obtain a Catholic college training. It was not so in your time. Fifty years ago it was well-nigh impossible to obtain an advanced education; today it is conversely impossible to avoid getting one, unless neglect and lack of appreciation bias the view and cloud the mind. Catholic colleges for men and women throw wide their doors and offer every invitation and inducement to worth-while, "live-wire," willing youth. Untrained, thought-loose, mentally gangling youth enters . . . and emerges grounded in the essentials of material and spiritual life. And regardless of what climax is to cap one's life, this preliminary grounding is more and more insisted upon as the years pass, because experience has demonstrated that it makes for real and lasting accomplishment.

THEN SPECIALIZATION

After the general training may come the specialization. He or she who, in this manner, becomes a specialist will be a useful member of society. When the feet are upon the earth, well planted and steadily poised, we may look at the stars. The anchorage will maintain our balance. In other words, the generally trained specialist will never come to think that the knowable universe is bound up in his personal field of endeavor; he will never try to solve the riddles of humanity or the problems of eternity according to the formulæ of his trade, profession, calling—alone! His general training has given him a wider outlook than that, for it has shown him that other channels lead to the same common watershed and that each bears with it sands of value.

THE WORTH OF RELIGIOUS TRAINING

While insisting repeatedly upon the value of a college training, I would not care to create the erroneous impression that the world will come more quickly to a young man or young woman because of a college training; but I do insist that that same incredulous world will come more quickly through the graduate's work than it will through the untrained work of one who has not had the graduate's opportunities. The college man or woman wins the prizes in today's world. Better still, the Catholic college man or woman, or the Catholic young man or woman trained in a Catholic college, knows no bar to advancement. And in this thought there need not be too much idea of glory, but merely the thought of doing better and greater things. Let us remember that preparedness is the world-encircling watchword in everything; let us remember, too, that preparedness in spiritual matters has always been the motto of the Catholic Church. Material training now counts as it never did before. Catholic parents, it counts more now than it did in days when you looked out upon life questioningly yet hopefully. Tomorrow it will be valued still more highly. Spiritual, religious training means more to its possessor now than it did when you were young, because the world at large has so little of the genuine and so much of the spurious. The premium on it tomorrow will be still higher. When your sons and daughters have succeeded you they will meet a situation which you today do not know. Then there will be even less of the genuine, the true, and the worthy, and only those who have been prepared can remain at large.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES FOR CATHOLIC YOUTHS AND MAIDENS

Catholic fathers and mothers, send your sons and daughters to the Catholic colleges. Give them the best. That best, in so far as your children are concerned, is to be found *only* within the walls of Catholic colleges. To send them elsewhere is to give them less than their right, for they have a right to be prepared.

The Catholic colleges stand with their doors beckoning invitation. They stand surrounded by the alumni and alumnæ they have sent forth to accomplishment. The Catholic colleges point to your sons and daughters, and then to the sons and daughters of their adoption, and seem to say: "Let yours be ours, and in rich measure we will prepare them for wide-reaching accomplishment in two worlds!"

Catholic fathers and mothers, what do you think of that invitation? To you it is given to return the answer. Perhaps if the answer does not come now, another day may present for your answer a totally different proposition.

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, A.B., M.A.

SOCIOLOGY

With Nuns for Targets

CONTROVERSY is always wearisome, but sometimes it is necessary. A Milwaukee Catholic journal, not content with calling attention to AMERICA's "glaring misstatement" of an important question affecting the New York Catholic charities, seems determined to continue its mistaken attitude toward the maligned private child-caring institutions of the metropolis. The matter is in no sense personal; but I regret exceedingly that a Catholic journal should even appear to array itself against a work for children which is second in importance only to the parochial schools.

THE POINT AT ISSUE

The point at issue is easily determined. Early in April, 1916, the following comment on the New York Charities investigation was printed by the Milwaukee weekly:

> The wisest policy for the Catholic institutions, therefore, is to challenge full and thorough investigation, and to show the disposition of every cent they got from the public treasury.

This assumption, for assumption it is, that the Catholic institutions do *not* "challenge full and thorough investigation," and that they do *not* "show the disposition of every cent they got from the public treasury," came under my notice toward the middle of June. In AMERICA for June 24, I wrote in comment:

> Do the Catholic institutions, caring for children committed by the city or State, refuse to allow regular and complete inspections by the public authorities?
> No; and they never did.

On July 1, my Milwaukee critic characterizes my assertion as "a glaring misstatement," advising me to "post up on the history of the controversy."

Brushing aside personalities, the question at issue is plain. I state that the Catholic institutions, as described above, do not refuse, and have never refused, to allow regular and complete inspections by the public authorities. My critic contends that this is "a glaring misstatement." It is important to keep the simple issue clearly in view.

THE MILWAUKEE ARGUMENT

Under the caption "Tell the Truth," my critic writes:

> (1.) We recently said, editorially, with reference to the New York charities wrangle that the wise policy for the Catholic institutions was "to challenge full and thorough investigation, and show the disposition of every cent they got from the city treasury . . ."
> (2.) We thought the whole trouble began right there. We understood that the finance department of the city of New York was not satisfied with the information given it by the institutions as to the disposition of public moneys paid such institutions, and desired further investigation, which investigation, instead of being welcomed, was resisted by the said institutions.

To strengthen his case, the Milwaukee editor proceeds to quote a letter from William A. Prendergast, Comptroller of the City of New York, dated June 16, 1916:

> Your letter of the 14th inst. has been received. During the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, there was a very serious dispute between this department [Department of Finance] and the Catholic charitable institutions regarding the city's right to examine the books of record and account of all aid. The institutions had been in the habit of regularly submitting reports of their work, but there had practically been no audit of these reports by the city authorities.
> The question in dispute, however, *was very satisfactorily settled in the latter part of the year* 1912, and the rules of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment adopted at that time, and which still obtain, provide that the city has the right to examine the books and record and account of all the institutions, as far as these books of record and account relate to institutional activities. New forms for the purpose of making annual reports were prepared at the same time, *and none of the institutions have declined to render the reports.*
> This, I think, answers your inquiry. Regarding the other matters mentioned in your letter, I prefer to express no opinion, as this department has not been connected with this controversy in any way.

It was this letter which moved my critic to accuse me of making "a glaring misstatement."

With the evidence from Milwaukee in hand, I would call attention to four points:

THE ARGUMENT ANALYZED

(1.) The assumption in paragraph 1, above, that the institutions do not "show the disposition of every cent they got from the city treasury," is refuted by the very text of the Prendergast letter. "The question in dispute," writes Mr. Prendergast, "was very satisfactorily settled in the latter part of 1912." How, then, can it be an issue in 1916, since, according to Mr. Prendergast himself, for nearly four years "none of the institutions have declined to render the reports"?

(2.) The "understanding" in paragraph 2, is likewise overturned by Mr. Prendergast. "We understood," says the Milwaukee critic, "that the Finance Department of the city of New York was not satisfied with the information given it by the institutions." Mr. Prendergast writes that all dissatisfaction, even to himself, was removed in 1912, with the adoption of certain rules by the Board of Estimate. He adds, so little does the Charities investigation affect him, that "this department has not been connected with this controversy [of 1916] in any way." Is this sufficient, or does my critic still believe that the whole matter is a quarrel over finance?

(3.) According to Mr. Prendergast, "the institutions had been in the habit of regularly submitting reports of their work," but "there had been practically no audit of these reports by the city authorities." How does this make my assertion that the institutions *had never refused to allow all proper inspection* "a glaring misstatement"? When Mr. Prendergast admits that the institutions regularly submitted reports of their work to the city, he admits that the institutions were doing all that in law and justice could be required of them. It neither was, nor now is, any part of an institution's function to compel a city official to do his duty. Mr. Prendergast does not add, however, that from the year 1900, the institutions made monthly reports in great detail to the State Board of Charities, and annually, or oftener, if required, to the City Comptroller, nor does he call attention to the fact that these reports were made *under oath.* Does our Milwaukee editor wish to imply that, up to Mr. Prendergast's time, the priests, nuns and Brothers of New York were engaged in embezzling practices which they strove to cover by repeated perjury?

THE ACCOUNTANTS' REPORT

(4.) Because of the shameless attacks on the private institutions which terminated in 1912, the ecclesiastical authorities of New York and Brooklyn engaged a firm of public accountants, Messrs. Patterson, Teale & Dennis, to make a thorough investigation, extending over a period of years, of all the books of record and accounts of the Catholic institutions. After months of patient research, these expert accountants reported that of all the sums received in part payment for services rendered, not one penny had been misused or misappropriated by the Catholic child-caring agencies. This accounting was done well; not well enough, however, to prevent a Milwaukee editor from advising the institutions

to "show the disposition of every cent they got from the public treasury."

There is such a thing as killing a butterfly with a cannon, and perhaps I am wasting powder and ball. My contention that "the Catholic child-caring institutions do not refuse and have never refused to allow regular and complete inspection by the public authorities" is in no wise affected by the somewhat ambiguous statement, that for the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, during which period bills were regularly rendered by the institutions and *regularly paid by Comptroller Prendergast* after due investigation and auditing, "there was a very serious dispute between this department and the Catholic charitable institutions, regarding the city's right to examine the books of the institutions receiving city aid." A burglar attacked by you while breaking into your house would describe his predicament in precisely the same words. Your resistance and his aggression would constitute "a very serious dispute," but this would not prove that you were wrong and the burglar right.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1910

The burglar simile, applied to the "investigations" which began about 1910, does not seem far-fetched. A system of accounting, devised by Mr. Bird S. Coler and Mr. Edgar J. Levy, had been adopted by the State Board for use in the institutions. The system was full, simple and accurate. It satisfied the State Board, it satisfied the Charities Commissioner of the city, it satisfied the institutions, and it satisfied the three Comptrollers who successively held office from 1897 until 1910. But it did not satisfy the reformers, who began to blossom about this latter year. Something had to be done, and John Purroy Mitchel, then President of the Board of Aldermen, and William A. Prendergast, Comptroller of the city, were appointed by the Board of Estimate to "investigate" the private charitable institutions. Examiners were selected and sent out through the city. "Their instructions were definite," writes the late Hon. Michael J. Drummond, at the time City Commissioner of Charities. "They were to take no one's word."

> The Catholic institutions . . . readily opened their business books containing records of city funds, as did the other institutions. The examiners, following instructions, demanded their Community or Chapter Books; books that the Archbishop himself could see only through courtesy. The Sisters resented this as a great outrage on their honor and privacy. The examiners sent to Catholic institutions were told to look for checks payable to prominent clergy and to report such "suspicious items" as "conscience funds" and "missionary masses" and "to make an examination of all the books of accounts and check books of this institution, *whether relating specifically to funds paid such institution or not.*" These instructions were signed "John Purroy Mitchel, President of the Board of Aldermen" and "William A. Prendergast, Comptroller."

It would appear, then, that "the very serious dispute" arose, not over the city's right to inspect the records of the institutions, but because of the claim made by certain individuals, for purposes which they know best, that the city could inspect books which in no way pertained to it.

As a result, the harassed institutions were delayed in their routine work for months. A cry of "graft" had been set up, but with the exception of a few ordinary errors, the accounts of all the institutions were found to be absolutely correct. "If there had been any serious errors in the institutions' accounts," writes Mr. Drummond, "they would have been discovered in the course of the *regular examinations systematically conducted* by the Finance Department."

I will but add that, for the last eighteen years, both the Comptroller and the Commissioner of Charities have had complete jurisdiction over the institutions, and with this my Milwaukee critic, so far as I am concerned, may fly off into space.

FOUR DOCUMENTS

Four interesting documents on this matter are here appended. The first is from the Auxiliary-Bishop of New York, the Right Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D.D.; the others are furnished me by the three Comptrollers of the City of New York, from 1897 to 1910. Commenting on the Prendergast letter, the Bishop said in an interview granted on July 2:

> It is certainly incorrect to hold that the Catholic institutions for dependent children at any time refused inspection by the city or State authorities. They had nothing to hide; they have nothing to hide today. You can walk into any one of them today, and you always could. The inspectors were uniformly received with courtesy, and every facility for inspection was placed at their disposal. When possible, their recommendations were followed. In my opinion, far from being under-inspected, our institutions were at times investigated to a useless and harmful degree. Nor is it true to say that the institutions ever refused the authorities access to all books relating to their dealings with the city, or that they refused to allow a proper audit. At the same time I hold strongly that the private funds and private concerns of a religious community or institution form no proper part of a complete city audit. But no one can truthfully say that there has ever been even a tendency on the part of the institutions, either to misuse or waste moneys paid by the municipality towards the care of dependent children, or to refuse to allow a full and complete investigation by the proper authorities.

Everyone acquainted with the situation must admit the absolute truth of Bishop Hayes's contention.

STATEMENT OF COMPTROLLER COLER

The second document was sent me by the Hon. Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the City of New York from 1897 to 1901:

> Dear FATHER BLAKELY:
>
> During my administration of the Comptroller's office, the private institutions never refused the city access to their books, nor did any institution refuse to audit its accounts. This statement I make on my own authority and on the authority of the present Supervisor of Charities in the Comptroller's office, who also occupied that position when I was Comptroller. Nor did the private institutions refuse to allow investigation of their work by the city or State authorities. They were absolutely open to any investigation, either of their fitness to care for dependents, or of the disposition of funds paid by the city for the care of these dependents. The institutions did their part, and if the city failed in its duty at any time, that, certainly, was not the fault of the institutions. They were not trying to operate under cover of secrecy. The Charities Commissioner and the Comptroller, during my time and since my time, had and now have, complete jurisdiction. I knew exactly what I was doing when I authorized the payment, under the law, of city funds to the institutions. This payment was no grant, no gratuity, no "charity," but was made on the basis of services rendered the city. The city was simply paying its bills, paying them after due investigation, and getting a good bargain at that. BIRD S. COLER.

The third document is from Mr. Edwin M. Grout, City Comptroller from 1901 to 1905.

COMPTROLLER GROUT'S OPINION

After remarking that formerly these matters were not submitted to the newspapers and irresponsible "investigators," but to the institutions themselves, Mr. Grout allowed himself to be catechised:

> Q. During your administration as Comptroller, were the private institutions for the care of children, paid by the city on the basis of services rendered? A. Yes.
>
> Q. Is it true that during this period, there was no inspection of these institutions satisfactory to you as Comptroller? A. No.

Q. Was the attitude of the officials of these institutions one of unwillingness to allow the city authorities to make all due and proper investigation of their fitness to care for dependents, and to inspect their accounts so far as these related to the city? A. No.

A curious error pointed out by both Mr. Coler and Mr. Grout is the use of the term "city aid" granted the institutions. Since the city could not possibly undertake to care for all dependent children, and further, since the institutions spend more than they receive from the city, the financial advantage is the city's.

COMPTROLLER METZ TESTIFIES

Reduced to writing, some of the opinions of Mr. H. A. Metz, Comptroller from 1905 to 1910, are as follows:

Q. Is it true that while you were Comptroller, there was no system of auditing and accounting in connection with the private institutions receiving city money?

A. It is not true. Every child was checked up through the Bureau of Charities, and no payments were made, except on the basis of service rendered the city. I myself was in touch with many of the institutions; the Reports made by the State Board and by the Staff of inspectors connected with the Charities Department were at my disposal.

Q. But weren't you obliged to fight continually to protect the just rights of the city over the private institutions?

A. We were not. It is utterly false to say that the attitude of the institutions was suspicious and hostile. The books of all the institutions, so far as they related to the City of New York and its dependents, were always open to us and were continually checked up. All information we asked from the institutions was given us cheerfully and even gladly. There was never any trouble that amounted to anything, because all the parties were working in harmony towards a good end. We did not seek to pry into the private affairs of the institutions, or into matters which in no way concerned us, but we had more real inspection, helpful inspection, and real investigation than the present hue and cry will ever get.

Mr. Metz's statement, "we did not seek to pry into the private affairs of the institutions, or into matters which in no way concerned us," would make an excellent rule for the horde of professional "investigators" now singing one another's praises across the lower end of Manhattan. But it is not in the least likely that it will be adopted by them. Paul Pry will remain Paul Pry to the end; Peeping Tom will not change his despicable nature, and unless Catholics stir themselves to a vigorous defense of their institutions, a motley crew of investigators will soon be abroad with poisoned arrows seeking nuns for targets. P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The latest estimate on the "carry-over" of wheat for July is furnished by a Chicago statistician. It is 211,000,000 bushels as compared with 55,000,000 bushels last year: "The present surplus is the largest in many years, if not the largest on record; last year it was next to the smallest. On the basis of a 750,000,000-bushel crop this year, with a carry-over of 211,000,000 bushels, there would be a total supply of 961,000,000 bushels for the coming season, compared with one of 1,066,000,000 a year ago." In the Middle Western wheat-belt conditions are better than they were during May, and merchants are feeling satisfied. Cutting begins this month, and then the farmer relies on sunshine and fair skies to obtain the best results.

The willingness of employers throughout the country to facilitate mobilization has been a splendid manifestation of patriotism. It shows that there was more than empty sentiment in the recent preparedness parades. A parallel is furnished by the employees of the Borough of Manhattan, New York. In answer to the Borough President's request for an expression of opinion as to how to meet the situation occasioned by the absence of many of their fellow-workmen on military duty, the men replied that they had entered into "a unanimous agreement to work overtime without extra pay, and, if necessary, to forego vacations in order to perform the services of men called to the front." These citizens are an army of reserve. Apropos of this the New York *Sun* fittingly comments: "Since this is the spirit of the American nation, concern must concentrate entirely on the military, legislative and administrative authorities whose high duty it is to see that the nation does not suffer the unpleasant consequences of unpreparedness." As it is now, everybody but the Government seems "prepared."

Father Gerardo Decorme, S.J., editor of the *Revista Catolica*, contributes a very interesting paper on "Catholic Education in Mexico" to the *Catholic Historical Review* for July. The writer covers the history of public instruction from the days of the Conquest to the Revolution of Madero. It is interesting to read:

> The education of women of all classes was perhaps the one to which most attention was given all over Mexico. The Presidents, Manuel Gónzalez and Porfirio Diaz, brought over from France the Religious of the Sacred Heart, in whose Colleges of Guanajuato, Mexico City, San Luis Potosi, Guadalajara and Monterey, young girls were being educated in the sciences, social customs and domestic occupations, with as much perfection as in the most civilized nations. In this work the Carmelite Sisters, the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, and many others, were occupied in the higher branches of education as well as in the elementary schools, asylums, day nurseries, reformatories, etc.
>
> Probably from 4,000 to 6,000 Catholic Colleges were in existence in Mexico, where the rising generation were being taught their civic, moral and religious duties; and their graduates were spreading over the country a social, intellectual and scientific culture with a success which the official institutions never succeeded in reaching.

It has taken only four years to destroy libraries, scientific laboratories, museums, works of art, and all educational equipment built up through the centuries under the care of the Church that "has *always* blocked progress and tabooed science." The Catholic teachers have been imprisoned, robbed, exiled or killed, and their teaching forbidden. It has not been reported what the armies of progress now running riot across the Rio Grande have done to further culture or learning or virtue. Perhaps the much-desired information will be forthcoming in the First Chief's next note to Washington.

In an article on the honor system, by the warden of the Iowa State Penitentiary, that appeared in a recent issue of the *Castle*, a magazine edited by the Reverend George Waring, Chaplain of the U. S. Disciplinary Barracks, Governors Island, New York, the writer refers to the unreal pictures of so-called real life thrown on the screens today:

> The man who makes good is rarely ever advertised. Behold the "yellow" and the "mellow" drama in the "movies" and real life. Here we do not find stories of normal homes and normal people, but freaks and fancies, that feed our lustful eyes as we gaze on the fluttering canvas. We must have the sensational, the perverted, the out-of-the-ordinary. It must give us a thrill and a chill every minute.

Still we wonder at sudden outbursts of infantile criminality, and the moving-picture interests solemnly aver there is no need for censorship of films.

The plea that audiences want the modern problem-play and the indecent film is frequently advanced by many managers as an explanation of the wretched moral atmosphere of

theaters. But Gilbert Guest's "Meg Burns," which has been playing to crowded houses in Omaha, appears to give the lie to this contention. A contributor to the *True Voice* of Omaha comments:

> Most playwrights of this country have nothing but natural convictions to fall back upon and, therefore, the large majority of current plays depend for their "philosophy" on the passion of love. A few venture to make use of such motives as filial duty, parental tenderness, honor or patriotism. All of these motives are blended together in Gilbert Guest's "Meg Burns." Never before have we seen a more demonstrative and, if I may use the term, applausive audience. Characters in this production, I shall safely wager, have marked a record in being *encored ten times* in the very same scene. The play is most amusing, interesting and attractive, and this, not in spite of the more serious aspects, but because there is in the play such an assertion of strong and rational purpose that the intelligent audience feels the moral of it all to be true and sound. A tale of real life may or may not be attractive, but a tale grounded on true human and patriotic insight always touches the human heart. Such is the play "Meg Burns."

Broadway has much to learn from Omaha. Maybe other things besides suggestive scenes can win the applause of theater-goers in the metropolis. It might be worth the Broadway managers' while to try a decent play with a healthy moral motive, at least now and again.

In Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould's article on "The Leper Settlement on Molokai," in the July *Scribner's*, is this discerning portrait of the Sisters and a tribute to their heroic work:

> The Bishop Home, for women and girls, at Kalaupapa corresponds to the Baldwin Home, for men and boys, at Kalawao; and here, even in the Sisters' tiny cottage facing out on their green compound, was the authentic convent atmosphere. Mother Maryanne, in her little parlor, was the blood-kin of all superiors I have ever known; the same soft, yellowed skin, with something both tender and sexless in the features; the same gentle aristocratic gaiety; the same tacit endeavor to make human pity coterminous with God's. Like other superiors I have known, from childhood up, she seemed an old, old woman who had seen many things. It was only when one stopped to think of the precise nature of those things which, in thirty years on Molokai, Mother Maryanne has seen, that the breath failed. . . . She confessed apologetically that the night had been hot and sleep difficult. And once again the *malihinis* felt sheer impotent rage that they could not, with their own hands, wrench the Federal dynamo from its magnificent foundations and give Mother Maryanne an electric fan. Rage, however, is the distinguishing mark of the *malihini*—no such emotion stalks abroad in heroic Kalaupapa "You wouldn't think we'd be busy here," Mother Maryanne ventured, smiling, "but there is a good deal to do." So natural has it come to seem, to five Sisters, to manage life for some eighty-odd lepers. The youngest inmate of the Bishop Home is five, the oldest eighty. It was not hard to imagine the Sisters busy. As we walked out across the compound, set round with cottages, a Sister—pink-and-white and blooming—waved her free hand at us from a porch. The other hand held the bandaged stump of a leper. Beside the two a woman squatted on the *lanai;* a creature of no age or race, her head a mere featureless lump.

The heroic work at Molokai has gone on without the help of Charities Commissions, strong-minded public officials whose strength rests on calumny, and noble-hearted citizen-committees brave enough to write commendatory letters. The power that makes Molokai possible is the same that makes the calumniated institutions of New York possible, the power of prayer and Catholic zeal. What a menace it is to the State!

In the course of an address to the citizens of Oyster Bay, on July Fourth, ex-President Roosevelt pointedly remarked that "if what was happening in the last three years in Mexico is peace, I should prefer war as the more peaceful." His utterance as regard individual responsibility in national life, though not at all flattering to modern American citizenship, is a fearless expression of a plain truth:

> If you come to Fourth of July celebrations only to applaud the fine sentiments and say how glad you are that in the past the people did not put safety ahead of the nation's honor and interest, you might just as well go home. Go home if you are only concerned about your *rights* and not about *duties.*
>
> Where there is equality there must be equality of duty, and no man is fit to be a free man unless he is prepared to do his best. No nation is either fit to be free or will permanently be permitted to be free unless it is able to protect all of its own rights with all of its own power.
>
> It is with a nation as with an individual. You mothers and fathers here, if you bring up your children to think that all they ought to be concerned with is a good time in life, you will make them unfit to be fellow-citizens of self-respecting people. If father or mother brings up a boy or a girl to feel that nothing else counts except the "movies" and enjoyment, then that boy or girl won't be fit to be a man or a woman.
>
> You all know that it is just the same thing in the life of a nation. If we bring up our sons to feel that all they have to do is to sit back without a sense of duty, and say how smart our Yankee nation is and how fortunate we are to be on this side of the ocean, the nation won't last long because it doesn't deserve to last long.

Americans are so accustomed to hear public orators tell them of their rights, that it is a pleasing relief to hear a prominent American stress the duty-phase of citizenship.

The Rochester *Post-Express* remarks anent the Charities Investigation:

> Religious issues were dragged in; short and ugly words throve where decencies best belonged. The most worthy utterance in the public procedure came from John H. Bowers, attorney for the State Board. He said: "There is no Christian in this State today who is not sad because of this contest, all in the name of Christian charity. I cannot see what good is to come of it. I am sorry whenever I see good men go down; sorry when I have to take a hand in it."

Every citizen's sadness should come from the spectacle of lies and calumny masking behind the cloak of justice, and speaking in the name of authority.

A new steel car is now in use by the Department of Commerce for carrying live fish long distances.

> In the center of the car, running lengthwise on each side, are insulated tanks with a total capacity for 130 ten-gallon cans, in which the fish are held. During transportation the fish will be furnished with oxygen and fresh water by means of air and water pumps, operated by a six-horse-power steam boiler. . . . Fish are distributed by the Bureau of Fisheries in every State of the Union, some 10,000 individual applications being filled annually in addition to the large public plants of the so-called commercial species in the Great Lakes and coastal streams of the seaboards. This phase of the Bureau's work has grown to enormous proportions, and in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, forty-nine species were propagated. The total output of these was over four and a half billions, which were planted in every State and Alaska. Some idea of the magnitude of the work of distributing fish is indicated by the fact that it involved 637,716 miles of travel, of which 146,544 was by the Bureau's special cars and the remainder by car messengers. These marine and fresh-water fish and invertebrates were collected and hatched by 40 stations and 95 sub-stations located in 34 States and Alaska. In addition, 8,404,000 food and game fishes were rescued from overflooded lands and returned in safety to the streams; otherwise they would have perished in the temporary ponds left by the receding waters.

Those who love the rod and line will be thankful for this work. But can no one coax some "Department" to take an interest in our fast-disappearing birds?

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The gradual lessening of the Mexican strain continues. American troops are slowly withdrawing toward the border, and the embargo on shipments across the boundary line, guns and ammunition excepted, has been raised. In speaking before the "World's Salesmanship Congress" held in Detroit, on July 10, the President expressed himself as standing for the right of Mexico to settle her own quarrels, and to control her own destinies without interference from the United States:

The Mexican Affair

> I hear some men say that they want to help Mexico, and the way they propose to help her is to overwhelm her with force. That is the wrong way as well as the long way. After fighting them you would have a nation full of justified suspicion. Thus you would not help them. You would shut every door against you. What makes Mexico suspicious is that she thinks we do not want to serve, but possess her. And she has justification for these suspicions in the way some gentlemen have sought to exploit her possessions. I will not serve these gentlemen, but I will serve all Americans by trying to serve Mexico herself. The way to establish our sovereignty is to respect hers. . . . We must respect the sovereignty of Mexico. I say this for the benefit of those who wish to butt in.

The New York *Sun* in editorial comment, quotes in part the first communication of President Wilson to Congress in 1913, wherein he announced his intention of not relenting until he had overthrown the *de facto* government of Huerta:

> There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico; until it is understood on all hands, indeed, that such pretended Governments will not be countenanced or dealt with by the United States. We are the friends of constitutional government in America. We are more than its friends, we are its champions; because in no other way can our neighbors, to whom we would wish in every way to make proof of our friendship, work out their own development in peace and liberty.

Mexico has no Government. The attempt to maintain one at the City of Mexico has broken down, and a mere military despotism has been set up which has hardly more than the semblance of national authority. It originated in the usurpation of Victoriano Huerta, who, after a brief attempt to play the part of constitutional President, has at last cast aside even the pretense of legal right and declared himself dictator.

As a consequence a condition of affairs exists in Mexico which has made it doubtful whether even the most elementary and fundamental rights, either of her own people or of the citizens of other countries resident within her territory, can long be successfully safeguarded, and which threatens, if long continued, to imperil the interests of peace, order and tolerable life in the lands immediately to the south of us.

"We wonder how many millions of American citizens have forgotten this passage in Mr. Wilson's first annual communication to Congress. . . . There is nothing more important than the study of mental processes and the qualitative analysis of intellectuals, in the case of a Chief Magistrate who is a candidate for re-election" remarks the *Sun*.

During the week new warnings of an impending Villa raid were flashed across the border by Carranza. Mr. Arredondo, the Mexican Ambassador-Designate, communicated the warning to our State Department, which in reply thanked the First Chief for his cooperation. So far the raid has not eventuated, nor has the American loan to the Carranza government. After the Cabinet meeting on July 14, the President, in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of 1848, indorsed the plan of submitting the Mexico-United States dispute to a board of commissioners appointed by each nation. The President's approval, however, is dependent on an agreement between both Governments defining the scope of the

commissioners' powers. While speaking of his Government's attitude toward the mediation program, Mr. Arredondo warned the American people against giving credence to the false reports circulated in the American press by "persons interested in causing a conflict" between Mexico and the United States. The Ambassador-Designate considers that an actual progaganda-system is in operation. Rumors of a conspiracy against the First Chief were brought to the United States by a Carranza paymaster, who claims that a number of Constitutionalist leaders are opposing their *de facto* ruler because of his refusal to consider national elections. In an authorized interview published in the New York Sunday *World* the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, claims that the President's Mexican policy has been definite, consistent, firm and constructive. "How firm is already known by those who have sought to force intervention; how constructive will best be appreciated fifty years from now by the whole world." The comments of the Latin-American press on the Mexican situation are in general favorable to the present stand taken by Washington, looking toward mediation, and only a few South American newspapers express distrust of American motives. The peaceable solution of the present difficulty would make for the final solidarity of all the nations of this hemisphere, according to the view of Mr. John Barrett, President of the Pan-American Union.

The War.—At Verdun the Germans, pressing the advantage gained last week by the capture of Thiaumont, have pushed forward from Fleury and Fort Vaux and occupy ground in the region of the Damloup battery and the Fumin Wood. Fort Souville is the principal objective of the new attack. On the left bank of the Meuse there is comparative calm. On the Eastern European front, northeast of Lemberg, the Austro-German forces have retreated behind the River Lipa. It is reported too that the Russians have entered Hungary from lower Bukowina in the direction of Kirlibaba. The fighting has been severe all along the line, especially around Kovel where the Russians have been striving, thus far unsuccessfully, to dislodge the Germans from their position along the Stokod. In Armenia, the Russians report the capture of Mamakhatum, twenty-five miles west of Erzerum, and of Baiburt as marking the renewal of their campaign against Bagdad. Taanga, the second port in importance in German East Africa, has been occupied by British forces under General Smuts.

Bulletin, July 11, a. m.-July 17, p. m.

In the fighting on the Somme the French have advanced their lines slightly during the past week by capturing Hill 97 and La Maisonnette Farm, southeast of Biaches. This brings their furthest advance within two miles of Péronne. The British with more success, after a ten-days' virtual deadlock, succeeded in squeezing the German lines closer in the Albert salient by a lateral push from the south, and thrusting past the second German line of defense, four miles nearer to Bapaume. The ground was bitterly contested, especially in Mametz Wood and Trones Wood. In the latter place the Germans succeeded in establishing themselves after six attacks, only to lose possession finally a day later to the British. The English line now stretches from the Ancre River southeast to Ovillers and then east and south in a ten-mile curve through the vicinity of Pozières to Trones Wood and Hardecourt, where it joins the French. A new feature of the fighting in France, so long confined to trench-warfare, was the successful use of cavalry by the British.

The Fighting on the Somme

The case of the Wilhelmina was settled recently by Lord Mersey, the sole arbitrator in the case, by an award of $390,000 to the owners of the ship, the W. L. Green Commission Company of St. Louis. The Wilhelmina, an American steamship, was seized by the British while carrying foodstuffs to Hamburg. The award was made on the basis of loss of profit, and while it favors the owners of the cargo, it ignores the question which the sailing of the Wilhelmina was meant to raise, namely, of the right of Great Britain to stop foodstuffs proceeding to Germany. Subsequently to the sailing of the Wilhelmina the question was settled, as far as the British Government was concerned, by the Order in Council of March 11, 1915, according to which all such goods destined for German ports were to be treated as contraband.

The Wilhelmina Case

Germany.—On July 10 Professor Brandenburg, the Saxon National Liberal leader, renewed his offensive against Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, declaring that despite a rigid censorship both enemies and friends know that there are differences of opinion in Germany, and consequently there is no reason for forbidding an open discussion of peace-terms. The Professor informed the Chancellor that if he persists in his policy of silence he should not expect to be supported "by a mighty stream of public opinion," nor should he "complain if the waters of impatience, distrust, and even calumny, swirl around him and maybe spray him."

The Chancellor, A Storm Center

> I speak here not only as a diplomat and representative of the federated Government, but I speak in the name of Germany, of its army that has done superhuman deeds and of its people that have borne all the burdens.

That Herr Brandenburg's opinion has not been received with universal favor is clear from the fact that other influential Germans oppose an open discussion of peace-conditions; these men, however, demand that the Chancellor take responsible leaders into his confidence and discuss with them his program. Apropos of the Chancellor's retort to his enemies, "First beat the enemy and then talk peace-terms," the editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* remarks:

It is the duty of statesmen not to wait until the enemy is beaten, but long before to consider the question of the war-aims and all eventualities of the war's outcome. We went into this war, which was forced upon us, only with the thought of freeing Germany from the grip of its enemies. We had not worked out our political plans, but we ought to have had them after the very first months of the war and should have made our military actions subservient to them. We have occupied great territories in the east and west, and we hope in the course of the next month to press on victoriously still deeper into the enemy's land, but nobody can say today how many more miles of enemy territory must be occupied by German and Austro-Hungarian troops before the enemy and the world will admit that Germany has won. There are numerous well-informed persons in Germany who believe we are nearer peace than is generally assumed. There must already exist in the heads of our leading statesmen some plan, some guiding thought for all possibilities, and is it unjustifiable that wide circles harbor a wish to discuss these plans with the Chancellor and his advisers? We know only too well that there is a whole series of war aims that cannot be discussed, not only because it would weaken the position of our negotiators as against the enemy, but unfortunately because it would not help our friendships. The Chancellor cannot lay his cards on the table nor can all the details be discussed, but nevertheless public opinion urgently needs clarity, which can only result if the Chancellor wins the confidence of the nation by showing confidence himself in the leaders of public opinion, the press and Parliament.

While this dispute was at its height, the *Volksstimme*, an organ of the Social Democrats, contained the following item:

The association of extremists which is working in Germany in front and behind the scenes for a ruthless war policy, and which has not the slightest regard for the future of our culture and the reestablishment of our economic institutions, is much more powerful and far more unscrupulous than is generally believed.

We hear that this society is carrying on a very energetic and systematic propaganda here in Frankfort-on-Main. All over the surrounding country the "notables" of the villages are being invited to confidential conferences, which are attended by members of the feudal Automobile Club of Frankfort, who bring with them for distribution these secret "memoranda" against "peace talk" and the Chancellor.

On the other hand the German Navy League is for a vigorous war policy, a sentiment shared by a large number of the National Liberal Party, who will oppose the Chancellor vigorously, if he continues to try to come to an agreement with the Social Democrats. These differences of opinion have in no way changed the general policy of the Government and do not appear to be as serious as the enemies of Germany suppose.

Great Britain.—The commission appointed by the "National Council of Public Morals" to investigate the decline in the birth-rate has just published its voluminous report. The most important findings are set down as follows:

The Birth-Rate

(1) The birth-rate has declined to the extent of approximately one-third within the last thirty-five years. (2) This decline is not, to any important extent, due to alterations in the marriage rate, to a rise of the mean age at marriage, or to other causes diminishing the proportion of married women of fertile age in the population. (3) This decline, although general, has not been uniformly distributed over all sections of the community. (4) On the whole the decline has been more marked in the more prosperous classes. (5) The greater incidence of infant mortality upon the less prosperous classes does not reduce their effective fertility to the level of that of the wealthier classes.

Two other conclusions are thus set forth:

Conscious limitation of fertility is widely practised among the middle and upper classes, and there is good reason to think that, in addition to other means of limitation, the illegal induction of abortion frequently occurs among the industrial population.

There is no reason to believe that the higher education of women, whatever its indirect results upon the birth-rate may be, has any important effect in diminishing their physiological attitude to bear children.

The report declares that as a consequence of the low birth-rate the Empire will be invaded by members of non-British races, who may even become the dominant elements. Moreover there is danger that the race may deteriorate in a marked degree for

The decline in the birth-rate at present is not eugenic, but dysgenic. Restriction prevails most in the classes in which the conditions of family life are most favorable, and the largest families are found under those conditions, hereditary, environmental, or both, which are most adverse to the improvement or even maintenance of the quality of the population.

As usual in cases where God is not given first claim the commission fails to grasp the ethical and religious significance of the problem under investigation. This is nowhere more apparent than in this abstract from the address of Dean Inge who presided at one of the sessions:

I suppose we may take it that there is no doubt that there is a natural limit to the number of people that can be supported in the world, nor that, if the birth-rate had no restrictions upon it in any part of the world, that limit would be reached in less than a century. The productiveness of the human race would appear to have been evolved in such a way as to meet the losses due to war, famine, pestilence, and other causes.

In the Middle Ages, for instance, the birth-rate was about 45, and the death-rate about the same. Within the last century the death-rate has been reduced from the medieval level to 14, and if the birth-rate were maintained at anything like its natural level, about 40, all over the world, the population of the globe, which is now 1,700,000,000, would in 120 years have reached 27,000,000,000, or about ten times as great a number as the earth could probably support. That, it seems to me, is the fundamental fact we have to recognize, and one that makes a drastic limitation of the birth-rate an absolute necessity.

The *Lancet* strikes a truer note by saying:

When the war ends we may see a more sober and earnest nation reviewing the situation in which it finds itself; for ourselves, we believe that the young men and women who have taken part in and witnessed the great struggle will become the parents of a generation not so selfishly frivolous as that into which they themselves were born.

The *Lancet's* belief will be justified, if after the war religion begins to play a prominent part in the lives of Englishmen.

Ireland.—On July 11 the Marquis of Lansdowne out-

lined a system of provisional government for Ireland when martial law is abolished. The chief provisions are:

Provisional Government

(1) An Irish Secretary with a capable military adviser; (2) a new chief of the Royal Irish Constabulary; (3) prohibition of arms-bearing, without a permit; (4) refusal to grant armistice; (5) a garrison of 40,000 troops under Maxwell. The day that this was made known the *Official Gazette* announced that Lord Castletown, Sir David Harrel, and Justices Cherry, Wylie and Pym of the Irish Supreme Court had been appointed "Lord Justices for the government of Ireland during the vacancy in the office of the Lord Lieutenant." Sir Horace Plunkett on hearing these items declared that

> He feared the Government would find it had wholly misjudged the feeling of the Irish people, and that its proposal for setting up a Government in Ireland without consulting the Irish electorate would arouse opposition in Nationalist Ireland that would drive tens of thousands of moderate men into the Sinn Fein movement.

On July 12 Mr. Redmond attacked Lansdowne as follows:

> I regard Lord Lansdowne's speech as a gross insult to Ireland. It amounts to a declaration of war on the Irish people, and is an announcement of a policy of coercion. If this speech be taken as representing the attitude and spirit of the Government toward Ireland, there is an end to all hopes of a settlement. The speech seems to me to have been made with the deliberate object of wrecking the negotiations for a settlement.

Mr. Redmond then proceeded to outline a solution for the great difficulty. In doing so he made reservations which displeased some of the "Home Rulers." On July 13 Lord Lansdowne retorted that his speech had been made after consultation with Premier Asquith and other members of the Government. The next day Mr. Redmond demanded the prompt production of the new Irish bill in order to settle the points in dispute. He threw the gauntlet down again by declaring:

> With regard to the declaration of Lord Lansdowne in his speech of a policy of naked coercion in Ireland, I am loath to believe that it represents a deliberate decison of the Cabinet, but I repeat that such a policy can meet with nothing but repudiation, condemnation and opposition on the part of the Irish party.

Meanwhile the Irish press is vigorously discussing the "Lloyd George Scheme" by which six Ulster counties are temporarily excluded from the operation of the Home Rule bill. The *Irish Weekly Independent* for July 1 states that 776 delegates from the six aforesaid counties voted on the "Scheme," with the result that there was a majority of 210 for exclusion. *New Ireland* gives the number of delegates as 740, the vote as 475 to 265. The *Leader* of the same date notes that Belfast and Antrim accepted the proposition by 129 votes to 71, Down by 117 to 13, Armagh by 62 to 32, Derry 67 to 60, Fermanagh voted against the proposal by 58 to 36, Tyrone by 85 to 64. There is a serious division of opinion over the matter. The *Leader* and *New Ireland* not only accept the "Scheme" but declare that it is the best thing for Ireland under present circumstances. The *Irish Times*, on the other hand, is unstinted in condemnation, declaring a "written undertaking" has been given to the Unionists that the exclusion will be permanent. *New Ireland* asserts such a promise simply means that the Carsonites will not be forced into a settlement. The *Leader* scoffs at the solicitude of the *Irish Times* and appears to doubt that paper's sincerity. Judging from the papers the country is deeply agitated over the exclusion. Messrs. W. O'Brien and M. Healy addressed a large meeting at Cork and after the speeches a resolution was passed declaring "the dismembered proposals an intolerable outrage on the first principles of Irish nationality, and, if forced into law, a fatal barrier to reconciliation with England." On the other hand Mr. Redmond is keen for the Scheme and is defending it vigorously.

Spain.—An edifying ceremony took place a short time since in the Royal Theater, Madrid. The Ladies' Catechetical Society and its sister association, the Committee

Catechetical Societies

of the Ladies' Apostolate for the moral and material betterment of the working classes, held on that occasion their annual celebration at the close of a very successful term. Their Majesties, the King and Queen, and the Royal Family assisted, and gave unmistakable signs of interest in the program. This was marked by a high degree of excellence.

This catechism apostolate deals only with adult workmen, and these alone were allowed to contribute to the musical and dramatic part of the performance. Several short plays were given, and songs of the various Spanish provinces rendered, the singers wearing the typical picturesque costume of each region. The prizes, all of a useful character, were distributed at the close of the performance. The King and Queen and the Royal Family received an enthusiastic welcome.

On July 13 the city and province of Madrid was placed under martial law on account of a strike of railroad employees, which seriously disorganized the transportation

Martial Law

system of the country and resulted in many disturbances. The strike began on the "Northern Railroad" and, according to dispatches, spread to other railroads and to different industries in Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, Bilbao and Oviedo. The employees involved declared that on account of the increased cost of food, their wages were insufficient: they therefore demanded an increase in pay; this was refused. At first the Government appeared to take a serious view of the situation; the King hurried to Madrid from the country and shortly after his arrival in the capital a military censorship of all press dispatches was established. On July 16, however, the strikers agreed to submit their grievances to arbitration, thus relieving the tension which threatened ill for the already harassed nation.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Famous Army Chaplain

BISHOP ROBERT BRINDLE, who died at the Jesuit College of Mount St. Mary, near Chesterfield, in England, in his seventy-ninth year, on June 27, was one of the most famous chaplains in the British Army, in which he served for twenty-five years.

His war record included the Egyptian War of 1882, several campaigns on the Red Sea Coast about Suakim, the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884-85, including the desert battles at Abu Klea and Goubat, and the series of campaigns on the upper Nile from 1896 to 1898, which resulted in the recapture of Khartum and the destruction of the Dervish power. He had been several times mentioned in dispatches, he had received the British Distinguished Service Order, the Turco-Egyptian decorations of the Medjidieh and Osmanieh; the Spanish Order of Isabella the Catholic, and a good number of war medals and battle clasps.

The Bishop was first under fire at Tel-el-Kebir in the campaign against Arabi Pasha in 1882. He was told he had better remain with the ambulances until the enemy's entrenchments had been stormed, but he replied that his place was where men were dying, and he went forward in the rush with which the Eighteenth Royal Irish stormed the enemy's works. He was on several occasions in action with the troops in the desert, fighting around Suakim on the Red Sea, and in the Gordon Relief Expedition he went up the Nile with the Royal Irish. A number of Canadian *voyageurs* were attached to the flotilla to assist with their experience of working through rapids on American rivers. Father Brindle was given command of one of the Royal Irish boats, and was not content merely to direct the work, but for some hours each day used to take an oar. Lord Wolseley offered a prize of £1,000 to the regiment whose boats first reached the advanced base at Korti on the upper Nile and the prize was taken by the Royal Irish, Father Brindle having helped to win it. From Korti a picked column under General Sir Herbert Stewart, fought its way across the Bayuda Desert, an almost waterless steppe. Desperate battles were fought by this handful of men against overwhelming odds. Metemneh was reached, but Khartum had fallen and Gordon was dead before the first steamer went up the river from Metemneh. The column then retired on Korti, fighting several rear-guard actions on the way. Through all this desert campaign, Father Brindle was the only chaplain with the troops. One of the officers wrote that his services were invaluable. He was with the men under fire and in the close fighting against the Arab spears. "He helped all the wounded, Protestant as well as Catholic," said the officer; "he consoled them as they died and read the prayers over their graves."

Lord Wolseley said of him, that in all his long experience of war, Robert Brindle was the bravest man he had ever known and he used to keep the priest's photograph on his writing-table. Officers and men of all ranks spoke enthusiastically of Father Brindle, for he was always among the soldiers. When I was on the Upper Nile, with the Dongola Expedition in 1896, I once asked Father Brindle why he never came round to see me at my hut. "I am a busy man," he replied, "and it is too far from my quarters." "But surely you could ride over sometimes?" "But I have no horse," he replied. "Why, you have a right to two horses at the Government's expense!" "I know, but I prefer to go on foot. For riding means that I would be bothered with a mounted orderly to take care of my horse when I dismount to do a chaplain's work." So Father Brindle preferred to walk and that too in a blazing tropical country of sand and rocks, where every European went mounted and where the shade temperature in the afternoon was sometimes 129 degrees, even in the hospital with electric fans going. He was a splendid walker and seemed never to tire. When the column started in the morning he would plod along for awhile, reading his Office, then slip the breviary into his haversack, take out his pipe and light it, and tramp along chatting with the men.

When I saw him in Cairo, before I went up the Nile in 1896, he told me he would soon follow me. "If there is a fight, I like to be there," he said, "fighting is interesting. Some people have told me a priest should not be so interested in fighting, but I don't want them to fight just so I can be there and see it; but in the present imperfect state of human nature, there is sure to be a good deal of fighting here and there, whether one wants it or not."

When Father Brindle came up to the base at Wady Halfa, the only British troops in garrison were a Staffordshire battalion, also nearly all Protestants, though there were also a few Catholics in it and a few more in a detachment of the Royal Engineers. On Sundays, in the weeks before the advance, Father Brindle used to say Mass for his little congregation of about thirty under the palm-trees at a corner of the parade ground. One Sunday after Mass, I went with him to his quarters for breakfast. As we passed through the cantonments, he pointed to a row of men in khaki, waiting at an open window. It was the store, known in soldier language, as the "dry canteen," the place where no drink is sold but where men can buy jam, sardines and the like to supplement their rations. "Now there's the benefit of one of my five minutes' sermons," said Father Brindle. "All the Protestants are still listening to a long sermon from their chaplain, and our Catholics are having the pick of the 'dry canteen' for their breakfast."

In the later campaigns that led up to the capture of Khartum, there was an ever-increasing number of British soldiers and Father Brindle had to attend to more than 2,000 men. On one of these occasions, late on

Saturday evening, he heard that one of his flock was dying at a detached post. That night he walked nearly ten miles out from headquarters and ten miles back, after having assisted the dying soldier and seen the end. All this time he was fasting because he intended at any cost to say Mass for his men in the morning. There was also danger of meeting hostile patrols on the way. This was the action that was specially mentioned to his credit when he was given the Distinguished Service Order. At Khartum, he was one of the chaplains who took part in the memorial service, held amid the ruins of Gordon's old palace. One who was present tells that Father Brindle's address was so touching that there were tears in many eyes and among those who were thus affected was Kitchener himself, who stood with bowed head and passed his hand across his face, as the address concluded.

Lord Kitchener more than once expressed the highest opinion of Father Brindle's character and services. A story has sometimes appeared that he thought so well of the brave chaplain's soldierly qualities that he gave him command of a gunboat on the upper Nile in the advance on Dongola. But this is a legend. I have, however, heard Kitchener express cordial agreement with one of his staff who, remarked that a certain poorly managed regiment "would be all right, Sir, if we could only put Father Brindle in command of it." When on my arrival at Wady Halfa, I told Colonel Wingate, now the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, that Father Brindle would be up in a few days, he said emphatically, "I am glad to hear it; that's a man."

In 1899, Father Brindle resigned his commission in the Army and retired on a pension, having completed twenty-five years' service. He was at the time senior on the list of army chaplains of all denominations, and there is no doubt that he would have been appointed Captain-General, were it not for a tradition that this post is always given to a clergyman of the Established Church. On his retirement, Father Brindle was consecrated Titular Bishop of Hermopolis and Auxiliary to Cardinal Vaughan at Westminster. At the annual reception to the Catholic laity, which was always held by the Cardinal on an evening in Low Week, the room was crowded with officers, both Catholic and Protestant, who had served in the Sudan, and who had come specially to do honor to Bishop Brindle. It was while he was acting as Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster that the King of Spain married an English Princess, Ena of Battenberg. She was received into the Church before her marriage, and it was Bishop Brindle who instructed her and performed the reception ceremony. It was after this that King Alfonso sent him the Order of Isabella the Catholic.

In December, 1912, Bishop Brindle celebrated the jubilee of his priesthood. Out of the fifty years, just one-half had been spent with the Army, mostly in Egypt and the Sudan. On the occasion of his jubilee he went to Rome to receive the personal congratulations of Pius X. In 1902, he was transferred from Westminster to the Bishopric of Nottingham, one of the Midland dioceses of England. He resigned his see in April of last year, on account of failing health, and spent the closing months of his life in retirement at the Jesuit College near Chesterfield.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

The Philosophy of Anti-Catholicism

BEING in closer touch than any other person in the country with the anti-Catholic campaign, and the many agencies which are helping it along, I am often asked, what in my opinion is the philosophy of it all? In other words, what has occasioned it? Who are at the bottom of it? These questions I propose to answer, after making a few reflections on the philosophy of religious persecution in general.

The philosophy of the hostility of the world to the Kingdom of Christ established in the world is known to all instructed Catholics. It is nothing less than the Providential arrangement by which the life of Christ is reproduced in His Church. "Christ is the head of the body, the church" (*Col.* i: 18). The body and the Head must have similar experiences; "the disciple is not greater than the master"; disciples must expect the same kind of treatment as the Master. This is in accordance with Revelation: "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you" (*John* xv: 20); "if they have called the goodman of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household" (*Matt.* x: 25); "If the world hate you, know ye that it hated me before you" (*John* xv: 18).

History presents this parallelism very distinctly. Of Christ, His enemies said: "This man perverteth the nation"; so say they of His Church. "This man forbiddeth giving tribute to Cæsar," thus they accuse His Church. "If we let him go on, the Romans will come and take away our place and our nation"; so declare they of His Church. "He saith he is Christ the king"; thus they allege the Pope speaks. Definite charges they have none. They can appeal only to prejudice, and clamor like Christ's enemies: "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee."

The hostility to the Church in Latin countries during recent years is easily discernible as anti-Christian; in fact, no effort was made to conceal this. In France, for instance, the persecutors are avowedly atheistic and at the same time they are in possession of the reins of government. Hence it was not necessary to rid the country of the Church's influence by a campaign of slander and vilification. They attempted to do it rather by legislating her out of existence, by confiscating her possessions, by not only forbidding school children to be taught anything Christian, but by ordering that they receive an education in infidelity. A similar policy was

followed in other countries, as for instance in Portugal, Italy and Mexico.

The hatred displayed by leaders of the people towards Christ was not human; it was diabolical. St. John distinctly states (*John* xiii: 2) that the devil put it into the heart of Judas to betray Christ. He surely put it into the hearts of those also who bartered for Christ's betrayal. Our Lord came to destroy the works of the devil, to prepare a remedy for sin, to institute means of grace. This naturally incited the fury of hell against Him. Now since the Church in this, as in every age past, exercises the very same mission as Christ, it is natural that she should be similarly opposed, even though not prevailed over, by the "gates of hell."

This is the only plausible explanation of the aggressiveness of infidelity. One would suppose that it would be quite passive, content merely to differ. Why should it be openly hostile to Christianity? Infidelity cannot prove the correctness of unbelief; it can only assume without a single argument the non-existence of God and of an eternal heaven and hell, and so on. Why then rave at those who find consolation in believing differently, who have some grounds for their belief and who follow a higher standard of morality? Scripture furnishes the key: "The gods of the gentiles are devils," who from the beginning have aspired to receive the homage of the human race, and who, as rivals of God, need propagandists. Read the Gospel account of the conspiracy against Jesus and you read the account of the machinations of the Church's enemies today: "All the chief priests and ancients of the people took counsel against Jesus, that they might put him to death" (*Matt.* xxvii: 1).

The rationalists of today are not different from the rationalists of ancient Greece and Rome, described by St. Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans: "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. . . . Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator. . . . For this cause God delivered them up to shameful affections. . . . And as they liked not to have God in their knowledge, God delivered them up to a reprobate sense, to do those things which are not convenient. Being filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, avarice, wickedness, full of envy, murder, contention, deceit, malignity: whisperers, inventors of evil things . . ." (*Rom.* i: 22-30).

The attacks upon the Catholic Faith have never been provoked by any challenge or aggressive attitude on the part of Catholics. On the Catholic side there has never been any banding together of people against Protestantism. This is true not only of our own country, but of other countries. For instance, prior to the persecution of the Church in Germany a few decades ago, there was no organization among Catholics like the German Evangelical Alliance of the Protestants. Even after this latter organization began its work, when it was suggested that Catholics inaugurate a counter-alliance against it, Catholic leaders in Germany would not hear of it. They preferred rather to organize the *Volksverein*, whose aims were to defend Christianity itself and to promote social welfare. In the early days of our own country all but two of the Colonies did all they could to legislate Catholics out of existence, while in Catholic Maryland there was no retaliation. Catholics returned good for evil by rallying to the defense of a government which oppressed them, so much so, that the American Republic owes its existence especially to them.

Neither has there been anti-rationalistic or anti-infidel literature circulated by Catholics, except to answer the calumnies of the anti-Catholic literature circulated by Protestants. Denifle wrote his work on Luther, not, as he says in the preface to that work, because he wished to bring to light facts which would reflect unfavorably on Luther, but as the outcome of the researches which he had made for the purpose of ascertaining the truth about accusations made against Catholics by Lutherans.

In so-called Protestant countries different tactics are employed to curb the Church's ascendency, though the influence directing them is largely the same viz., infidelity, radical Socialism and aggressive rationalism. Present day persecution of the Church in the United States is, in the main, the effect of the well-worked-out conspiracy of militant rationalism and Socialism. We believe, and our belief is based on data at hand, that these anti-Christian activities have taken advantage of the widespread religious bigotry of the ignorant and of the unfriendliness towards Catholics of religious and fraternal bodies, and by deception, have enlisted their cooperation in a fight on the Catholic Church.

Here is the attitude of many American non-Catholics towards the Church: (1) The Protestant leaders are very jealous of Catholic growth; (2) the Catholic attitude towards the idolized American school-system is believed to be inimical; (3) the Temporal Power which Catholics claim for the Pope, Protestants quite universally take to mean that the Church should manage the State; (4) the 1,500,000 Masons, and the 500,000 members of other fraternal orders under the Church's ban, are, as might be expected, unfriendly towards Rome; (5) having heard much about the "Dark Ages" and "Never-Changing Rome" non-Catholics have the impression that the emancipation of the mind of man and all the blessings of freedom are to be attributed to the Reformation and that the ascendency of Catholicism would spell retrogression in literacy and material prosperity; (6) one-half of the country's population wants prohibition, and it believes that the Catholic Church is indifferent to the drink evil; (7) the prejudice towards the "foreigner," who is believed to constitute four-fifths of the Catholic membership, is deep-seated. The feeling of the people in reference to these, and several other "conditions," makes them quite susceptible to an anti-Catholic campaign.

But how will the anti-Christian forces operate their deception? Since they are especially hostile to the Church, which Protestantism itself regards as an enemy, they will declare themselves to be anti-Catholic only, and that solely from patriotic motives. They will stand for "freedom of speech and of the press," which is sacred to all Americans, and which the Catholic Church is throttling (*sic*), for the "little red school-house," which Rome has cursed (*sic*), for "separation of Church and State," for "restriction of immigration," since immigration, they believe, is what is making the United States Catholic. They are opposed to the "political intriguing" (*sic*) of the Jesuits and the Catholic Hierarchy, which text-books of history and the ubiquitous novel have taught Protestants to be a fact in every country where Catholics are numerous; they would save the United States, they say, from retrogression, from the illiteracy for which Mexico, South America, Italy, Spain, etc., are so conspicuous, and for which the Catholic Church is responsible.

Are not these good campaign arguments, and will they not distract the gaze of the unsuspicious from the multitude of sins of the campaigners? Samuel Johnson declares that "An appeal to patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel"; but Samuel Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding, men banded together under the captivating titles of "Guardians of Liberty," "Knights of Luther," "Order of Patriotic Sons," "The American Society of Patriotic Voters," consider themselves "true-blue" Americans. But what in reality is their genesis? All these organizations sprang into being after rationalism and atheism and Socialism joined hands five years ago to do what France did. This would be impossible in this land without the co-operation of Protestantism, since infidelity is not violently militant here and the moral program of Socialism is not attractive. It was resolved, therefore, that several newly founded rationalistic journals should openly propagate rationalism, that the old socialistic journals should stress economic Socialism only, and that both would fight the Catholic Church through other papers founded for that special purpose, whose parentage would be kept secret, and which to all appearances would be champions of Protestantism behind the banner of patriotism and Americanism.

In view of this "patriotic" campaign it was natural for scores of popular speakers, even those not engaged by the organized forces, to desire to avail themselves of the new opportunity which the anti-Catholic lecture platform offered; thus their candidacy would be furthered, and ministers would be led to encourage their congregations to support them. With feeling wrought up against the Catholic Church, the golden opportunity would be at hand to agitate hostile legislation. Demand for the investigation of "Catholic Charity Institutions," for "Convent Inspection," etc., would stir up Catholic opposition; this would give occasion to point out "Catholic opposition to free speech," and as sentiment is always opposed to Papist oppressors, the unthinking populace would come to suspect that something must be "rotten in Denmark."

The present aggressors of the Catholic Church have calculated aright the result of their latest supreme effort, having learned wisdom from the miscarriage of anti-Catholic propaganda in Know-Nothing and A. P. A. days. The fruit of the present campaign will be considered in the next paper.

JOHN F. NOLL,
Editor of "Our Sunday Visitor."

XLVIII—The Young Man and Civil Engineering

ENGINEERING which is as old as the most elementary civilization, may be defined as "The art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man."

In order to understand clearly what constitutes civil engineering, it is necessary to study the development of the different engineering professions, and their separation from the parent stem. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, there were but two recognized branches of the profession, the civil and military. The former included all those branches not directly connected with military operations and the construction of fortifications, but the remarkable series of mechanical inventions which distinguished the last third of the eighteenth century, led at length to the separation of several branches from the parent stem of civil engineering.

The first branch to leave this stem was mechanical engineering, followed by metallurgical and mining engineering, as the developments in the mining and reduction of the metals progressed. The perfecting of the electric motor together with other advances in electrical science led to the development of electrical engineering as a distinct profession; the increasing importance of the application of chemistry in manufacturing has produced the chemical engineer, while the advance in sanitary science and the discoveries with reference to the nature, causes, and prevention of disease, have resulted in the development of sanitary engineering. But notwithstanding the divergence of all these branches, even that which is left, which is properly included under the title of civil engineering, undoubtedly has the widest scope of all the engineering professions, and in practising it a man must become a specialist in some one department. To enumerate its various fields, it comprises: (1) The construction of railroads, of roads, of street and interurban railways; (2) the improvement of rivers and harbors, the construction of canals, of lighthouses, and other works necessary for carrying on maritime trade and commerce; (3) structural engineering, or the construction of bridges, aqueducts, foundations, steel frames for buildings, etc.; (4) hydraulic engineering, including the development of water power and the construction of dams and power-plants up to the point at which

mechanical engineering is called upon to supply the motors; (5) surveying, which though necessary in the laying out of works of all kinds, constitutes a branch by itself, known as land surveying when applied to the object of measuring and sub-dividing land, as topographic surveying when the object is to represent upon a map the surface configuration of the land, and which, when extended to the survey of a very large area in which the curvature of the earth must be taken into account leads to the intricate and interesting problems of geodesy, or the measurements of the earth, and touches upon the field of terrestrial physics; (6) it further includes a great variety of problems due to the congregating of people in cities, such as works of water supply and sewage, the drainage of lands and buildings, the disposal of waste, and the construction and maintenance of city streets, and pavements. This last group of problems, involving the preservation of the health of communities, is rapidly becoming, if it has not already become, the special field of the new profession of sanitary engineering.

We may next inquire as to the qualities which fit a man for success in this profession. In the first place, it is evident that the ideal civil engineer must be a scientific man and at the same time a business man. He must have a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature, of the fundamental principles of mathematics and mechanics and of the materials of construction, for his work consists in applying those laws, principles and materials so as to make them of use in the world's business. He must be essentially a man of action. The engineer takes the discoveries of the scientist in his laboratory, of the bookworm in his study, and makes them available for the use and convenience of man. His dominant quality must be practical common sense combined with habits of care and accuracy. He must have the courage and training which will enable him to solve new problems and to meet emergencies with success. His mistakes may be very costly and his opportunities for effecting economies by skilful design and construction very great.

It is often assumed that in order to be a successful engineer a man must be a fine mathematician. As a matter of fact, while the engineer should be thoroughly familiar with the fundamental principles of mathematics up to and including calculus, he seldom uses any but the simplest applications. In geometry, and especially in trigonometry, he must be thoroughly at home. I should rather be inclined to say, however, after these explanations, that in order to be a good engineer, a man must not be what would usually be called a fine mathematician, or at least that he must in addition possess other mental qualifications which are of far greater consequence; for mathematics is in its essential conceptions and methods an abstract science, and the great mathematician is apt to lack qualities of action, quick decision, accurate judgment, ingenuity in meeting and overcoming obstacles and the natural grasp and insight leading him to see the physical possibilities of a situation which must distinguish the successful engineer. On the other hand, the engineer should have both a liking for mathematics and a quick and instinctive grasp of its principles and methods, together with the insight which will enable him to see how they are to be made of use, and he must be able to use them properly when the time comes.

There have been, and are, two ways of preparing for the practice of this profession. The first is to begin by getting a thorough technical training in a good engineering school, in the principles underlying the profession. The second is to begin as a student in an engineer's office, gaining experience and studying at the same time. At the present time it may be stated unhesitatingly that the only proper and safe way to become an engineer is to pursue the first method, secure a preparatory training in one of our engineering schools. In this way the student will learn many things that most men will never learn in practice; he will gain habits of study, breadth of view, and the adaptability which will enable him to meet new problems. Moreover, the young man who aims to become an engineer should secure a broad training, not devoted entirely to technical subjects, but covering also those subjects of a general nature which are necessary for every thoroughly educated man. The engineer of the past has too generally been considered a mere builder and has not as a rule been given the position to which his responsibilities and his achievements legitimately entitle him. The engineer of the future should aim to take a position in society and business as a cultivated and highly trained man, on a level with men in any of the other professions.

The broad and thorough education advised can now be obtained at many schools in this country. Many educators would advise a young man to take first a college course, and to supplement it by a course in a professional school. Another plan, which has it advantages, is to lay out a course longer than the usual college course, in one institution, directed from the beginning toward the end in view, some general subjects and some professional subjects being studied each year, with an increasing proportion of the latter toward the end of the course. The latter plan has this advantage that the student is working always toward a definite end, provided he is able to decide at the beginning what general line of work he desires to pursue.

The civil engineer of the past has been mainly a constructor; the civil engineer of the future will be more and more an administrator as well. And while the construction of railroads will not proceed as rapidly in the future as it has in the past, there are certain directions in which construction will proceed with great activity. For instance, although the great era of railroad construction may be said to be substantially ended, there is still much work to be done in building branch lines,

in double-tracking existing lines, in reducing grades and curves and making other local improvements, often on a large scale. Moreover, the construction of urban and interurban electric lines, for the attainment of rapid transit in cities, and improvements in steam-railroad terminals, are proceeding and will proceed at a rapid rate and will require the expenditure of many millions of dollars, while the rapid growth of urban population and the advances in sanitary science have recently given great impetus to the construction of works for supplying pure water and for disposing of the sewage and other waste without injury to the public health. Further, it is becoming recognized that the man with common sense and a good technical training, if he has also a talent for organization and executive ability, is the best type of man to direct the work of our great industrial corporations. Some of our large railroad corporations have within a comparatively few years instituted the practice of choosing their higher officers from their engineering corps, instead of from other branches of the service. Not a few railroad presidents began their careers as civil engineers, and the number of such men will increase in the future.

With respect to financial remuneration, the civil engineer stands at an advantage compared with members of some professions, by the fact that his services are in demand at the outset at a fair salary, while the young doctor or lawyer may not be able to meet his expenses for some years. The ultimate financial possibilities presented to the engineer may not be as great as in the professions referred to, but the rewards are still sufficient to tempt even the most ambitious men, while there are few impecunious engineers. The engineer will be appreciated more and more as time goes on. The profession is a growing one, with great possibilities, and few careers offer greater inducements of a surer or truer success to the energetic and capable young man, for we live in a mechanical age and the work of the man, who can "direct the great sources of power in nature to the use and convenience of man" must continually increase in importance.

EMILE G. PERROT.

The Unity of the Human Race.

IT is often interesting to review the story of the vicissitudes of a conservative opinion during the course of even a single generation. It is frequently surprising to find that at the end of a full generation of men an opinion thoroughly conservative and reasonably well founded, which has veered much with the winds of doctrine, is back where it was at the beginning. This is particularly true of a number of phases of scientific thought with regard to man and his origin. It has seemed to me that the story of one phase might perhaps be a lesson in the philosophy of history and a warning not to jump to conclusions.

Under dear old Father Doucet, S.J., now some thirty years ago, one of the subjects for discussion in the course in the philosophy of history was the unity of the human race. At that time Weismann had only just made his startling claim that acquired characters are not inherited. It was almost universally accepted that what happened to any one generation of human beings was very likely to have its influence directly on succeeding generations. Tuberculosis was believed to be hereditary and alcoholism too; even drug habits and other vicious propensities were supposed to descend almost without fail from father to son. Patients went to physicians and said with a sigh that they supposed it was to be expected that they should suffer from rheumatism, because their father or mother had suffered in this way. Other susceptible individuals had agonies of solicitude because someone of the preceding generation had died of cancer and they were sure that they too were going to develop the dread disease.

As the French say, "We have changed all that." We now know that diseases are never inherited, though family defects *may* be transmitted. We also realize that acquired characters are not inherited, or at least that if they are it is an extremely rare and mysterious occurrence. Consequently it has become increasingly hard to understand how the various races of men have become so distinct from each other and it is harder still to understand just how all these differing peoples came from a common stock. It is not surprising then that there have been a great many contributions to what, though called modern science, is really the passing phase of the literature accumulating around the scientific fad of the moment, the multiplex origin for men.

We have of course what practically amounts to a definite proof of man's identity of race all over the world from the fact that intermarriage among races of men, even the most distant, no matter how different they may be in color and size and peculiarity, are, unless by accident, fruitful. This is the supreme proof of specific relationship. It is considerably more than a quarter of a century since Huxley said that until some experimental proof could be obtained of the inter-fertility of different species, the theory of descent lacked proof; yet science is still looking for the missing links between the species and has not found them. We have abundant evidence however, that there are no species-distinctions among the races of men.

The question of the diversity of races and the possible diversity of origin has been particularly discussed because of certain peculiarities of structure in the different races. The careful investigation made of the Mongolian race in recent years has led to a description of a number of supposedly specific features of that race, to which even scientific names have been attached. There was the "Mongolian fold" which constitutes a characteristic difference in the eye of the yellow races, the *os Japonicum* or "Japanese bone," due to a separation of the cheek or malar bone into two, which is the basis of the prominent

cheek bone of the Japanese; and the "Mongolian spot," a curious pigmented mark on the lower part of the back in the yellow races, noted particularly in childhood and often disappearing later.

Science for June 23, 1916 has a review of a paper read at the Washington meeting of the American Anthropological Association in which the author brings out the fact that all these characters, though rejoicing in Mongolian or Japanese names, are to be found in a series of types of Indians dwelling in the upper regions of the Andes. The three characteristics that we have mentioned occur in a great many different native peoples of South America. This is interesting because the problem of the origin of our American population has always attracted attention and while it is pointed out that it would have been perfectly easy for Asiatics to have crossed over the narrow Behring Strait, less than forty miles of open water, or even to have walked over on the ice in the winter time, the differences in the American and Asiatic races have always left the question open to scientific discussion. The similarities between the Eskimo and Mongolian races were quite sufficient of themselves to indicate their unity of origin, but the Indians of other parts of America seemed to be distinctive in a great many ways.

This description of Mongoloid signs in some ethnic types of the Andine Plateau is not the first contribution that we have had to the discussion, but it carries ampler evidence than before, that the supposed Mongolian characteristics occur quite commonly among South American Indians. The Mongolian fold is an extra portion of the upper eyelid which hangs down at the inner side of the eye giving the characteristic appearance to the eyes of Chinese and Japanese. This fold is apparently a sort of double eyelid which comes down over the edge of the lid proper, in which the cilia or eyelashes grow, and covers the *caruncula lacrymalis,* that is the outer lacrimal apparatus which is normally seen at the inner canthus or nasal side of the nose in the white or other races. There are many groups of Indians in South America possessing this. Certain tribes of the Chingu River have it in a not very marked degree but it has been observed in a more pronounced form in the Paumari and Ipurina Indians on the River Pirus and on the lower Acre, Brazil. The author has examined a thousand crania of Mongolians and an equal number of pre-Columbian skulls, that is, skulls from graves made here in America before Columbus' discovery, and in all of these he has found a pronounced sulcus or groove in the maxillary region and in the lacrimal region. It is probably this sulcus which causes the so-called Mongolian fold.

The author has also found among various peoples of South America, the *os Japonicum,* that is the division of the cheek or malar bone into two parts by a horizontal suture. Usually the cheek bone is one piece but when it is very prominent it may be divided into two pieces developed from two particular centers. This is no longer considered a Japanese peculiarity, for it is not uncommonly found in a good many other races.

Finally there is the Mongolian spot which at one time was considered distinctly characteristic of the Mongolian race. This is found, according to the writer quoted in *Science,* with extraordinary frequency on the bodies of Indian children and adults of the Andine Plateau. In certain regions the spot is found in ninety-two per cent of the children of pure Aimara (colla) and Quechua races. The color of the spot among them is generally purple or greenish blue. It occurs over the sacral bone near the end of the spine.

In recent years this particular spot has lost all of its significance as a racial peculiarity, for as Martin in his textbook on anthropology (*"Lerbuch der Anthropologie"* Jena, 1914) has emphasized, it is present in a whole series of races and types. Instance the Indians of British Columbia, of Ecuador and Brazil. It can even be seen among the children of the European white people, especially of the brunette type, in the proportion of about four per cent, and here in America in similarly pigmented people in the proportion of something over three per cent.

As time goes on special features of anatomical structure that were supposed to demonstrate multiplicity of origin, because of the existence of peculiarities in certain races that are not noted in others, are rather furnishing evidence for the unity of the human race. On more careful investigation these features are found among the races in the different hemispheres. After thirty years of so-called discoveries the question of the unity of the human race is about where it was when dear old Father Doucet taught real science at Fordham, nearly a full generation ago.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.

Episcopalianism from Within

THE so-called orders of the Protestant Episcopal Church are null. Leo XIII settled that question. Episcopalians refuse to accept his decision. But another doubt, just as serious, afflicts many of them, namely: assuming that a number of their clergy have the episcopal character, do they exercise episcopal functions? Is the episcopal office, as instituted by Christ, found in the Episcopal Church? From two articles in the *Living Church,* on "Authority," the doubters may gather that in their sect the term "bishop" is but a name, implying next to nothing of the functions of the office.

As all should know, authority, or jurisdiction, is twofold, ordinary and delegated. Ordinary jurisdiction is inherent in the office, so that one obtaining the latter, obtains also the former. Its nature, its extent, its dependence are determined by the authority constituting the office, which, with regard to the episcopal office in the Church, is Our Divine Lord. Delegated jurisdiction comes from the personal act of one possessing ordinary jurisdiction, whereby he authorizes another capable of receiving such authorization, to exercise jurisdiction in his name with whatever restrictions he chooses to impose. The Apostle tells the Bishops he

appointed that they are set by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God. The Catholic doctrine is, therefore, that the bishop in his diocese has ordinary jurisdiction to teach, to legislate, to coerce the refractory, for "to rule" means all that. That he exercises this jurisdiction in subordination to a higher authority also instituted by Christ, as did the Bishops appointed by the Apostles, that it comes to him, according to the certain and now generally accepted opinion, through the medium of the Pope, does not change its nature. A bishop appointed to a see obtains that episcopal jurisdiction which Christ established; he is not a Papal official, delegated to exercise in the Roman Pontiff's name a portion, more or less, of the Pontifical authority. The *Living Church*, on the contrary, lays down the following fundamental principles: "Christ's authority is, according to Anglican interpretation, vested in the collective episcopate. National episcopates derive a delegated authority from the collective episcopate." If, then, the national episcopate has only delegated jurisdiction, the diocesan bishop can have but subdelegated jurisdiction, and administers his diocese just as far as the subdelegation goes, and no farther.

Some, distinguishing as is right, between the bishop's power of order and of jurisdiction, presume to say that, while the former is fixed by Divine institution, the latter is to be determined limited, and even annulled, according to national character and institutions. To prove this they have recourse to the status of Irish bishops in the sixth century with regard to the abbots of the great monasteries. Supposing, for the sake of argument, all that is assumed, it may be remarked that the exception only proves the rule when it has to be sought among a people geographically cut off from the rest of Europe by the sea, for whom communication with the center of unity was difficult in the extreme, in a Church newly planted and in the earlier stages of its development and in a state of things so temporary that in a brief time it disappeared. Moreover, abbots are not mere clergymen, still less are they lay delegates of the laity; and he must be hard pushed indeed who can find no better justification for the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the status of its bishops—without example in all the centuries of the Catholic Church—than the anomalies found in Ireland thirteen hundred years ago.

II

Some will say that this is mere quibbling over words. "By a slip of the pen the *Living Church* used the term 'delegated,' and you take advantage of it to build up an argument." Not so. The notion of ordinary jurisdiction and that of delegated jurisdiction are altogether distinct, and lead to widely different practical conclusions. One would not undertake to discuss "authority," without comprehending the difference between the two; and the whole drift of the argument in the *Living Church* shows that the term "delegated" was chosen deliberately. When we shall have seen what the authority of bishops in the Episcopal Church really is, we shall understand that to justify their position the notion of ordinary jurisdiction must be excluded from it absolutely. Passing over another very grave difficulty in the Episcopal theory, namely: that even in what they call "the undivided Church" *actual* ordinary jurisdiction would have existed only on the rare occasions of an ecumenical council, and that the jurisdiction governing the Church from day to day would have been delegated only, with the delegator existing not otherwise than potentially, and therefore unable to demand an account of the delegation, we come to another point. The *Living Church* goes on to say that: "In these latter days, when the collective episcopate of the whole Catholic Church has no way of reaching a common determination on any subject, the national episcopates are, in fact, left supreme." Here is a tremendous leap. If national episcopates become supreme, their delegated jurisdiction must somehow be converted into ordinary jurisdiction. Supreme jurisdiction and delegated are a contradiction in terms. There is a suggestion of falsehood in "these latter days." According to the Episcopal theory, the impossibility alleged has been permanent since the final Greek schism, that is, for nearly nine hundred years. But how was that change made? The *Living Church* does not explain. It does not say: "National episcopates have *acquired* supremacy." This would have raised the question we have just proposed. No, they were *left* supreme; which must imply that Our Lord, in establishing His Church, foreseeing a schism to last for, apparently, half its duration at least, put in national episcopates a potential residual supremacy to be actuated automatically by the accomplishment of the schism. But can the slightest indication of this be found in Scriptures, Fathers, or Councils? On the other hand, there can be no authority, supreme or otherwise, without an evident title to bind the wills of its subjects. Theorizing cannot give it. It may be said: "Supreme authority must be somewhere in the Church." Quite true; and therefore a theory of the Church that cannot show where it lies is clearly false.

The *Living Church* seems to think it finds this supremacy in practice in the obsolescence of some disciplinary canons of ecumenical councils. This it explains by saying that, "No section of the Church has ever deemed itself bound to the perpetual observance of such canons," a principle it lays down in order to conclude that Anglicans have a right "to reconsider and, for themselves, to reverse such decrees." In the first place its principle would prove too much. The example it brings of a canon falling into desuetude, whatever its value, belongs to the period of the "undivided Church," when national episcopates had, it is supposed, delegated authority only; and delegated authority is confined to the execution of what is committed to it, but cannot nullify or reverse what the delegating authority has ordained. Secondly, laws become obsolete, not so much because certain sections of the community do not think themselves bound to observe them, as because universal authority, which must decide whether or not they conduce to the common good, by not enforcing them allows them to fall into disuse. What is to be thought of a theory resting upon the virtual denial of principles so clear?

III

The *Living Church* confirms itself in its opinion by remarking that in England ecumenical canon law has authority only when reenacted by Parliament or recognized by custom; while English canon law was expressly continued by an Act of Parliament under Henry VIII. The passage contains more than one expression obscuring rather than obscure. We can notice this only, that it grants civil authority a power over ecclesiastical affairs, often claimed, but allowed only by Protestants and schismatics, never by the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the Statute of Provisors and such like. But what have Americans to do with Parliament and Henry VIII? Why bring them up in this country, where the civil power disclaims any jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical? Apparently, to pave the way to an apology for that singular institution, the General Convention, on which Episcopalianism rests, and which, the *Living Church* asserts, "introduces no new principle into the legislation of the Church. The House of Bishops is the counterpart of the Upper House of Convocation, the clerical deputies reproduce the Lower House of Convocation, the lay deputies are the equivalent of Parliament." We cannot pause to show how the English

Convocation owes its existence to the refusal of the deputies of the clergy in Catholic times to sit with the House of Commons, or to allow Parliament to meddle with ecclesiastical affairs, but must go on to consider the organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the foundation of the General Convention, as expounded by the *Living Church*.

IV

The General Convocation is the constituting authority; and as such it is a body of ministers and laymen. Ministers and laymen, coming together of their own initiative, organized the first Convention, declared themselves one society under the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and gave laws to their creation. Ministers and laymen sit in the Convention by antecedent right; not so the Bishops. They are there in virtue of an act that recognized them as members *ex officio*, but at the same time reasserted the democratic nature of the body. The supreme authority of the Protestant Episcopal Church, therefore, is vested in the General Convention, the acts of which the *Living Church* tells us, "are the supreme law"; and "all bodies created by it are, as a matter of course, subject to the parent body." As one of those created bodies is the House of Bishops, these come into the Convention stripped of what, were they real bishops, would be their inherent rights, and their House, in the words of the *Living Church*, "has only such authority as is expressly conferred on it by the constitution and canons of the General Convention." Hence so-called Fathers of the Church, set to rule it by the Holy Ghost, possessing supreme authority according to the Episcopal theory, can in practice neither legislate nor coerce, nor exercise any real authority, except so far as their supposed flock allows them.

These creatures of the Convention may also meet in council as the national collective episcopate. As such, according to the theory of the *Living Church*, they should possess supreme authority. The *Living Church* will tell us what the collective episcopate can really do. It can, by Divine right, interpret the faith; we *may* defer to its interpretations, and consequently, need not do so if we prefer our own interpretations, notwithstanding the "Divine right." Secondly, it can lead in practical work—Is this the function of bishops set to rule the Church of God?—but in such work only as is not expressly withdrawn from it by the constitution and canons. Nevertheless, "the fact that the collective episcopate of our American Church is bound by the constitution and canons of General Convention, is one that must be strictly maintained." A Divine right to teach that generates no correlative obligation, and to lead in practical work subject to General Convention, these are all the prerogatives of the "supreme authority of the collective episcopate," which at every turn meets in the General Convention its master and its ultimate judge.

V

If such be the condition of the collective episcopate, it is hardly worth while to ask what are the functions of a bishop in his diocese; since the diocese, like the House of Bishops, is a creature of the General Convention. Still, let us hear them from the *Living Church*. He may administer the law, but he may not legislate. He is, therefore, an executive officer under General Convention, which creates the diocese, and to which said diocese remains necessarily subject; supposed to be set by the Holy Ghost to rule, he is deprived of one of the essential functions of a ruler, legislative authority in things "neither compulsory nor forbidden" of themselves, or by higher authority. He has no coercive jurisdiction. He may give "lawful directions," but these are understood to be such only as are "specifically recognized by law." Again, he executes the law; but he has no inherent power of ruling. He can give "godly admonitions," but these are held to touch not the official acts of the clergy, but their personal conduct. Hence it is the minister's conscience, not the episcopal intellect, that must judge finally whether they are "godly" or not. His relations with his clergy, insists the *Living Church*, are paternal. Quite so. But paternal relations may be taken in two ways. There is the father in the subject family. Although his relations with his children are informed with the virtue of piety, he is none the less an authoritative teacher, a lawgiver and a judge. There is also the father in the grown-up family. His sons call him "Sir," stand up when he addresses them, and show him outwardly the reverence they should have interiorly. But his authority has come to an end. What remains of his laws becomes requests that are complied with according to propriety, coercive authority having vanished; and, though respected as a man of experience, he is no longer the authoritative teacher. Of course, we are dealing with analogies; but the first idea of paternal relations expresses fairly well those of a Catholic bishop to his clergy: the second those between an Episcopal bishop and his. The *Living Church* is certain on this point; for it finds that the bishop should rule by influence rather than by authority; of the latter he does not possess much, while, given the right man, the former may be very great. Why it set out by giving even national episcopates only delegated authority, is now sufficiently clear.

It is clear, too, that the episcopal office as instituted by Christ, as understood by all Catholics, as existing through all ages in the Catholic Church, does not exist in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The conclusion is obvious, the same conclusion to which one comes inevitably whatever be the point of view from which he examines that denomination.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Indistinct Celebrants of Mass

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent number of AMERICA Edward F. O'Day says:

> The Latin of the Mass is full of felicities of style and verbal dignity. There are those who speak of "Church Latin," and imply reproach; but it seems to me that your love of Latin is neither deep nor Catholic, unless you enjoy this Latin of the Mass as well as the Latin of the Augustans.

As a humble layman, I ask how the Latin of the Mass is to be "enjoyed" if the priest at the altar makes no effort to render it "intelligible"? From what musicians call a "firm attack" on the opening phrases of the various prayers and exhortations, the celebrant, with scant intervening modulations, we often observe, proceeds *allegro assai*, presently diminishing the tone, until, from the pews, it resembles nothing so much, I say it with no intention of being flippant or irreverent, as the drone of bees or the buzz of a mosquito.

With all possible respect for the clergy, I ask, is there no rule that requires a priest in saying Mass, to assume the possibility of the presence of someone in the congregation who would appreciate and perhaps be uplifted by the vernacular of the Catholic Church, if only he could have an opportunity of hearing it? The Gospel is sometimes read so that to one having only a limited knowledge of Latin its subsequent reading in English does not come as something extraneous to the Mass, but this I find is uncommon. Yet Mr. O'Day says: "We are not asked to suspend our admiration for good Latinity whilst we are engaged in the solemn business of prayer."

Richmond Hill, N. Y. NATHANIEL P. BABCOCK.

AMERICA

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Pigs, Pans, Children and Others

NEW YORK harbors many wonderful creatures but none more remarkable than the "uplifters" who just now hold the stage. They outdo Juvenal's *esuriens Græculus*. That starveling could be many things and do many things. He could dance and sing, walk a tight-rope and toss a barrel with his feet; he could be cute or froward, meek or savage, all for a crumb or popular favor, as the case might be.

The uplifters can do all this and more. They can forget on call, remember things that never happened, concoct conspiracies, issue calumnious pamphlets, and in general, play all parts from that of Peeping Tom to Weeping Maggie. But when they are caught in their villainy, they become so meek, so humble! They turn their lamby eyes piteously to the populace and bleat soft and low for the oil of sympathy and the wine of love.

An instance in point is instructive. When the Charities Investigation was on, the New York papers were the mainstay of the uplifters. What the latter wanted, that was done. Were priests accused of crime, that was featured in scare headline; were Sisters calumniated, that was featured too. The uplifters rejoiced exceedingly over this; theirs was a winning game, the press was on their side. The game was pushed harder; a press agent, Moree, aided by the Commissioner of Charities, enshrined the calumnies in a pamphlet. The game was won. Not quite; the foul play was exposed. Forthwith the *esuriens Græculus* who had been playing the part of a Libyan lion turned himself into a bruised, torn lamb, mangled by the teeth of a savage wolf. The lion that was, is Homer Folks; the lamb that is, is Homer Folks, a shy creature pleading for public sympathy through the columns of the *S. C. A. A. News* in these gentle tones:

> The statements made in the newspaper articles were not compared with the original record of the testimony. As was inevitable, the newspapers selected the more sensational features of the testimony for publication, and in some instances the text and in others the headlines were not wholly correct statements of the actual testimony. This was notably true of an alleged statement in regard to children and pigs having been fed from the same utensil. Such inaccuracies naturally aroused a keen sense of injustice on the part of the institutions.

The wicked newspapers, the bleater's former allies, have done him and his fellows a grave wrong; put him and his companions in a false light; made them appear untruthful, calumnious. No man among them would utter such vulgar words as those recorded; they are gentlemen all, sincere men, uplifters.

Poor dear lamb, how plaintive its voice! But compare its bleatings with Kingsbury's roar before the Strong Committee:

> I can describe some of the things for you. For instance, in the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, I shall never forget the melancholy picture that was presented to me by Commissioner Doherty verbally, and subsequently in his reports, of these little children, heads cropped, sitting at the sides of a long table, on backless benches, eating out of tin dishes, *as I recall it* (with their fingers in most cases), some without anything to eat at all. Then I *remember very well* how he described how they jumped up in military fashion at the end of the meal, took their pails, emptied them into the can from which the soup or stew had been dished and that the same can was later taken out, *as I remember*, to feed the pigs with. *That is one thing that I remember.*

There they are, the bleat and the roar. But is it a bleat and is it a roar? History relates that a lamb's skin does not always betoken a lamb, and that a lion's skin does not always betoken a lion.

The Devil and His Friends

THE devil has always been good to his friends. When they are in distress he flies to their aid with an inventiveness that would do credit to a Scotsman, or a divorcee seeking alimony. This fact will throw light on the origin of the plot exposed in the following item taken from the Brooklyn *Standard Union*:

> According to a statement given out by Dr. George Albert Godduhn, superintendent of the Ottilie Orphan Asylum, Kaplan and Degraw Avenues, Jamaica, an attempt to discredit homes for children is being made by some unknown persons, by means of a "movie" concern, where it is alleged a moving-picture is being taken misrepresenting conditions in institutions of this sort, and serving to bias the public against them. Mr. Godduhn declares his source of information is reliable, but he is not at liberty to divulge any names.
>
> "I am very anxious to keep the good name of the institutions as a whole, and I feel that I am doing my duty in seeking to warn the public against this sham which is about to be perpetrated upon them. Only a very sordid imagination and evil intent could devise the horrible things which these people who are striving to awaken distrust in our institutions, have conceived for the picture.
>
> "They intend to hire forty children, pay them at the rate of $1 a day, and have them act as if in misery and pain in a house which they shall fit up as an orphan asylum. Then they will take scenes showing how the children are forced to eat things

which are unfit for human consumption, and when they refuse to do so, are beaten unmercifully. They will picture the home as a veritable hell. To make the photo-play appear truthful, I have been told that they will take a picture of a dilapidated house, and call it the outside of the home. . . ."

That is very clever. But why not make it entirely true to nature by choosing "calamity-howlers" from among the Committee of 100? The shrieks and tears of bloated plutocrats in behalf of the children of their victims, would show in the pictures and melt every jury in Brooklyn to a decision in favor of Kingsbury and Hotchkiss.

All this diabolism is extremely interesting but it is rendered more interesting by these words of a correspondent:

I would direct your particular attention to the moving-picture campaign now on against private child-caring institutions. It is not *about to be* begun, as the clipping states. It is already in operation. Two weeks ago I saw a film which has been travelling about Brooklyn and which portrays the neglect and abuse of children in private child-caring institutions. Of course it bears the approval of the "National Board of Censors."

Why not? After all there is very little difference between calumny by word and calumny by picture. The devil can manage a cinema as well as move a tongue. And his friends need his aid just now. He will not fail them. Later on God will have a word to say, just one probably, and that is too hot for utterance, by human lips, this warm weather. Stick to your friends, Lucifer now and hereafter, they need you, at least, now.

Dangerous Leaks

LEAKS are always inconvenient and sometimes they are positively dangerous. This is especially true when important information seeps through the crevices in the souls of noted citizens. Not long since such a calamity happened in Brooklyn. After strenuous efforts extending over a period of five weeks, the New York "uplifters" succeeded in getting a corporal's guard, born and bred, or naturalized in Brooklyn, to sign a letter commending Mayor Mitchel's "brave stand in the charities investigation." The document was just like the one issued in Manhattan, so inaccurate, if not dishonest, that people smiled good-naturedly and said: "Oh, well, 'tis part of the political game." Thus the matter was dismissed by all except childless plutocrats whose families consist of poodles and golf clubs. But real citizens were not allowed to forget the incident for long. The honor of Howard C. Pyle, a distinguished signer of the Brooklyn charter of undiluted stupidity and chicanery, had been outraged and he cried out in distress. Here is his story, as related by the Brooklyn *Standard Union* of July 12:

A friend of mine told me yesterday that he had noticed I had signed a letter commending the Mayor for the stand he had taken in the charities controversy.

I knew I had not written to the Mayor or signed any such letter and denied I was one of the "prominent Brooklyn citizens" and said that he must be mistaken.

He showed me that my name was included among the names of a number of my friends, and I returned to my office and spoke to my stenographer, asking her if she remembered my writing such a letter.

Of course, she told me I had not, but called my attention to the fact that I signed some sort of a petition one day last week.

I don't remember what day it was, neither do I know who the man was, but one day last week a stranger came to the office and said he had a petition from the Mayor, or to the Mayor, I don't remember which, to the effect that the city could not get any money to take care of the children during the paralysis epidemic and asked me if I would sign a petition calling upon the Board of Estimate for an appropriation to take care of the children during the epidemic.

I thought this was only a humane thing to do and, seeing that a number of my friends had already signed the petition, I also signed it.

Continuing, the gentleman declared that "he did not know anything about the so-called charities controversy and would not commend anybody for something he knew nothing about."

There is a leak for you; Dominie Sampson would call it "prodigious." However there is nothing remarkable about it. A spark of honor is left in the soul of one "distinguished citizen," that is all. The same may be true of the souls of the other signers. Perhaps they too will take courage and speak. Surely men who are so much interested in the welfare of children must resent the outrage by which the utter misery of so many babies dying in agony from infantile paralysis is exploited for the basest of all purposes, a political trick. What do afflicted fathers and mothers think of the "brave stand" of his Honor, the Mayor of New York? The misery of their dying children is used as part of a scheme to deceive the public. Is this bravery? Is it decency?

Why They Stayed Away

A Milwaukee minister recently published an entertaining list of reasons "Why people give up the Church." Some of them were these:

A man left a church and took his children out of the Sunday school because the paper napkins for the Sunday school picnic were not bought at his store. A man went home from church one Sunday morning much angered by something he had heard in the sermon, and announced to his children and wife that so long as that clergyman was there he would never set foot inside that church again. A man withdrew from a church and compelled his family to withdraw, because at an oyster supper given by the ladies of the church, at which he arrived very late, he was served with oyster soup in which there were no oysters. A woman left one church and affiliated herself with another, because in the latter church they had the "dear old family prayers" at an afternoon service during Lent. A woman was very angry with her clergyman because on the Sunday next before Advent he did not preach "the fragment sermon," that is, a sermon on the text, "Gather up the fragments that remain." One woman wanted to join the Episcopal Church, because she "just loved the litany and the burial service," and another

woman because "the Episcopal Church believed in dancing." A woman refused to go any longer to her parish church after it had been redecorated and refurnished. "A hard-wood floor," she explained, "is too High-Church for me."

The wretched plight of the parson whose livelihood depends on his success in keeping in the fold such foolish sheep as the foregoing should pluck commiseration of his state from brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint. The Catholic priest, however, is seldom in a similar predicament, for he deals with Christians who realize, as a rule, the importance of assisting every Sunday at Divine worship and who will not allow trifling obstacles to keep them from Mass.

Nevertheless that insatiable hunger for a "protracted and complete vacation" that seizes so many Americans at this season of the year sometimes attacks Catholics too, so we find them choosing summer resorts where Mass cannot be heard, or arranging a Sunday program that omits presence at the Holy Sacrifice. This of course is wrong, for there is never a "vacation" from the observance of the Commandments. Moreover, the very fact that so much time and attention is universally given during these holidays to securing complete bodily and mental relaxation, makes Catholics' strict fidelity to their religious duties all the more necessary. Certainly they cannot be said to "assist at Mass with devotion," unless every Sunday finds them promptly on hand, modestly dressed, and with reverent and contrite hearts.

Indications of the "Silly Season"

THE Harvard Summer School is reported to offer those preparing to be teachers complete courses in the art of playing blindman's buff, puss-in-the-corner, and drop the handkerchief; the director of music in the University of Chicago is said to have discovered that music appeals to the olfactory nerves as well as to those of the ear; the output of the evening papers' "columnists" and cartoonists grows more and more depressing; and the women who get their pictures into the Sunday supplements are increasingly deficient in modesty and beauty. But these are familiar summer complaints that the public must bear with patience till the dog-days are over, for such ebullitions are largely due no doubt to zodiacal influences. Astrologers assure us that not long before the celestial Lion begins to ramp and rage, owing to his uncomfortable nearness to the sun, the "silly season" begins for mortal men.

Moreover, the cited indications of estival fatuity will probably be found on consideration less grave than they seem. Now that the excellence of the Montessori system has been triumphantly demonstrated, and children, instead of being punished for disobedience are commended for fearlessly asserting their individuality, who is bold enough to say that the "ethical value" of puss-in-the-corner is negligible, or that high proficiency in blindman's buff is not deserving of a degree from Harvard? As our evolutionary process goes on and a more perfect type of animal is produced, we may reasonably expect that each of our senses will develop powers that are now considered quite beyond them. Why then should not the human nose of tomorrow become sensitive to the fragrance of music, if the eyes of our early simian ancestors, through the gradual development of the lacrimal gland, eventually became sensitive to grief?

The columnist and the cartoonist, it must not be forgotten, have labored hard during all the cool months at trying to be funny daily, a Herculean task. So their melancholy, hot-weather failures should be regarded with some indulgence. Perhaps a fund could even be started for giving them both a long vacation.

As for the woman of the summer Sunday supplement, the poor thing has been working so tirelessly all the year to effect an entrance into the paper that it is no great marvel if she now looks haggard and worn. Moreover, as she has apparently squandered all her income on photographers, it is not surprising that she has but little left with which to buy dress-goods.

"Cold" Light

SOME years ago a communication to a New York newspaper voiced the common dream of science and society as follows: "Lighting engineers have long been seeking a lamp that would dispel darkness without emitting heat. The need of a similar lamp of truth is equally great."

Now comes the news from Paris that the dream of the scientists has been realized. Professor Branley lecturing before the Academy of Science has announced the discovery of "cold" light by M. Dussaud.

The luminous ray can at last be separated from the heat ray! If true, what a boon for science! The 22,000 "movie" theaters of the country will grow into 100,000, the 25,000,000 attendance into 100,000,000; and electricity will be as cheap as candle-light. One small dynamo will light a whole city, if, as one eminent engineer remarks, "all the energy of a dynamo can be converted into light."

But when will society realize its dream of truth? Who will discover the "cold" lamp of truth? When will it be possible for two "neutrals" to meet and calmly apportion the praise and the blame, the right and the wrong of any problem round which passion turns?

Nature or Nurture?

WHICH has the more to do with the making of an eminent author, his nature or his nurture? This is the question that Dr. Edwin Leavitt Clarke, Assistant Professor of Economics and Sociology, Hamilton College, undertakes to answer in "American Men of Letters, Their Nature and Nurture," a recent Columbia University publication. With great labor and research he has prepared twenty-seven tables containing in detail

every ascertainable circumstance and influence that affected the life and genius of 1,000 American *littérateurs* who were born between the years 1638 and 1851 exclusive. Following Odin, the French sociologist, Dr. Clarke arranges all literati under twelve heads, such as orators, publicists, poets, actors, etc., and the eminence of each is gaged by the diffusion of his work both in time and degree, five biographical encyclopedias being studied for data. The author states his thesis as follows:

In all ranks of American society there have been found men and women of literary ability. Much of this ability has been found in members of the same families, but it has been the monopoly of neither a select group of families nor of a particular nationality strain. This latent ability has been brought to light by favorable environmental influences, of which there are two distinct kinds. One kind may be called education, or training, and includes those influences of home and school which are particularly potent during childhood and youth. The other kind includes all the remaining elements of environment, especially the ideals and customs of the group in the midst of which one lives. Possession of even the best advantages at home and in school has made possible the development of great authors only when supplemented by this second factor of environment. In short, men of letters have appeared chiefly when the society of their time has appreciated and demanded literature. Without such incentive to write, persons with natural literary ability and adequate training have tended to turn their efforts in other directions.

The results of Dr. Clarke's investigations are very interesting. He found, for example, that nearly half of the 1,000 literati selected were born in New England, the Middle Atlantic States coming next with 316; that more than fifty per cent of the 1,000 received a full college education; that towns and cities had been the birthplaces of relatively large numbers of authors; that families in comfortable circumstances had produced more literary children than had families living in poverty; and that an abnormally large number of authors had been either the first or last-born of their families.

From a study of the early religious training of the renowned 1,000, the author concludes that "denominations distinguished by habits of independent thinking and by the wealth of their adherents, had had the largest number of authors born in their ranks." At the head stand the Congregationalists with 119, then come the Presbyterians with 73, Episcopalians with 53 and the Unitarians with 49. Half way down the list are the Catholics with 16 literati to their credit. The first is Robert Walsh, an editor who was born in Baltimore in 1784, and then follow in chronological order:

F. Clark, an "erudite popularizer," born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1787; E. A. Gayarrée, publicist, born in New Orleans in 1805; C. A. Logan, actor, Baltimore, 1806; (Archbishop) M. J. Spalding, an erudite popularizer, Rolling Fork, Ky., 1810; (Judge) C. P. Daly, "erudite," New York, 1816; T. O'Hara, journalist, Danville, Ky., 1820; (Father) W. H. Hill (S.J.), educator, Lebanon, Ky., 1822; Gilmary Shea, erudite popularizer, New York, 1824; Ignatius Donnelly, publicist, Philadelphia, 1831; W. J. Florence, actor, Albany, 1831; (Cardinal) James Gibbons, publicist, Baltimore, 1834; E. L. Didier, author, Baltimore, 1838; Eleanor C. Donnelly, poet, Philadelphia, 1838; (Father) Abram J. Ryan, poet, Norfolk, Va., 1839; and J. T. Scharf, erudite, Baltimore, 1843.

The religious statistics of the 1,000, it should be said, are very incomplete, a large proportion of the literati, including no doubt, some Catholics, being assigned to no particular denomination, or being broadly designated, "Protestants." Besides it was not till the middle of the last century that Catholics began to be very numerous in this country, and Dr. Clarke's statistics end with the year 1851. Moreover, as he well observes, the Catholics were relatively poor and had not the educational advantages of their Protestant neighbors. Then too, authors who became converts in later life, like Father Tabb, Orestes A. Brownson, M. A. Tincker, Richard M. Johnson, are not of course down as Catholics, while such notable literati as Matthew Carey, Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, John Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, and Bishop John England, to name but a few, are necessarily excluded from the list because they were not born in this country. But many will wonder why such men, for instance. as Archbishop John Carroll, Archbishop J. L. Spalding, Father James Fitton, Dr. Charles C. Pise, Augustin Daly, Dr. R. H. Clarke, and Jeremiah Curtin are omitted altogether. From the data examined the author concludes that "While without natural ability no person achieves success, lack of opportunity may exercise an absolute veto on the aspirations for advancement of persons possessing such natural ability."

LITERATURE

Mr. Yeats and the Cosmic Moth

MR. W. B. YEATS has achieved, with little or no opposition, the first place among poets now writing worthily, and it is to be hoped that people will shortly pay him the tribute of ceasing to discover him; which has been a common trick from Lady Gregory to George Moore. His master, William Blake, is a melancholy instance of how a man may be kept off his throne as a classic by the refusal of his admirers to pay him the supreme compliment of criticism. While the great but far smaller Wordsworth is censured and rebelled against like a king, Blake is still being petted like a child. A small coterie are everlastingly surprised by his charming intelligence and charming blunders, long after he should have assumed the independence and responsibility of a great man. This is the only possible danger for Mr. Yeats; cheap jokes about mysticism he has long outlived. It is only his admirers who can now keep him out of the pantheon.

It is really a contradiction in terms to speak of estimating a poem in prose. Any tolerable appreciation of a poet, if it is to be written at all, could only be written in an imitation of the poet's own style. A description of the personality of Browning we ought, properly speaking, to open with some such phrase as:

> Oak-tree of England: yet a twist i' the roots
> Gargoyle-grotesque, and arms asprawl to stars.

For a picture of Mr. Swinburne we ought to invent some lines beginning:

> O bitter, O bountiful Master,
> Made sick with unchangeable change.

To write a poem on Mr. Yeats's poems as Mr. Yeats would

write it is a far subtler task. But if I really wished to say what I really think of his position, my poem would open:

The worker of sad silver and pale gold
Who built the seven gates of fairyland.

Whenever we think of Mr. Yeats it is instinctively as a builder of gates. He is not a denizen of fairyland; no poet ever carried more obviously the heavy burden of the heart of man. But, at the same time, no poet ever realized so clearly those intuitions which we have all experienced vaguely, the intuitions which seem to tell us that certain places are upon the border of another land; that ten yards from us the trees have a strange twist, the flowers a strange tint, the whole scene a strange silence. Sometimes this forgotten frontier is a wood, sometimes a well, sometimes a stony street. But Mr. Yeats has marked them all for his gates. In one of his most characteristic poems, "The Shadowy Waters," he even opens up the floodgates of the sea.

It is in his attitude to this unknown world that the most arresting significance of Mr. Yeats is to be found. He marks a vast and singular change that has come over the whole world. During the first half of the last century, from the time of Shelley to the time of Swinburne, ardent and esthetic young poets rose in revolt against the supernatural, and devoted themselves to singing the praises of the natural. But we now see how huge a part of the secularism of Shelley and Swinburne was due to a juvenile love of breaking windows, and especially stained-glass windows. The old order vanished; in its place came another order, that of the agnostics, who claimed to settle the limits of knowledge as the Church had settled the limits of faith. Phrases like "things beyond the power of human decision," "questions which can never be solved," were as common on the lips of the leading agnostics as the Bible on the lips of the revivalist; for some mysterious reason, no one seems to have ever noticed that to define the possible limits of human knowledge was far more irrationally dogmatic than to believe in the sealed pardons of Joanna Southcote. At any rate the erection of the rationalist into the position of universal schoolmaster has contributed not a little to the general revival of spiritual hypothesis, and, above all, to that revival among the perverse race of poets.

The scientific dictators have been the strangest, yet the most natural result of their veto. By making faith a sin they have tended to make it a pleasure. Instead of being "dragooned into heaven," like the subjects of Louis XIV, the modern esthetes creep into heaven with all the delight of trespassers. Foremost of these wild boys is Mr. Yeats, who plucks, in his own words:

The golden apples of the moon
The golden apples of the sun,

with all the ecstasy of an urchin robbing an orchard.

It is characteristic of Mr. Yeats that many of his dramas are admirable as poems, but as plays their appeal depends largely upon the degree of our conversion to that novel institution "the drama of mood." Perhaps the best way to sum up the limitations of the "drama of mood" as expressed in Mr. Yeats's plays is to say that it would be admirably suited to a toy theater. All that is needed to bring out the plays' charms is exquisite scenery, stately and motionless figures, a certain amount of blue and green fire, and Mr. Yeats himself under the table to intone the words in the proper manner. This manifestly separates them from everything that we understand as acting drama, the most modern as well as the most ancient.

It would scarcely do, for example, to present the Norwegian plays in cardboard and tinsel in Skelt's Juvenile Drama. A series called "Ibsen for the Young" might be created, in which the figures should be cut out in the melodramatic poses, Gregers Werle straddling piratically and pointing both ways at once, but paling before the luxurious gloom of "Dr. Ranke (second dress)." But I can hardly think it would be a success, or that the scheme is likely to be taken up even by the modern educationalist, consumed with an eternal impatience to teach bald-headed babies to brush their hair. But many of Mr. Yeats's plays positively would be better if the figures were a race of dignified dolls under the control of a transcendental ventriloquist. The arbitrary but haunting symbolism of Mr. Yeats, a kind of celestial heraldry, would make the task of drawing and coloring delightful. With what joy should we paint a boat's sail with the three hounds "one dark and one red and one white with red ears." As for the silver lily on Ængus's breast we should not paint it at all: we should even cut it out of actual silver paper and paste it on the motionless hero. Some people would say that this was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the "drama of mood." I do not think so, for I can see nothing absurd in a toy theater.

Very native to Mr. Yeats's work and connecting it not only with the theological but even more with the medieval spirit is the consideration of the finite character of all things, even of heaven and earth. Superficially it might be said that the imaginative man would have to do with eternity, but it is not so. Imagination has to do with images, that is to say, with shapes, and eternity has no shape. In Mr. Yeats's poems the finite note is perpetually struck: the ship of Forgæl drifts to the last seas, where "Time and the world and all things dwindle out."

This treatment of the finality of all things lends a deep melancholy to all the poet's work. For myself I confess that there seems nothing so insupportable in these boundaries, and that to complain that youth, for example, has a beginning and an end is like complaining that a cow has a head and a tail. An outline must be a limit. Above all I have no sympathy whatever with that older and idler pessimism which makes capital out of the disproportions of the universe. The size of the fixed stars no more makes us insignificant than the size of the animalculæ makes us Divine. The beauty of life is in itself and is as indestructible whether it lasts as long as a planet or as long as a violin solo. If it be true that to the gods

Armies are white roads
And unforgotten names, and the cold stars
That have made all are dust on a moth's wing,

if we are to adopt this image of Mr. Yeats's and conceive of the whole Cosmos as a moth, its wings coruscating with moons and stars, fluttering in the dark void, the only thing to say of the moth is that it is a very fine specimen! It is, at least, better than an endless caterpillar.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

REVIEWS

Dante: How to Know Him. By ALFRED M. BROOKS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25.

Lovers of Dante will welcome this little book. For them it is a decidedly encouraging sign that the works of the great Florentine seer are finding, even in these troubled times, an increasing host of enthusiastic and discriminating admirers. Intelligent study of the "Paradise" alone would go far to make up for some lacunæ at least in a liberal education. Dante is the prophet, the interpreter of the wonderful Middle Ages. Ruskin has even ventured to say that "the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, the moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante." But the author of the "Divina Commedia" is no facile and easy companion. He taxes the resources of his readers to the full. The fables, the literary, political and military history of Greece and Rome, the noble theology and philosophy of the Middle Ages, the cosmogony and the other sciences of the schools, the history of Florence, the struggles of the Papacy with the Empire, the poet's own loves and hates, form the intricate and many-colored texture of his work. Every line almost needs a commentary such as Scartazzini gave us in his splendid edition. As

Dante needed Vergil and Beatrice to guide him on his wonderful journey, we need a guide to lead us safely through the mazes of his song.

Mr. Brooks has written a short but useful literary guidebook. The work is composed of two parts, an "Introductory" and a prose translation or rather condensation of the great poem. By judicious excisions of some cantos from the "Inferno" and by remarks and notes linking the various passages and explaining the obscurer references, the three portions of the poet's masterpiece are brought clearly before us. The "Introductory" will be very helpful to the beginner. It gives a brief sketch of the poet, and of the "Vita Nuova" and explains the social, artistic and political conditions of Dante's time. The poem and its style, its story, its stage and its actors are then briefly and clearly analyzed. Mr. Brooks has wisely left out of his book all discussion of the many disputed points connected with some of the most famous passages in the "Divina Commedia." By presenting in a brief form the substance of the poem the author has rendered a real service to the cause of Dante. J. C. R.

Kiahlik Iksa Nana-Aiyimmika I Katikisma Chahta Anumpa Isht A Toshowa Hoke. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. KETCHAM. Washington, D. C.: The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

This "Catechism of the Catholic Religion Translated into the Choctaw Language" by the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, is a fresh indication of the Church's untiring interest in the spiritual good of the Red Man. The Choctaws, who probably number some 40,000, have become for the most part so thoroughly Presbyterianized that distinctively Catholic ideas penetrate their minds with difficulty, for these Indians are taught to regard the Scriptures as the court of final appeal and their name for a Catholic is an "idol-worshiper." This new catechism, with its melodious Choctaw title, has been prepared with great labor and care in order that the Catholic Indians of that tribe may be properly instructed in their religion and that some of the Protestant Choctaws may be helped to rid themselves of erroneous notions regarding the Church.

Victor Murat Locke, Principal Chief, Choctaw Tribe of Indians, Oklahoma, in the course of a favorable review contributed to the *Indian Sentinel,* states that Father Ketcham, with the exception of the late Abbé Rouquette, "is the only priest who has acquired our language" and attests that the new catechism "is the most correct translation, thus far made, of English into the Choctaw language and no doubt as time passes this work will bear fruit among our people in an abundance hitherto not witnessed by missionaries to the great Choctaw Tribe of Indians." As the priests now working among the Choctaws are not very well acquainted with the language, and as the Indians hardly grasp the teaching of the Church unless they receive it in their own tongue, Father Ketcham's catechism which is based on Father McEachen's primer, will doubtless be of great assistance to the missionaries. Its 200 pages contain a brief exposition of religion, an English translation of the text, an adequate vocabulary, together with prayers and hymns and citations from Holy Writ, all in Choctaw, while numerous little pictures speak to the eye. W. D.

A Month in Rome. By ANDRÉ MAUREL. Translated from the French by HELEN GERARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

The Cathedrals of Great Britain. By Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

Baedeker's guide is just the thing for one who wishes to "do Rome" in a hurry, or to make the boast that he has seen every little detail of what is left of pagan and Christian antiquities there. But the traveler who would see the main things well is advised to provide himself with Father Chandlery's "Pilgrim Walks in Rome" and Maurel's "A Month in Rome." The former work is accurate and detailed from the standpoint of faith and Christian archeology; the latter is a delightful blending of pagan history, art and archeology. Maurel is, at times, disagreeably anticlerical and antipapistical. We should not look for any respect for Catholic traditions from a man who is imbued with the spirit of Renan. Aside from this blot upon his pages, he is an excellent art critic. Especially good is his rating of Canova and Bernini. Canova is true in his plastic art, even in his chiseling of the shameless Pauline Bonaparte. On the contrary, Bernini fails of truth. In representing the "Divine Love of St. Teresa," kept in Santa Maria della Victoria, he is sacrilegious and hateful.

Ditchfield's third edition of the "Cathedrals of Great Britain" is a helpful book for any one who makes the cathedral tour of England. Prefacing his accounts with a brief summary of the characteristics of the four styles that dominate in medieval English architecture: the Norman of the reign of Edward the Confessor, the early English of the thirteenth century, the decorated style of the fourteenth century, the perpendicular style of the fifteenth century, he describes in detail the various old Catholic cathedrals, points out the traces of various styles of architecture in the history of the upbuilding of each, and shows a refreshing devotedness to the times and ideas of the builders. In medieval days, these grand edifices were "all ablaze with colors. Through the beautiful ancient glass the light gleamed on tints of gorgeous hues, on rich tapestries and hangings, on walls bedight with paintings; and every monument, pier and capital were aglow with colored decorations. . . . The hand of the ignorant and injudicious 'restorer' has fallen heavily on these legacies of Gothic art." Yes, Protestant "restorations" have given us the cold stones of English Gothic, as cold as is the Anglican service which has replaced the warmth of Catholic devotion of the days when these cathedrals were built.

W. F. D.

Studies: an Irish Quarterly Review of Letters, Philosophy and Science. June, 1916. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.00 a year.

The high standard of literary excellence this periodical maintains makes it a magazine that should strongly appeal to educated Catholics. The current number is particularly readable. It opens with a paper on "The Flight of the Earls," a book reviewed in our issue of July 8, and is followed by a just appraisal of the late Thomas MacDonagh's poetry which he himself called

> . . . . A little phrase
> Of eternal song,
> Drowned in the harping of lays
> More loud and long.

Father Watt's admirable exposition of "Suarez on the Sovereignty of the People" is of special value just now when so many erroneous views are rife regarding democracy, and Father Cahalane's paper about "Social Conditions in Ireland during the Napoleonic Wars" is so full of distressing details that the reader will wonder whether similar results for Ireland are likely to follow the present war. "The effect of the Napoleonic wars on social conditions in Ireland," he writes, "were wholly bad. Under cover of the 'crisis in which the Empire was involved,' the seeds of subsequent wholesale misery were sown." Father Lénoir's account of how he made a spiritual conquest of a Montmartre *Apache* is an absorbing story from the trenches, and Michael MacDonagh's sketch of "The Marquis of Clanricarde," the worst of the "rackrenters," is as vivid as could be desired. In the "Chronicle" are interesting accounts of "Catholic Admirals in the French Navy," "A Catholic School of Sociology" in Loyola University, Chicago, and "The Boy Scout Movement in Italy." W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The leading paper in the *Catholic Mind* for July 22 is Father Denis Lynch's examination of "The Causes of National Success." He well observes that "Progress in material well-being, the increase of armaments, success in the game of international politics, are confounded, in the popular fancy, with true greatness; whereas, in point of fact, they may be accompanied by the renunciation of the loftiest ideals, and be the true cause of hastening danger and decay." He also proves from history that Protestantism is not necessarily a synonym for "progress," for the palmiest days of Venice, Spain, Portugal and France were their most Catholic days. "Saying My Prayers in Latin," "A Legion of Defense" and "The Audibly Devout" are three short papers that conclude the number.

Here are some items of interest from the publishers: Kenedy announces "The Day Hours of the Church," in Latin and English, now put forth according to the reforms of Pope Pius X with a parallel English version, edited by the Benedictines of Stanbrook; "The Seminarian, His Character and Work," by the Rev. Albert Rung, of the Diocese of Buffalo; "God's Golden Gifts," by F. L. Freeman, with a preface by the late Monsignor Benson; "O'Loughlin of Clare," by Rosa Mulholland; "Refining Fires," by Alice Dease; "An Alphabet of Irish Saints," with a foreword by Sir Henry Bellingham. The Catholic Truth Society of London has ready a book of essays by the late Mgr. Benson and has in press a volume of papers on the Church's attitude toward science by Sir Bertram Windle. The Talbot Press of Dublin has published Mr. Thomas MacDonagh's last book, "Literature in Ireland." Harper announces the second edition of Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy's "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico," a book which was warmly commended in our issue of June 17. Laurence J. Gomme, New York, will publish in September "Circus and Other Essays" by Joyce Kilmer and Hilaire Belloc's "Poems" with a preface by Mr. Kilmer. The America Press has ready 10,000 more copies of "A Campaign of Calumny," the strikingly illustrated ten-cent booklet that exposes the methods and motives of the New York Charities' investigators. The fact that about one-third of the 25,000 copies that made up this pamphlet's first edition were sold outside of Greater New York indicates that Catholics realize that the issue has more than local importance.

"A Good Third" (Herder, $1.10), by the Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M., the author of "Homespun Yarns," is a well-written collection of short stories which have for their theme the simple life of the Irish peasantry. There is a happy commingling of wit and pathos, now awaking pity as in "The Track of the Setting Sun," now moving to laughter as in "Hands Across the Christmas Crib." The "Last of Her Tribe" is the best story in the collection.——"Action Front" (Dutton, $1.35), by Boyd Cable is a volume dealing with the horrors of the present war. Developing what he refers to as "texts" of official dispatches and "endeavoring to describe what these brief messages cover" the author has produced a collection of readable anecdotes about the "men at the front." The descriptions are not too grim but appear to have been written to show that there is "a lighter side to war," as is evident, for instance, in the humorous sketch of Mary the gunner of the "Blue Marines," and in the "Benevolent Neutral."

Marie St. S. Ellerker, the author of a delightful little book on the Mass written expressly for children and called "Master Where Dwellest Thou?" (Benziger, $0.50), thus describes a golden pyx she once saw: "In front, just in the center, is chased a beautiful pelican, tearing open its breast to feed its young—a symbol of Jesus giving us His Precious Body and Blood in this holy Sacrament. Round the outer edge, in delicate Greek lettering, are the words: 'He begged the Body of Jesus' (*St. Mark, XV:* 43). Don't you think that is a beautiful text to apply to the sick asking for Holy Communion?" All must own that it is, and they will likewise say that the book's sixteen short chapters about the Holy Sacrifice, its history value, liturgy, etc., are full of attractively presented erudition while the pictures, stories and texts help to make the little volume absorbingly interesting to youthful readers. The Bishop of Northampton writes a good preface. If first communicants were made a present of "Master, Where Dwellest Thou?" they would eventually become prodigies of liturgical lore.

The ninth biennial volume of "Who's Who in America" (A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago, $5.00), edited by Albert Nelson Marquis, contains 3,024 pages and 21,922 biographical notices of Americans selected either "on account of special prominence in creditable lines of effort" or on account of their official position, not a single sketch being paid for. This valuable book of reference is now so complete that it is difficult to see how it could be improved. Of special interest is the table of educational statistics that have now for some years been a feature of the volume. Out of 15,518 men and women who furnished data, 8,529 are graduates of universities and colleges conferring baccalaureate degrees. Boys and girls who are "tired of school" should weigh those figures well.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer recently contributed to the *Independent* a good paper on Mrs. Helen Parry Eden, an English Catholic poet, whose "Bread and Circuses" (Lane, $1.25), was warmly praised in our issue of May 23, 1914. Little Betsey-Jane, who has inspired many of her mother's finest lyrics, is "The Distraction" in these lines quoted by Mr. Kilmer from the *New Witness:*

> Betsey, 'tis very like that I shall be—
> When death shall wreak my life's economy—
> Repaid with pains for contemplating thee
>
> Unwisely out of season. With the rest
> We knelt at Mass, not yet disperst and blest,
> Waiting the imminent *"Ite missa est."*
>
> And I, who turned a little from the pure
> Pursuit of mine intention to make sure
> My child knelt undistracted and demure,
>
> Did fall into that sin. And ere the close
> Of the grave Canon's *"Benedicat vos . . ."*
> Had scanned her hair and said "How thick it grows
>
> Over the little golden neck of her!"
> So doth the mother sway the worshiper
> And snatch the holiest intervals to err.
>
> Nor piety constrained me, nor the place;
> But I commended, 'gainst the light's full grace,
> The little furry outline of her face.

"Orbis Catholicus: a Year Book of the Catholic World" (Herder, $1.50), is easily the best work of its character for English-speaking Catholics of every land. The volume is edited by Canon Clancey, Bishop McIntyre, of the English College, Rome, writes the preface, the Archbishop of Birmingham gives the imprimatur, and the compilers have packed into the book's 685 pages a wealth of remarkably detailed and accurate information regarding the personnel of the Pope's Chapel and Household, the Papal Orders of Knighthood, the College of Cardinals, and the Curia Romana. Then follows a list of the Hierarchy by countries and provinces and the names of all the residential and titular sees, the vicariates and prefectures apostolic, in the world, a particularly satisfactory account of the Religious Orders and finally

a catalogue of those who have received distinctions from the Holy Father. In this volume of the "Orbis Catholicus," which makes its first appearance this year, historical sketches of all the dioceses in the world have been begun. Every educated Catholic should know how the government of the Church is carried on, and this work will supply him with a wealth of accurate information on the subject.

It is not so many years since tennis was popularly regarded as a game for women and weaklings only. That opinion is now considered heresy, but those who are still unwilling to discard their early belief, or who would justify the change of creed in the popular mind would do well to read Miss Molla Bjurstedt's "Tennis for Women" (Doubleday, Page, $1.25). They will learn that tennis is both a science and an art, that proficiency and skill can be gained only at the cost of long and patient practice; and that here as elsewhere it is not to the strong that the prize always falls. While written expressly for women, the book may be read with profit by all who are interested in tennis, and are anxious to appreciate the finer points of the game. Tennis, as a science, does not differ whether played by women or by men. The author gives sound advice on the conservation of one's energy, and rightly insists on the decided advantages of hard driving and accurate placement over spectacular but erratic smashes. At the close of each chapter an excellent summary is given in a series of pithy hints. The illustrations are appropriate.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
The Travels of Birds. By Frank M. Chapman. Illustrated. $0.40.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Good Old Anna. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. $1.35.

Educational Department, Diocese of Pennsylvania Church House, Philadelphia:
The Mission Study Class, Its Message and Its Method. By Adeline Avery Pilsbry. $0.50.

Erskine McDonald, Malory House, London:
Laughs and Whifts of Song. By Theodore Maynard. 1s.

Apud M. H. Gill et Filium, Dublinii:
Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ, in Usum Adolescentium. A. J. S. Hickey, O. Cist. Concinnata, Volumen III. Ethica. Editio Tertia Recognita et Adaucta. 3s.

Laurence J. Gomme, New York:
The Dead Musician and Other Poems. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
The Sacraments, A Dogmatic Treatise. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Pohle, Ph.D., DD. Authorized English Version. By Arthur Preuss. Volume II. The Holy Eucharist. $1.75; Panis Angelorum. $0.45.

Otto H. Kahn, New York:
High Finance. By Otto H. Kahn.

Charles E. Merrill Company, New York:
English Literature. By Julian W. Abernethy, Ph.D.; First Year Mathematics. By George W. Evans and John A. Marsh.

Purcell & Co., Cork:
A Guide to Books for Social Students and Workers. By Alfred Rahilly, M.A., B.Sc. 3d.

Princeton University Press, Princeton:
French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778. By Edward S. Corwin, Ph.D. $2.00.

Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston:
Our Ancestors in Europe, an Introduction to American History. By Jennie Hall. Edited by J. Montgomery Gambrill and Lida Lee Tall.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:
Good English in Good Form. By Dora Knowlton Ranous. $1.00.

Pierre Tequi, Paris:
L'Homme-Dieu. Par Monseigneur Besson. 3 fr.; La Guerre en Artois. Par Monseigneur Lobbedey. 3 fr. 50; L'Union Intime avec Dieu. Par Le R. P. Dumas. 3 fr.; Saint Thomas d'Aquin et la Guerre. Par V. R. P. Thomas Pègues, O.P.

The University Press of Chicago:
Essays in Experimental Logic. By John Dewey. $1.75; Principles of Money and Banking. By Harold G. Moulton. $3.00.

The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Edited by Charles George Hebermann, LL.D. Volume IX.

Herbert Wright, Washington:
Francisci De Victoria De Iure Belli Relectio. By Herbert Francis Wright. $0.65.

EDUCATION

Vaudeville Against Intellect

THE "variety program" is presumably not of American origin but it promises to become symbolic of American entertainment. The world-advertised "fifty-seven varieties" have become in a great measure the classics of the pure-food market, and in like manner the vaudeville program is assuming an important position as a sign of the times, and as a standard whereby we rate the attractiveness and desirability of entertainments. Several of the communications which have appeared in the columns of AMERICA during the past few months, have sought to direct the attention of the readers to the want of stability in American thought, to the abysmal lack of appreciation for anything which, transcending the realm of the senses, appeals through its intellectual features to the mind's inclination to think. This tendency is being given more and more prominence in the "movies." Publicity announcements which have come to me recently in great number from film manufacturers, promise that even the "readers"—that is, short sentences run in between views to provoke thought and chain attention more closely—are gradually to be eliminated so that a film will finally, in the producers' eyes, reach the ideal state, absolutely precluding thought and becoming picturization only. This is the vaudeville idea. It is not so long ago that the prevalent idea which directed the arrangement of entertainment was "change"; now the average entertainment both in fundamentals and accidents approximates the "rest cure." Total relaxation of body and spirit makes possible the outrageous offences against decency and morality which are perpetrated on the screen and the stage. Auditors and spectators are taken at a disadvantage. They are quiescent and all too susceptible; their mental activities are shrouded by the flesh-colored garment of all-too-pleasant peace. They are made to feel comfortably at home when they should not be at home.

A "SNOOPING" TOUR

Lest anyone assume that I am stretching a point or two to make a case and thus erect a skeleton for an article of critical tendencies, to all the invitation is herewith extended to accompany me on a little, mild-mannered, snooping tour into quarters where the old is supposed to abide longest and the newest to be accepted with diffidence and hesitancy. If we find there a manifestation of vaudevillian inroads, may we not rest our case in the realization of a fully satisfying proof?

Let us introduce ourselves to the prefect of the Young Men's Sodality in St. Albert's parish. Let us then ask him what type of entertainment his committees have been outlining for nineteen-sixteen. . . . He will explain as below, as I have heard a dozen times:

> For nineteen-sixteen? Let me tell you we are going to attempt something new: that is, new for us. We have held off from it for a long time but the members have been complaining of the programs offered in the last year or two. They were more or less literary, or dramatic, or informative, or educational. These didn't seem to suit and there was quite a lusty, manly howl for "vaudeville." So we're going to serve a series of "vaudeville sandwiches" each month. Some of the talent will be professional; that's bad. More of it will be amateur; that's worse, I know. But it is what the sodalists are asking for, and like the theatrical managers, "we are going to give them what they want!"

Yes, dear fellow-snooper, there is sophistry aplenty in the prefect's explanation. No, I didn't draw on my imagination when I constructed this situation. I merely placed the facts of some years' experience in words of my own selection, in spite of the danger of an indignant broadside from outraged young people. But to go back. The pernicious fundamentals of the vaudeville stage and the modern film are present in all their worldly-wise strength where we least expect to meet them.

They were there this long time; we snooped and found them, and there were many willing to have us find them.

THE LADIES' PART

But the young men are not alone in their shunning of the higher and their predilection for the baser. The young ladies, Heaven bless 'em! have been fostering, perhaps unconsciously, the identical ideals.

Come with me again, dear fellow-snooper. This time we will introduce ourselves to that majestic arbiter of social disputes and judge of parish differences, Miss Genevieve, prefect of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Alban's parish. With a manly mustering of courage let's discover ourselves to her and hint that we would like to hear the plans of the Young Ladies' Sodality for nineteen-sixteen. Listen!

> What are we going to do during nineteen-sixteen? We've started to do it already and it's going with a swing. So far this year we've had two vaudeville programs and both have been "hits." We've planned five others. Then, too, there is *thé dansant* which will be the event every three months. At the end of this month comes the second of the year, and if we are to judge from the first, tickets will be in great demand. For the first, four hundred were sold; for the second, we expect to dispose of at least six hundred. The young people come from all over the city. It seems they were merely waiting for someone to start such a thing, and now that we have they're with us.
>
> What kind of entertainment did we formerly give?
>
> Well, it was generally literary, or dramatic, or strictly informative, or something similar. Frequently we called upon the faculty of St. Stephen's College to minister to our wants. They always responded readily, and while some of the older men were partially out of tune with the world and did not seem to realize the wants of young ladies, so we thought, the younger men provided a first-class evening's entertainment in lecture form. Personally I liked the older and steadier type of entertainment better. At first I opposed any change, but now I am a convert to it and a hard worker for it.

And here we have encountered the views of the young gentleman whom we first interviewed, expressed at length as a young lady might phrase them. And again I insist that imagination plays little part in the construction of this scene save in the liberties I have taken with the names of places.

A SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR'S PROTEST

A few days ago I heard the spiritual director of several sodalities, a man of wide spiritual and social experience, complain dolefully about the situation. He deplored the lack of poise which has been invading hitherto untouched quarters. He puffed out his red cheeks in equally red wrath at the "antics," as he called them, of alumni and alumnæ associations. Had he been flippantly inclined he might have shouted this mock-heroic paraphrase of a serious thought:

Vaudeville, vaudeville everywhere and not a chance to *think!*

A LESSON FROM THE BEE

The value of sense perceptions for the correct and lasting accumulation of knowledge cannot be gainsaid. It would, however, seem a wanton waste of effort to gather that which cannot be refined, adjusted, correlated, and put to use, because the judging faculty has not been trained in proportion to or parallel with the senses. The bee does not content itself with momentarily recording in its acutely receptive brain-ganglion the scent, attractiveness, and advantageous position of the flower it is about to attack; nor yet, to go further, does it content itself with assuming a portion of the viable nectar hidden within that flower. These may be enjoyable actions and experiences, they may serve a purpose, but they are, after all, merely preliminaries and preparations toward the refining and involved process of digestion.

If we would benefit from the observance of the bee's example and take to our matured minds the copy-book maxims of youth in which the bee figured so powerfully and persistently, we must begin by gradually discounting into harmlessness the "vaudeville idea," by doing our little bit to send it back to the slough of mediocrity from which it has slyly crept, by giving the intellectual its place along with the amusing and the enjoyable.

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, M.A.

SOCIOLOGY

Settlement Work in Philadelphia

THERE are thirty-three thousand children, twenty thousand in the public schools of Philadelphia's Italian section, and the plain fact is that sixty per cent of these children are growing up godless. In this district there are twenty non-Catholic institutions baiting the little ones with candy, food, clothing and pictures of the Madonna. These Protestant settlement houses are well-equipped, athletics and amusements play a prominent part in their schedule of social uplift, while Protestant worship is skilfully veneered with Catholic color. It was "Billy" Sunday who said that he could never hope to make a good Protestant out of a bad Catholic. The proselyters in the Italian section of the Quaker City do not even make bad Protestants out of these unfortunate waifs who come to eat of Protestant bounty. The latter barter their Faith for a "gym class" or a sewing circle and receive nothing in return for the nourishment of their little souls. As a sequel, manhood or womanhood finds them most deplorably "up-to-date" pagans, scoffers at God and the things of God, a loss to the only Church that can hold them, and a menace to the State.

FANCY FINANCE

Only a while ago the leader of a certain board of ministers announced that $100,000 had been spent in seven years on one institution alone that was dedicated to Italian "missionary work." In addition $60,000 represented the investment in a Protestant Italian church in West Philadelphia. This outlay did not include salaries and other minor expenditures. Another sect during its apostolate among the children of Italian parents expended $30,000, and is at present contemplating the erection of another settlement house, and hopes to branch out into a new neighborhood and start "religious" services for its Catholic dwellers. A third religious body declares that it is to open two settlement houses for "the spiritual regeneration of Italians." There is moreover a society of proselyters that reaches across the sea and contributes to the up-keep of twenty-eight Protestant churches in Catholic Italy. It controls the Italian Protestant immigrant and emigrant bureaus, whose object "is to distribute religious literature and information about America among immigrants, before they leave the Italian ports."

CATHOLIC EFFORTS

In 1904, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Henry T. Drumgoole, realizing the loss the Church was sustaining among the Italians of the city, began to interest Catholics in the work of soul-saving. All classes rallied to the support of the movement and the Knights of Columbus raised a substantial purse in a very short time. In the early summer of that year the first Catholic settlement house was opened at 814 South Tenth Street. It was fittingly named the Madonna House. The district was canvassed by earnest workers who gathered in the children for catechetical instruction after school hours, and prepared them for the reception of the Sacraments. In addition to the afternoon classes held for the children of the public schools, evening classes for working boys and girls were started. Rev. Joseph M. Corrigan, D.D., succeeded Mgr. Drumgoole, and under his charge the work of the Catholic Missionary Society went on apace, and efforts were made to broaden its scope. Another building was secured at

the lower end of the Italian quarter, and the Assunta House was opened at 1231 Federal Street. Its present location is at 1431 South Tenth Street, near the Church of the Annunciation.

METHOD OF OPERATION

Both the Madonna and the Assunta Houses are in charge of a Sister of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. House visitors go to the homes in this congested district in search of the children that have not been instructed in the fundamentals of their Faith. The children once under the care of the settlement house are graded according to their knowledge, or in most cases their ignorance of the catechism, and special attention is given to the First Communion and Confirmation classes. The boys and girls are taken to church for Confession and Holy Mass, and attend Benediction each Sunday. The *Madonna Bulletin,* the official settlement organ, estimates that several hundred children are being cared for each day, while the Sunday attendance at both houses is beyond the thousand mark. The clergy of the adjoining parishes contribute to the management of the catechism classes and in many ways further the settlement activities.

For the benefit of the older boys and girls evening classes are conducted, and typewriting, stenography, English and Italian find place in the curriculum for the boys and girls, while special classes in sewing, embroidery and cooking make a strong appeal to the girls. Catholic ladies from all parts of the city form a volunteer corps that furthers the class and club activities of the settlement work. The amount of good accomplished by these true Children of Mary cannot be overestimated. Their influence is scarcely realized even by those of us who hold that, while Catholic womanhood primarily and essentially radiates its noblest and best influence from the sanctuary of hearth and home, there is in modern social conditions a vast field for womanly influence in the work of the Church in America, especially in settlement work in the crowded sections of our cities. And by the Catholic woman whose home duties are by no means neglected by the sane demands of a social calendar, surely a day can be stolen from the bridge or the tea column, and given to the social service cause, in the interest of souls. Of course it means a little sacrifice once in a while. But is the cause at stake worth no sacrifice? The good accomplished by even one Catholic social worker was brought home most forcibly by Father O'Donnell, who is in charge of the Catholic Children's Bureau of Philadelphia. A young Italian girl had come into his office about a case that she was interested in. She was following it up, of her own accord, in her spare moments which were not many, by the way, for she was not a lady of leisure. Incidentally she said that all she ever learned about her Faith was taught her in the Madonna House, a few years ago by a young convent graduate who thought it worth while to give a few hours a week to settlement work. The convent graduate might have missed a pink tea or two in the hours given to real social service, but she made an apostle out of one of her pupils. A sacrifice may be little, but it sometimes produces great results.

THE MADONNA CLUB

A short time after the Madonna House was opened it was seen that the boys of the neighborhood could be attracted, and made to feel at home in a Catholic atmosphere, if there was healthy recreation provided during the hours that might otherwise be spent on the streets. So a club was started for the younger boys. It increased in membership steadily, till after a while there were five divisions variously named and listed according to age-requirements. In the development of the club-side of the settlement, two divisions were eventually made, the senior section or Madonna House Club, for older lads, and the Madonna House Juniors for the youngsters. In the year 1912 the senior club became the Madonna Catholic Club whose present membership is one hundred. It has really become a young men's club. Through its own committees it has given entertainments and plays that are above the ordinary. Many of its members have gone from work to college, and have succeeded in placing themselves in the ranks of the professions. Some too owe it to the Madonna Club that their religion is more than a name.

THE MADONNA GILD

Early last fall the spiritual director of the settlement houses organized the teachers, workers, and visitors into a gild for mutual instruction and effective cooperation. The gild meets once a month, reports of the various phases of social service are read and discussed, and statements of families visited, children instructed, and minor settlement activities are submitted to the consideration of the members. There are in the gild two hundred members. Needless to say this number is far too small to cope with the problem in Philadelphia's Italian colony. In the first issue of the Madonna Bulletin Father Lyng called for more coworkers in the cause of Catholic social uplift:

> There are 20,000 Italian children crying for their soul's salvation. With our limited number of visitors, it is possible to reach only a very small percentage. But what a change if two hundred of our Catholic ladies of education and means were to make their presence felt daily in this territory! At least an increase of a thousand children a week would result. The work of catechizing these children would become the task of another corps of teachers, and by this means religion, as far as the Italian child is concerned, would receive an impetus that would make for a body of splendid Catholic men and women, in place of the indifference which unfortunately now prevails in certain quarters.
>
> We take this means of appealing to our Catholic young ladies and young men who feel a need of employing some of their time for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The appeal is none too strong to meet a need that is manifest to all who realize the importance of Catholic social action in the slum sections of our cities. GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Two organizations interested in the welfare of former convicts have reported on their first year's work:

> The National Committee on Prisons has found positions for 256 released convicts; less than ten per cent of failures are recorded after a year's experience. A failure is recorded when a position is lost through the fault of the man for whom it is secured. The Prisoners' Relief Society, with headquarters in Huntington, Virginia, and with an ex-prisoner for its president, has furnished employment to 167 ex-convicts and records only two failures.

This is a step forward in true prison reform. It has nothing in common with so-called prison reform measures that reduce themselves to coddling the convict.

The Denver *News,* for July 4, contains the valuable information in a heavy-type headline that forty thousand Filipinos are now Christians:

> The Rev. Dr. Marvin Rader of Manila preached yesterday morning at Grace Methodist Church. He described how the Christian population of the Islands had grown from a mere handful a decade and a half ago, to 40,000 today.

The preacher admitted that there was nothing to take the place of the ruined Catholic churches that he had seen. Certainly true. Neither Methodism nor any other brand of man-made religious doctrines can replace the truth that has been taken from the Filipino by proselyters from America.

The report of money received from all the dioceses in the United States for the support of the Association of the Holy

Childhood from May 1, 1915, to April 30, 1916, credits American Catholics with $55,760.63. The Annual report for 1915 mentions these interesting facts: The Holy Childhood Association has about 20,000,000 members; collects over $800,000 annually; maintains in pagan lands, 1,550 orphanages, 11,650 schools, 4,750 workshops; saves from paganism and educates nearly 600,000 children each year; has already sent directly to heaven 20,000,000 little ones. The missions now supported by the Association are 280. The funds are exclusively employed in procuring Baptism for pagan infants in danger of death, in buying children doomed to death or slavery, and in providing for their maintenance and Christian education. One penny a month is the membership fee!

The League of Prayer for the Conversion of America, which has its headquarters at the Apostolic Missionary House, Washington, D. C., has named the first Thursday of each month, as a national day of prayer. The indulgenced prayer of the League reads:

> Oh my Redeemer, through the sorrowful Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my thoughts, words, and actions of this First Thursday for the salvation of souls, and the conversion of America, in union with Thy prayer to the Eternal Father: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee." Amen.

The battle-cry of the League is "For God and America." The press of the country has not published the prayer, so "noted citizens" have not had the chance to wish it well with commendatory letters. However over one hundred thousand unnoted citizens keep the First Thursday as a day of prayer for America. The attention of public officials is called to this. There may lurk a conspiracy here.

The Omaha *World-Herald* informs its readers that the author of "Meg Burns" the play that was so well-received by Omaha theater-goers, is a Sister:

> In addition to writing the play of "Meg Burns," Sister Angela, the Omaha nun, also wrote the words and the music to both the songs which are sung during the play. One of these, "A Rose is Like You, Love," is attracting particular attention, but is scarcely behind the other, "My Love is Like a Sprig of Heather," in popularity.
>
> One object which Sister Angela had in mind in writing "Meg Burns" was to demonstrate that the people naturally prefer a clean, wholesome play to one of the "triangle" sort where the sex question is kept uppermost. That this theory was the right one is shown by the fact that "Meg Burns" is proving one of the best drawing cards ever produced in Omaha.

A few more authors like Sister Angela, of St. Berchmans' Academy, Omaha, and the stage will become the power for good it was in the days when the Church first mothered the drama. At present good and bad in modern dramatic art is measured too frequently by the norm of box-office returns.

In the "Life of William McKinley" by Charles S. Olcott is a list of casualties, due to our unpreparedness in the army medical department, in '98:

> Of the 2,485 enlisted men who died of disease, only two-fifths contracted their illness through exposure at the front. In the United States, 1,514 men died in camp, more than a third of them from typhoid fever. These men were chosen, at the time of their enlistment, as physically sound, after the most rigorous medical examination. Their sojourn for a few months in a well-chosen and well-regulated Southern camp should have been a beneficial experience for healthy young men.
>
> Although there were springs and artesian wells, the soldiers did not hesitate to use the surface water, not knowing that danger worse than Spanish bullets lurked in it. Thus, partly from their own neglect, but chiefly because there was no one to enforce the orders of the Surgeon-General, disease killed more men in the camps of the United States than in those of the tropics, and nearly five times as many as were killed in battle.

At Chickamauga the soil was not suitable for a military encampment, the large amount of clay preventing proper drainage. The water collected in pools where it was exposed to infection, and at night the ground was damp and cold. With more than one hundred thousand of our volunteers called from civil life to the unaccustomed duties of camp life in the heat of a southern summer, the fatal lesson of '98 should be vividly called to the attention of Congress, and the officers and men of the State troops.

In the preface to the "Year Book of Trinity Church," Dr. Manning speaks of the questions at issue in the religious world:

> It is the Christian Faith, the Gospel itself, which is in question, and which is being undermined by the insidious teaching that all matters of doctrine and belief are of minor importance. On all hands, in our own Communion, as well as elsewhere, we see denials, more or less open, of the facts contained in the Apostles' Creed. A well-known layman of this Church declares publicly that the article of the Creed, "I believe in the holy Catholic Church," is known to be "a pious fraud." The rector of a leading parish asserts that "no one of intelligence longer accepts seriously the ridiculous Apostles' Creed." Another declares at a public meeting that "the Sacraments are dead—dead—dead." And these are not instances which stand alone. It is plain that within this Church there are two distinct influences at work, one making in the direction of unbelief, rejecting more and more all that is supernatural and miraculous in the Gospel, the other contending for full belief in the Gospel as a religion, miraculously revealed to us in Jesus Christ.

Speaking of the Panama Congress controversy Trinity's rector states:

> It is plain that this Church could not officially identify herself with such a movement without departure from her historic position and compromise of her principles. We have our deep and real differences with Rome which cannot be minimized or disregarded. Those teachings of the Roman Catholic Church which are modern and un-Catholic this Church has always firmly opposed. But this Church stands, and has always stood, for that which is ancient and Apostolic and truly Catholic. Modern Protestantism opposes and rejects not only that which is Roman, but also a large part of that which is Catholic and Apostolic. If this Church should officially align herself with that confused mass of beliefs and disbeliefs included under the name Modern Protestantism, and join a combined Protestant movement in opposition to the Roman Catholic Church she would thereby justify all that Rome has ever asserted in regard to her position; she would be untrue to the faith as it has come down to her through the ages; she would separate herself from the rest of the Anglican Communion of which she is a part, and she would forfeit that relation to the whole Catholic world, East as well as West, which especially constitutes her opportunity to serve the cause of Christian unity. The real issue today is not any secondary matter of policy, or of ritual, of High Church or Low Church. The issue now is between Church and No-Church.
>
> The question today is: Do we believe that Jesus Christ is God? All other questions are of small importance in comparison with this one. This is an issue which must stir the souls of all who do believe in Him. It should draw near together Churchmen who call themselves Evangelicals, and Churchmen who call themselves Catholics.

Those teachings of the Catholic Church "which are modern and un-Catholic" are not mentioned. Surely the Apostles' Creed is neither modern nor un-Catholic, nor the Sacramental system, nor the Divinity of Christ. When these essential Catholic dogmas are neither considered "ridiculous," nor "dead," nor "pious frauds," by individuals who can still claim communion with a Church that holds such Catholic-minded men as Dr. Manning within its ranks, the time may be ripe for taking issue with the Catholic Church for teachings which are "modern and un-Catholic." "Would we had the gift" to *see*—ourselves first!

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—On July 20 the *de facto* Government of Mexico sent this communication to Washington approving the commission plan for the settlement of the United States-Mexican dispute, and suggesting that the commission "resolve at once the point regarding the definite withdrawal of the American forces":

Mexico and the United States

MR. SECRETARY: I have had the honor to refer the note of your Excellency, dated the 7th inst., which was transmitted to our Ambassador-Designate, Eliseo Arredondo, and upon doing so I wish to mention that I have received instructions from the First Chief in charge of the executive power of the union, suggesting that you convey to his Excellency, President Wilson, the idea of naming three Commissioners to represent each of our Governments to meet in some place of mutual designation, hold conferences and resolve at once the point regarding the definite withdrawal of the American forces now in Mexico, draft a protocol of agreement regarding the reciprocal crossing of forces and investigate the origin of the incursions taking place up to date, so as to be able to ascertain responsibility and arrange definitely the pending difficulties or those that may arise between the two countries in the future, all this to be subject to the approval of both Governments.

The purpose of the Mexican Government is that such conferences shall be held in a spirit of the most frank cordiality and with an ardent desire to reach a satisfactory agreement and one honorable to both countries, with the understanding that if the United States Government accepts the idea hereby suggested this shall be the recommendation made to the Commissioners designated. The Mexican Government considers this the most efficacious medium of reaching a satisfactory solution and hopes the United States will state whether the suggestion is acceptable, so that it may be put into practice immediately and the names sent of the persons chosen as representatives of the Mexican Government.

AGUILAR.

Up to this writing no official comment has come from our Government, but Acting Secretary Polk has held frequent conferences with Arredondo in the hope, it is said, of having the scope of the proposed Commissions extended. The Mexican Government has repudiated all responsibility for the recent various peace delegations to the United States, such as that which attended the meeting of the American Federation of Labor. The statement of the Ambassador-Designate is as follows:

I am in receipt of a telegram from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs at Mexico City, stating that on June 21 last he made a public declaration to the effect that several committees of private institutions and organizations which have been sent to the United States to confer with other committees, also composed of private persons, bear no commission from the Mexican Government to deal with matters of an international character, either officially or unofficially, and that today he renews the statement in order that it may be completely understood in the United States that these persons are acting purely on their own initiative, and without any official power to represent the Government of Mexico.

A further point of interest is that J. Sanchez Ancona, Mexican Minister to France, recently denied that Germany had influenced the Mexican attitude toward the United States. There had been no "secret relations" between Germany and Mexico, German officers had not been enrolled in the Mexican army and German arms and munitions of war had not been sent into the country.

Despite all negotiations the difficulties which made necessary the mobilization of our troops have not been solved. Villa, three times dead, is alive once again. A dispatch to our State Department credits him with 18,000 men. Lately his army attacked Rosario and Parral, shortly after it engaged the Carranzistas at Cerro Blanco, still later it was learned that 8,000 Villistas actually entered Parral and after looting the city, made their way to Santa Rosalia, an important mining center. Mean-

time the *de facto* Government continues to assure the United States that Villa is surrounded by 150,000 men and cannot possibly do any damage.

The War.—Italy has issued a ministerial decree placing the persons and property of "the allies of Austria" on the same footing as those of Austrians and Hungarians and putting an end to the "friendly agreement" between Italy and Germany negotiated by Prince von Buelow in the spring of 1915. In Armenia the Russians have advanced about 35 miles west of Baiburt toward their principal objective in that region the fortress of Erzingan. They have also taken the town of Gumushaneh, Kialkit-Chevtlik and Foll on the north, and Kugi on the southeast. The Russian forces were defeated, however at Rewanduz, near the Persian border, but defeated a Turkish division southeast of Mush. In German East Africa the British forces under Lieut.-Gen. Smuts, since seizing Taanga, have driven the Germans across the Pangani River and taken possession of the towns of Amani and Muheza and the Usambara railroad. Belgian troops have also forced their way to the western shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and have there been cooperating with the British who have captured Bukoba and Karagwe. That Great Britain has been having serious trouble in India was declared for the first time officially. The Marquis of Crewe in the House of Lords stated on the part of the Government that there had been no less than seven attacks, "some of a very formidable character." The Turks also are preparing for a new attack on the Suez Canal. They have advanced from El Arisch to El Katie, a distance of sixty miles along the Mediterranean as the base of the Sinai Peninsula, and have there entrenched themselves. The Arabs in rebellion against the Turks are besieging the cities of Medina and Taif in Arabia. According to previous reports the rebels have already captured Mecca, and the ports of Jeddah, and Kinfuda on the Red Sea.

Bulletin, July 18, a. m.-July 24, p. m.

On the Somme the effort of the Franco-British Allies has been to widen the salient of their lines north and south of the river, the British pushing north and the French south, as it were, back to back. The advance on the whole has been slight but it has strengthened the position of the Allies. The British fighting has centered around Longueval and Foureaux Wood and Guillemont which repeatedly changed hands. Foureaux Wood is said to be the last of the natural defenses protecting Bapaume, and is now almost entirely in the possession of the British, as also is Longueval, but the Germans still hold Guillemont. On the south the French succeeded in taking the German first line of defense between Estrees and Soyecourt, a distance of three miles.

Widening the Somme Salient

The Russian offensive has continued without abatement during the past week from Riga to southern Bukowina, except in the comparatively narrow section between the River Dniester and the River Pruth. The German line defending Kovel along the Stokod has held its ground; at Riga the line is said to have been forced back. But it is in the pursuit of the Austro-German army in its forced retreat across the Lipa River the Russians have achieved greatest success. This advance, circling about fifty miles northeast of Lemberg along the Lipa and the Styr threatens the railroad running from Lemberg to Dubno through Brody, the possession of which is essential to the maintenance of the present Austro-German defense east of Lemberg along the River Stripa. In the Carpathians at the southern end of their line the Russians have advanced along a sixty-mile front from Jablonica on the northwest to Kirlibaba on the southeast, and while they have not gained possession of the main ridge or the passes, their raiding parties have been crossing into Hungary.

Lemberg and the Carpathians

The British Government recently extended to the United States the operation of what is known as "the trading with the enemy act blacklist." Eighty-two firms and individuals, domiciled in the United States, are named in the blacklist and residents of the United Kingdom are forbidden to trade with them. In publishing the list Laming Worthington Evans, Comptroller of the foreign trade department of the Foreign Office, gave out the following statement to the London *Gazette:*

The British Blacklist

> It will be clear that this policy is purely a piece of domestic legislation which only interferes with trade, even in the cases of specified concerns, by prohibiting persons domiciled in the United Kingdom from dealing with these concerns. It is a consequence simply and solely of the exercise of the right of the State to limit or control in the interest of the State the trade relations of its own subjects.
>
> As regards the United States list this may roughly be divided into four classes:
>
> "First—German firms with head offices or control in Germany. Second—German firms incorporated in the United States . . . either assisting the enemy by loans, propaganda or in regard to contraband. Third—United States citizens . . . sole agents for enemy firms resident in enemy territory. Fourth—When clear abuse of cable facilities has been proved a firm or individual may be found on the list. By abuse is meant the use of a secret code or of cloaks to cover the fact that cables are being used in a particular interest.

The State Department at Washington has already demanded to be informed officially, as the basis of any discussion of principle, why certain firms in the United States have been blacklisted publicly and why other firms whose names have not been made public are being subjected to a similar boycott. The loss of foreign trade entailed upon the listed firms will be at least $50,000,000. The United States objected to the "trading with the enemy act" some time ago, before this new provision was added, on the ground that it operated to restrain American commerce, but the objection effected no change

in the British policy. In answer to another objection of the United States against the seizure of the mails, Great Britain in a recent note declared that further precautions would be taken to prevent unnecessary delay, and that for the rest "the specific complaints do not support the general charges against the efficiency of the British censorship." The note has not yet been made public but it is understood that it carefully avoids discussion of the principles at issue between the two Governments.

China.—According to letters sent from Pekin about the middle of June to the New York *Sun*, the Chinese Republic's present difficulties are chiefly due to the lack of money. Shortly before Yuan Shih-kai's death, the foreign banks which had loaned large sums to the Government refused to surrender the balance of the salt-tax, and on May 12 the Bank of China and the Bank of Communications were ordered by the President to suspend silver payments, but they serenely disobeyed the command and with the help of the foreign banks of Shanghai continued paying out silver. Yuan was in such need of money for his troops that he was ready to make generous concessions to get it, but on June 6 death put an end to his financial anxieties. Pekin was then seized with the fear of another revolution, foreigners were ordered to their several legations, and some streets were barricaded. But Li Yuan-Yung, the Vice-President, quietly succeeded Yuan Shih-kai, though the southern Republicans did not give the new President the support he had reason to expect of them. Liang Shi-Yi, head of the late President's financial counsel, and Chow Tzu-Chi, one of his chief advisers, resigned under a fire of criticism from the Republicans, Liang in particular being accused of various financial irregularities. The native press has been clamoring for the retirement of Yuan Shi-kai's partisans. The new President's position is very difficult because "he has inherited a depleted treasury and a thoroughly disorganized government," says the *Sun's* correspondent. For "three factions are endeavoring to dominate Chinese affairs. One of these is controlled by the Manchus of North China, the Yangtse Valley section is dominated by military leaders along the Yangtse and the far south is dominated by Canton leaders." As all these leaders are working at cross purposes, President Li's chief rôle just now is that of general harmonizer. Tuan Chi Jui, the Prime Minister, is unpopular with the Republicans because he seems to be opposing the restoration of the old Nankin provisional constitution, and the reconvening of the assembly of 800 members. But that body proved so unwieldy and turbulent, that the more conservative Chinese oppose its reestablishment. The Premier advises the President not to try to govern by mandate as did Yuan, for he holds that a legislative body should settle all questions. But the Prime Minister's leisurely policy annoys the Republicans, who clamor for immediate reforms.

The Lack of Money

France.—Two remarkable pronouncements on religious conditions in France were recently made by Ian Malcolm and the Bishop of Marseilles respectively. The former had to do with the revival of religion among the people, the latter with the antagonism of government officials to God. Mr. Malcolm declared:

Religious Conditions

Before August, 1914, France as a nation seemed to be straying very far from the fold of the Church. But the war has changed all that, changed it for good. Now there are quite 40,000 priests serving in the trenches; Mass is celebrated daily under fire, in forests or dug-outs or stables, on all parts of the line; the churches in the rear are never empty; the cathedrals and churches in all parts of France are now filled. There is no mistaking the signs of the times; there is a tremendous religious revival; for the French have realized that glory to God comes before peace on earth. I have seen regiments and battalions bowed in worship, silent, shrouded congregations, at all hours prostrate in prayer and intercession; . . . the men are just practising the religion taught them in their childhood by their mothers and their village priests. . . . Under the thunder of the guns, or stirred with grief the soldiers hastened again, like children to their mother's knee, and clasped in faith the outstretched hand of the Man of Sorrows.

The statement of the Bishop of Marseilles is no less positive, if less consoling:

Where or when, during the last eighteen months, have those rulers of the Republic who banished God from France invited Him to return to His own country, where He should be at home as He is elsewhere throughout the world? *In propria venit.* In what official function has He been honored? To what school has He been called back? To what court of justice? To what public hospital?

Is not hatred still active against Him? Has it not been forbidden to place His image upon the breast of any soldier, or even upon the pillow of the sick or dying?

Does not calumny, encouraged, or at any rate tolerated, by the powers that govern, continue to attack His priests?

We can hear the ready answer: "It is not our fault." Alas! it is the fault and the iniquity of us all. Because all this evil which has been, and continues to be committed would not have run its course unhindered had we ourselves, who refrained from being accomplices, rightly understood its gravity and its fatal consequences, and if we all, as was our duty, had opposed to it a solid phalanx which would have proved an insurmountable barrier. Every one of us has had his share of responsibility for the situation in which God has been placed in our country and, in consequence, for the condition of our country itself. Who, then, can cure the terrible malady from which we all suffer? Who can call back the Divine Exile? Certainly not they who banished Him, they who have learned no lesson from the tragic conflagration which is devouring us, and who continue, during our agony, their infamous propaganda of irreligion; they who have in their hearts a hatred of God, making war against Him while we are dying! No! It would indeed be folly to hope that God's enemies should call him back. Catholics alone can accomplish this.

But in order to work for the complete restoration of the rights of God in our country, we have need to believe, absolutely and without reserve, those words so often repeated and so little understood, in the Lord's Prayer: *Adveniat Regnum Tuum!* We must believe that the Reign of God must be universal, and must extend its power as a supreme dominion over every created thing, but more especially over all mankind. We must believe that a nation lives, prospers and grows great only in the measure in which it accepts the Reign of God; that

it degenerates and is dissolved in the measure in which it rejects Him; and that it will die when He has been rejected by word and by deed.

We must, finally, believe that atheism is not, and cannot be anything but the cause of a people's disintegration and death; that the enemies of God are the worst enemies of the people, and that a nation which wishes to survive must fight with all its strength against this double sacrilege.

From this it would appear that France's worst enemy is the Government of France.

Great Britain.—It is quite possible that in characterizing the campaign in Mesopotamia as "criminal negligence," Sir Edward Carson spoke in a political rather than in a judicial capacity. "There is a general feeling of regret," writes a newspaper correspondent, "that it is necessary to debate the point just now when the British troops are accomplishing such wonders in France"; yet it is held that the discussion is merely justice to the many brave officers and men who lost their lives in that unfortunate expedition. The Premier's explanations in the House of Commons were greeted almost with derision. Stating at the outset of his speech that the army council was strongly opposed to the publication of the reports on the expedition, on the ground that these might furnish valuable information to the enemy, he was met with cries of "The old story!" The questions on which information is sought, are the breakdown of the transportation facilities, and the deplorable lack of proper medical service. Mr. Asquith's statement that both were satisfactory until the sudden stress came, is a weak defense. There is no present reason to connect the disaster of this campaign with the prediction that Mr. Lloyd George will very soon be made Premier, but the Opposition is gaining ground, and if Mr. Asquith is to have a successor in the near future, it is to Mr. Lloyd George that the appointment will probably go.

A Useless Campaign, and the Navy

Writing in the *Tribune*, Mr. Winston Churchill again answers the question, "What has Great Britain's fleet accomplished during the war?" He replies: "From its northern throne it has ruled the seas with a completeness of control which even Trafalgar had not secured."

From the first hour of the war, it was evident that command of the seas and all that followed from it, rested with Britain. Everywhere German merchant vessels scurried to port. Everywhere their cruisers hid themselves. Everywhere their commerce raiders were blocked. . . .

The army must go to France, and in spite of submarines, it went; the French African army must cross the seas, and it crossed successfully; reinforcements and supplies flowed in on France "in an ever-widening stream, in spite of the enemy submarine, growing more daring and more skilful every day. . . . Meanwhile there was not a moment's interruption to the men and supplies pouring out and the wounded pouring back." Not the smallest virtue of the Grand Fleet is, in the opinion of Mr. Churchill, its unwearied patience. "History furnishes no more remarkable example of determined adhesion by civil government to sound principles of war as embodied in carefully-reasoned plans, without regard to obvious risks and objections."

Ireland.—That the Irish situation still remains difficult is clear from the memorandum of the Nationalist leader, made public on July 20, in which he warns Premier Asquith and Lloyd George, Secretary for War, against further delay of the Irish bill:

National Feeling

. . . I feel it my duty to urge upon the Government that further delay will be fatal and to place on record my conviction that any proposal to depart from the terms agreed upon, especially in respect to the strictly temporary provisional character of all the sections of the bill, will compel us to declare that the agreement, on the faith of which we obtained the assent of our supporters in Ireland, has been departed from and is at an end.

Meantime the "anti-partitionists" are protesting vigorously against the exclusion of the six counties from the operation of the Home Rule bill. Tyrone, Fermanagh and Derry City have declared to Mr. Asquith that the circumstances under which the Belfast Convention was held were not favorable to a free and independent expression of opinion; moreover they refuse to recognize the right of Antrim, Down, Armagh and Derry to dictate to them the form of government under which they should live. While this agitation is in progress, many acts are being committed which are inflaming popular feeling. Thus the *Irish Rosary* for July states that

In several quarters victimization of wage-earners suspected of sympathizing with or of having had relatives in the recent upheaval is being brutally practised. Persons arrested on suspicion, in these days of wholesale arrest on the flimsiest pretext, are also subject to the same prosecution on release. It takes the form, I need hardly say, of exclusion from employment. Certain proprietors and firms are giving free rein to their insane and wicked partisanship, the aim being apparently to starve fellow-citizens.

The *Irish Weekly and Ulster Examiner* for July 8 presents another aspect of the case in this resolution:

We, the priests of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh, have heard with amazement of an outrage perpetrated against the Convent of Mercy and community, Kinvara, on Sunday, June 4, by the police, who said they came to search the convent for rebels. We enter our solemn protest against their search of the convent, and we say that the search, and the manner in which that search was made, was a gross outrage on religion and an uncalled-for indignity and insult to the Sisters.

Catholics well know that religious Sisters never harbor strangers or externs in their convent, and that the Sisters' cells are privileged, no strangers being allowed to enter them. This immunity was violated by the police, and the manner in which the cells were searched was equally offensive to manliness and common decency.

To add to the dissatisfaction Asquith, on July 24, refused to introduce the bill for the immediate institution of Home Rule.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Data on Anti-Catholicism

THE following are a few facts to substantiate the contention made in my last article on the philosophy of anti-Catholicism, that Socialism, rationalism, the patriotic Orders and the anti-Catholic lecturers are working in close cooperation. (1) The *Appeal to Reason* is a socialistic organ with a weekly circulation of nearly 300,000. Wayland, its first editor, founded the *Menace;* and the present owner of the *Menace,* W. F. Phelps, was the business manager of the *Appeal* under Wayland, until he was discharged therefrom for "immoral relations with female employees" (See *Appeal,* Feb. 4, 1905). (2) "The Free Press Defense League," for which the *Menace,* the socialistic and atheistic papers solicit funds, is a socialistic institution with headquarters at Fort Scott, Kansas. (3) The *Melting Pot* is a paper, which is avowedly atheistic and anti-Christian, yet Eugene Debs, the Socialist leader, recommends it and contributes to its columns. (4) The *People's Press* is an organ of rationalism and infidelity, published in Chicago; nevertheless, the Guardians of Liberty patronize its columns every week. These anti-Christian and the professedly anti-Catholic papers advertise for sale the same literature, with this difference, that the latter omit the works of infidel writers, lest their readers suspect their anti-Christian attitude. The Guardians frequently engage rationalist speakers to carry on their propaganda. (5) Nearly all the anti-Catholic lecturers were formerly radical Socialists and the better-educated among them are connected with rationalistic societies.

Consider also the meaning which the anti-Christian forces attach to their patriotic slogans. The "Separation of Church and State," which they advocate, means the subjection of the Church to the State; they are utterly opposed to the teaching of religion to the youth of the land; they are declaring that the Gary Plan is a scheme of the Catholic Church; they are opposed to the State placing any of its wards in religious institutions; and the "Little Red Schoolhouse" signifies for them the elimination of all religious instruction by compelling all children to attend the public schools. The anti-Christian aims of the campaigners against Rome are kept from all but the inner circle of the separate organizations, just as the immoral program of radical Socialism is kept from most of its devotees.

Furthermore they have deceived the denominational press and Protestants into thinking that this anti-Christian propaganda is purely anti-Catholic and have thereby secured their cooperation. Consequently these religious papers and magazines are for the most part in full sympathy with the agitation of the anti-Christian forces. Protestantism generally is of a frame of mind to believe that the Catholic Church is bent on forcing itself upon this country, that for this purpose Catholics are banded together religiously and politically as well. The result is that though scandalously divided among themselves, Protestants are a unit in opposing the Catholic Church. The laymen are the real missionaries among them, and denominational lines are forgotten in their activities. The Y. M. C. A. is the common property of all the Protestant denominations; so also is the Christian Endeavor and the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The larger Protestant denominations are federated. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America embraces the twenty-nine leading denominations, which constitute nine-tenths of the whole Protestant membership. This is a real and effectual federation. Its members meet frequently, devise, and "do" things.

Now, considering that only a very small portion of the non-Catholic body has any knowledge of Catholic teaching or Catholic principles other than that received from these anti-Catholic sources; considering that the press, the popular novel, and text-books in the schools picture the Catholic Church unfavorably, it is quite natural to find that the large body of American citizens, whom we are pleased to denominate as fair-minded, lean a little more to the Protestant than to the Catholic side. When they read misrepresentations of the Church, how can they be expected to know that they are misrepresentations? It is quite natural for the average Protestant to believe that as Catholics are united in faith, so are they united in everything else. People do not examine closely into the philosophy of things, but merely judge broadly of facts as they are brought to their attention. They see the world at enmity with the Church; hence they conclude there must be much that is wrong with the Church.

There will be those who are not ready to believe that un-Christian forces are at the bottom of the whole anti-Catholic propaganda, but there is nothing of which the writer is more thoroughly convinced. Those who have read history correctly must know that rationalism and infidelity have always used Protestantism to aid their propaganda. It is doubtful whether the Reformation would have been successful without the encouragement of the humanists and rationalists, who were very aggressive in Germany at Luther's time. Janssen, in his "History of the German People" (*Vol. iii., p.* 101) writes: "In their struggle against scholastic learning and ecclesiastical authority the latter, the humanists, welcomed this audacious reformer, Luther, and entered the lists for him." Quoting a reliable contemporary of Luther the same author adds:

> With their lips and their pens, the humanists fought unweariedly for Luther, and disposed the hearts of the laity toward his cause. They attacked the prelates and theologians with all manner of abusive and derisive language, accused them of covetousness, pride, envy, ignorance and coarseness, and said that they persecuted the innocent Luther only because he was more learned than themselves, and because he had sufficient candor to speak out the truth in opposition to the deceit and falsehood

of hypocrites. As these humanists, besides being shrewd and gifted men, could also use both spoken and written language with eloquence and skill, it was an easy matter for them to excite pity and regard for Luther among the laity, and to make out that for the sake of truth and justice he was persecuted by a set of envious, grasping, unlearned clergy, who, living themselves in idleness and debauchery, endeavored to get money out of the poor silly people by working on their superstitions.

Let me call attention finally to some further activities, more or less related, of the enemy. The recent investigation of private charities conducted in New York was inspired by those who do not want wards of the State under any religious influence. The attempt to induce the Federal Government to establish a National University is a scheme of the anti-Christian agencies, though it is mooted in the names of the Carnegie, the Sage, and the Rockefeller Foundations. There is to be a large *Protestant Parade* in Pittsburgh, in September, *"in the interests of Protestant Christian Unity,"* says the circular letter. Preparations have been under way since April, and its promoters expect more than 100,000 people in line. There has been an organized effort here to place 150,000 French war-orphans in Protestant homes of the United States. Catholics standing for Congress, for the State legislature, or for membership on any law-making body must be defeated, in order that legislation to curb the Church's influence with the people may be put through. Many of the magazines, in whose articles even men of education place great confidence, have of late carried contributions which reflected very adversely on the Church. During the month just passed this is true of the *Outlook, McClure's, Leslie's,* and *Harper's.* In many cities the greatest secret plotting has been on to keep Catholic teachers out of public schools, Catholic men off schoolboards, and, in several instances, the City Council has asked for the resignation of Catholics, who were efficient members of such boards. Says the Chicago *Citizen:*

> In almost all the towns and cities outside Chicago applicants for the position of school teacher are sent a blank to fill, and the first question is invariably, "What are your Church affiliations?" Usually the answer to this question is decisive, especially if the applicant be a Catholic. All this shows that our public schools are doing business under false pretenses. They are not "public" except in the sense that they are supported by public taxation. Beyond this, they are generally partisan and anti-Catholic. The only right a Catholic has in most of the townships is to pay taxes.

Politicians espousing the "patriotic" platform are able to get ministers interested in their candidacy, and have partisan political sermons preached from the pulpit. In nearly every State, "representatives of the people" have prepared for passage bills on "Convent Inspection." Even if such do not pass, the men who propose the bills have the satisfaction of seeing Catholic opposition stirred up, and the general public led to believe that all can not be right in these institutions.

The secret of success in any line of endeavor is organization and cooperation. Our antagonists, Christian and infidel, understand this well, but Catholics are still slow to learn the lesson. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* A campaign of education by the spread of Catholic literature was never so timely, could never be more effective than now when thinking people are waiting to hear the Catholic side from Catholics themselves. Let every Catholic arouse himself and be an apostle of the truth.

JOHN F. NOLL,
Editor of "Our Sunday Visitor."

Infantile Paralysis

THE present technical name of infantile paralysis is poliomyelitis, which means an inflammation of the gray matter of the spinal cord. Infantile paralysis was the old name, given about 1840, but it is not used now by physicians because the disease does not always result in paralysis.

The cause is an organism so minute it can be merely seen with the strongest objectives of the microscope, but nothing can be made out of its characteristics. For lack of a better name the organism is called a virus. It is found in the central nervous organs, and upon the mucous surfaces of the nose, throat, and intestines of the patient. It has not been detected in human blood, but it appears in the blood of infected monkeys.

The virus issues from an infected child in the secretions of the nose, throat, and intestines, and it enters apparently through the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. It multiplies after entrance, and is carried to the nervous system along the lymphatic channels. It is spread from patient to patient by coughing, sneezing, spitting, kissing, handling, by the feet and proboscis of the house fly, probably by cats, dogs, and similar pets, by eating-utensils, touched food, careless attendants, and dried sputum which is blown about by air currents. The micröorganism is resistant to weak chemicals, like carbolic acid, and the patent germicides, which may kill ordinary bacteria. It survives in shady rooms, but is destroyed by direct sunlight. The infection is carried along trade routes, railways, highways, waterways. It can remain in the nose and throat secretions for a long time after the patient has recovered from the acute symptoms of the disease; it has been found active in throats six months after infection, but this condition is rare. Like smallpox and typhoid, one attack as a rule confers subsequent immunity.

The disease varies in virulence in different epidemics. Not all children, and relatively few adults, are susceptible to infection. As in other infections, there is a period of incubation between the time of exposure to the virus and the appearance of the first symptoms of the disease. This period varies from two days to even two weeks, but eight days is the average time of incubation. After about six weeks the patient as a rule does not spread the infection.

The average death-rate of the disease is below ten per cent; the rate varies from five to twenty per cent in different epidemics. Children that survive may recover completely, with no crippling at all; a large number, however, suffer some degree of permanent crippling. A severely paralyzed child through patient and skilful treatment, sometimes extending over months or even a few years, may recover most of the functions it had before the disease attacked it.

It is very difficult, if not impossible, to diagnose a case of poliomyelitis during the first or febrile stage, unless there is an epidemic of the disease in the locality, and even then the diagnosis is at best conjectural. At first, in typical cases, the child is dull, sleepy, and wishes to be left alone. Within a few hours, to a day or two at the longest, fever appears, going up to 102 or 103 degrees Fahrenheit, and this lasts from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in children, often longer in adults. The child usually shows signs of irritation in the central sensory parts of the nervous system, as vomiting, convulsions, some delirium, squint, and pain on touch. After these symptoms have lasted from one to three days, paralysis shows in one or all the limbs, commonly in the legs. The paralysis later may be restricted to a single muscle or a group of associated muscles. There is always much pain. After the inflammation has subsided pain ceases as a rule, but there are rare exceptions.

The muscles begin to waste. The atrophy usually reaches its limit in from four to eight weeks after the onset of the disease. If the whole limb is affected there will be a withered, undeveloped leg or arm; if a group of muscles wastes there may be much deformity, such as the different forms and degrees of club-foot.

Commonly the life of the child is spared unless the inflammation is of great extent and severity; then the muscles of respiration may be involved. The part of the spinal cord affected has most to do with the result. When the upper part of the cord in the neck, and the oblongata below the cerebellum are involved the outlook is almost hopeless.

Since the disease is contagious the patient must be isolated, and other children in the family should be kept from school and similar gatherings for about six weeks. All discharges of the body should be disinfected by powerful corrosives or fire, and the rooms are to be disinfected by formalin after the patient has recovered sufficiently to permit his association with others. The nurse that cares for the patient should be kept away from all other children; hence the necessity of hospital treatment especially for the children of the poor. When there is an epidemic of the disease all moving-picture theaters should be closed. Food exposed for sale should be screened from flies and protected from street dust. People that buy berries and fruit from stands where street flies swarm on the stock deserve to get typhoid, tuberculosis, poliomyelitis and similar diseases. If the vendors are boycotted they will soon cover their goods. The disease is always in the country, but it becomes epidemic at times. There was an epidemic in New York City in 1908, with several thousand cases, but this is now forgotten.

The treatment is technical, and must be given by competent physicians. Nurses should know that handling the child during the acute stage causes it intense pain. The treatment of the withered and paralyzed parts, after the febrile stage, is mostly by electricity, massage, and local heat, and it is to be patiently continued for months if necessary. When a child is greatly frightened by the electric treatment great caution is to be used in gradually educating it to submit to the current. Struggling and fear will counteract all benefit from the electricity. The deformities that follow poliomyelitis can be corrected more or less by the orthopedic surgeon in certain cases when all other means have failed. Gymnastic exercises are useful to check tendencies to spinal curvature.

From what has been done experimentally there is hope of finding a method of getting a protective serum. The serum obtained so far has been in very small quantities, as it is human or simian.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

My Last Lecture Tour

THAT things Catholic are received with more favor by the general public today than for years past is my deliberate judgment after traveling from city to city for a period of six months. Certain it is that the defense of Catholic claims has been received by the audiences during this third annual tour for the Knights of Columbus with a spirit of fairness hitherto lacking. The questions asked, the discussions which followed, and the volume of space given to my work in the public press all indicate an increased public interest. This change of sentiment is somewhat due, no doubt, to the Christ-like attitude of our Holy Father toward the several peoples of war-ridden Europe. The absolute neutrality of the Pope throughout this awful deluge of blood seems to have compelled the respectful attention of numberless persons whose ears have heretofore been closed to Catholic truth.

The Knights of Columbus arranged public meetings for me in 111 cities throughout the six New England States, New York and Pennsylvania. Very frequently the members of the Knights of Columbus assembled in their Council rooms, after the public lecture, to hear an informal talk upon the forces at war against the Church and to get suggestions as to how Catholic laymen may best prepare to meet them. Besides audiences of school children, seminarians and Sisters were also addressed.

Socialism was given a secondary consideration on this tour, because of the very general discussion awakened by the almost world-wide conflict of arms and because the war had completely disorganized the International in Europe, besides bringing disaster to many of the local

Socialist organizations in this country. Of course, this does not mean that the enemy of truth has been beaten.

My subject was "Peace and War." The causes of war and the means of establishing peace were dealt with as they affect our individual, domestic, commercial and governmental relationships. The Catholic attitude on these four phases of life was made plain by contrasting the unscientific and irrational doctrines of radicals with the pronouncements and history of the Church. Questions came from many angles, though the inquirers kept rather consistently upon the ground of debate, the religious phases being most in favor, and many sincere Protestants were seemingly enlightened by the answers. The Socialists, though lively enough, were tame in comparison with their brothers of days gone by. The interest seemed to center around the Fifth Commandment in relation to the European War and capital punishment. "Why do priests bless soldiers? Why is Our Lord called the Prince of Peace when He said He came to bring a sword? Why does not the Pope end the war?" These were stock questions. The Socialists quizzed me and took part in many of the discussions but on no occasion did any one attempt a defense of their comrades across the water, who, after claiming for sixty years that they had no country, are now in battle array in defense of their native lands against their erstwhile Socialist brothers of the old International. Consistency is indeed a jewel, for on both sides of the firing line they whistle their old revolutionary airs in proof that they are still Socialists. Though the conclusion is told in the several languages, they all agree with the editor of the *Chemnitzer Volksstimme:* "Let weaklings go to the International, I go to Hindenburg!" It has taken a world-wide conflict of arms to convince hundreds of thousands of men that wage-earners have a country; that patriotism is something more than the "refuge of scoundrels"; that love of country is implanted in the heart by nature. Happily too, there is evidence that the lessons of this war are teaching men that obedience to the Pope does not conflict with loyalty to country.

No, the Socialists have not changed their tactics. Their method is to attack the teachings of the Church, as though that were a defense of their own principles. "Does not the Catholic Church teach a mongrel doctrine when it says, 'Thou shalt not kill' and at the same time tells a man to kill his fellow-man in defense of his country?" asked a Socialist leader.

Of course, those who are not seeking the light remain in darkness, but most enthusiastic was the attention of the non-Catholic audiences when it was shown that the Church being the interpreter of God's law, sets forth the law in its purity. Her interpretations of the law are never contradictory. She does not say at once: "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not kill." The Church says that, if a man in lawful defense of his life kills an aggressor, the one defending his life is innocent of crime. Moreover, the Church applies this same sound reasoning to the nation's defense of its own or their fundamental rights. The climax came when a clear case of mongrel doctrine was shown. A Socialist philosopher sets it down that the "comrades" must not destroy a flower, or kill a beetle, for who knows but that defenseless flower or that dear little beetle may not in a million years be our brother? But now the brethren of the International, bearing a far closer resemblance to beetles than to flowers, are fiercely killing each other from the trenches.

It was an agreeable surprise when a defender of the "right of private judgment" broke down. "Why can't we take the Ten Commandments at their face value without an interpreter?" was asked. The tables were turned when it was shown that disorder instead of order would necessarily be the result of allowing each citizen to take the laws upon our statute books at their "face value"; it was then made clear that both moral and civil disorders would result if the Ten Commandments were taken according to the individual understanding of their face value. Therefore God in His goodness and wisdom delegated His authority to an interpreter, the Catholic Church. The inquirer jumped to his feet and cried out: "I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied," while the whole house applauded.

Though it was notable that the public press reports of my work were favorable, it should not be thought that public opposition was negligible. The enemy is still very much in evidence. He keeps guard over the public schools. Meetings were arranged for me in about fifteen of the public school auditoriums, and about five School Boards were condemned for granting the use of the halls for a Catholic lecture. One instance may be cited. In Titusville, Pa., the Methodists, Baptists and members of the Salvation Army entered a protest against the action of the School Board for granting the use of the high school auditorium to the Knights of Columbus. Desiring to avoid a controversy, the Chairman of the Board offered to donate fifty dollars from his private purse toward hiring another hall. Our people refused the generous offer, maintaining that the school hall had frequently been used by other societies as a public forum. The defense of the rights of the Knights of Columbus was so ably maintained by Grand Knight James R. Gahan that the Board decided to stand by its action and attended the lecture in a body. The resolutions of the "Tabernacle" condemning the Board for renting the auditorium "to a sectarian organization for sectarian purposes" contributed to Catholic prestige in the community, for persons of all creeds denounced the action as that of "religious fanatics." The Salvationists are most worthy of blame, for but recently two priests in Titusville had done the Salvation Army leader a very great favor indeed. Despite this manifestation of bigotry and ingratitude, the results of my campaign in the cause of truth were encouraging. To my mind the field is white for the harvest if Catholic laymen are willing to mount the platform in defense of the Faith. DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

The Truth about Progress

THE ancient Hebrews had a story of the origin of man with which most of us are familiar. According to that story man was fashioned by God out of the dust of the earth, endowed with a living soul and placed in a garden. He subsequently disobeyed God's command and fell from His favor, and the sin and sorrow which we now behold in the world are the consequences of that first disobedience and of that Fall.

The principal inhabitants of Otaheite have, as I am informed by learned men who have studied their folklore, a different account to give of the first appearance of man. According to them, there once existed upon the earth a creature half-human and half-bestial to which they give the name of "Mobbo-Boblog" which, in translation, means "the absent, or missing, link." Students of comparative mythology may find in this an analogy to the numerous Greek legends of centaurs, minotaurs, mermen, or other half-human, half-bestial creatures with which we are familiar. The parents of this being are conceived as beasts, its descendants as men, and it is implied that men will in consequence go on getting less and less bestial until they become supermen, or communists or members of ethical societies.

Now it is not my purpose here to discuss the nature of either the Hebrew or Otaheitan relations. Aside from the teaching of Revelation, it would be extremely dangerous to base any practical conclusions affecting the future of mankind on the foundations which they provide. It will certainly do no man any harm to accept the Hebraic account strictly word for word; even naturally a good deal could be said in its favor. But if any politician were to start an agitation for a prohibitive tariff on apples, on the ground that apples caused the fall of man, I think that we would all be justified in entering a vigorous protest.

It is no good going back for the foundation of your Sociology to prehistoric man. By the unaided light of reason you know nothing about prehistoric man. That is why he is called "prehistoric." But there is such a thing as historic man, and it is to historic man that we must appeal if we would have our earthly politics based on anything deserving of the name of science.

What has history to say to that doctrine which is now assumed almost everywhere to be self-evident, the doctrine of progress? By the doctrine of progress I mean the doctrine that there is in the nature of things, an inevitable tendency to improvement. The doctrine may be stated crudely or reasonably. Crudely it may be expressed in an ethical hymn which I once heard, two lines of which ran:

> Step by step since Time began
> I trace the steady rise of Man.

So stated it is too ridiculous for any man who thinks for five seconds. Whether there has or has not been any "rise of man" at all, it has certainly not been "steady." It is tenable that the twentieth century will be better than the thirteenth, or that the thirteenth was better than the first, though those who affirm the former proposition generally deny the latter, but it would be absurd to suggest that the eighth century was better than the first, or the fifteenth than the thirteenth.

Let us, however, consider the more reasonable interpretation of the doctrine which would make progress broken indeed but continuous. This theory may be best suggested by the analogy of the rising tide. Individual waves recede, but the tide is continuously rising, and each wave carries the sea further up than the last. Let us see how this hypothesis fits the facts.

First, it will be well to clear away the mass of confused thinking which deduces such progress from the biological speculation called the doctrine of evolution. This speculation, whatever its intrinsic merit, gives us no basis for believing in progress, as the greatest man who ever championed it, Huxley, very well knew, and was never tired of emphasizing. At the most, it would only tend to suggest that organisms tend to fit themselves for their environment. But such a process of approximation would be just as likely to imply the survival of the lower as of the higher forms. Indeed, such words as "lower" and "higher" have no meaning in this connection. Nature as such has no moral judgments.

What, then, does history say?

It is clear that if the doctrine of progress, as ordinarily understood, were true, a very marked "rise of man" ought to be noticeable within historic times. Comparatively speaking, short as is the period covered by human history, it should be long enough to show a very decided and unmistakable improvement, if improvement were really going on.

Now on this subject it is continually necessary to distinguish between ascertainable fact and hypotheses which have been so thoroughly popularized as to mislead people to treat them as matter of fact. For instance, it is everywhere assumed that men were once all savages, and that some of them have gradually become civilized. Portions of the Bible excepted, history shows us civilization and barbarism side by side from time immemorial as they exist side by side today. Undoubtedly there have been periods marked by the rapid expansion of civilization; the first century B. C., which saw the expansion of the Roman Empire was one such period, and our own age has been on the whole another. But the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries saw the rebarbarization not only of the territories conquered by Rome for civilization, but of much of that part of the world which had been civilized before the career of the Roman Empire began. Is there any proof that in this matter history may not repeat itself?

Again, if the theory of continuous progress were true, one would expect to find long periods of improvement, perhaps broken by occasional short lapses. Almost the

precise opposite is the truth. It is the periods of reconstruction that are brief, rapid and occasional; it is the decline that is prolonged. Compare the enormous advance of Europe during the first century B. C. with its gradual break-up from the beginning of the fourth to the end of the ninth century A. D. In how short a period was the great medieval civilization created; how protracted was its modification! How brief was the splendid outburst of the Renaissance; the end of its corruption is not yet!

Now is there anything in regard to progress that does fit the historic facts? I think that there is, and I will endeavor very briefly to suggest it.

The human will naturally desires justice and the perfect State. If there were no obstacle the human will would achieve and retain these things. But there is an obstacle for which I find it difficult to find a name, having deliberately chosen in this article to leave theology on one side. But the personal parallel will make clear what I mean. Every man would like to be a good man. Why does he continually fall short of his ideal? When you have answered that question you will realize why nations also continually fall short of their ideals.

The mere drift of things is never towards good; the drift, whether in individuals or States, is always towards evil. It is only when a man's or a nation's will is definitely set against this tendency that good results.

If this hypothesis is once accepted, the facts of history fall in with it quite naturally. The brief periods of vigorous reform are the periods during which the human will is alert and energetic enough to overcome the natural tendency to degeneration. The long periods of decline mark the cessation of activity and the consequent triumph of the mere drift of things. Men are like rowers pulling against a strong stream. If, even for a moment, they rest on their oars, they will find themselves not stationary but carried a considerable distance down the stream.

Now a word as to the practical application of this doctrine. To many people it will seem to be what is called "reactionary." But in practice its consequences will be found to be very much the reverse.

Thus our society has by common consent got into a monstrous tangle, inconsistent with justice, with humanity, and with the satisfaction of normal human desires. But the greater number of reformers appear to be convinced that the natural course of things will remedy these evils without apparently any special effort on anybody's part. The idea is common to the most divergent types of moderns, to the idealistic social reformer who trusts to "the spread of enlightenment" and to the Marxian who trusts to "economic forces." I have as little trust in one as in the other. It seems to me clear that if you let our social system alone it will develop not in the direction of an organized democracy but in the direction of a more absolute cleavage between the rich and the poor, the concentration of all wealth in the hands of the former and the reduction of the latter to the position of bond-slaves.

There is only one thing that can prevent this happening; and that is not "progress" or social enlightenment or economic development, for all these things will rather help it to happen; it is the determination on our part and that of the mass of the people that it shall *not* happen.

If that determination does not exist we are lost.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

An Apostle of Liberty

THREE hundred years ago, a great event took place in the history of our continent. Bartolomé de las Casas was officially proclaimed the "Protector of the Indians in America." That title alone is the noblest tribute to this great man and a perfect summary of his history and life-work.

If the approval of succeeding generations and the praises of posterity could of themselves raise a man to the honors of the altar Bartolomé de las Casas, the first priest ordained in the New World, the Apostle of the Indians, the sturdy champion of liberty on this continent, would have won the privilege many years ago. Protestant writers like Prescott, Sir Arthur Helps and Francis Augustus MacNutt, Spanish historians like Herrera and Quintana, even such open enemies of the Church and of Religious Orders as Llorente and Grégoire, have been among his most ardent admirers. An impartial and painstaking historian, whose words on American origins carry more than usual weight, John Fiske, thus writes of him:

> In contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas, all words of eulogy seem weak and fruitless. . . . When now and then in the course of centuries, God's Providence brings such a life into the world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of its most cherished blessings. For the thoughts, the deeds, the words of such a man, there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age.

The name of Bartolomé de las Casas should be especially dear to Catholics and to Americans. The son of one of the hardy argonauts who sailed the Western Main with Columbus, he was born in Seville in 1474 and died at Madrid in 1566, just three hundred and fifty years ago. In 1502, Bartolomé sailed with Ovando to Hispaniola, with worldly dreams of fame and wealth and with the same ideals and views which stirred the heart of Cortez and his followers in their conquest of the land of the Montezumas. In 1510 he was ordained priest. If sudden, his change of life was whole-hearted and sincere. Eleven years afterwards he donned the white robe of St. Dominic, and in 1543, after refusing the wealthy bishopric of Cuzco, in Peru, he was appointed Bishop of Chiapas in Southern Mexico. Cuba, San Domingo, Honduras, Porto Rico, Venezuela, Guatemala, Mexico, Spain, the hut of the Indian, the

palaces of Viceroys, the audience-chamber of the Council of the Indians, were the scenes of his labors. These had but one end, the protection of the liberties and the lives of the downtrodden natives of the New World.

To recount his voyages across the ocean, to recall the opposition he met with in his fight for the just recognition of the rights of the Indian tribes, to give even a summary of the eloquent remonstrances which he addressed to the Court of Spain for the redress of the wrongs of the outraged children of the forest, whose lives and whose interests had been confided to his care, would here be an impossible task. His panegyric can be written in a brief sentence, by saying, humanity and liberty never had a better friend. One thought alone dominated his life and work: "The Indians were men and had a right to be treated as such, a right to life, to personal freedom." Garrison or Wendell Phillips, Brougham or Wilberforce, Clarkson or Buxton Fowell were not more convinced of the evils of slavery than this friar and priest was of the wrongs suffered by the Indians in the immense territories won to Spain by the sword of her hardy explorers. Witness of the misery and degradation caused by the unjust system of the *repartimientos* and *encomiendas* both in the oppressor and the oppressed, he set to work to remedy the evil. In the New World he was a voice of warning, of reprimand, and denunciation to the tyrant, of hope and consolation to the suffering and the outcast.

When face to face with a monstrous wrong, which bends the back under some crushing load, and degrades the soul of the victim, generous natures are prone to exaggerate the evil. It is the penalty which they pay to the weakness and the frailty of human nature. We can easily forgive them for the motive which inspired them. Las Casas did not escape this infirmity of noble minds. In his "Historia Apologetica de las Indias" and still more perhaps in the "Brevisima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias" (Seville, 1552) he overstepped the limit of calm and measured statement. Undoubtedly many of the horrors which he recounted were true. To its credit the Spanish Government, Emperor and Council listened to the terrible charges with a patience and a forbearance which as a rule are not associated with the ideas entertained of Spanish rule in the colonies.

Las Casas was a reformer. He had to strike hard to drive his blows home. He was not only the protector of the Indians, he was the advocate and herald of liberty. Few men have done more to advance that cause in the Western World. The subject of a monarch like Charles V, he was bold and apostolic enough to write a pamphlet on the power of kings and to limit that power within just and reasonable bounds. Member of an ecclesiastical council held in the city of Mexico two centuries and a quarter before the Declaration of Independence was passed, he was undoubtedly the man who inspired one of the conciliar declarations which says: "All persons, no matter what sect or religion they may profess, and no matter what sins they may be guilty of, rightfully own and possess what they acquired without prejudice to others. The principle applies to their kingdoms, principalities, seignories, dignities and jurisdictions." Is there not something here of the tone and form of the document framed by Jefferson and signed by Carroll of Carrollton? Time and again Las Casas reminded the Spanish monarchs that they reigned for the good of their subjects, that they were not the absolute masters of their lives and properties, but that they should reign for their happiness and that they were responsible to God for the manner in which they fulfilled their sacred trust.

To obtain an adequate conception of Las Casas's character, it is not enough to read the story of his labors and toils in behalf of his Indian wards. His writings must be thoroughly sifted. To understand his views on liberty, on the right of the governed to regulate their own lives within certain limits, to make laws for their own taxation, we must go to the famous debate held between him and one of the most accomplished and finished scholars of his time, Dr. Gines de Sepulveda, at Valladolid in 1550. The question proposed ran thus: "Whether a war of the kind which is called a war of conquest could be lawfully undertaken against the nations of the New World, if they had not committed any new faults other than those they have committed in the times of their infidelity." The debate, carried on by Sepulveda with all the learning and the acumen of the trained thinker, and by Las Casas with all the fire of an apostle and with the knowledge and experience of one thoroughly acquainted with conditions in the New World, has seldom been equaled either in the ability of the debaters or in the importance of the issues at stake. The arguments were summarized with rare intelligence and impartiality by Domingo de Soto, the confessor of Charles V. If, as in many debates, both sides claimed the victory, the discussion, however, gave Las Casas the opportunity to expound before a solemn assembly the views which he held most dear.

Inconsistencies can no doubt be pointed out in the life of the Apostle of the Indians. While he condemned slavery and serfdom in the case of the Indians, he is said to have condoned the enslavement of the negroes, and even to have been the cause of the introduction of African slavery into the New World. But it is untrue that slavery was introduced by him. As far back as 1505, at a time when he as yet exercised no influence in the colonies, negroes had been imported into the Antilles to work in the mines. Moreover, slavery was then sanctioned by custom and law. If Las Casas ever advised the use of slave-labor in the colonies, he seems to have had in view the black slaves already working in Spain, and already deprived of their full rights as men. On this point his learned and well-equipped biographer, Francis Augustus MacNutt, has fully cleared his mem-

ory. If slavery was to be introduced, Las Casas advised the introduction of men already enslaved, not the making of new outcasts. But even this concession, he ever deeply regretted, and later in life with a manly repentance, which does him honor, he sincerely condemned his own weakness. Las Casas was not a perfect character. He had the infirmities of the strong. He was a good hater, but he hated tyranny, cruelty, selfishness and greed. The outcast and the slave never had a better friend. He loved liberty and fought its battles as sturdily as Jefferson, Washington or Bolivar. On the 350th anniversary of his death, Americans should gratefully recall his splendid services to humanity. The fruits of his labors and victories were not always visible or immediate. Yet, says MacNutt, "The figure of this devoted champion of freedom stands on a pedestal of enduring fame, of which the foundations rest on the eternal homage of all lovers of justice and liberty, and it is the figure of a victor who loved God and served his fellow-men." JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The French War Orphans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with much interest in your issue of June 24, a letter of Cardinal Sevin on the "French Army Orphanage." I regret that the societies in France interested in the orphans of the war should all have such similar names as to cause much confusion. The society mentioned by Cardinal Sevin has for its object to gather orphans together in institutions, whereas the first aim of the "Fatherless Children of France," *Orphelinat des Armées,* is to keep the children with their mothers or families, to ensure their being brought up in the religion of their fathers. I hope the two English ladies who came to this country as delegates from the *Orphelinat des Armées* have not been confused with Madame ——, the American lady named. These ladies, Miss Schofield and Miss Fell, have lived in France long enough to realize what a living hold Catholicism has on the people and have no wish to disturb it. The war seems to have strengthened the attachment of the people to their religion, and this is encouraged by our society. Other societies having the same aims are now united with ours, under the title of *Orphelinat des Armées et Œuvres Co-opérantes.* ELIZABETH E. CRAFTS.

Ridgefield, Conn. *Chairman Boston Committee.*

The Osler Child

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A precocious child of my acquaintance, aged three, on being asked as to the health of her great-grandfather Stepdown, aged eighty, replied, cleverly imitating sighs and groans, "O, he very bad. He say 'O-h! A-h' all the time. Him ought be ki'ed."

"What!" came the horrified exclamation.

"Him ought to be ki'ed," repeated the little Miss, "for makin' that noise."

To this has Oslerism brought us. Parents who manifestly lament their sins and pains in the hearing of annoyed young relatives, straining their ears for motor sirens and dance music "ought to be killed." Of course, this verdict is largely the fault of parents. The father of the little Miss is a strapping young telegraph operator who returned from a militia camp the other day stripped of his uniform and with the title deserter. The only son of "kind and devoted" parents, how could he be expected to endure discomfort, as a good soldier? Always allowed his own way at home, a commanding officer with authoritative glance was to him equal in terror to a machine gun.

A hard bed on the good old "slats" of our forefathers would go a long way in "preparedness" for our too-soft young people. Instead of the chafing dish, fudge and cocktail of our customary entertainments, afternoon hard-tack and evening postum might help us on. As exercises in wig-wagging, nothing can surpass a daily drill in sweeping, dusting, bed-making, and dish-washing. Why not nurse our own fathers and mothers, just for practice, until we are really competent to nurse wounded heroes with large eyes and decorated breasts?

I have always urged, and I shall urge it again, a more generous and discriminating use of sacred picture-cards in our homes and schools. Used as markers, or stuck in dressing-mirrors their discipline is always before us. To my mind one of the best of these for girls is the subject of St. Ann instructing the Blessed Virgin. The uplifted finger of authority and the indulgent smile of motherhood mark St. Ann as the ideal guide of youth. The roll of parchment on her knee is of course the daily lesson in Holy Scripture, while the little sewing-basket on the floor beside Mary is a bit of *genre* painting that is very naive in its appeal.

For boys there is the camp scene of St. Ignatius, brooding soldier-like and wounded over the small "Imitation" in his hand; or St. Vincent de Paul, on his errands of mercy. The charity which cherishes rather than kills off its aged and infirm cannot be expected to thrive in the modern "movie"-mad, birthday-party little gourmands we so often see.

"I'm afraid George won't want to do that errand after dark," says the trembling mother of a future deserter. "I won't ask him." But George under reasonable circumstances should be told, not asked to go.

Likewise "Nettye," who declares dogmatically, "Honestly you can't get any sort of shoes now for less than fifteen dollars." Miss Nettye could quite profitably be pushed into a pair at two and a half, to hoe potato-plants exciting with bugs.

One is almost ready to declare that parents really "ought to be killed" by their Osler children if they will not, before it is too late, contrive to get the upper hand of authority and the strong will of discipline over the future makers of nations and international law. World-wars are going to set a high price on scarce parents, and it behooves our children to conserve rather than quite needlessly kill them off by neglect and tantrums.

Chester Spring, Pa. E. S. CHESTER.

Infantile Paralysis and Catholic Institutions

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a reader of AMERICA I have followed the numerous articles on the charities investigation and feel proud of the forcible manner with which AMERICA has met the attacks upon our institutions.

The children of New York City and their care once again command the front page of our daily papers, but under what different circumstances! Apparently a plague is on us; children of the metropolis are quarantined, families moving from Manhattan into adjacent New Jersey cities are turned back, the resorts in the mountains are frantically sought while adults fear to move about in certain sections, lest they carry home to their little ones the dreaded germ of infantile paralysis.

The following from a recent issue of the New York *Sun* is interesting, being a sort of "Order in Council" of the New York municipal authorities, "If it is possible to check the spread of infantile paralysis by making things so clean that

the disease will have no place to breed, New York City is going to do it."

The *Sun* commented on the order as follows:

> This sounds reasonable. It suggests the application of good sense to the problem in health conservation with which we are now dealing. Indeed, it is elemental. But it suggests several questions. If conditions of uncleanness exist which are responsible for the present epidemic, who is to blame for them? By whom were they tolerated? What factor of legislative enactment or administrative weakness permitted their creation and perpetuation? The well-taxed citizens of New York are entitled to explicit answers to these interrogatories.

Of course it sounds reasonable and by all means give the taxpayers the desired information. Will the municipal authorities tell the dear old taxpayers of their city that not one case of infantile paralysis has been reported in any Catholic Orphan Asylum where their well-paid investigators reported they found dirt, vermin and one tooth-brush for 400 children? Or will they tell the taxpayers that every case of the disease has originated in private families, and that the "efficiency craving" city officials are exerting every effort to place the city's wards with private families, and also that the families in the clean exclusive sections of the great city are not always willing to take in orphans for a small remuneration, much less voluntarily?

It will be a great accomplishment to do away with the cause of the plague; but will it result in the exposure of the responsible official to public ridicule, or his removal from office? I doubt it.

Asbury Park, N. J. A. J. MORRIS.

Our Schools and the Liturgy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Saying My Prayers in Latin," a delightful contribution to your issue of July 1, makes one lament that so few of us are able properly to appreciate even a small part of the great public liturgy of the Church, a liturgy that is the inheritance and should in some measure be the possession of us all. Why is it that in America at least so little effort is made in our schools to teach a knowledge and love of the liturgical prayers? Is there indeed *any* systematic effort to teach even the greatest of our Latin hymns in our Catholic colleges, high schools, and parochial schools? Surely, this is something worthy of our education's best efforts, and certainly it is not receiving the attention it deserves.

Our Catholic colleges could impart an intimate knowledge and a deep love of the great Latin prayers of the Church. Do they ever attempt to do so? Never during six years of attendance at a well-known Catholic college in New York did I hear a single Latin hymn of the Church discussed in class. Of the class graduating with me I do not believe that a single one of us on our commencement day knew that there was such a prayer as the *Adoro Te Devote* in existence. I feel sure that not one of us, if put to the test, could say two stanzas of the unsurpassable *Dies Iræ*. And from association with the graduates of many other Catholic colleges of the East, I am sure that this state of things is not the exception but the rule. Is not this a serious neglect? Consider what has been kept from the lives of these young men; consider how easily with their knowledge of Latin such loss might have been avoided. Non-Catholics believe that we neglect literature and science in our schools in order to give the time to devotion. On the contrary, we are so engrossed, it would seem, with pagan classics and science that we do not even mention some of the great monuments of Catholic devotion. That these hymns are not written in classical Latin is a trivial excuse for not studying them in class. Classical they may not be, but master-pieces certainly they are. If catching the thoughts, the yearning of the human mind and heart, and imprisoning them for all time in a jeweled casket of words be the achievement of literature, who will deny that high claim to many of these sublime prayers? Of the *Dies Iræ* our greatest living authority in literary criticism, Professor George Saintsbury, has said that it is "the greatest of all hymns and one of the greatest of all poems." And with the *Dies Iræ* how many other great poems and prayers may we number from the storehouse of our Latin liturgy, the *Stabat Mater, Adoro Te, Pange Lingua,* or the *Veni Sancte Spiritus?* What is finer, for example, than these closing lines of the *Lauda Sion?*

Bone Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere:
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.

Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Tu, nos pascis hic mortales:
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes, et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

What the Catholic college can do to foster a love for these liturgical prayers, that the Catholic high school can also easily achieve.

But I will go further and hope that the work may be begun and continued for years even in our parish schools. Why not? May not at least the greatest prayers and hymns of our noble liturgy be made the life-long possession of every graduate of these schools? May they not be explained stanza by stanza and appreciatively interpreted for the children, while their majestic rhythm sings itself into the pupils' memory? Anyone who knows the meaning of a liturgy and its power to raise the mind and heart to God will recognize what powerful aids the teacher will already have in the knowledge of the child and his intimate familiarity with the great dramatic action of the Church's daily Sacrifice.

As the child grows older, indeed, he will read more and more of content into the lines he learned to love when he was young. But so true a measure of real spiritual value, so lasting an expression of the human need and yearning for God are these magnificent old verses that a man may read and reinterpret them for a lifetime, yet never begin to exhaust their vitality. This in itself would vindicate their greatness. They are "not of an age, but for all time."

Let it not be said pupils will not respond. Pupils are human beings and their human hearts will answer to the appeal of those wonderful lines, an appeal that is bound up with the very rhythm and swing of the verse, as it is with the depth of meaning that is packed into the words. Let these great hymns and prayers be so taught that the pupils will know them more and more; of themselves the children will come more and more deeply to love them; and as they grow into manhood they will cherish them as priceless possessions; by means of them, as their spiritual ancestors did, they will throughout life "refresh and replenish their most sacred thoughts."

Bitterly do enlightened Protestants regret that by the ruthless ignorance of those who made the "Book of Common Prayer" they have been forever deprived of the richest and most precious parts of the liturgy. But it tears a man's heart-strings to think that so many Catholics do not know and hence do not love as they ought the heritage that is theirs. For the Church's noble liturgy in all its richness is theirs by right of inheritance. May our Catholic educators make it theirs by right of possession.

New York E. S. D.

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Villa, Lind and the Mexican Church

"MURDER will out," even when a "silent statesman" is involved. So, it has come to pass that John Lind has spoken; true, he intended simply to whisper into another statesman's ear, but somehow or other his words went beyond the mark and were heard by the people he vilified.

A document sent from Mexico, by the transcendent diplomat of Sweden and the Minnesota forests, to the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, once upon a time Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Mr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, fell into the hands of the Felicistas and has been given to the press. Thus it reads in part:

As it appears to me, after considerable reflection, the present situation offers the choice of alternative policies as follows: . . . (2) To let the Mexicans themselves undertake and carry on the work of reconstruction under such restraint and limitations as it may seem necessary and practicable to impose. If this latter plan appeals to you as it does to me, then I cannot express my conviction too strongly that *I deem it an essential and necessary condition, to justify any hope of success, that the City of Mexico be humiliated* at least and for the following reasons: Mexico City for centuries has been the center of such government and public opinion as the country has had; and it has assumed to speak and act for the whole country. It has been the seat and the home of all intrigue and all the corruption from which the country has suffered, and it is, in the concentration of its wealth, in its arrogance, in its morals, social and political, as degraded as any capital city in the world.

For the purpose of a cursory analysis the population of Mexico City may be viewed as composed of four principal factors: (a) The aristocratic wealthy element (*which includes the Church*), and the army, in sympathy, the source and nurse of all the corruption. This class has no home nor home life in our sense of the term; no country; Mexico is merely a revenue producer. In the bull-fight season it divides its time with foreign capitals. . . .

The vanity and conceit of the first two classes is mountain-high. They call it pride—real pride they have none. It is probably the outgrowth of the four centuries of unconscious comparison with an inferior race. However produced, it is a stubborn fact that resists all genuine progress, even betterment. I repeat as a first condition to any progress this pride must be humbled.

We can do it with two brigades at this time, but we cannot do it in a moral sense with a hundred thousand. Any chastisement that we might inflict would only cause resentment. It would be laid to our superior equipment, to their misfortune, to our wealth, and, as they would say, to the fact that we were mean enough to take advantage of their national misfortune.

We could defeat, but we could neither humble nor humiliate them. This can only be done by their own people, their own blood—the people of the North.. They can do it to perfection if given a chance.

To make a dog feel that he really is a cur he must be whipped by another dog and preferably by a cur, consequently let this house-cleaning be done by home talent. It will be a little rough, and we must see to it that the walls are left intact, but I should not worry if some of the verandas and French windows were demolished.

General Villa, for instance, could do the job very satisfactorily, as a good friend and true unselfish one, only desiring Mexico's good. We should be near enough by to prevent an utter neighborhood scandal, and as a good neighbor we should also, when the house is ready for permanent repairs, lend a helping hand and see to it that the work is done fairly and that the required material is not wasted.

General Villa did all that was expected of him. A dying nation submerged in the savagery of the "North" is witness to the glory of his work. The Mexican Church has been humbled by the "dog," the "cur"; its altars have been desecrated; its priests tortured and murdered; its Brothers shot; its Sisters deflowered under circumstances of unspeakable brutality. The crucifixion has been reenacted; the naked rood is red once again with the blood of the Master. Nothing remains to be done or said except perchance to congratulate Mr. Lind's "cur" and Mr. Lind himself and all the other God-fearing, capable statesmen on their work, the "humiliated" Mexican Church mourning its polluted altars, its murdered priests and Brothers, its deflowered Sisters. Mr. Lind's "cur," Mr. Lind and all the other God-fearing, capable statesmen are congratulated on their achievement!

The Guardian of Purity

THE sound principles Father Joseph Keating lays down in an excellent paper on "The State and the Social Evil" he contributes to the July *Month* might profitably be brought to the attention of some of our American law-makers. Regarding legislation against the grave disorder in question, he shows that if the State is anxious that its citizens successfully avoid the physical consequences of sin, but neglects to see that their moral sense is strengthened and elevated, matters will go from bad to worse, for "Nothing can combat the evil in all its bearings, and keep the soul as well as the body healthy, except the practice of virtue." Sins of impurity lessen or increase among a people according to the degree in which the teaching of Christ

on the subject is accepted. "If the physical disease is to be suppressed, the moral disease which precedes and engenders it must first be overcome. All other remedies are but palliatives." Father Keating then summarizes as follows what the Catholic Church as the watchful guardian of purity has done for the State:

By the express injunction of its Founder, it made voluntary virginity a higher ideal than even Christian marriage. Its teaching on the virtue of chastity is definite, clear, and uncompromising. None of its children who have studied its catechisms can be ignorant on this important point. It stigmatizes as grievous sins all deliberate offences, were they only in thought or desire against purity. It braces the weak human will and tames the strong human passions by constant recourse to the means of grace, prayer and the Sacraments, until appetite is brought thoroughly into subjection to the rational will. It sets before Christian youth conspicuous models of virtue, the Queen of Virgins especially, and the Saints remarkable for purity of life, and bands them together in sodalities for mutual support. It preaches moderation in the use of matrimonial privileges and denounces all abuse of them. It opposes with all its force the system of successive polygamy introduced by divorce. It thus uses every means, natural and supernatural, to keep this strong animal instinct in due bounds, and it attains wonderful success in its efforts. St. Augustine, who was enslaved by the evil habit, would have despaired of permanently breaking his bonds but for the chaste example of the Christian youths and maidens around him, and that phenomenon has persisted to this day. The superior morality of Catholic boarding schools is acknowledged tacitly or openly by thousands of non-Catholics, and that morality is mainly due to the light and strength afforded by the Church.

The Church, moreover, has never tolerated for an instant the doctrine that sins of impurity are unavoidable, she has never regarded as inevitable what is euphemistically termed "sowing one's wild oats," and she has never accepted the so-called "double standard." The pagans of our day, however, shamelessly and persistently teach that sexual promiscuity is universal, pardonable, "natural," "necessary" and even "wholesome." Consequently public opinion regarding the social evil has become so perverted that outside the Church correct principles concerning the obligation and practicability of personal purity for both men and women are becoming "unpopular." All the more important therefore is it that Catholic publicists should thoroughly understand and fearlessly defend the Church's attitude toward the social evil.

"Keeping Things Going"

WE cheered them as they marched away. Swinging down our city streets the nation's saviors had doffed flannel and sack suit and put on khaki to bear the burden of war. The obscure artisan, the humble laborer and tradesman, the man of big business blazed into prominence as a soldier prepared to fight the country's battles. Public enthusiasm pitched high, and the hand-clapping and shouting from the crowds on the curb and in the windows along the line of march, nearly drowned the music of the regimental band. For "He's savior of 'is country when the guns begin to shoot." The man-at-arms bears war's burden. But do not forget he does not bear it all. It falls with cruel weight on the women of the land, the wife, the sister and the daughter, who get none of the applause, and much of the suffering that shadows the march of tramping armies.

War did not follow Carrizal. Yet we have not escaped all of war's burdens, though there is peace along the Rio Grande. Relief committees organized in our different cities to aid the families of the citizen-soldiery make us realize what war means to the women of a land when the war-drum throbs in earnest, as it has throbbed for two years in blood-mad Europe. The drum-tap is a sledge-hammer blow when it strikes the home with no music to soften it. The womanhood of the warring nations echoes the cry of the womanhood of France:

It is the length of the war rather than its cruelties which call for complaint. We are tired, our women are overworked, our children miss their schooling, and, although everyone does something extra, we do not get it all done. Yet France owes much to these quiet-living people; whether in chateau or cottage, they are "keeping things going."

America too owes much to the women of the land who "are keeping things going," while the men are guarding the international line. Many a boy thought the rush to the border quite a lark. It is no lark for the quiet women who are at home, in some instances enduring want, in every instance enduring the suffering that only women know. Even before the "guns begin to shoot," theirs is the pain, the patient pain borne in silence.

Deserting the Trenches

APROPOS of the well-known fact that in numberless Protestant churches throughout the land there is a practically complete suspension of religious activities during the summer, a certain minister who still retains some old-fashioned notions about the necessity of worshiping God even in July and August, puts the following pertinent questions to his coreligionists:

Have you heard that the Central Empires are planning to evacuate most of their trenches just at the time when it is known the Allies are to make their strongest "drive"? Or is it the Allies that have made this incredible plan? No, it is the churches and welfare forces that are evacuating their trenches for the summer, when the hell-fire forces are accustomed to make their most deadly charge. We are sending thousands of soldiers to Texas and Mexico, expected to march with heavy equipment and fight regardless of torrid summer weather; and we send missionaries to many fields where the coolest weather is hotter than our hottest.

It would be interesting to hear what answer the pastors of the closed churches will make their fellow-minister, for his position seems impregnable. Without question summer and vacation-time is Satan's busy season. He is thoroughly aware that as the thermometer goes up, piety goes down, that a rise in temperature is often followed by a weakening of frail humanity's moral fiber,

and that the average person's fidelity to the duties of a Christian are marvelously influenced by geographical considerations. No doubt the woman who announced "I have chloroformed the cat, loaned the canary to a neighbor, said good-bye to the Ten Commandments, and am off for the seashore" frankly expressed in words the thought that is hidden in the minds of many who make elaborate preparations for an "enjoyable" vacation.

So it would seem that the Protestant minister who really has at heart the spiritual welfare of his flock ought to make extraordinary efforts to lure them to Church during July and August and should by no means altogether give up holding services. But perhaps it is only the shepherd's concern for the errant sheep who stray during the summer months by mountain or mere that leads him to join them there himself. In this connection it is worthy of note that the main concession the Catholic Church makes to the summer thermometer is merely the omission of the late High Mass and the longer sermon. As for Catholics on vacation they clearly understand that they are still bound to assist at the Holy Sacrifice every Sunday.

Base Use of Children

CHILDREN are sacred creatures, consecrated in innocence to God. For this reason normal men venerate them and scorn to use them for any purpose that will not stand the searching gaze of their Creator. But not all men are normal: the intellects of some are dull beyond the ordinary, the wills of others are malicious to an abject degree. Hence it often happens that high ideals are either not understood or, being understood, are rejected for the sake of a base advantage. This may explain much that has taken place and is taking place in relation to the New York Charities Investigation. In this instance not only are children unrevered as vessels of holiness, they are used for the basest of purposes, an unholy warfare against other children. An instance in point is thus described in a recent issue of the Brooklyn *Standard Union:*

A photo-play, claimed by the directors to be the story of a boy's life in a great city, but in reality alleged to be based upon reports of institutional inspectors of the City Charities Department, is being enacted in the old red brick armory, 140 Amity Street, Flushing, which was formerly the studio of the Equitable Film Company. . . .

Towzled heads, grimy faces, tattered and dirty clothes, backless benches, cots in which two children sleep and on which have been left the "trail of the bedbug in their scramble to cover," a score of children bathing at one time in a tub, said to be about 3½ by 15 or 18 feet in size, stockings hanging over the shoetops of the smaller children, according to some of the children who participated in the picture, are a few of the things that will be shown to "corroborate" the reports of Mr. Kingsbury's inspectors. Eighty children, forty boys and as many girls, ranging in age from three to seventeen years, were employed to enact the different scenes. . . .

Most of the scenes, it is asserted, were taken in the armory, but the playground of the "institution" was photographed in a coal-yard, and the agricultural pursuits of the "home" were carried on in the back-yard of a Flushing citizen on Amity Street.

Craighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis, who recently appeared in "The Iron Claw," are the "bad boys" of the institution and, according to the children who told of their experience yesterday, caused the "matron" in charge of the coal-yard playground no end of trouble, and were the "children who got the make-believe scoldings and had to carry the wood and things like that."

"We was all taken to Mr. Lines' coal-yard," said eleven-year-old Ruth Lindeke, of West Amity Street, Flushing, "and Mr. Powell told us all to put on the gingham aprons he had for us. To make them look dirty Mr. Powell squirted some black stuff all over us out of a round thing like what you put out fires with.

"After we had played down in the coal-yard a little while, ring-around-a-rosy and things like that, the matron read to us. She couldn't make Mr. Hale behave very good. He was the big man dressed up like a boy, and looked awful funny, so we didn't enjoy the story so very much.

"When we was in the armory a lady put us all to bed in little cots and made us make believe to go to sleep. There was two of us in each cot.

"There was also a big tub there, and most all of the children had to have a bath all together at one time, only I didn't have any bath, because they didn't want me to."

Mildred Seibert, nine years old, and her sister Laura, seven, jumped out of their bed in their home, 159 Amity Street, when they heard a reporter talking to their mother about the picture.

"Yes, we was both actresses," said Mildred. "There was a lot of our girl and boy friends in the picture and we was all dressed alike and had little gingham aprons on and we all had to have black shoes and stockings.

"First we had something to eat at a long table and then we went down to the coal-yard and played. We had oatmeal and milk and bread to eat, and we went to bed, too, and had lots of fun making believe go to sleep. There was two of us in a cot and sometimes some of the children would tickle each other and they couldn't make believe go to sleep.

"A lot of the children had to take a bath in a tub in the armory. As many as could got in the tub at one time and they all had tights on.

"First Mr. Powell wasn't going to let me be an actress. He said he only wanted my sister Laura, but papa asked him to take me too, and he did."

Comment would but conceal the naked hideousness of this part of the warfare carried on against children by men who would either score a point in their own favor or turn a penny by outrages against truth and decency.

"Saving" the Public Schools

WITH the object of exposing the machinations of Papistical schoolma'ms, the Guardians of Liberty have been "investigating" the public schools of Chicago, and triumphantly report that in one school "pictures of the Madonna were found on the walls of some rooms." As it would be difficult to secure for decorative purposes selections from the Old Masters which would not include a Madonna or two, the Guardians' discovery is not surprising. The real marvel is that these preservers of our liberties should be so indignant because a few lifeless Romish pictures were discovered in a school, yet tolerate with composure the presence there of living Papistical

women who actually have under their control for hours and hours, day after day, hundreds of free-born American children, for some sixty per cent of the public-school teachers of Chicago are said to be Catholics. Nor is this menace to our liberties confined to the metropolis of the Middle West, for the schools of New York and Boston are reported to be almost as seriously imperiled, and those of Philadelphia and St. Louis are not much better off. Indeed, if the truth were told, there is hardly a town in the northern half of the United States where the Papistical schoolma'am is not exerting a strong personal influence over the boys and girls she teaches.

Well it is too for the public schools of the land that this is so. For the Catholic teacher, though she of course formally instructs the children committed to her charge only in those secular branches that fall within the scope of the public school's curriculum, nevertheless if she is a stanch Catholic cannot but be giving her pupils constantly, though perhaps unconsciously, other lessons of far higher value and importance to them than are reading, writing and arithmetic. The reason for this is plain. Owing to the faith she holds, the ideals she cherishes and the motives that govern her life and conduct the Catholic teacher will always be inculcating by precept and example the virtues of reverence, obedience, application and self-control, and as these are the very virtues that young America obviously stands most in need of today, perhaps the Catholic teachers in the public schools will at last be recognized as the best "Guardians of Liberty" our country could possibly have.

After Two Years

AFTER two years of war we pause a moment to reflect not upon the stupendous nature of the conflict, nor upon the enormous losses of nations, nor upon the misery in so many homes. That is an oft-told story, so familiar as to have lost its wonder, so sickening that it will scarcely bear repetition. There is another phenomenon, however, consoling, not sad, which has become prominent in the course of the conflict and is even now in such plain view that no man can ignore it: namely, the phenomenon of Christianity.

When this war began it signalized, so non-Christians were fond of telling us, the breakdown of Christianity. Nations that called themselves Christians were slaughtering one another after the manner of heathens. Christianity was a failure; it had lost whatever hold it had upon the human heart. There was of course an obvious distinction to be made between nations that were Christian in name and nations that were Christian in deed, and it was often made in explanation and as often brushed aside as too metaphysical for pragmatic minds.

But now after two years it appears, even from the evidence of the war itself, that Christianity has not failed. It is in the Catholic religion alone that Christianity exists in its only true form, and the grip of the Catholic religion upon the human heart is, it seems, still firm. Nations have hearkened to the voice of the Roman Pontiff, ever pleading the cause of the wounded and the hungry. Many priests and Sisters are serving on the battle-fields of Europe not with sword or gun, but only with the cross of Christ by their side, ministering alike to friend and foe. It is in the comfortless farewell at the end of life that a shallow religion or philosophy will reveal its fallacy. Do you see any of those Catholic soldiers slack in their faith in the midst of the death-showers of war? Rather do they cling to their religion for solace in the miseries and hardships of battle, breathing forgiveness of their enemies as they die. Wayward sons of Mother Church many of them may have been in life, but there is no one and nothing else, not irreligion, nor skepticism, nor any other false worship, that they love more in dying.

These are not the relics of a dead faith; this is Christianity alive and flourishing. Hear the converts declare with their own peculiar pragmatic sanction that "the principles of Christ have not been given a fair trial." At last even the tongues that raised the foolish slogan "the failure of Christianity" admit that the blame for the hatreds of war attaches to the wilful heart of men, not to Christ's *inhuman* Gospel of love.

LITERATURE

The Poems of a Priest

A DISCERNING critic recently observed that Catholicism is the one power in the world today that can save the art of poetry from debasement and ruin. For the various revolutionary schools of verse, the imagists, cubists, vorticists, and what-not, have by sheer persistence been deplorably successful in convincing both publishers and readers that the dust-heap is the only place to go for true inspiration and that no "poet" can now deliver his "message" effectively unless he completely frees himself from the rust-covered chains of poetic form and diction, from rhythm, assonance and rhyme, and seeks instead to express himself in "everyday speech." Indeed, it would seem that the more like prose his "verse" can be made, the higher its poetical value will be. Intensity of emotion is the chief requisite in ultra-modern verse, sublimity of thought, felicity of phrase, and harmony of measure apparently being altogether secondary considerations. For instance, we find a reputable publishing house bringing out lean volumes of such insipid lines as the following:

> I saw it there in my dream;
> The cover of it was red.
> Red is the color of blood,
> The color of brotherhood;
> Red is the color of flame—
> I saw this book in a dream.

Tired, however, of the prosy versifiers of skepticism and sensuality, the literary world is now listening attentively to the singers of faith and mysticism. For even the unbeliever is forced to own that the poetry suggested by the latter themes is of a higher order than that inspired by the dust-heap and that Catholics, just because they are so hopelessly addicted to living by faith and practising mysticism, are now producing the world's finest poetry. Their habit of mind, moreover, is so conservative that they cling tenaciously to the good old traditions of poetry and shun the new schools of verse.

Both in this country and in Great Britain the choir of melodious poets whom the Church has taught to sing is now quite numerous and renowned. There is Alice Meynell, for example, and Katharine Tynan, Joyce Kilmer and Hilaire Belloc, Louise Imogen Guiney, and Helen Parry Eden, Condé B. Pallen and Thomas Walsh. That there is another accession to this tuneful company is proved by the recent appearance, from the press of Lawrence J. Gomme, New York, of "The Dead Musician and Other Poems," the collected lyrics of Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. To taste the high quality of his poetic genius the readers of the little volume need not go beyond the opening poem, written "In memory of Brother Basil, organist for half a century at Notre Dame," which begins thus:

He was the player and the played upon,
He was the actor and the acted on,
  Artist, and yet himself a substance wrought;
God played on him as he upon the keys,
Moving his soul to mightiest melodies
Of lowly serving, hid austerities,
And holy thought that our high dream out-tops—
He was an organ where God kept the stops.
  Naught, naught
Of all he gave us came so wondrous clear
As that he sounded to the Master's ear.

and ends in this high strain:

As one who long had put wine by
  Would now himself deny
  Water, and thirsting die.
So, sometimes he was idle at the keys,
Pale fingers on the aged ivories;
  Then, like a prisoned bird,
  Music was seen, not heard,
Then were his quivering hands most strong
With blood of the repressed song,—
  A fruitful barrenness. Oh, where,
    Out of angelic air,
  This side the heavens' spheres
  Such sight to start and hinder tears.
Who knows, perhaps while silence throbbed
He heard the *De Profundis* sobbed
  By his own organ, at his bier today,—
  It is the saints' anticipative way,
  He knew both hand and ear were clay.
    That was one thought
    Never in music wrought,
For silence only could that truth convey.

  Widowed of him, his organ now is still,
His music-children fled, their echoing feet yet fill
The blue, far reaches of the vaulted nave,
The heart that sired them, pulseless in the grave.
Only the song he made is hushed, his soul,
Responsive to God's touch, in His control
Elsewhere shall tune the termless ecstasy
  Of one who all his life kept here
    An alien ear,
Homesick for harpings of eternity.

If the foregoing stanzas remind some readers of Francis Thompson, perhaps these charming quatrains will recall Father Tabb:

MARTHA AND MARY

When Light is dead, the busied Day
Folds weary hands and glides away;
While Night outspreads her starry hair
Upon His grave, and worships there.

RECEPTION

A Magdalen, the scarlet Day,
  Knocked at Eve's convent bars;
Comes Twilight, penitent in gray,
  Telling her beads, the stars.

THE SON OF GOD

The fount of Mary's joy
  Revealed now lies,
For, lo, has not the Boy
  His Father's eyes?

The gift of being no less pious than poetical is not common, but Father O'Donnell has it. The temptation to go on prodigally quoting from his religious verse is very strong. In "Dante to Beatrice on Earth," for instance, are found the fine lines:

Hush, hush, O heart! The other side of sky
  There is, believe it, love, a wondrous Hand
Forever wiping eyes forever dry;
  There are no willows growing in that land,
And never shall the lips of love be mute,
God making of our hearts a faultless lute.

Quick as is Father O'Donnell's eye to perceive the beauty of the soul, he is also keenly sensitive to the beauty of the world, as is evidenced by such delicate lyrics as "The Poet's Bread," "Drought," "The Earth-Hour," "The Son of Man," and this exquisite description of spring's coming:

Sandaled with violets, adown the breaking way
She cometh, misty-eyed with hopes of May;
The changing splendor of the morning skies
Holds less of promise than her waiting eyes.

Across the black, ploughed fields her scarf of rain
In floating folds enwraps the leaping grain,
While 'neath the velvet press of her thin feet,
Quickens to growth the yet unbladed wheat.

And as she dreameth, down the blue, far rills
Rise windy banks of unborn daffodils,—
Soft! is it growing grass or young birds' call
Lisping to her, the Mother of them all?

"Dreams of Donegal" and "A Hosting of the Gael" will awaken the music in Irish hearts. There is a sweet miracle play on the Nativity, and the volume ends with the ode Father O'Donnell read at the Panama Exposition on Indiana Day, in which he does not forget to sing of the triumph achieved by that "Conquistador for God, the mission priest," nor to pay an affectionate tribute to James Whitcomb Riley, "brother and friend."

Catholicism, it is said, has not produced so many poets or so great as would be expected of a religion so full of loveliness and beauty as ours. Cardinal Newman seems to admit the fact and explains it by pointing out that the Church herself is "The poet of her children: full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward—wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings which will not bear words may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry, every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the miter, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood, or aspiration of youth." In our day, however, when the world is losing the power of discerning spiritual beauty, it is good to find Catholic poets like Father O'Donnell who in musical and felicitous verses can describe the Church's radiant loveliness and convince the weak in faith that there is a higher life than this daily one and a brighter world than this they see. WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Book of Saint Bernard on the Love of God. Edited with Translations and Notes by EDMUND G. GARDNER, M.A., Litt.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

The editor of this book remarks significantly in his introduction that St. Bernard wrote his book "On the Love of God" when "he had hardly yet begun to take an active part in the external affairs of the Church, or to manifest that (sometimes excessive) zeal against those he deemed tainted with heresy." One critic, taking his cue from this remark, spins out a fancy of his about "the Renaissance, when the cold, healthful wind of reason swept many cobwebs away, among them the iridescent strands of monkish mysticism."

What have mists to do with mystics? Who will teach our wise critic to distinguish the sound and the sense? A genuine mystic like the Abbot of Clairvaux must needs be the most clear-headed of mortals, and his hatred of heresy, his impatience with Abelard, and Arnold of Brescia, and anti-Pope, and renegade bishops and recreant princes were merely a part of his love of God. "The measure of loving God," he says, "is to love God without measure." Owing to similar confusion of the ideas of "meekness" and "weakness Mr. Gardiner is at a loss to interpret "the terrible doctrine," contained in the following lines, with which St. Bernard brings his treatise to a close: "Far be it from us to think that he (the blessed spirit in heaven) will bewail or weep even for those who are assigned to the everlasting fire with the devil and his angels."

Yet the learned Abbot was undoubtedly one of the meekest of men. Witness this very book. It was addressed in kindness to "the illustrious lord Aimeric, Cardinal Deacon and Chancellor of the Roman Church," the same who the year before, malapropos of St. Bernard's activity in the Council of Troyes, had delivered him this stinging rebuke: "It is not fitting that noisy and troublesome frogs should come out of their marshes to trouble the Holy See and the cardinals."

This then is the frog's song! "No sweeter voice was ever heard in springtime from the cuckoo-bird." The Latin of the brief treatise is smoothness itself, and makes most easy reading; but alas for the infelicity of our English language, not Mr. Gardner, nor any one else, could render into English the baffling balances, cadences and suspense of St. Bernard's Latin naïveté, but Mr. Gardner does preserve in his translation safe from the ineptitudes and stiff splendor of high English the charming simplicity with which St. Bernard was able to speak upon so lofty a theme as the love of God. English readers will here find unlocked to them that spirit of St. Bernard, for which St. Thomas craved, and students of Dante will relish the plentiful quotations, which Mr. Gardner, Barlow Lecturer on Dante in the University of London, University College, offers them in the notes to show how the Divine Bard did into immortal verse the ascetic lore of the "Doctor of Love." The parallel passages from St. Thomas are equally interesting. Incidentally St. Thomas's simple distinction between the "integrity" and "the essence" of beatitude solves St. Bernard's perplexity in understanding how a disembodied spirit could be happy in heaven, and leaves the two Doctors in complete accord.

W. T. T.

A History of the Third French Republic. By C. H. C. WRIGHT. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Poland. By W. ALISON PHILLIPS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $0.50.

In the brief space of 200 pages, the Professor of French Language and Literature of Harvard University has given us a well-connected and interesting outline of the main events in France for forty-four years. The narrative is marked by clearness, movement, simplicity and ease. The story begins with the Franco-Prussian War, and through the mazes of constitutional changes, rise and fall of presidents and ministers, brings us down to the initial stages of the present struggle. Mr. Phillips has the gift of historical exposition. As a rule also he has the calm and impartial judgment of the expert in human records and values. Brief though the outlines of the story are, the reader gets clean-cut impressions of such men as Thiers, MacMahon, Gambetta, Boulanger, Jules Grévy. The facts are solidly massed together. The book is both entertaining and instructive. In his effort to bring out one central idea, the author has confined himself to a narrative of presidential, cabinet and parliamentary history. For the inner social, economic, literary and religious life of the Third Republic, the reader must look elsewhere. The Catholic reader will not be satisfied with the atmosphere and general impression created by Mr. Wright where the Catholic Church is concerned, though the author does not write in the spirit of open hostility. It cannot be denied that the conduct of some Catholics toward the Third Republic was imprudent. Had they all rallied to the policy of Leo XIII, happier results for France and the Church would certainly have been obtained. But Catholics had too often just reasons to fight a government whose sole policy at times seemed to be to dechristianize the country and to make the secular and religious clergy the tools of the State. We do not think that Mr. Wright has quite realized the gross acts of injustice and tyranny committed by the various governments of the Third Republic against that Church which for so many centuries had stood in a privileged place of honor and danger on the soil of France.

The tragic fate of Poland and her unhappy children in the war has excited the sympathy of the world. The little volume of the "Home University Library" is timely then in the wide appeal it will make to the admirers of the gallant nation whose struggles and heroism it records. The book does not purpose to tell the splendid and martial epic of the Polish nation in all its completeness and thrilling episodes. It is a study of the Polish question, such as it is presented to us today. It places before us those facts only which have a direct bearing upon that issue. Much useful information is condensed in the chapters on "Polish Origins," "The Polish Body Politic," "The Congress Kingdom," "The Russification of Poland," "Prussia and the Poles," "Austria and the Poles," etc. The author puts the question squarely thus: "Will Germany relax her hold on Poland or will the blows of Russia, herself enlightened and redeemed by her trials, force it to relax its grasp, and Poland be restored to free and wholesome life?" From the way the question is asked, it is not difficult to surmise the attitude and the sympathies of the writer.

J. C. R.

Alcohol and Society. By JOHN KOREN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

The papers in this volume were originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and awakened much resentment among advocates of prohibition. However, the attention they were accorded encouraged the author to enlarge them and cast them into book-form. An effort is made to answer three main questions on the drink evil. Are we to believe that science has said the last word on alcohol? Is the solution offered by prohibitionists sufficient and are their methods sound? May there not be a better approach to the temperance ideal than through coercion?

In recent years so much assumption, prejudice and fanaticism have obscured the vitally real issues of sane temperance reform, that it is refreshing to find a writer who goes to facts for his arguments, and attempts without dogmatizing to offer constructive criticism in the question of evils due to alcohol. For example, as "the curse of alcoholism" flows from spirits and not from the lighter alcoholic beverages, the "hand of the tax-gatherer" should be first, and most forcibly, "laid on distilled liquors." Physiologically there is a big gap between possible injury from the use of light beers and the unquestionable damage done to society and to the individual through constant indulgence in distilled spirits. Of course the essential details of an ideal licensing system cannot be developed in a paragraph, yet the author's views would well merit the consideration of our State Legislatures. Real temperance reform, desired by every citizen worthy of the name, demands that many of the principles governing our present liquor legislation be discarded. At least

no one can gainsay the fact that European countries that have succeeded in combating the abuse of alcohol can teach many a lesson to American legislators. Mr. Koren's concluding pages contain in summary the prohibition laws that are best suited to American needs. His book is full of common sense and singularly free from exaggeration. It should find a wide circle of readers. G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The leading article in the August *Catholic World* is Sir Bertram Windle's paper on natural selection as "A Rule of Life." After giving a description of the ruthless way certain South American Indians, among whom there are no "armchair sentimentalists," get rid of undesirable members of the tribe, he shows that, if the pernicious doctrines now freely taught by pagan sociologists are reduced to practice, civilized man will eventually be brought to the level of those savages. Another important paper in this number is Dr. John A. Ryan's examination of "The Problem of Complete Wage Justice."

"The American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles" (Lippincott, $2.00), by Dan Beard, is an excellent book which places nature-loving boys and girls under a great debt of gratitude to the author. He has sent out a volume at once instructive and interesting. The text is simple and clear and is so well and fully illustrated that danger of misunderstanding it is reduced to the minimum. The volume not only deals with moths, bugs, butterflies and beetles themselves, but what is perhaps better, it gives practical advice on collecting and preserving insects. The illustrations of this part of the text, especially the poison bottles, drying boards, butterfly nets, specimen boxes, will prove of great value to all amateur naturalists, even to those who have passed beyond the boy-stage.

"Good Old Anna" (Doran, $1.35), the title of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's latest novel, is a German servant whom the outbreak of the present conflict finds in the employment of an English family. The author brings two love affairs to a happy conclusion, well describes how a quiet cathedral town was affected by the war, and for the most part keeps her characters lifelike. But a German who had been twenty years in England would hardly make such sad work of the language as Anna does, the spying episodes seem overdone and the reader is not prepared for the old servant's tragic end.——Anne Shannon Monroe has told a wholesome story about "Happy Valley" (McClurg, $1.30), a Western district newly opened to homestead seekers. The bracing air of the prairie pervades the novel, and nearly every man or woman introduced is an amiable optimist. It was clear, of course, from the outset that star-eyed Susie was to be the autobiographical hero's bride.

The Michigan Historical Commission of Lansing has recently published two pamphlets that should be of special interest to American Catholics. Under the title "John Nicolet" is given a good account of the exercises held at the unveiling of a tablet to commemorate the services of that explorer. The address delivered by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., who was the principal speaker on the occasion, is an excellent sketch of what Michigan owes to the early Catholic missionaries and their associates. In the other pamphlet the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D., President of the Commission, supplies with descriptive and explanatory notes the "Names of Places of Interest on Mackinac Island, Michigan, Established, Designated and Adopted by the Mackinac Island State Park Commission and the Michigan Historical Commission." Mgr. O'Brien's thorough knowledge of the history of these places, which are more than 200 in number, appears in the seventy pages of notes he has written.

The New York *Nation* has this to say about "The Night Cometh" (Putnam, $1.35), the new novel by Paul Bourget, which was highly praised in our issue of June 10:

> In the passion of love and the fiercer passion of death she [the heroine] discovers the bitterness, the harshness, the selfishness, and, in fine, the inadequacy of the scientific creed by which her husband lives, and which sufficed her in the days of peace. She cannot live by it, and she will not die by it. In this same crisis she sees bravery in battle, honor in love, fortitude in suffering, and a sweet and manly resignation in death drawn by her lover from the abandoned wells of religious faith. The stoical and the Christian creeds she has seen subjected to the kind of test that men of science themselves prescribe. The former does not stand the supreme strains of life. The latter she has verified in her spiritual experience; it fits the facts of the spirit. It transforms obedience into loyalty and duty into devotion. It contains the "little more" which outweighs all the rest.

The reviewer concludes with the remark that M. Bourget's book is characterized by "an appealing reserve of sentiment and with sober sincerity."

H. De Vere Stacpoole's latest book, "The Gold Trail, a Romance of the South Seas" (Lane, $1.30), will hold to the last page the attention of all who like the "Treasure Island" type of story, for the desperate character of the villain, the thrilling nature of the argonauts' adventures, and the success of their hunt are all that could reasonably be desired. Probabilities, of course, have to be strained occasionally, but Maquart and Hull are highly artistic creations.——Much of the conversation in "The Unspeakable Perk" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25), Samuel Hopkins Adams's summer novel, is rather silly. The book is about some Americans' adventures in the West Indies, and the medical hero richly deserved his hard, hard fate.

The *Indian Sentinel*, the official organ of the Catholic Indian Missions, becomes this month an illustrated quarterly magazine instead of an annual. It is published at 1326 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., the subscription price is $1.00, and Miss Inno McGill has charge of the new venture. Father William H. Ketcham, Director of the Bureau, makes an appeal to all who are interested in the future of the Red Man, announcing that the periodical aims to be "a depository of Indian history, a reliable register of Indian customs and Indian thought, an accurate chronicle of Indian progress." With the many old friends of the *Indian Sentinel* AMERICA unites in wishing the new-born quarterly a long and prosperous career. In the current number, besides a good variety of short articles about the work the Church is doing for our nation's wards there is a paper by Bishop Currier on "St. Ignatius and the New World," and the following sonnet by Father Francis P. Donnelly, on "Loyola":

The great cathedrals of the olden time
Were centuries in building. Many a hand
Laid stone on stone, and many a master planned
Each glorious part from base to belfry chime.
Ages of faith, which reckoned it a crime
With hurried heaps of rock to weight the land!
Building for God, they built His temples grand
With lavishness of years, with art sublime.
Loyola with the same large faith and trust
Bade us put length of life and wealth of love
Into the spirit of his modeling.
No one day's tinsel, made tomorrow's dust,
Could satisfy his master-mind, which strove
For ever greater glories of his King.

EDUCATION

School-Picking

JUST now father and mother are picking schools. They are doing some thinking about the right grammar school for Bud and Sis, but they are doing more thinking about the right high school or college for John and Mary. Father and mother are worried. Naturally they should be. They are ambitious for John and Mary. They are looking for a school which will fulfil their ambitions, and they find it hard to make a choice.

They would be able to do so more easily if their ambitions were defined more clearly. They have a vague desire for the welfare and success of John and Mary, but they really have not decided what this welfare and success ought to be. Could they analyze their souls, all true fathers and mothers would find that the qualities they desire most in a son or daughter are filial piety and Christian purity. Other qualities may be a desirable complement to these, but without these they cannot be happy in their children. The successes, literary, financial, political, social, of children who possess neither filial devotion nor Christian virtue may satisfy some men and some women, but these men and women are merely the parents of progeny. They are not fathers and mothers.

UNNATURAL PARENTS

But it is strange that real fathers and mothers, who desire above everything that their children be virtuous, should, when it comes to ordering the education of their children, seem to disregard their own ambition. Why do so many who are true fathers and mothers pick for their children schools where the morality of those children is most certain to be exposed to blight? Why do good fathers and mothers put son or daughter in places in which they would not stay themselves? Their action really contradicts in an astonishing way the deepest instinct of the parent to guard the child more carefully than self. We have heard of abandoned women who tried to send their children to schools where they would be trained in virtue, and we believe this is in accord with human nature, but what extraordinary obliquity is it which allows a good woman to expose her daughter to vice?

Do good fathers and mothers believe that their children are proof against temptation? There is no warrant for this persuasion. The strong and the robust avoid the danger lest they should perish therein. Fathers and mothers pray daily that they be not led into temptation. Is the sapling stronger than the tree? Delicate plants should not be exposed to every circumstance of soil and climate. The virtue of the child must be counted frail. It is not old enough to have grown vigorous and sturdy. How then can parents expose it to canker?

They do not know the dangers? "Having eyes, see you not? And having ears hear you not? Neither do you remember?" No year goes by without some remarkable revelation of rank infidelity and of gross immorality in the non-religious high school or college. High schools have been closed because of the immorality rampant among the pupils. In too many non-religious colleges, if not in all of them, concealment of vice is purity, and impurity is only the revelation of sin. To the students in these places Christian cleanness is an unbelievable hypothesis.

RECENT CURRENTS

Do parents need proof of this? The death of a schoolgirl in the Middle West has recently awakened many to a realization of unpleasant conditions. What are a few of the interesting *educational* data which have been supplied by this case? That one who in years is a mere boy has advanced so far as to throw the Sixth Commandment into the discard, and to take immoral acts from the catalogue of sins. Letters to his victim indicate this plainly. This boy was well acquainted with the means of unnatural murder. He was not without company in his knowledge. This is bad enough but there is worse. No school can be blamed for having a wretch among its pupils; vile men have a way of getting into decent company. But it seems to indicate a deplorable lack of moral vision when the organ of the student body calls the men of a great university to the defense of the wretch. That a college did so is another of the great *educational* facts in this case. A more disagreeable fact is this. A group of high-school girls in their teens, in the years which we would consider synonymous with all that is sweet and pure and innocent in maidenhood, are introduced into the trial. That is startling and disgusting enough. It is the iron of the law. But it is more startling and disgusting that these girls seem not to have been disturbed by their presence in this loathsome drama. Cool, callous to the rot of that trial and of that court-room at the knowing age of sixteen, eighteen, or thereabouts! It has not been said that these girls were victims as was their dead companion, but can decent fathers and mothers imagine *their* girls brought to the witness-chair in a like trial and in a like court?

"THE CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE"

Is this an extraordinary case? Out of the mouths of their professed defenders non-religious schools stand condemned. What is one great reason for having teachers break the "conspiracy of silence"? The fact that children learn the mystery of sex in the most deleterious way by conversation with one another. In other words the foul conversation of their young companions is one powerful motive for the teacher's explaining sex problems to pupils. Is not this to write on the walls of these schools: "Unclean!" Is it not to hang over their doors a sign inscribed with the legend: "Who enter here are or soon will be unclean"?

Is this the atmosphere and the association into which parents should send children whom they want to remain pure? During the past year a young Jew who had come to a Catholic college from a public high school made this comment on his new situation; "Well, you don't hear the rot here that you heard at S—— S—— High." *Verbum sat!* "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and conversely can the lips utter without the mind thinking, and can the mind think without the passions desiring, and—will it end here? Decent father and mother, suppose it is only the boys who indulge in this ribald language. Do you want to expose your boy to the poison? And if this is the language of the boys, is this the school for your girl? Do you want your girl to sit in such class-rooms under the gaze of young libertines? Though the facts are against us, we will say for the sake of argument that the girl's virtue will never be tainted. But there is still that gaze. Will you expose her to it? There was a day when Christian manhood would not suffer even an impudent glance at a woman. Have we come to a time when Christian fathers and mothers do not resent the glance of sin cast upon their daughters, nay more, when they actually send their daughters where they are sure to be exposed to such gaze? Even the pagan of old Rome would rather see his daughter dead than dishonored. Shame upon the father and mother who call themselves Christian and who would still see their daughter dishonored rather than send her to the Christian school.

This is school-picking time—and parents are their children's keepers.

JOHN P. MCNICHOLS, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

How to Malign an Institution

"HARD measure, scanty justice," cries Newman. "It is a principle of English law that no one should bring a charge against another without being under the obligation of supporting it." But "this righteous rule," he goes on to say, "is simply set aside in the treatment of Catholics and their institutions." The custom of nineteenth-century England just emerging from its foolish fear of Giant Popery has been transferred to twentieth-century New York to form the basis of the campaign against the Catholic institutions. Here and there a request for proof has been asked; as a rule, no attempt has been made to furnish it, and the request has received the scanty courtesy accorded a request made by me to "The New York Evening Mail Syndicate, S. S. McClure, Editor."

THE "SOB STORY"

On June 12 the Harrisburg *Patriot* published the following article written by Rheta Childe Dorr for "The New York Evening Mail Syndicate":

> A Lithuanian woman, in this country less than three years, was deserted by her husband. She had two children, a baby of one year and a little girl of seven. The baby she was able to place in the home of a friend, and the little girl she put in an institution. She did not investigate the institution, but being very religious, confided her child without question to the Sisters.
>
> A month went by before she was allowed to see her child. No reason, just rules. What the poor woman saw when her child came into the room made her burst into bitter weeping. The little girl was chalk-white, emaciated, shrinking and terrified.
>
> She had not had a full meal for a month. "One piece of bread they give you," she whispered to her mother. "For a little mistake they make you kneel on the floor with your arms help up—so. If your arms fall down from being tired, they beat you with a ruler.
>
> There was more of the story, of which the above is merely a mild sample. It was told between sobs as the two sat under a painting of St. Joseph bearing a little child in his arms.
>
> The mother hurried back to the hotel where she worked as chambermaid, and in her distraction sought out the writer of these lines. The woman did not know whether it was possible to get the child out of the institution—she did not know American customs and she spoke little English. She was like a desperate animal.
>
> Machinery was put in motion, and the mother got her child. As they left the place a sweet-faced Sister took the child's hand in her's and said: "Pray for me, Annie."
>
> She was sincere. Her whole time was taken with religious exercises, and in fact the good Sisters had nothing to do with the material side of the institution. That they left to hirelings.
>
> The liberated child ate until we forced her to stop. She was not hungry, she was starved. For days afterwards, a thought was gray and heavy on my mind, the thought that in New York, and in every city in the country, hundreds of thousands of little children were immured in similar dens, and there was no way of getting them out.

This story, for which "The New York Evening Mail Syndicate" stands sponsor, contains so many accusations that it is difficult to know where to begin a criticism.

"STARVED, BEATEN, AND IMMURED"

The charges may be reduced to the following points: (1) "The good Sisters had nothing to do with the material side of the institution. That they left to hirelings." Here we have a definite statement of general application. As applied to any Catholic institution for children in New York, it is a simple falsehood. I do not say that Mrs. Dorr is deliberately falsifying; I know nothing about Mrs. Dorr, save that she once wrote a book on votes for women. I prefer to believe that she is merely ignorant, and that when writing her syndicated story she was intent on turning out what is familiarly known as "sob stuff." (2) After one month in the institution, the child was "chalk-white, emaciated, shrinking and terrified." (3) "She had not been given a full meal in a month." (4) "For a little mistake" this seven-year-old child had been made "to kneel on the floor with arms held out," and, when exhausted, "beaten with a ruler." (5) "She was not hungry, she was starved." (6) She had been "immured" in a den. (7) "There was more of the story of which the above is merely a mild sample."

"COMPLIMENTING" THE CHURCH

At the request of the Rt. Rev. M. M. Hassett, of Harrisburg, the editor of the *Patriot*, who had not read the absurd article, and probably looked on it as mere "filling," wrote the "Evening Mail Syndicate," asking the location of the Catholic institution which Mrs. Dorr referred to as a "den." The following remarkable reply was received:

> Mrs. Dorr herself took the child referred to out of an institution on Madison Avenue, New York. She reports that the child acted like a released convict, and that, when taken to a restaurant, it ate like a starved animal. It is rather difficult to judge as to the exact condition of affairs in the children's home referred to. [Mrs. Dorr seems to have had no difficulty in writing, nor the Mail Syndicate in publishing, a rather complete account of "the exact conditions."] Possibly the child's conduct at the restaurant may have been due to the fact that it had never been taught any table manners, but there is no question but that the youngster was very hungry, and there is no doubt but that the cruel form of punishment is really practised. Older girls in the institution are appointed monitors over the others and are often unsympathetic.
>
> As you know, it is the policy of good judgment not to refer to the Catholic Church or any of its organizations unless you can do so in a complimentary way (*sic*). If one tries to point out conditions that are not the best, he soons finds that he has stirred up a hornet's nest.
>
> V. V. MCNITT, *Manager*.

Passing over the touching sight of the good Mr. McNitt trying, despite the ominous, low-pitched buzz of approaching hornets, "to point out conditions that are not the best" in Catholic institutions, it is to be noted that Mr. McNitt carefully refrains from giving the institution a name. It is merely "on Madison Avenue, New York."

A REMARKABLE MEMORY

At this point, Mrs. Dorr's starved child, together with Mr. McNitt's jejune letter, was given into my hands. I felt, perhaps unreasonably, that Mr. McNitt's defense was somewhat vague; and I knew from experience that, on investigation, many a harrowing anti-Catholic tale, romantically conceived and luridly set forth, proves a common, uninteresting lie. As a leading clue, I wrote Mr. McNitt, asking the name of this much-abused child. This is the answer I received to my simple request:

> Mrs. Dorr does *not recall the name of the little girl* that she removed from the home on Madison Avenue. [Note that the name of that House of Mystery is still withheld.] The mother was a Lithuanian woman with one of those long, unpronounceable names and Mrs. Dorr did not attempt to memorize it.

Here a comment on Mrs. Dorr's remarkable memory, which seems to resemble the memory of Messrs. Kingsbury and Folks as displayed before the Strong Commission, may be in order. In the published account, Mrs. Dorr's memory evinced a striking power of holding details. It recalled that the Lithuanian woman had been "in this country less than three years"; that she had been deserted by her husband; that she had two children, "a baby of one year and a little girl of seven"; that one month, precisely, elapsed before mother and child met; that the child told her story "between sobs"; that they "sat under a painting

of St. Joseph." Mrs. Dorr even remembers a casual remark made by a Sister who was "sweet-faced," as the child left the institution. But on names, long, Lithuanian names, her memory lapses. In a matter of such importance she might write to the institution, for she probably has not forgotten where it is, for the purpose of refreshing her memory. But this, apparently, she does not care to do. Possibly she does not consider it of any importance at all.

DODGING THE ISSUE

Unable to get the name either of the institution or of the child in question, I wrote Mr. McNitt asking for the year of the alleged occurrence, and if possible, the month and the day of the month as well. With this clue I thought I might trace the matter through the records in the office of the Rev. Samuel Ludlow, of the Catholic Bureau. Here is Mr. McNitt's answer:

> Mrs. Dorr feels that she has given sufficient information to various inquirers about her story to justify her in begging to be excused from answering further questions.

"Hard measure, scanty justice. It is a principle of English law that no one should bring a charge against another without being under the obligation of supporting it. . . . This righteous rule is simply set aside in the treatment of Catholics and their institutions." Was Newman's complaint ever more fully justified?

ACCUSATION WITHOUT PROOF

The "sufficient information," brought forth by three or four letters from me, consisted in Mr. McNitt's statement that *"Mrs. Dorr does not recall the name of the child"* who, according to the article sanctioned by the "Evening Mail Syndicate," was "starved" in a "den." When I pointed out the limited extent of this "information," Mr. McNitt washed his hands of the whole matter, by saying that Mrs. Dorr had made a statement of the case to the publisher of the *Evening Mail,* "who, I understand, gave it to one or more Catholic organizations." This favor, however, was not extended to me, nor does Mr. McNitt mention the "one or more Catholic organizations" to which this precious document was entrusted. This trifling omission increases my difficulties. In other words, as Newman says, "instead of the *onus probandi,* as it is called, the burden of proof, lying with the accuser, it is simply thrown upon the accused. Any one may get up of a sudden, and may say what he will to our prejudice, without producing any warrant at all for the truth of his charge. . . . Upon this, the Protestant public turns round to the poor Catholic, and asks what he has to say in his defense, as if he had yet anything to defend."

Instead of reporting the matter at once to the police, Mrs. Dorr, with a gray and heavy thought on her brain, writes sobbingly of a Catholic home which she calls a "den," and of a little child "immured" therein, beaten and starved. When I, a "poor Catholic," ask for proof, I cannot get even the name of the accused institution. On a final complaint, I am bidden go hunt up a "statement" which, at some time or other, Mrs. Dorr made to the "publisher of this paper," the New York *Evening Mail,* and sent, "I understand, to one or more Catholic organizations." What organization? There are hundreds in New York; thousands in the United States. Does Mr. V. V. McNitt credit me with preternatural powers, or does he consider me a plain Papist fool, who by this time should know that it is the lot of Catholics to suffer calumny without redress?

PREACHING BUT NO PRACTICE

In his latest letter to me, Mr. McNitt, while still refusing to give any names, wishes "to make it perfectly clear that the 'Evening Mail Syndicate' and the *Evening Mail* itself have not the slightest intention or desire to criticize or antagonize the Catholic Church or its institutions." I accept Mr. McNitt's avowal, but I am compelled to remark that he has adopted most extraordinary means of making his desire not to "criticize" Catholic institutions "perfectly clear." In the first place, the Syndicate under his management has publicly preferred charges of the gravest nature against a Catholic institution. In the next place, it has persistently refused even to attempt to prove them.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Addressing the teachers in convention at Madison Square Garden early in July, Mr. William C. Redfield declared: "Childhood and labor are opposing things that should have naught in common, and it is almost sacrilege to place even in thought the burden of labor on the back of a child." The speaker surely did not mean to eliminate all household duties from the lives of children, duties that are of benefit to themselves and of assistance to their families. To give play the exclusive right over our children would develop a poor brand of citizenship, and cultivate a splendid sense of irresponsibility. The commercial exploitation of the child is to be unhesitatingly condemned. So is the foolish statement that childhood and labor must never meet.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics announces that there were more strikes and lockouts in the United States in the six months ending on June 1, than in the entire year of 1915:

> Between December 1 and June 1, 1,432 labor disputes were reported, while during 1915 the number reached 1,405. In May alone, 396 strikes were started. Building and metal trades showed the greatest strike activity, with mining next, followed by longshoremen and freight handlers and clothing industries.

Pennsylvania and New York had the largest number of labor disputes; Ohio, New Jersey, and Massachusetts following in order. When magnate and labor leader cease to view each other as natural enemies, the Bureau's reports will be more hopeful. Pope Leo's remedy for this evil was mutual trust and cooperation, fostered by religion. Still Pope Leo is nearly a quarter of a century out of date.

Two thousand delegates met at the sixth annual convention of the Motion-Picture Exhibitors League in Chicago. The extent of the Moving-Picture industry may be estimated from the following figures:

> Number of picture-theaters in the United States, 21,600; daily attendance, 25,000,000; amount invested in picture theater property, $360,000,000; salaries paid weekly, $2,300,000; number of picture-theater employees, 205,000; amount invested in film plants, machines, electrical equipment and theaters, $2,000,000,000.

A resolution bearing upon the curtailment of salaries was discussed. It is much more imperative that resolutions dealing with the elimination of the improper film be not only discussed but carried into execution. In a number of playhouses that cater to the young, the teaching power of the "movie" is being perverted and abused to destroy purity, and implant the seeds of crime in the receptive minds of children.

At the annual meeting of the Catholic Stage Gild held in London, July 4, Madame de Navarro, once "our Mary," addressed the meeting. She quoted Mr. Ben Greet's remark that the Catholic Stage Gild succeeded far better in its objects and had far more members than the [Anglican] Actors' Church Union, and she was of the opinion that the union of so many of the profession with the Gild not only made them very fervent in their faith, but had done a great deal to break down prejudices against the stage. "I know, to my sorrow," said Madame de Navarro, "that prejudices did

exist. My own relatives, among them a priest, said they would rather see me dead than on the stage, and as a girl I was always nervous when I came across a strange priest who might only know my name as connected with the stage." She was glad that actors can claim three Saints: St. Pelagia, St. Gelasinus and St. Genesius, and she believed that only the Catholic Church could write "comedian and martyr" after a saint's name.

The pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution served a jail sentence for burning the Flag, and won a fair amount of publicity. The *Wall Street Journal* speaking of the incident remarked:

> Thousands are ready to vent their gusty indignation over such a "desecration of the Flag" who are quite as ready to bleed their government on a contract, to promote some pork-grabbing scheme of local expenditure, or to help a crook or incompetent into an important office. What has real patriotism to do with it? How do the real interests of the country fare in these processes?

Patriotism should be deeper than an ink-bottle. American papers are conspicuous for outbursts of patriotism, on the editorial page, yet they find space for unpatriotic divorce proceedings, political "graft" deals, and birth-control lectures.

The Senior Sodality of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, has published an account of the work accomplished by the sodality sections. The promotion of interest in the Catholic press it considers the most important of its activities:

> The Senior Sodality of St. Xavier College realizing to some extent, at least, the supreme importance of the Catholic press has endeavored by various means to assist in its development. The most promising and far-reaching of these endeavors was launched recently when a number of its most energetic members were induced to devote their summer vacation to the noble work. With the hearty approval of his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, and of many priests these "Knights of Our Lady" will canvass the city of Cincinnati in a systematic way and will strive to the best of their ability to create interest in Catholic periodicals.

This sodality has taken to heart these words of Pius X: "It is useless for you to give missions, to build churches and found schools, if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal Catholic press." Unless the Catholic laity is keenly alive to the power of the press in American life, and wide awake to support the pens that are wielded in support of truth, Catholic editors might just as well close their sanctums.

The Bulletin of the International Labor Office shows how the governments of Europe are being "socialized" by the war:

> Germany heads the list in State-conducted enterprises. Practically all the principal commodities are now controlled by "sale societies" which the authorities have ordered the chief producers to form. These official "Trusts" are forced to cooperate closely in production and in distribution and price regulation. They are also held answerable for the handling of the labor situation, again under Government direction. Indeed, control of the relations between labor and capital has been one of the chief socialistic preoccupations of the nations at war. France has practically conscripted labor, while at the same time regulating wages and hours of work. The most significant recent French legislation, however, looks to the apprenticing in trades of all unemployed children between the ages of thirteen and eighteen not at school. The English have done an unprecedented thing by establishing an official blacklist for employees who leave their employment without due cause.

What war makes necessary, Socialism would accomplish in peace times. Belloc called the Socialist State by the truer name of the Servile State. For State management would eventuate in absolute control by the politician who would be the master, with the citizens of the Socialist Utopia as his slaves.

The report of the Inter-denominational Committee on the number of children receiving religious instruction in New York City, after school hours, contains statistics of interest to all who have the welfare of the child and of the State at heart:

> The Inter-denominational Committee has spent a year studying the problem of promoting weekday religious instruction in the city. Its purpose is to demonstrate that school programs can be utilized without infringing on sectarian neutrality; that churches can organize their educational work so as to include weekday religious instruction; that churches can combine to operate a community school and that religious instruction can be provided on weekdays for all the children of any community.
>
> The committee has found that only about 383,000 out of 831,000 school children in New York City are known to have their public school training supplemented by religious education at their respective places of worship. Of the 383,000 children about 60,000 are receiving more than one weekly period of formal religious education.

In a decade or so these irreligious children will have the rights of citizenship without having learned the fundamentals of citizenship's responsibilties, based on the indivdual's responsiblity to God.

Pseudo scientists received a jolt and common-sense citizens a feeling of relief when Justice Goff, of the New York Supreme Court refused to allow the Binet-Simon test for normal mentality to be the last word in a judicial decision. The person brought before him was supposed to be a defective, that is to say a child who had failed to respond suitably to fifty-six tests which infallibly decide that mental development has not reached the Binet-Simon standard. Of course all the tests are surprisingly simple. For example: "Five, six, two, nine, seven. We saw a meowing cat" If a three-year-old does not repeat that correctly and give his or her family name—presto! it is in a fair way to be pronounced defective. Again! "Name the days of the week in order. What day of the month is it? Give me twenty-one cents change out of a twenty-five cent piece." If a nine-year old lad fails to answer these simple queries within ten seconds, the "Binet-Simoners" are apt to call the child subnormal. It may or it may not be, but beyond the shadow of a doubt the notions of the Binet-Simoners on child psychology are, to say the least, quite extraordinary.

Justice Goff struck a stinging blow at the host of faddists, experimenters, and latter-day scientists who are in places of trust where their theories can be worked for the unhappiness of those committed to their keeping. His words are worth recording:

> Standardizing the mind is as futile as standardizing electricity, and the votaries of science or pseudo-science in their enthusiasm are liable to confound theory with hypothesis and to reach conclusions that will accord with their prepossession. The law, however, is made by men to apply to the human concrete, and while it welcomes and avails of the knowledge of science, it holds fast to proved fact.

Justice Goff is in accord with the majority of the Chicago Bar Association, who declared the Binet system, not "a valuable scientific means of ascertaining legal or moral responsibility for crime." Had the Binet-Simoners a sense of humor they would appreciate the suggestion of his Honor to the effect that lawyers and witnesses should be submitted to the test. But some of them not only lack a sense of humor but a sense of responsibility, and in that lies the danger of these faddists to the body politic.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—Carranza's plan suggesting that a commission be appointed to decide whether the American troops shall leave Mexico, and to settle the questions in dispute between Mexico and the United States was accepted in a modified form by President Wilson. The modifications suggested by the President are that the commission's scope of action be widened so that different matters making for a better understanding between both countries may be considered by the commissioners. The note of acceptance signed by acting Secretary of State Polk, and addressed to the Secretary of Foreign Relations of Mexico, through Mr. Arredondo, the Mexican Ambassador-Designate, reads:

The United States and Mexico

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your Excellency's note transmitted under date of July 12 by Eliseo Arredondo, your Government's confidential agent in Washington, informing me that your Excellency has received instruction from the citizen First Chief of the Constitutionalist army charged with the executive power of the Union to propose that each of our Governments name three commissioners, who shall hold conferences at some place to be mutually agreed upon and decide forthwith the question relating to the evacuation of the American forces now in Mexico, and to draw up and conclude a protocol or agreement regarding the reciprocal crossing of the frontier by the forces of both countries, also to determine the origin of the incursions to date in order to fix the responsibility therefor and definitely to settle the difficulties now pending or those which may arise between the two countries on account of the same or a similar reason; all of which shall be subject to the approval of both Governments.

In reply I have the honor to state that I have laid your Excellency's note before the President and have received his instructions to inform your Excellency that the Government of the United States is disposed to accept the proposal of the Mexican Government in the same spirit of frank cordiality in which it is made.

This Government believes and suggests, however, that the powers of the proposed commission should be enlarged so that, if happily a solution satisfactory to both Governments of the questions set forth in your Excellency's communication may be reached, the commission may also consider such other matters the friendly arrangement of which would tend to improve the relations of the two countries; it being understood that such recommendations as the commission may make shall not be binding upon the respective Governments until formally accepted by them.

Should this proposal be accepted by your Excellency's Government, I have the honor to state that this Government will proceed immediately to appoint its commissioners, and fix, after consultation with your Excellency's Government, the time and place and other details of the proposed conferences.

According to present reports the commission will be made up of three representatives from each country. It is said the First Chief has tentatively selected Luis Cabrera, Secretary of the Treasury, Albert Pani, President of the Mexican National Railway, and Ignacio Bonillas, Secretary of Communications. Our own State Department has not given out the names of the American members of the commission.

On July 25 official announcement was made at Washington that negotiations had been completed between Denmark and the United States for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, for $25,000,000. The three islands involved, St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, lie due east of Porto Rico. They are of strategic value to the American Government from a military standpoint, while the harbors of St. Thomas and St. Croix are of prime importance to the United States Navy, the island of St. Thomas being in the shipping line from Europe to the Panama Canal. In 1865 Admiral Porter pronounced St. Thomas "a second Gibraltar, which could not be attacked by a naval force." Since the Civil War their

The Danish West Indies

acquisition has been the subject of unsuccessful negotiations. At one time they could have been bought for $3,000,000, and in 1902 the United States Senate failed to ratify a treaty for their purchase at $5,000,000.

National Appropriations

The present Congress is likely to be remembered for its enormous appropriations. For instance, the Army, Navy and Post Office bills each call for an expenditure of over $300,000,000. The Army appropriation bill, which reached the Senate on July 27, totals in round numbers $314,000,000, bringing the aggregate for national defense for the fiscal year 1917 up to nearly $700,000,000. The appropriations for preparedness as they now stand, July 31, are:

Army	$313,970,447.10
Navy	315,826,843.55
Fortifications	25,748,050.00
Military Academy	2,238,328.57
Army and Navy Deficiency	27,558,348.05
Total	$685,342,017.27

Despite all this it is repeatedly reported that the Army and Navy were never in a worse condition.

The War.—The fighting between the British and the Germans at Pozières, Longueval, and Delville Wood has been the most furious of this long struggle on the Somme, and has ended this week with all the aforesaid places in complete possession of the British. The Italians report the capture of Monte Cimone, an important strategic position on the Posina-Astico line. Erzingan was taken by the Russians, and thereby practically the whole of Armenia was wrested from the Turks. It is expected that the next objective of the Russians will be Sivas, 130 miles further west in the heart of the Ottoman Empire.

Bulletin, July 25, a. m.-July 31, p. m.

The Russians have made steady advance during the past week in their campaign against Lemberg. Pressing their success of last week at the Lipa and the Styr, they have forced the Austrians back to the northeastern border of Galicia. The River Bug, thirty miles away, is the next natural line of defense for the retreating army. West of Lemberg, Brody was captured by an attack from the north, which forced the Austrians back in succession across the River Slonevke and the River Bolderovka, and threatened the railroad to Lemberg. Brody was the principal military depot for the Austrian army operating along this front. An effort is also being made to envelop Lemberg from the south below the Dniester. Another Russian army is there fighting towards Stanislau, whence another trunk railroad runs to Lemberg. The whole Austrian line along the Strypa is also menaced by these two movements at Brody, and on the Dniester. Moreover, a successful attack has been made on the German lines defending Kovel along the Stokod. The attack is aimed toward Vladimir-Volynski, and after being repulsed for three weeks it has succeeded in forcing a way across the Stokod between the Rovno-Kovel railway and the Turia River. The Russians report having captured 350,000 prisoners since the beginning of their campaign along the Eastern front on June 4 last; the Central Powers on the other hand claim to have captured 2,678,000 prisoners in all since the beginning of the war.

Russian Advance on Lemberg

The question of the possession of the British steamship Appam, captured by the German cruiser Moewe and brought into Hampton Roads, was decided by Federal Judge Waddill in favor of the British owners. The principle of the decision was that the presence of the ship in our waters is a violation of the neutrality of the United States and that the vessel must be treated as being stranded and abandoned on our shores and be restored to its owners. The German prize court on the other hand decided that the vessel was a war prize and that the gold on board ($180,000) should be turned over to the Reichstag.

Decision in the Appam Case

President Wilson's note to Great Britain on the blacklisting of American firms, without making any particular demands, protests against what it calls an arbitrary interference with neutral trade. It points out that not only British subjects, but also neutral steamship lines and neutral bankers are liable to suffer harmful consequences if they trade with the proscribed firms, and this not only in Great Britain and her dependencies, but also in foreign countries. "The measures," it goes on to say, "are inevitably and essentially inconsistent with the rights of citizens of all the nations not involved in war." It regards them as an extension of known remedies and penalties for breaches of blockade and asserts that "the Government of the United States cannot consent to see those remedies or penalties altered or extended at the will of a single Power or group of Powers to the injury of its own citizens or in derogation of its own rights."

President Wilson's Note on the British Blacklist

Germany.—The German government, as if in answer to the boasts of the Allies, has issued this statement giving the official figures relating to conquests, at the end of the second year of the great and apparently endless war:

Conquests in War

The Central Powers occupy 431,000 square kilometers, (161,625 square miles), against 180,000 (67,625 square miles) a year ago. The enemy occupy in Europe 22,000 square kilometers, (8,250 square miles), against 11,000 (4,125 square miles) a year ago.

The Central Powers, Bulgaria and Turkey captured 2,678,000 enemy soldiers, against 1,695,000. Of those taken prisoner by the Germans, 5,947 officers and 348,000 men were French, 9,109 officers and 1,202,000 men were Russian, and 947 officers and 30,000 men were British.

The war booty brought to Germany, in addition to that utilized

immediately at the front, comprised 11,036 cannon, 4,700,000 shells, 3,450 machine guns, and 1,556,000 rifles.

According to the list of statistics of German wounded soldiers, 90.2 per cent returned to the front, 1.4 per cent died; the rest were unfit for service or were released. The military measures of the Central Powers, in consequence of vaccinations, were never disturbed by epidemics.

No doubt it is these facts that lead our military experts to say that the advantage is still with the Central Powers.

Allies' "Economic Compact"

In comment upon the Economic Compact of the Allies, the German Foreign Office issued a statement, in which it charges the Allies with planning a permanent economic war upon Germany. The following are important extracts:

They [the foes of Germany] are unwilling that Germany should become great and strong, because the other Powers want to be the economic masters of the world. Territorial and economic aggrandizement has united Germany's foes in a war of destruction against us. . . . England, therefore, wants a war of destruction, war to the knife, which, according to the plans of our foes, shall continue even after the cannon is silenced; for their former talk about the permanent peace that they wished to establish has been drowned under the shout that Germany's foes are raising over the Paris Economic Conference.

The statement concludes as follows:

The alliance of the Central Powers rests upon a community of political and economic interests. It is an intrinsic necessity for all four States, and it guarantees to them among themselves the greatest advantages without in any way threatening the interests of the others.

Building upon what she already has achieved, Germany treads the threshold of the third year of the war with unshaken confidence. But the goal has not yet been reached, for the foe has not yet come to see the impossibility of subjugating Germany.

Up to this writing the Allies had made no answer to these direct and rather caustic comments.

Ireland.—During the week the Home Rule difficulty gave rise to prolonged and heated discussion. On June 25, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin published a letter in which he condemned the management of the cause in Parliament and declared that Ireland was now facing "truly awful prospects." On the same day John Dillon made this motion in the House of Commons:

Home Rule

That in view of the announcement of the Government, that they do not intend to introduce their promised bill to settle the Government of Ireland, it is vitally necessary and urgent that the Government should immediately disclose to the House its plans for the future government of Ireland during the continuance of the war.

On June 26, Timothy Healy threw the House into a violent commotion by charging that "of the 3,000 men and women arrested during the Irish rebellion, two-thirds were treated with a cruelty and ferocity that even Germany had not shown in Belgium." He further stated that the maladministration of the Home Secretary had given occasion to the Irish uprising. As usual a violent but useless debate followed. Next day, in accordance with Asquith's promise, this official paper was published, giving the agreement arrived at by Redmond, Carson and Lloyd George:

(1) The Government of Ireland Act of 1914 to be brought into operation as soon as possible after the passing of the bill, subject to the modifications necessitated by these instructions. (2) The said Act is not to apply to the excluded area, which is to consist of the six counties, Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Tyrone, including the parliamentary boroughs of Belfast, Londonderry and Newry. (3) As regards the excluded area the executive power of his Majesty to be administered by a Secretary of State through such officers and departments as may be directed by an order in council, those officers and departments not to be in any way responsible to the new Irish Government. (4) The number of Irish representatives in the United Kingdom House of Commons to remain unaltered, viz., 103. (5) The Irish House of Commons to consist of members who sit in the United Kingdom House of Commons for constituencies within the area to which this Act applies. (6) A reduction to be made in the number of Irish senators proportionate to the population of the excluded area. The senators to be nominated by the Lord Lieutenant subject to instructions from his Majesty. (7) The Lord Lieutenant to have power to summon conferences between members for constituencies in the excluded area and members for constituencies in the rest of Ireland. (8) A reduction to be made from item A of the transferred sum (cost of Irish services) when ascertained proportionate to the population of the excluded area. (9) Provision to be made for permanent sitting of the high court judge or judges at Belfast appointed by the Imperial Government or for the constitution of a new court at Belfast with the same jurisdiction as that of the high court, but locally limited. All appeals, both from courts in the excluded area and those in the rest of Ireland, to go to the appeal court in Dublin. (10) Section thirty of the Government of Ireland Act to be extended to any disputes or questions which may arise between the excluded area and the new Irish Government. (11) His Majesty's power of making orders in council for the purposes of the Act to be extended so as to include the power to make necessary adjustments and provisions with respect to the government of the excluded area and relations between that area and the rest of Ireland and Great Britain, etc. (12) Among the various questions to which attention must be directed in this connection will be the question of fixing fair rents under Irish land acts. (13) All orders in council under the new act to be laid before both houses of Parliament in the same manner as orders under the Government of Ireland Act. (14) This bill to remain in force during the continuance of the war and twelve months thereafter, but if Parliament has not by that time made further and permanent provision for the government of Ireland, the period for which the bill is to remain in force is to be extended by an order in council for such time as may be necessary in order to enable Parliament to make such provision.

This agreement was rendered abortive by Lansdowne's speech and the Government's subsequent action. English papers, with the exception of the London *Morning Post*, blame the Cabinet for its mismanagement of the Irish question. On July 26 the London *Times* said:

Redmond and Carson are infinitely nearer together than ever before, and if they cannot settle the Irish question by the simple process of shaking hands they can at any rate prevent it from relapsing into hopelessness by refusing to be driven any further apart.

The *Daily News* declared:

Mishandling of the situation at the dictation of the Lansdownes, the Middletons and the Cecils has enormously embittered the already bitter feeling in Ireland. Nothing but the decisive repudiation of the Lansdowne cult will save the position from utter disaster.

The chief Irish papers discuss the situation with great frankness. The *Irish Times* states that "a political truce must be restored by agreement." The *Freeman's Journal* complains bitterly against the British Government which "alone was found without faith and without courage." "This breach of faith," it continues, "will inflame feelings already sufficiently inflamed by the blunders of the Coalition." The *Independent* believes:

Every honest Irish Nationalist will rejoice at the disappearance of the hateful and nefarious scheme of Lloyd George and the Government to divide and dismember Ireland. But, unfortunately the manner in which the plan was conceived, together with the trickery and chicanery by which the Government sought to impose it upon the country, will constitute forever an unedifying and dishonorable episode in our history.

Naturally all this has a disturbing effect on the Irish at home, while the Irish in America have been disappointed and angered by the refusal of the British Government to allow Messrs Kelly and Smith to land in Ireland with $50,000, part of a fund collected for the Irish sufferers. Both the detained gentlemen carried passports which had been viséd by the British Consul-General at New York.

Mexico.—Confusion worse confounded has been precipitated in Mexican social and commercial life, in consequence of the First Chief's decree nullifying the civil records, contracts and the judicial decisions of the Huerta and other régimes of the past three years. The principal articles of the ukase read:

Internal Affairs

Article 1. All acts executed by private persons (and whereever they have intervened, borrowing their authority,) and of the functionaries of the judicial, Federal and local powers of the uprising administration, Huertista, conventionista and the so-called neutral governments of Oaxaca and Yucatan, are hereby annulled. Article 2. The acts of guardianship and of the emancipation of children will continue, depending for their validity or nullification on the character of the judicial decisions of the voluntary and hybrid jurisdiction whence they were derived. Article 3. The revalidation or nullification of judicial decisions in which the Federal or local treasury would be concerned and which were executed during the usurpation administrations will be determined in each case by the judgment of the Government. Article 4. The interested parties in the proceedings declared null by the first article of this decree will have the right to solicit revalidation in the time, form and limits expressed in subsequent articles. The plaintiff in a proceeding initiated during usurpation periods will not have the privilege of soliciting revalidation. Article 7. The time for soliciting revalidation will extend from the promulgation of this decree to six o'clock in the afternoon of December 30, of the present year.

There are seven other articles; of these 8, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 prescribe and define the court procedure necessary to secure revalidation of documents and records in general. Article 9 lays down regulations for the revalidation of sworn documents. As is clear this sudden and drastic action has caused endless trouble. Meantime the people are living in extreme misery: food is scarce and according to authentic information the Zapatistas are once more seen in the hills, in sight of Mexico City. The "Chiefs," however, are enjoying comparative luxury, and when they are obliged to leave their distracted native land, they live in comfort in fashionable New York hotels.

Rome.—The entrance of a Catholic, Signor Meda, into the Boselli Cabinet has given rise to some interesting discussions. *Rome* points out that though there are 540 Italian deputies, yet only about a score are Catholics. The same paper declares that the *Non expedit* has been only a partial success, for sixty per cent of the citizens invariably went to the polls and many of those who stayed away were not influenced to do so by the Holy Father's wish. Strangely enough *Rome* calls the *Non expedit* "little more than a history memory." Pius X was not adverse to Catholic deputies, but he set his face against a Catholic party and made it known that these deputies were not "in any sense official representatives of religious interests or religious opinion in the country." Despite this they became known as the "Catholic group," and since Boselli wishes all groups to be represented in his Cabinet, *Rome* thinks it quite natural that he should choose one member from among the Catholics. The *Osservatore Romano* considers the matter from two angles, first discussing Signor Meda's attitude toward the war, before Italy took up arms against Austria, and then turning to Meda's position as a Catholic. After remarking that many who have entered the new Cabinet had been known as neutrals, this paper says:

Catholics and the Cabinet

From this point of view the entrance of Signor Meda into the Cabinet may have caused some surprise, since he certainly was not one of those who urged on the (Italo-Austrian) war, although after it came to be declared he accepted the situation, while explicitly leaving the responsibility of it to those who had assumed it. In doing this Signor Meda, whose principles, as is well known, are Catholic, cannot be said to have separated himself from the Catholics of Italy. In fact, the Catholics, prior to the declaration of war, were neutral not only through motives of seasonableness and of political convenience, but through other considerations of a higher order. They were neutral, or, better still, impartial, toward all the belligerents, as was, and still is, the Sovereign Pontiff, their leader and master, who does not tire of repeating to the nations and to the Governments the word, peace. It must not and cannot be assumed that Signor Meda represents in the Ministry the Catholics and their organizations, since there being in Italy no Catholic party politically constituted and in Parliament no Catholic group properly so called, Signor Meda cannot, as a Minister, represent any others but himself and his friends.

From this it is clear that the Holy See has not changed its attitude toward a Catholic party.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Paganizing the Child in New York

FOR the first time in our respective careers, the *New Republic* and myself find ourselves in substantial agreement on a matter of vital importance. In an article in the current number, "Father Blakely States the Issue," that journal affirms the accuracy of the position taken by AMERICA in the attack made on the private institutions of New York. The purpose of that attack was fairly plain: it was to paganize the child. Choosing another term for "paganize," the *New Republic* admits the fact with praiseworthy frankness.

It is high time that the admission was made. Too long have we been dealing in "glittering generalities"; too long have the pained statements of New York's charity "reformers," that they have "no intention of interfering with the religion of the dependent Catholic child," been allowed a validity which they by no means possess. On more than one occasion I have pointed out the dangers of the "modern sociology" of which these same reformers have long been the active and highly paid exponents. I have identified it with that atheistic philosophy whose attack is directed not against the Catholic Church alone, but against the very foundations of revealed religion. I have had no hesitation in terming it "godless sociology," "pagan sociology," and "a crass materialism that would turn the State into a god, and recognize no creed save one, the omnipotence of the commonwealth." For this plain speaking, I have been called reactionary, bitter, uncharitable, and ignorant. This criticism is of little consequence. What is of consequence, however, is the fact that the *New Republic*, a recognized exponent of what it considers "modern democracy" but which I term "modern sociology," admits "gladly" that I have stated the case with complete accuracy.

Father Blakely deserves cordial respect for the candor with which he states the issue as seen by the clerical organization. ". . . between the principles of Catholicism and the principles of modern sociology, upon which many unwary Catholics have looked with approval, there is an essential and irreconcilable antagonism. . . . The Church is from God; modern sociology is not; for like present-day non-sectarian education, *it has severed all relations with Him.* . . ." *We gladly accept the issue as Father Blakely states it.* . . . The enemy, as Father Blakely so plainly says, is the *secularizing tendency of modern life.* . . . From its own point of view the Church is perfectly right in its antagonism, however unwise the tactics it pursues. *The secularization of philanthropy is one of the clear intentions of modern liberals,* and though liberals wish to proceed moderately and with all possible fairness, they *do intend to proceed.*

But what are the means by which these liberals "intend to proceed"? The *New Republic* states them admirably.

. . . Government is not an alien thing *to be limited,* but a social instrument to be used. Democracy has been evolving from a protest into a purpose. . . . "Modern sociologists" are simply men engaged in stating the affirmative faith of democracy.

What is the program built, not upon faith in God, but upon this "faith of democracy"?

Twentieth century democracy believes that the community has certain positive ends to achieve, and if they are to be achieved *the community must control the education of the young.* . . . It believes that freedom and tolerance mean the development of independent powers in the young, not the freedom of older people *to impose their dogmas* on the young. It insists that . . . *experimental naturalistic aptitudes* shall constitute the true education. It is this demand of democracy which Father Blakely has in mind when he says that more money should be given to Catholic institutions because "the destiny of immortal souls" may hang upon the endowment. The candid democrat must reply that no one has a monopoly in salvation, that there may be other destinies besides those conceived by Father Blakely, and that the power *to choose and control destiny* is the ambition of democrats educated in an age of science.

This program of modern paganism has been stated time and again in the pages of AMERICA. Government is not "to be limited"; on the contrary, it is to be made a god, enslaving the lives of its creators by exacting a blind and unreasoning faith in an evolving "democracy." With the God of Revelation, a God of reasonable service, swept aside, the inalienable right of the parent over his child is usurped by "twentieth century democracy." The omnipotent "community," heedless of the wishes of father or mother, "must control the education of the child," and "experimental naturalistic aptitudes," with no reference whatever to higher intellectual or supernatural needs, are to "constitute the true education." "Older persons," or God, for that matter, may not "impose their dogmas on the young." The reason of this restriction is plain. The right of "imposing dogma" is reserved to "twentieth century democracy," whose first and most sacred dogma is a blind, unquestioning acceptance of the *complete supremacy of a godless community over every phase of human activity.* As for the fulness of the Revelation of God in Christ Jesus, that is a myth and a fruitful source of superstition, which no "candid democrat . . . educated in an age of science" can accept.

The program announced by the "twentieth century democracy" states a complete and efficient policy of paganizing the child. Where will it end? The *New Republic* answers this question by referring with obvious approval to "the struggle which France fought recently and won." One result of that "struggle" was that thousands of men and women, France's finest citizens, as France is now realizing, were sent into exile in the name of "liberty of conscience"; another, that more than a million and a half children, voluntarily confided by parents to the care of Christian instructors in fifteen thousand schools, were compelled in the name of liberty, to submit to an "education" deliberately hostile to religion; while a third result is thus formulated by M.

Ferdinand Buisson, the real founder of "secularized education" in France.

> The Christian moral system presents nothing more or less than a coarse ideal against which our consciences revolt, and which would throw us back two thousand years. . . . The only possible result of all rational education must be the evolution of the religion of the past into the irreligion of the future.

"The triumph of the Galilean has lasted for twenty centuries" proclaimed another secularizer, M. Delpech, in the French Senate. "It is now his turn to die . . . The deception has lasted long enough; the lying God in his turn disappears." And M. Aulard exclaimed: "Let us no longer assert that we do not intend to destroy religion but let us boldly proclaim that we do intend to destroy it."

Unfortunately, the first part of the policy of "twentieth century democracy" has been established in the complete secularization of education in America. Left to itself, it is a factor which contributes powerfully to "the evolution of the religion of the past into the irreligion of the future." With sure instinct, the *New Republic* appeals to the triumph of irreligion in France, as the triumph towards which "twentieth century democracy" in America is progressing. The next step is "the secularization of philanthropy." Could a completer demonstration be offered of the claim made again and again in these pages, that the true purpose of the New York reformers is to paganize the child?

Paul L. Blakely, s.j.

The Line of Defense

Rapidity of mobilization spells military efficiency. Freed from technical language the simplest and most accurate definition of strategy is "getting there first with the greatest number of trained troops." What must the European reader in Paris, Berlin, or London have thought of American "strategy," as he took up his morning paper and saw that after about three weeks of militia mobilization we succeeded in getting 43,000 National Guardsmen to the border out of a possible 130,000? With his own war troubles on his mind, it really matters little what any European may think of our terrible lesson in unpreparedness. It matters much what we think, and much more what we are going to do about it. There is no one so optimistic as to imagine that note-writing is going to keep us out of war, forever and a day. The pen is mightier than the sword, mostly in schoolboy orations and after-dinner speeches, but its might in diplomatic history has generally been measured by the sharpness of the blade that was behind it. By the blade we mean the ability to vindicate national rights on land and sea. A well-trained army and fully equipped navy put the edge on the blade. Unless we have that, at least in nucleus, our nation "shall not last long," as Colonel Roosevelt says, "because it doesn't deserve to last long."

We are at present awakening to the need of preparedness. The inefficiency of the militia system, not of the militiamen, was demonstrated during early July when the rush to the border petered out into driblets of slowly arriving and ill-equipped troops finally reaching their destination, and taking up patrol duty and camp life which is a little easier than going into the field against a hostile force. To remedy the present system is imperative. General Wood went to the heart of the matter when he said: "In the first place, the militia is not permitted by law to keep extra field equipment in its armories. Rifles, ammunition, and canteens are lacking whenever the militia is to mobilize." It must be remembered that the new order of things going into effect on July 1, when the Hay bill became law merely extends the present system, and amounts to this: Prepare for war, after war is upon you. The Hay bill adds to the hulk of what we call our military system, thereby adding to the peril from its collapse. We have to take some means of establishing a citizen soldiery to supplement our regular army, and we cannot forget that our navy needs supplementing also. The military training camp is the first step toward real preparation. There are this summer seventeen individual camps held at eight places in the United States. Needless to say, this does not imply that in September we shall have a citizen army worthy of the name. But it means the beginning of the passing from the state of latent willingness to defend the Flag, to a realization in the minds of those who spent a month or more in military training, of what defending the Flag really means. It cannot be defended by a cheer or a patriotic song if it is attacked by modern artillery or siege guns.

There is a growing conviction that military training should find a place in our schools. Witness the Welsh, Slater, and Stivers' bills passed during the last session of the New York State legislature. All children over eight years are required by the Welsh measure to take the "setting up" exercises for twenty minutes each day. According to the Slater Act boys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, unless they are working, are called upon for three hours' drill a week, and whenever possible to take a course in military camps. The Governor is empowered, by the Stivers' bill, to draft men into the organized militia in order to bring it up to war strength, under stress of emergency. Pacifists made a great hue and cry over these bills using the ugly word "conscription," so abhorrent to democratic ears, and forgetting that as citizens they are subject to the worst kind of conscription, for the Federal Government has the right to draft them willy-nilly, and send them into battle untrained and poorly officered against an invading force, whenever said Government sees fit to use the power, as it has used it in the past. Our democratic instinct rebels in some cases against universal military training, and yet "democratically" speaking the instinct is false. For by depending on the haphazard policy of expecting

our volunteers to rally to the Colors at the sound of danger, we assume that one part of our population is voluntarily going to do the duty of the entire population. From the standpoint of democracy why should John Smith volunteer any more than Paul Jones? We are loath to admit it, but dependence on the volunteer is following out the principle of "letting someone else do it." Wonderful democracy that! General military training can be accomplished without committing the "Land of the Free" to the detestable principles of militarism, without violating the rights of any citizen in a free democracy. How general is the demand for universal military training is shown by the census recently taken by the United States Chamber of Commerce. Twenty-six States voted unanimously for compulsory military training while sixteen others favored it by a substantial majority. Five States made no returns, Alabama alone standing out in opposition.

The true preparedness policy in Australia and Switzerland and New Zealand, that long ago passed from the pages of the daily paper into actual life, has not made the Swiss, or the New Zealander or the Australian, a mad imperialist. A democratic government, as any other form of government can and must require the services of its citizens in its defense. The ideal democracy guarantees the greatest amount of liberty to the individual that is consonant with the welfare of the many. It cannot furnish an absolute pledge that no individual privilege shall ever be curtailed or abolished. Such a promise would be only made by a mad-cap democracy, the twin sister of anarchy. The idea of absence of all restraint is not the idea of liberty, but of license, and to allow the license-notion to seep through our democratic ideals would be far worse than reversing the lever entirely and running back into absolutism and darkest despotism. Certain restraints have to be placed on its citizens by a democratic government, else that government's existence and its citizens' liberties will become only a memory and a dream. Every law passed, every tax imposed means restraint. If the law-imposing and taxing prerogative, admitted by every sane citizen as a government right to insure the benefits of true liberty, is exercised in the ordinary life of a nation, surely the right of government to require the service of its citizens in defending the State and its institutions from destruction and ruin cannot be denied. There is nothing in the famous American Bill of Rights that imposes the burden of national defense on volunteers. If there were it would be a Bill of Wrongs.

The plain fact is that democracies have required their citizens to bear arms in the State's defense, resorting to conscription when necessary. And a plainer fact of history is that democracies have resorted to conscription for the very reason that the volunteer theory rarely if ever measured up to a real national crisis. The springing of a million men to a nation's defense between sunrise and sunset happens on a Chautauqua circuit but not in history. When liberty, fraternity, and equality were being shouted from Paris to the Provinces in the wild days of the early French Revolution, the *de facto* Government in Versailles was drafting a conscription measure founded on the principle that every citizen was bound to come to the defense of the nation, and that if the individual did not admit the principle, the government of liberty, fraternity, and equality would force him to the admission with a cordon of steel. And when the volunteer theory passed into thin air, and left thin ranks in the Union Army, a very good democrat in the White House ordered the drafting of men into the Federal service. Another democratic government in Richmond at the time had set the example.

As a democratic people we cannot and we will not entertain the idea of an immense standing army. No more can we hope to solve the problem of national defense by the grace of the volunteer soldier, as we understand the term today. We have to strengthen our line, and the military system or lack of system at present in vogue has proved itself inadequate to meet even an easy efficiency test. In other words the militia system has proved that it cannot strengthen the admitted weakness of a small standing army in a great military crisis. No sane American wants war. Yet few seem to realize that practical preparedness is the best insurance against war. Practical preparedness does not mean the undemocratic, and unbusiness-like policy of training, more or less imperfectly, a few men who choose to enter the militia in time of peace, and then rushing an untrained mob into the field when actual war is upon us, to pay a terrible blood-price for ignorance. It does mean that we have to adopt a system, modeled on the Australian or Swiss system, and rid ourselves of the beautiful belief that a democracy absolves its citizens from military obligations. "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace. A free people ought not only to be armed but disciplined, to meet which end a uniform and well digested plan is requisite." When Washington told this truth to Congress in 1790, he was making no plea for militarism or imperialism, but for practical preparedness.

Gerald C. Treacy, S.J.

Dogs and Disease

In New York City on April 21, 1916, during the hours of daylight, employees of the Health Department counted 7,149 unmuzzled dogs at large, notwithstanding the ordinance which forbids the practice. In 1915 there were 3,648 persons bitten by dogs in that city. In 404 instances the dogs wore figure-of-eight strap muzzles, which show the worthlessness of such muzzles—they only irritate the dog. In 440 cases the dogs were in leash, which show the worthlessness of the short-skirted lady at the distal end of the leash. The dogs were neither leashed nor muzzled when 2,332 of the persons

bitten had their interesting zoological experience. In other American cities the ratio is higher. In the south the poorer the negro the more curs he has. Dogs are not muzzled on the streets of Philadelphia. It bothers the animals. A little girl, fourteen years of age, who was walking slowly along the street last week near where I live, was mangled horribly by a brute owned by a devout old maid who really never knew this dog to act so before. "Why, he was so affectionate!" The white-faced father knelt by his little one, shivering and sweating, while the physician was cauterizing and sewing the wounds of the shocked child, and the old maid was assuring the bulldog that he was naughty, naughty. A few weeks ago a grocer here, while delivering provisions at a house, had his throat ripped open by a bulldog, and he died in the gutter, with the dog snarling over him. The encyclopedia writers on the dog assure us the bulldog is the gentlest of pets, most affectionate, much maligned. A neighbor of mine has a bulldog with a devilish countenance and a reputation, according to its mistress, of benignity, but it persists in taking sample-cuticles of the hides of those called "trades-people" by the lady. The samples are removed without evident malice, but the trades-people evince a certain lack of cheerful appreciation of the animal's motives.

To forestall letter-writing, I acknowledge that I have read Senator Vest's dissertation on the sanctity of dogs. There have been good dogs. All the good dogs, however, between heaven and hell, now and forever, will never compensate for the sight of that father kneeling by his little girl before the face of God and calling on God. Behold the sanctity of human life in our civilization!

In cities every case of rabies comes from rabid dogs. The disease is rare, you know, the dry nurses tell us to our faces. Is it? In the first place the disease, if untreated, is always fatal, and death by rabies is one of the most hideous deaths known to medicine. In 1890 there were 143 deaths from rabies in thirty of the United States; in 1908 there were 111 deaths in the United States, and the disease was prevalent in 534 localities in thirty-nine of our States and Territories. There were 230 deaths in the United States from rabies between 1890 and 1900.

The terrible disease, rabies, occurs all over the world, except in Australia, where it has been kept out so far by a rigid quarantine. In France, Hungary, Belgium and Russia it was widespread before the war, but it was well controlled in Germany and England. Two-fifths of all cases of rabies occur in children under fifteen years of age because the little things are not strong enough to defend themselves. Salmon, in a total of 14,000 cases of rabies, found that June is the month of greatest incidence of the disease in the United States.

There are usually three stages in human rabies. In the premonitory stage there is depression, anxiety, a sense of impending danger, restlessness. The patient may grow surly, irritable. In the second stage the face takes on an expression of terror with marked pallor; the muscles are drawn and restless; the eyes have a "hunted look." There is intense thirst, but attempts to drink bring on spasms, the hydrophobia spasm. The water is forced out of the mouth by the spasm, and this is followed by intense dyspnœa or impossibility of breathing. The suffering is dreadful, and slight sounds or even currents of air can start the spasms. Later all the muscles become involved. The mucus surfaces are covered with a thick sticky mucus, as in the rabid dog, and vomiting is frequent. Delusions and maniacal delirium are common. The patient plunges about, wounds himself, bites at attendants. This stage lasts from one to three and a half days. The third stage, which comes before death, is a paralytic condition. The patient sinks rapidly and dies from exhaustion.

Untreated rabies is always fatal, but fortunately if treatment by the Pasteur method is begun within a week after the bite the mortality is only about 0.77 per cent. Of 4,914 cases treated in Hungary between 1890 and 1895 only 1.20 per cent died.

Beware of a dog when it becomes dull and hides away, appears restless, always on the move and prowling, with a sullen look and hung head. Beware of a dog which barks at nothing when all around is still. Beware of a dog that scrapes incessantly and tears up things. Look out for a dog that suddenly grows over-affectionate, and tries to lick your hands and face. Beware above all of the dog that has difficulty in swallowing, which appears to have a bone in its throat, or of one that has wandered from home and returns covered with dirt, exhausted and miserable. All these symptoms indicate the beginning of rabies.

There is a considerable loss of domestic cattle from rabies, but sheep are destroyed in great quantities by healthy dogs. It is impossible to raise sheep in our Eastern States owing to the wandering dog, and the Assemblyman who has heard Senator Vest's homily. In 1904 there were 51,630,000 sheep in the United States, valued at $170,000,000, but 25 per cent of the lambs were lost from exposure and dogs. In 1889, of 650 deer owned by the Marquis of Bristol 500 died in four months from rabies.

There are over three hundred varieties of tapeworms, and the eggs and larvæ of these worms are originally spread almost entirely by dogs. In man and stock, hydatid cysts in the liver, heart, and almost any organ of the body are caused by the tapeworm larvæ, and are often fatal. Gid in sheep especially, is caused by the larvæ of the *tænia cœnurus,* a tapeworm, which gets into the brain and soon larvæ bring on muscular cysts, "measles," in domestic animals and fowls; both are dog-spread larvæ. Tapeworms in man, especially in children, at times even cause death, and are spread by dogs. The larvæ of these worms get into food, or on the hands of persons, and are swallowed; they infest dogs and are found even in the dog lice on the heads and necks of

pups. Some full-grown tapeworms are five feet long, others are six feet long. Several of the round worms, the tongue worm, and certain trichinæ are passed on by the dog. Uncinariæ of various kinds, which cause chronic anemia, miner's cachexia, tunnel anemia, or jail anemia, infest the intestines of dogs and are passed on.

There are some mites, called acarids, which cause itch: these are carried by dogs. The worst of these is *demodex caninus,* a dog tick. The dog flea and dog lice absorb the embryo of the *filaria immitis* from the dog, and man is inoculated with the larvæ by the bite of these vermin. Several other *filaria* also are found in dogs. The thread worm, *strongylus gigas,* which causes symptoms in man that are confused with stone or abscess in the kidney, is found in the dog and spread by this animal. So also the Guinea worm, the "fiery serpent" which afflicted the Children of Israel in the desert. Several distomata, double-mouthed worms, which lodge in various parts of the body, cause cirrhosis of the liver, hemorrhages of the lungs, blindness, and so on, are dog-borne.

The larvæ of the ascarid, the large round worms of children, are spread by the dog. One ascarid lays over fifty million eggs, and these worms can get into the stomach, and crawl up and out of the mouth, get into the bile ducts, into the middle ear from the Eustachian tube, ulcerate and perforate the intestines, and cause death. The small round worms, anchylostomata, are also dog-borne.

Dogs spread small-pox, bubonic plague, in their fleas and lice, typhus, foot and mouth disease, measles, and many other infections. I have repeatedly killed dogs I found in the beds of small-pox patients.

Like that greatly over-rated man Mark Twain, certain parasitic ladies, whose mission in life is either meddling, or keeping chairs against the floor, admire children in pictures but just adore poodles. Let them have them, with their tapeworms; but all dogs at large should be in muzzles that muzzle. Austin O'Malley, M.D.

Catholic Physicians and Reading

It is complementary to a previous discussion of the worth-while reading done by Catholic lawyers, outside of matters of professional pertinence, to consider the same question with reference to Catholic physicians. And I might as well plunge *in medias res* by submitting at the start that Catholic physicians seem as open to indictment as their legal brethren. In this they are but of a kind with men in general. The recent production of "Caliban" in New York, and the generous public support which it received, revealed to the surprised reviewers the fact that the public really has something of good taste left. The very making of the comments elicited by this discovery is of itself a severe criticism. The public taste as regards the stage is on a par with the public taste in literary matters. Worth-while reading is quite neglected by the average man, and it is extremely regrettable that the members of the professions turn the pages of books no more than do laymen.

We all remember the delightful comedy of last season, in which the young physician practised golf in lieu of medicine. However, we are more concerned with his older brethren who have acquired patients and position, and it is only fair to say that the successful physician, like the successful attorney, is over-worked. He finds little leisure and has little inclination for reading in fields foreign to his profession. True, as with others, so with the doctor, his reading largely depends upon the personal inclination and individual training. However, the amount of good solid reading done by the average doctor is very small, and it is the average whom I wish to consider.

There are many physicians whose working hours are devoted entirely to their profession. There is no dreariness in a life of single application for those who find their work so fascinating, but the wisdom of such a course is to be seriously questioned. To follow the flowing road of one's vocation, wearing blinders, is to miss many of the valuable and beautiful things of life. The old theory that one should know a little about everything and everything about something, makes, in its reasonable application, for the well-rounded and well-educated mind. And this is just as applicable to that large number of successful physicians who profess a disinclination for serious reading and serious thinking away from their offices and their clinics. A man has no real excuse for being mentally a monotone.

There is, however, another and more important view of the situation, something more than mere inclination and educational worth are to be considered. At the risk of repeating what was said in discussing the matter with reference to Catholic lawyers, I say there is question of doing a duty and the finding of time to do it.

It is not so long ago that you and I picked up our morning papers, and were shocked and horrified to read that a physician, an ordinary every-day man withal, licensed to practise medicine in the community in which he lived had passed sentence of death upon a baby because the baby was so physically imperfect that this physician deemed it better to let it die. There was no question of an offense having been committed by the child. It merely did not seem well to this doctor that the child should live. The matter aroused great public interest, and, unfortunately, wide public discussion. Then the expected happened. The lives of other babies were weighed in the balance against the expediencies of physical health. It is not given to us to know how many more have since been sentenced and permitted to die.

This sort of lava is flowing right merrily nowadays from the active volcano of "new ideas" and modern "advanced thought." We have had in late years reputable members of the medical profession suggest the murder of the hopelessly ill. Only the other day we read

of an experiment which involved the removal of part of the brain of an inmate of an insane asylum, who was unable to protest, on the same basis that one would perform an experiment upon a dog or a guinea-pig. If such things can be seriously submitted, and seriously discussed, and subscribed to by men and women of prominence, you and I need search no further in our morning paper. We might as well continue with our breakfast, sad in the reflection that the times are decidedly, most decidedly, out of joint.

The medical profession is not to be generally indicted, but it is not at all reassuring to find that there are physicians by no means obscure, who have wandered far afield from the true conception of Christian ethics. One wonders how many more there really are, and how many horrors occur which do not come to light. The reason for it all, and the remedy, lie plainly before us. It is quite simple. It is really only a matter of Christian ethics. Somehow or other the attempt is constantly being made to treat ethics in the manner of fashions and automobiles. The models for one year must be in no wise the models for the next. The medical profession needs just what the world in general needs, a good dose of the old-fashioned Ten Commandments.

It is not at all far-fetched to contend that we have a right to expect our Catholic physicians to do their part, which is a very large part indeed, towards protecting the world from these trespasses upon moral standards and combating these false ideas which are so rife. This necessarily involves reading, study and a knowledge outside of strictly medical matters. One Catholic physician remarked to me that he has found from his own experience that a good deal of controversial reading follows as a matter of course, and our doctors must or should be well-informed upon most subjects, or know where to put their hands upon such information.

The Catholic physician will find his reading and study equally valuable in the laboratory. A constant attempt is made to substitute science for religion and to predicate upon scientific discovery and research the refutation of God and faith. False conclusions of fact are fastened upon scientific hypotheses. The "Dawn Man" stalks in every laboratory. The necessity for molding and guiding opinion and thought is just as pressing there as in the operating room.

The motto of my class at college was *Sapere Aude*. I realize that mottoes are strange and fearsome things. They are chameleon-like. They can take on shades of meaning of which their originators never dreamt. However, for present purposes I intend to submit this old class motto of mine in its literal sense, "Dare to be wise." I suggest it to our Catholic physicians, just as I may equally well suggest it to our Catholic lawyers and our Catholic laymen. The trouble with us the world over is that we invariably fail to raise our voices with any sort of concert, even when the things we hold dearest are under fire. In their own field the most efficacious protest is that of physicians themselves. No matter how well planned and how well delivered, for the man on the street the words of the priest on such matters do not have the force of the same words from the lips of the doctor. Yet when the need arises our Catholic physicians do not turn their heads aside from their own practice and speak with the volume and authority of which they are capable. If they are prepared for the fight, they should have the courage of their convictions. If they are not prepared, they should be. In either case the little motto is applicable.

What is to be done? That is for the individual to answer. Each must determine on his own account whether or not he belongs to the average class, whether or not he either permits himself a single devotion to his profession, or has the leisure hours and does not make the most of them. If he does not do some worth-while outside reading, he should. And if he does not wish to do this for his own satisfaction and mental development, it would seem to be at least due his position as one of that trained standing army of professional men to whom the Church has a right to look in these days when, outside the Fold, the ideas and the standards of right and wrong are at best but flickering guides and mentors of illusion.

Edward Kelly Hanlon.

The Slime from the Dragon

THERE are walking about the earth at the present day two distinguished gentlemen. They have nothing whatever to do with each other. They have probably never clapped eyes on each other; quite possibly never heard of each other. They are of different generations, different social atmospheres, utterly different interests. If they have realized each other at all, nothing would give them more exquisite agony than to be classed together. I propose, therefore, to do so; and I propose to prove that these two eminent gentlemen, though they are under the illusion that they have never met, are, as a matter of fact, constantly conspiring together, plotting the destruction of Christian Europe.

The first one of the conspirators is the (Anglican) Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The second is Mr. Laurence Binyon, that admirable poet. Mr. Binyon's case is the more interesting; yet I find Dean Inge's the more puzzling. Dr. Inge appears to have said in a recent sermon that western democracy is rushing upon destruction because some races of the extreme Orient will do much more work and ask much less wages than the poorer citizens of our civilization.

This is true enough, of course, and there does not seem to be much difficulty about the matter. Men of the Far East will submit to very low wages for the same reason that they will submit to the "punishment known as li, or slicing"; for the same reason that they will praise polygamy and suicide; for the same reason that

they serve their temples with prostitutes for priests. They do it, that is, because they are heathens; men with traditions different from ours about the limits of endurance and the gestures of self-respect. They may be very much better than we are in hundreds of other ways; and I can quite understand a man, though hardly an Anglican Dean, really preferring their historic virtues to those of Christendom. A man may perhaps feel more comfortable among his Asiatic coolies than among his European comrades; and as Anglicans are allowed the "broadest thought" in the Church of England, Dr. Inge has as much right to his heresy as anybody else. It is true that, as Dean Inge says, there are numberless Orientals who will do a great deal of work for very little money; and it is most undoubtedly true that there are several high-placed and prosperous Europeans who like to get their work done and yet pay as little as possible for it.

But I cannot make out why, with his enthusiasm for heathen habits and traditions, the Dean should wish to spread in the East the ideas which he has found so dreadfully upsetting in the West. If some thousand years of paganism have produced the patience and industry which Dean Inge admires, and if some thousand years of Christianity have produced the sentimentality and the sensationalism which he regrets, the obvious deduction is that Dean Inge would be much happier if he were a heathen Chinese. Instead of supporting Christian missions to Korea and Japan, he ought to be at the head of a great mission for converting the English to Taoism or Buddhism. There his passion for the moral beauties of paganism would have free and natural play; his style would improve; his mind would begin slowly to clear; and he would be free from all sorts of little irritating scrupulosities which must hamper even the most conservative Christian in his full praise of sweating and the sack. His profession and predilections are hardly consistent.

In Christendom he will never find rest. The perpetual public criticism and public change which is the note of all our history springs from a certain spirit far too deep to be defined. It is deeper than democracy, nay, it may often appear to be anti-democratic; for it may often be the special defense of a minority or an individual. It will often leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost. It will often risk the State itself to right a single wrong; and do justice though the heavens fall. Its highest expression is not even in the formula that all men are created free and equal. Its highest expression is rather in the formula of the peasant who said that "a man's a man for a' that." If there were but one slave in England, and he did all the work while the rest of us made merry, this spirit that is in us would still cry aloud to God night and day. Whether or not this spirit was produced by a creed which postulates a humanized God and personal immortality, it works by that creed. Men must not be busy merely like a swarm, or even happy merely like a herd; it is not the question of men, but a man. A man's meals may be poor, but they must not be bestial; there must always be that about the meal which permits of its comparison to something holy. A man's bed may be hard, but it must not be abject or unclean; there must always be about the bed something of the decency of the deathbed.

This is the spirit which makes the Christian poor begin their terrible murmur whenever there is a turn of prices or a deadlock of toil that threatens them with vagabondage or pauperization; and we cannot encourage Dean Inge with any hope that this spirit can be cast out. Christendom will continue to suffer all the disadvantages of being Christian; it is Dean Inge who must be gently but firmly altered. He has absent-mindedly strayed into the wrong continent and creed. I advise him to rid himself of it!

Enter the second conspirator! I have already mentioned that my quarrel with Mr. Binyon is not only as black as my quarrel with Dean Inge, it is the same quarrel. They are both engaged in praising the East and praising it for the same wrong reason. Dean Inge has put his praise into a sermon; Mr. Binyon has put his into a book, "The Flight of the Dragon," which I have just finished reading.

For the truth is that no one could ever have come to talking such heathen nonsense as Dr. Inge talks if he were not subconsciously but substantially supported by a great mass of modern culture. And the modern spirit which backs him up is that spirit with which our best artists will flirt from time to time, as Mr. Binyon does; that Oriental idea of universality which is really negation, the Everything which is the Nothing. Says Mr. Binyon: "Nothing hurts, for nothing matters." And again: "Separateness is death, union with all forms of energy true life." To which I can only reply with decision, nay, violence, that separateness is life; I shall have union with all forms of energy when I begin to rot. Pestilence, which is one form of energy, may come out of my corpse to blast mankind; I can prevent it coming while I am separate and have a soul. Of course, I think I shall have a soul after death; but we need not go into that just now.

The immediate point is this: that only because our artists play with the Eastern notion of the extinction of all desire, is it possible for unhappy Anglican deans to play with the Eastern idea of the approximate extinction of wages. No priest would have dared to praise Oriental slavery until the poets had begun to praise Oriental pessimism. I know all about the Dragon whose flight Mr. Binyon justly admires; I know that it is a vast, gorgeous, and graceful Dragon. I know it wishes to absorb us all into itself, like most Dragons. But I do not like the Dragon; I would rather wait for St. George.

Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Catholic Landmarks of New Orleans.

FROM the day that Bienville left Biloxi to found a more suitable site for his fifty or so colonists in the deserted Indian village of Tchouchouma, the present site of New Orleans, that city can boast of a distinctively Catholic spirit. Hence when we look for Catholic landmarks we find them strewn over a period of well-nigh two hundred years, back to the beginning of the city's existence.

In the heart of the new settlement, according to the plans laid down by Le Blond de la Tour, chief engineer of the Colony, a Catholic church was to have a place of honor; in the very center of this town Bienville established the church and presbytery of St. Louis, and the old St. Louis Cathedral and its presbytery occupy the site today. The brick building of 1724 was barely replaced in 1793, through the munificence of the princely Almonaster y Rojas, by the present noble edifice when a disastrous fire stopped, it was believed, miraculously at its doors. Subsequent restorations and additions, notably the belfry of Latrobe, have not affected the original design, and we are assured that the present extensive restoration plans will leave us the same venerated pile, a monument to an illustrious Catholic past. As it stands today it is unrivaled in antiquity and continuity of worship in the United States. It has been the center of all Catholic activity from the very day of the city's foundation. Holy Mass has been celebrated there for well-nigh two hundred years.

Not only is it a great national monument, the cradle of Christianity within the immense territory of the Mississippi Valley, but it also stands the majestic witness of all the most notable occurrences in our history as a nation and a people. Around it has revolved every event of civic as well as religious importance since Bienville laid the foundation of the city. Within the walls of the old parish church of St. Louis worshiped Bienville and the long line of French and Spanish governors who gave to Louisiana a history and a name. There the banished Acadians were received in 1765 and the San Domingo refugees in 1791; there the ceremonial of the cession of Louisiana to Spain was celebrated in 1763, and the restoration to France in 1803, and again a few months afterwards its Cathedral bells proclaimed the joyful tidings that henceforth the State was to stand free and independent under the Stars and Stripes.

In majestic peals the ancient bells rang out in 1815 to greet the hero of the Battle of New Orleans. It was within its walls that Vicar-General Dubourg, the future Bishop, received General Jackson as he passed through the triumphal arch to the door of the Cathedral, surrounded by the *Bataillon d'Orléans,* while a Mass of thanksgiving was sung and the *Te Deum* chanted. He took his seat of honor, just as official representatives of both nations took their places in the sanctuary only last year, as the hallowed walls resounded to a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving in celebration of the centenary of that memorable day of our country's history. No wonder that the appeal of his Grace, Archbishop Blenk, for the Cathedral's restoration is today meeting with such sympathetic response by every class and creed throughout the city and diocese. He voices the sentiments of his flock when he "hopes that the new restoration and renovation will leave us a beloved and venerable landmark, a precious and enduring memorial for this and future generations."

The oldest Catholic landmark in the form of an educational institution in New Orleans is the Ursuline Academy. In 1727, ten years after Bienville had commenced the foundation of the city and marked out the site on which the old St. Louis Cathedral now stands, Father de Beaubois, S.J., who was returning to France for recruits for his mission, was commissioned by him to bring a religious Sisterhood to New Orleans. Eight of the Ursulines of Rouen volunteered for the mission, and on their arrival they were received with open arms by the people of New Orleans, and Bienville gave them his own home pending the erection of a suitable convent. In 1827 they opened a hospital, an orphanage, a school for poor children, and their famous Academy, which is the oldest educational institution for women in the United States; the old convent, now the official residence of the Archbishop, is the oldest building within the Louisiana Purchase.

Around the walls of the historic old convent clusters many an incident of interest. The inaugural procession of the Blessed Sacrament borne by Fathers de Beaubois and Petit, S.J., and guarded by Bienville and his officers, was the first in which the Blessed Sacrament was carried publicly through American streets. It would be difficult to give a full history of the work of the famous Academy, which has outlived four governmental changes, and still continues its work of enlightenment. Every governor, French, Spanish and American, and three of our presidents paid glowing tribute to the influence, charity, and self-sacrificing zeal of the Ursuline nuns. The victor of the Battle of New Orleans showed them the same reverence and respect. At his request they prayed continuously during the battle and at a critical moment he dispatched a courier urging them to intensify their prayers for his success. Jackson's first visit after the solemn *Te Deum* in the Cathedral was to the Ursuline Sisters whom he thanked for the victory, and he asked and secured that that day, January 8, be fixed as the feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, before whose statue the Sisters had prayed day and night while the battle was in progress.

Every year since then solemn Mass is sung and a *Te Deum* intoned in the Ursuline chapel, and the Sovereign Pontiff has erected a confraternity under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and conferred the rare privilege of solemn coronation, restricted to the greatest sanctuaries, on the statue; moreover, he also approved as her feast the day selected by General Jackson. The Ursulines moved in 1824 to the river bank, but the encroachment of the waters compelling another change, they moved in 1912 to the present house, a fitting testimony to the grateful munificence of the citizens of New Orleans.

In 1842 they were relieved of the care of the negro children and this work was given to the Congregation of the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family. These good Sisters have given heroic service to the peculiar needs of the people of their chosen field. Orphanages and homes for the feeble and aged of both sexes of their race were erected under their guidance and care, and their many parochial schools in the city and State have the well-merited support of all citizens.

In conclusion I may mention the fact that the site of the Jesuit college and church of the Immaculate Conception, on Baronne Street, was once a part of a sugar plantation. It is now the business center of the city, but when the Jesuits held it in the early eighteenth century, it was an uncultivated waste, until Father Baudoin introduced the sugar cane, oranges and figs. In return for his labors the missionary was dragged through the streets in 1763 by the Voltairian rabble and would have been banished, as were his Jesuit companions, were it not for the intervention of a wealthy planter, Étienne de Bare, who, defying the authorities, took Father Baudoin to his home, and sheltered him until his death in 1766. The Jesuits returned again to Louisiana in 1838, and in 1847 they opened a college in New Orleans.

Justly may New Orleans be proud of her long historic past, teeming with achievements peculiarly her own. And thanks to her generous Catholic benefactors, ranking from the princely Almonaster y Rojas to the unlettered Irish woman Margaret Haughery, there is no city of its size so generously supplied with churches, convents, schools, hospitals, and benevolent institutions for all races and colors, than is the Crescent City of the South.

J. E. O'DONOHOE, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Occasional Errors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

During a brief absence from home two weeks ago, I had the experience of reading several of your esteemed Catholic Western contemporaries, therewith assimilating some novel and surprising information. In more than one I found an item opening: "T. D. Sullivan, author of Ireland's best-known anthem 'God Save Ireland' is dead," and then followed a eulogy of the poet-editor. As the lamented "T. D." went to his reward on *March 30, 1914,* this is hardly "news," even according to "wild and woolly" standards. Another lengthy and timely obituary that seems to have struck the editorial fancy describes the South American historian and archeologist, Adolph F. Bandelier, who also died in March, 1914, as "a devout Catholic." It will be real news to those who knew him in life that he was ever a Catholic.

And apropos of this a third item is a list of Catholic soldiers and sailors conspicuous in the recent mobilization for Mexican service. It contains the name of a general who has allowed his children to be brought up in the faith of their Protestant mother, and who conspicuously, in the not very recent past, "gave away" his daughter, in a marriage ceremony at the Protestant Episcopal chapel of an army post. Another name on the list is that of an admiral reputed to be of about the same religious caliber.

In the newspaper world at least there is one consolation for sinners. No matter what the "batting average" of the official score is, you are always "a devout Catholic" when you get into the "conspicuous" class.

Hoboken, N. J. J. L.

Stop Marking Time!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I suppose that no two men who study the same racial or social problem ever agree entirely either in their deductions or in their method of treatment. Allow that both are honest, sincere, and without craven fear, yet you have ever to calculate with honest difference of opinion. Still for all his honest exercise of skill in drawing fine disinctions, it must be admitted that a writer has strained his penchant, when he produces in a Catholic weekly a classified list of Catholics. I read one such recently and I marveled at the audacity of the compiler, while I noted the incongruity between his list of Catholics and the letter of which it was a part. More than one of the inferior species which he was content to enumerate, would be most likely to be found in large numbers in the organization which he advocated in his letter, while the ideal element would not be so largely represented.

The reason is obvious. Too busy with the wholesome business of living a real Catholic life, and convinced that one of the best legions of defense against the groundless charges of vapid minds, is a consistently practical life, in which are exemplified fruits of doctrinal instruction, political complexioned and politically governed bodies make a futile appeal to the ideal Catholic. If in union there be strength, the quality of that strength is determined by the force of character and the nobility of the average member. Experience has taught the losses that come from an over-developed system of defense, without proper use of offensive methods, and if we continue to neglect the employment of the necessary means for our material salvation, we should have to maintain a discreet silence in the years to come. Quiet effective work which shows its fruits in the fields of endeavor, from which are secured the means that spell power and security, counts in the end for larger and more permanent results, than does fervid oratory. Attention for a time to practice, based upon the precepts which we have all received, would work an appreciable change in the conditions which some aim to alter by defensive legions.

We need exercise more than we need medicine. We need to stretch ourselves as individuals, so that the helping hand which it may be necessary to extend to others, may give out something stronger than advice. Self-endeavor, proper disposition, and the will to succeed as individuals, and not as units, are forces for success, which if acquired and practised, will successfully defy any opposition or attempt at oppression and discrimination.

We have got to deal with principle and not with expediency, and the best way in which to cultivate the one and destroy the other is to teach the individual Catholic to capitalize himself. He can do this salutary thing, and still live for God. He can be religious and not be extravagant. The truly religious are never extravagant, and the Decalogue contains the ten best rules for efficiency, the most efficient living that the world has ever received, or ever will receive. History has verified this statement, and the efforts of cunning minds to lead mankind away from the Master of efficient living needs no description here.

Dorchester, Mass. J. D. RUSSELL.

The Lure of the Theater

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Last month my attention was called to "The Drama League of America," an article by Alfred Young, that appeared in your issue of April 22. In it he mentions how often the plea of "Art for Art's sake" is used to cover evil suggestions. Of course art has no right to put before man anything which will lead to sinful thoughts. Our one, supreme object in life is to serve God, and anything that will prove an obstacle to this is surely unworthy of Christian support. Not being familiar with the plays Mr. Young seems justly to scorch, I shall not attempt comment. If I were governed by human impulse I would like to see a play daily, but I deny myself, that the spirit may triumph. I have been to only one play in seven years.

If you can spare the space I would like to quote an extract from the "Catechism of Perseverance":

> The similarity that exists between the books, the songs, and the theaters of our own time, and those of old, heathenish times, is one proof more that the world is returning to paganism, and that the same spirit that reigned therein eighteen hundred years ago is endeavoring at the present day to recover its empire. In the first place the early Christians did not go to the theaters; this is a fact acknowledged even by their enemies. The example of ancestors so venerable ought to suffice to regulate the conduct of high-born children; however, if we wish to ask them the reason for their conduct, they will answer us as they answered the pagans: "You ask why we do not go to your plays. It is because we know all their danger."

And Tertullian who was converted about the year 197, says:

> The theater is properly the sanctuary of profane love: people go there only for pleasure. The charm of pleasure enkindles passion. . . . One moment you are in the Church of God, and the next in the temple of the devil; lately you were in the company of heavenly spirits and now you are sunk in a pit of filthy mire! Those hands which you have just raised to God have been clapped for an actor! The very mouth that was opened to shout the holy mysteries, has shouted forth the praise of a prostitute! What will henceforth prevent you from singing hymns to Satan?

Personally, the longer I stay away from the theater, the less I care about it; and the less I gaze upon the sinful vanities of the world, the more contented I am.

Oil Center, Cal. C. A. MCANDREW.

AMERICA

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Some Notable Facts

THE New York charities investigation has taken a decidedly interesting turn. On Friday, July 21, Mr. William H. Allen, Director of the "Institute for Public Service" issued a statement which contains these significant items:

(1) Catholic institutions did not deny the right of the Department of Charities to inspect institutions receiving money for care of dependent children, did not obstruct inspection, did not refuse to comply with recommendations. (2) Nowhere in the testimony of Mayor Mitchel, Commissioner Kingsbury, Deputy Commissioner Doherty, Investigators Bernstein, Reeder, etc., does it appear that by any persons in charge of Catholic institutions any questions were not answered, any parts of institutions not shown, any facts concealed, any interference given in the investigation. (3) At no point did the four efforts which it is *charged* were made to block the investigation of Catholic institutions challenge the city's right or duty to make inspections or to enforce proper standards of treatment; instead, three related solely to personalities, and one to *proved violations of the Civil Service Law by city officers.*

This is significant but something more significant is to follow. His Honor, the Mayor, shouted that he would "tear things wide open," made definite charges against certain priests and demanded that his accusations be investigated with a view to the indictment of the clergymen. The morning of the investigation arrived, judge and counsel were in place, but the charges were unsigned. A call was made for a signature; the "devout Roman Catholic," William J. Doherty, face empurpled, hand trembling, put his precious name to the document. His Honor, he of the "brave stand," was not in sight. That is significant.

The investigation began. "Phonogram" after phonogram was proved not only worthless but ridiculous. The judge ordered a test in "listening-in" to be made. It failed miserably. A second test was ordered; it did not take place. For the unfortunate officer under scrutiny, the man who had taken down so many of the phonograms discredited in the investigation, shot himself. That is significant.

Daniel C. Potter, a "Protestant of the Protestants," as he termed himself, declared emphatically that Homer Folks is anti-Catholic, that the Strong investigation was an attack on institutional charities, and that "the Catholic Church was the *particular target* aimed at"; indeed he stated that *"an attack was designed upon the Catholic Church* in order to break down the strongest exponent and protector of institutional charity." That is significant.

The devout Roman Catholic, William J. Doherty, child of an orphan asylum, educated free of charge by Sisters and Brothers, given the means of livelihood by Catholics, came to the witness-stand and this dialogue took place between the lawyer for a defendant and the devout Roman Catholic:

"Did you ever see the statement in the Moree pamphlet that pigs and orphans ate out of the same bowl?"

"I assume I did."

"Did you do anything to correct it?"

"No."

"You knew Commissioner Kingsbury, before the Strong Commission, said that in the Mount Loretto Home, after the orphans finished their meals, they emptied what was left over into the can from which a stew had been dished out, and that this was fed to the pigs—you knew that Kingsbury said you reported this to him?"

"Yes."

"You knew that this statement was spread broadcast in the newspapers?"

"I assume I did."

"Had you reported to Kingsbury that orphans and pigs ate out of the same bowl at the Mt. Loretto home?"

"No."

"Did you do anything to counteract this statement?"

"No."

That is significant but its significance is increased by these words of Kingsbury before the Strong Commission:

I can describe some of the things for you. For instance, in the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, I shall never forget the melancholy picture that was presented to me by *Commissioner Doherty verbally, and subsequently in his reports,* of these little children, heads cropped, sitting at the sides of a long table, on backless benches, eating out of tin dishes, as I recall it, with their fingers in most cases, some without anything to eat at all. Then I remember very well how he described how they jumped up in military fashion at the end of the meal, took their pails, emptied them into the can from which the soup or stew had been dished, and that *the same can was later taken out, as I remember, to feed the pigs with. That is one thing that I remember.*

At this juncture the ineffable Moree, now holding a responsible position with the Atlantic division of the Red Cross, admitted that the assertion made in his pamphlet that orphans and pigs were fed from the same utensils was false.

This is all very significant, indeed, so significant that honest men wonder why the "uplifters" of the charity trust clamorously accuse others of perjury, criminal libel and conspiracy.

Preaching Treason

MEN and women marching to show their belief in a sane defense of their native land recently received a rough lesson from a treason-preacher, so rough that it was written in blood. Nine patriotic citizens killed, and some two-score wounded in San Francisco's preparedness parade: that is the lesson. The outrage was perpetrated by a man "whose mind was unbalanced by arguments for and against preparedness." As usual a great clamor has been raised against the crime and a reward of $13,000 has been offered for the capture of the bomb-thrower who according to the District Attorney of the Golden Gate City is identified with a nation-wide movement against government.

The arrest of the criminal, whose mind is probably gone, will not halt the march of anarchy, nor will it stanch the blood of forty-two San Franciscans, nor restore life to nine. As long as "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press" signify license to preach treason against God and government, minds open to evil promptings, and with a fair share of animal courage, will inevitably carry the doctrines of street-corner agitators, and "yellow" newspapers into action. Torch and bomb do the fatal carrying. What is more, the responsibility for pernicious doctrine is not on the ignorant curb-talker only. Men of position in the community, radical university professors and mad pacifists declare soldiers murderers; armies, governments' exploiting and oppressing machines; laws, violations of individual liberty. Then the Flag is burned by an agitator who boasts of being "a good patriot, and a bad citizen," or an unbalanced mind proves itself balanced enough to drink in treason, and translate free speech into free murder.

The Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce has counted 62,250 laws passed by Congress and the State legislatures during the last five years. He intimates that as a people we are "law-crazy." He is right. Six sane laws really enforced, or even one law dealing a death-blow to license of speech, masking under the cloak of freedom, would be a step toward making a law-abiding and not a law-crazy people. It would mean order, not anarchy, a boon indeed. "For order is Heaven's first law, and order comes from authority and obedience," is the synthesis of patriotism, as conceived by the senior American Cardinal.

Godliness and Persecution

COMMENTING on Father Noll's "Data on Anti-Catholicism," in America for July 29, a gentleman who is busily engaged in the formation of a new "Morality Code" writes:

> Don't you think that special efforts to produce satisfactory moral character in Catholic children would win fair treatment from non-Catholics more rapidly than arguments such as you make? I am sending you a copy of our "character chart." People who are in character such as this chart outlines are respected and well treated, regardless of religious beliefs, it seems to me.

The insinuation in this critic's first remark is an open insult. It may here be passed over. But his assumption that men and women of high moral character "are well treated" is unchristian and absurd. One from whose sacred Eyes the Godhead looked, Jesus Christ, who "went about doing good," was called a wine-bibber, a glutton, a liar, and a devil. They took up stones to cast against Him, they spat upon Him and scourged Him, and hanging Him upon an infamous gibbet between two thieves, they reviled this holiest of the sons of men, even in His dying hour.

Yet, says the prophet of the new "Morality Code," good people are always well treated. They are not. The words of eternal Wisdom proclaim the contrary.

> If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember my word that I said to you: The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you. . . . But that the word may be fulfilled which is written in their law: *They have hated me without cause.* (*John xv.*)

The prophecy is daily fulfilled; and throughout the ages, bitter tribulation has been the lot of the children of God. Godliness insures not peace but the sword. Evil does not harry its own; but everyone who would live godly in Christ Jesus must drink with Him the chalice of suffering.

"Epistolegraphameleia"

BEFORE the days of universal telephones, picture-postals, typewriters and automobiles, Lewis Carroll, of "Alice" fame, composed the following excellent rules for the guidance of correspondents:

> (1) Before beginning a letter, read over again the letter to which you are about to reply. (2) Next address and stamp the envelope, so that you may not miss the post. (3) Give dates and address in full. (4) Write legibly. Bad writing is often due to haste, but what right have you to save time at your friend's expense? Isn't his time as valuable as yours? (5) Do not fill more than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner. (6) Letters controversial or that may lead to irritation should be kept until the next day, and then read over again, with a view to pacific modification. Of all such letters keep a copy. (7) Do not try to have the last word. (8) Cross writing makes cross reading. (9) Refer to your correspondent's last letter, and make your winding up at least as friendly as his; in fact, even a shade more friendly will do no harm. (10) When you would mail letters, carry them in your hand.

But for some time now the observance of these wise cautions has been "going out," and, except by old-fashioned folk, many of them seem to be honored only in the breach. For no one writes letters at all nowadays if it can possibly be avoided, and the 'phone, the auto and the post-card are nearly always on hand to offer "first aid" to those who are suffering from acute "epistole-

graphameleia" which is the learned and euphonious name of this widespread malady. But if matters reach such a pass that a letter simply must be written, the dictograph, the stenographer, the typist or the secretary mercifully relieves the patient of as much anguish as possible. For while rushing madly up and down his room he can "dictate" an incoherent, "bromidic" and irrelevant letter, which the secretary "in the unavoidable absence of Mr.———" can sign, seal and dispatch, and thus soothe wonderfully the victim of chronic epistolegraphameleia.

But that kind of treatment of course will never cure the patient. Rather, it will make him worse. The only effective remedy for the disease may be outlined thus: (1) The patient must commit to memory Lewis Carroll's rules for the faithful correspondent, and repeat them quietly before each meal and before retiring, and resolve each morning to observe them carefully. (2) He must answer personally every letter he receives. (3) He must get rid of all mechanical devices and modern inventions for lightening the labor of correspondence. That means of course that his telephone, automobile, dictagraph and typewriter, and even his fountain-pen, would have to go, and that his stenographer, typist or secretary would be irrevocably banished. (4) He must procure instead a bundle of eighteenth-century goose-quills, a medieval ink-horn, a sand-box and quantities of old sealing-wax, and must carefully avoid the use of any other instruments whatever when answering his correspondents. (5) He must always write very deliberately, and in the archaic English of three-hundred years ago, and never end a letter until he has filled both sides of a large sheet. If the patient will conscientiously observe the foregoing rules for at least five consecutive years, there is a fair likelihood that even the most malignant and advanced case of epistolegraphameleia can be cured for good.

Native-Born "Anti-Americans"

IN Miss Frances Kellor's recent book, "Straight America," she graphically describes a new kind of "hyphenated" American, the "native-born anti-American." His ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower but he himself is a far graver menace to our country's future than are the poor illiterate immigrants who, through no fault of their own, will never become real American citizens. Miss Kellor shows that it is the rich, educated and "exclusive" native-American who is chiefly responsible for keeping the newly arrived alien from ever understanding what our citizenship means. She writes:

> We are coming to realize that the native American who makes the lives of our foreign-born wholly subservient to the industrial grind, and who neither provides for nor permits them to become American citizens, is himself a strong anti-American influence in this country; that the native American who permits the foreign born to enter and denies them the opportunities of America and the right to work, is really anti-American; that the native American who emphasizes the liberties and opportunities of America without correspondingly emphasizing the duties of all American residents is anti-American. We are beginning to see that the native American is anti-American who perpetuates class consciousness and race hatred; who favors or perpetuates the immigrant colony or camp or section with different standards of living, different law enforcement and isolation from American influences; who establishes his own home and his own children in a well-policed, sanitary section of the town and leaves his immigrant neighbor in another section, unprotected and living in filth and disorder.

Miss Kellor then volunteers to show to anyone interested in the matter, large estates owned by members of our best-known "old families," who house their immigrant employees in "miserable shacks" without "the decencies and comforts of an American standard of living." In the workmen's segregated quarters of a certain "club which is the wonder of the Hudson Valley for sheer beauty and order," she finds "the future citizens of America, living five to ten in a room, without regard to decency and morality, while the little native-born boy or girl in the clubhouses has a room and a bath to himself." The author of "Straight America" goes on to describe a native-born anti-American's model steel-mill where "first-aid and safety-first work are excellent," but

> His men sleep five to fifteen in a room, often on the floor and in their clothing; they have no care and eat badly prepared food. They crowd family houses, destroying privacy and morality. That plant employed last year 34,000 men to keep an average of 15,000. This registers the immigrant's protest, the only one possible, moving on. Yet one native-born American controls the health, decency, morality and efficiency of some 8,000 immigrant workmen, whose only protest is to move on, and whose only future is high enough wages to return to his home country.

The marionette-like editors of our secular press having devoted during the past year or two so much space, time and attention to the "psychology" of the foreign-born "hyphenate" who has helped to make us the rich nation we are, might now take up with profit the study of the native-born hyphenate whom Miss Kellor portrays. For a highly interesting and not entirely academic discussion could be started by our papers on the question: Which is the greater peril to American institutions: the foreign-born laborer who cannot read or the native-born capitalist who cannot think?

The "Cur" of the North

IN the refined language of the transcendent statesman, John Lind, Villa is the "cur" of the North. He is also our "good friend," a compliment indeed to our national taste. At least he was our friend and during the period of love unalloyed, when the Dove cooed sweet and low to the dog, the latter was the recipient of our bounty—enough arms and ammunition of war to slay a nation. But the course of love seldom runs

smooth, and the Dove and the dog had a spat, under the pale light of the moon. What cared the dog for the heaving heart of the Dove, or for the Dove's nation? After all the dog was but a cur, he had torn his own nation limb from limb, his fangs and jaws were dripping with human blood. He sought new quarry across the international border and lapped up the blood of American citizens, not once or twice but thrice. Then the bond of friendship was completely snapped and the American army is hunting the cur, like the wild thing he is, and thousands of our militia are guarding the border lest the creature recross it in search of more blood. Our sometime "good friend" is an expensive dog; he has already cost us $30,000,000, to say nothing of broken hearts and ruined homes. But then in a short time the whole difficulty will be smoothed away; another joint commission is to meet, and no doubt it will proclaim "a closed season for Americans." Lind can then be sent to Mexico to persuade his cur to observe the rules by which the slaughter of Americans will hereafter be regulated.

LITERATURE

XXXI—St. Francis de Sales

EVERY writer's work is a reflection of his mind and heart, an echo of his life: a fact which gives immense value, ascetic and literary, to the writings of the Saints. The truth, depth and beauty of the matter are assured; as for style, it can be trusted to do its part, unwatched, when it serves a heart aflame. That St. Francis de Sales's books are reproductions of himself is the secret of their peculiar charm and world-wide influence. His accomplishments, all which, in his day, befitted a gentleman, his every gift of mind and heart, his learning, his wide experience, his holiness, each manifests itself upon his pages. The intrepid missionary is there, he who feared neither fatigue nor cold, neither rebuffs, threats nor bodily harm; there, the saintly bishop ever gentle, ever kind, who said of himself, "I do not think that there is in all the world a soul more cordially, tenderly, and—to speak quite openly—more lovingly fond than I am, and I think I even superabound in love and expressions of love." Is it surprising that his books are cherished, and have power to lure souls from the comfortable ways of ease up the steep path of self-conquest?

Like his patron, the great Saint of Assisi, to whom he had intense devotion, he loved all things. Especially did he love all *little* things. Living though he did surrounded by Alpine grandeur, and familiar as he was with the glories of other lands, it is not of lofty mountains that he often speaks, nor of foaming torrents and yawning precipices, but of things frail and tender, bright or fair: flowers, birds, lambs, smiling meadows, the sweet warmth of summer and winter's fleecy snows. Again and again he appeals to such as these to furnish illustrations of his meaning. All his life he had observed them, and with lover-like ardor he sings their praises; in return, they serve him faithfully. Nature, often betrayed by her friends, degraded by being made an idol, he exalts by using as a stepping-stone to God. As to children, the most blessed of all little things, his love for them was part of a nature which, even in declining years, lost none of its simplicity, none of its trustfulness. Wherever he went they flocked to him, as hundreds of years before the children of Judea had crept into the arms of his Master. No mother ever noted more understandingly than did he all their sweet and guileless ways. He watched them at play, he knew them happy and in trouble; and from them he drew his most beautiful comparisons. If he wished to show how a soul should go to God in time of sorrow, a child running to his mother with cut finger or bumped head or sore heart served him for a model.

Closely to analyze the style of St. Francis would be "to unweave a rainbow." Always elegant, simple, poetical, he is one of the acknowledged masters of French prose, although in the preface to the "Introduction to the Devout Life" he tells us that he wrote "without bestowing so much as a thought on the ornaments of language, having business of more consequence to attend to." His father, proud of his son and honestly fond of display, deplored the fact that the sermons of St. Francis were so simple. A child could understand them, he complained; others preached seldom but learnedly; they quoted more Latin and Greek in one discourse than did his scholarly son in ten. Those other preachers, admired of M. de Boisy, are forgotten, buried deep under the dust of three centuries, but the sermons of St. Francis find a prominent place among the masterpieces of pulpit eloquence and are read today by hundreds in quest of culture or of spiritual food. Simplicity and a grace as artless as a child's characterize all his work: and its depth no man can sound. Always poetical in thought and language, he is eminently practical, considering no detail too insignificant to be carefully entered into, because none is without import for eternity. Writing, though he did, during the short half-hours of leisure allowed by his manifold duties, not one line shows signs of haste. But if his dignity is never ruffled, at every turn it is elbowed by his keen sense of humor. He makes us laugh at ourselves, and he laughs with us.

Each page written by St. Francis is "the fruit of experience, not of studies"; this is the secret of its power. He knew human nature with all its faults and all its littlenesses; he had looked himself squarely in the face. His own heart he had subdued before he attempted to teach others to subdue theirs, nor did he ask anyone to go so far in self-abnegation as he had hastened to go. He wrote largely for the guidance of particular souls living amid the glories of the gay, troublous old days, but distinctively French though he is and distinctively of the seventeenth century, every word is applicable to multitudes in our day. He is of all times, all peoples.

Everywhere and always sweetness was the most marked characteristic of St. Francis, a sweetness clasped the more closely that it had been hard won. In his dealings with his relatives, his friends, his penitents, even with the heretics who attacked him with their fists when calumny had failed to do its work, he was ever gentle, generous, forgiving. As St. John, after his long, familiar intercourse with Our Lord, followed by years of meditation, preached only this: "Little children, love one another," so St. Francis, harkening to him across the ages, preached and practised this alone. He did indeed love every one. He encouraged every one. The weak he pitied; still more did he pity the wicked, and both he spared no pains to help. For the Saints he had an intense affection, and truly wonderful was his intimate knowledge of many of them. It is evident that he pondered in his heart their words and deeds, thus learning to understand and to love. To him they were as real as the friends about him, and more dear. In his books, by way of encouragement in difficult places, he gently holds up an appropriate example from the story of some holy one who unfalteringly fought upon the same ground, fought and conquered. Even of purgatory, that life-long dread to many, he finds sweet, consoling things to say: a place, he tells us, "more desirable than terrible since its flames are the flames of love"; a place "whose most bitter bitterness is the most profound peace." There were those in his day who considered his meekness cowardice; even St. Jane de Chantal ventured to suggest that his gentleness was

excessive. Who can agree with them, remembering the bravery with which he ventured into Chablais, the energy with which he there defended himself against his enemies? Who agrees, who has pored over the pages of his "Introduction to the Devout Life" and "Love of God," not merely to taste their sweetness, but to try to follow where they lead?

If "one learns an art from the study of masterpieces," the works of St. Francis de Sales should be among the text-books of two classes of students, those aiming at literary excellence and all in earnest about acquiring the greatest of arts, that of living holily. An age of boasted culture should not lose sight of a prose master, unrivaled in his way, nor "the age of the Blessed Sacrament" forget the priest whose consuming love for the Holy Eucharist dictated his seraphic "Love of God," as certainly as, many times, it constrained him to say Mass at the cost of danger and untold hardship. FLORENCE GILMORE.

REVIEWS

The United Irishmen. Their Lives and Times. By RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN, M.D., F.R.C.S., M.R.I.A. Newly Edited with Notes, Bibliography and Index by VINCENT FLEMING O'REILLY. 12 Vols. New York: The Catholic Publication Society of America. $36.00.

In spite of the great events happening elsewhere, Ireland continues to hold a position of prominence in world politics. For those who diligently seek a reason for this, Madden's "Lives" affords one of the most valuable and comprehensive sources of information ever compiled. Take, for instance, this passage from page 170 of Volume VI:

> The 11th of September, 1792, the corporation of Dublin passed a series of resolutions unanimously declaratory of their grand principle "Protestant ascendency" and their determination to support it with their lives and fortunes. Having set forth the Roman Catholics to be in possession of,
>
> The most perfect toleration of their religion;
> The fullest security of their property;
> The most complete personal liberty;
>
> It was resolved, that we consider the Protestant ascendency to consist in,
>
> A Protestant King of Ireland;
> A Protestant Parliament;
> Protestant Electors and Government;
> The benefits of Justice;
> The Army and the revenue, through all their branches and details Protestants, and this system supported by a connection with the Protestant realm of Britain.

This was 124 years ago, yet it might be set down without question as the proper status of Ireland stated by the recent gatherings of Carson's "Covenanters." "Now we have the old stone tied once more round our neck in a heavier and more dangerous shape than ever," said the *Daily Telegraph* of July 25, "and we shall be fortunate if it does not hamper our progress at every step through the deep waters which have yet to be traversed."

No one "fears to speak of ninety-eight" today, and the annals of that fateful year, which Dr. Madden began to publish in 1842, tell with simple directness the story of English misrule in Ireland. Long out of print, the reproduction of this standard work, and in such a splendid shape, is most timely. The new material the editor has added to the original volumes, viz., the memoir of Dr. Madden, the facsimiles of important documents, selections from official data available since Dr. Madden's death, the bibliography of the period, the full index and other aids to the study of the subject, as well as the attractive letterpress and numerous illustrations, have made this edition of the "Lives" really notable. Many of the United Irishmen settled in the United States, and the present generation needs to be reminded of the distinguished careers made here by such men as the Emmets, the Tones, Neilson, Sampson, Dr. Macneven, Chambers and Traynor in New York; Binns and the Careys in Philadelphia; Dr. White and Henry Jackson in Baltimore; the Porters in Louisiana. Why the splendid abilities of these exiles were lost to their native land, and how much we gained here by their coming, Dr. Madden tells in these chapters of self-sacrifice to the highest ideals of patriotism. The attractive booklet sent out to advertise this new edition of Dr. Madden's "Lives" needs editing. The "Sham Squire" is put down in it as "Wiggins"; Traynor is described as living "on the banks of the Hudson *in the late seventies*," but the book says 1837, and Dion Boucicault is described as the author of "'The Wearing of the Green,' Ireland's most famous ballad, *written during* 1798.'" The versatile Dion did many remarkable things during his singular career, but as he was not born until 1822, this feat can hardly be credited to him. T. F. M.

Community Drama and Pageantry. By MARY PORTER BEEGLE and J. RANDALL CRAWFORD. New Haven: The Yale University Press. $2.50.

The Shakespeare tercentenary has revived the interest of the public in the community drama, the masque and pageantry. The movement away from the artificial conditions under which the modern stage labors and back to the atmosphere which surrounded the drama in its earlier days, deserves approval. Healthful and invigorating outdoor influences, the background of garden and wood, the clear skies, the simple yet beautiful surroundings may, with some silent but potent influence, at least help to cleanse the stage from the tainted air which it too often breathes. To say with Mr. Gordon Craig that when the drama "went indoors it died," is not altogether true. But the drama at the moment when it reached its perfection among the Greeks, was an open-air performance. If such representations were revived among us, they might become a means of truly refined and artistic culture.

The writers call their book a survey of the "difficulties involved in the writing and staging of pageants and community drama." The joint authors have lectured on the subject at the Summer School of Dartmouth College and have successfully staged several community dramas and pageants at Hanover, N. H., and elsewhere. Their theoretic knowledge and practical acquaintance with the various angles of the problem entitle them to speak. Seventy-six pages devoted to the bibliography of the subject, studied under such headings as "Origins," "English Masques," "Dramatic Technique," "Elizabethan Platform Stage," "Pantomime," "Color," "Pastoral Drama," etc., show how thoroughly the sources and authorities have been looked into. The general reader will be specially interested in the chapters dealing with "The Principles of Pageantry and Community Drama," and the "Types of Drama and Pageantry." The writer and manager will find useful hints in these parts of the book which treat of "Writing the Pageant Book," "Acting," "Grouping," and "Color." J. C. R.

A Retrospect: Three Score Years and Ten. Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. By a MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.00.

In 1843 Father Louis Gilet, a Belgian Redemptorist, was put in charge of the missions in Michigan and two years later he founded, at Monroe, the Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In this attractive volume is told the story of how that Sisterhood, which started with a community of only three, with a log cabin as their first convent, has so grown and prospered during the past seventy years that the Congregation now numbers about 1,600 religious, who teach some 50,000 pupils, and who have thirty-six houses in the dioceses of Detroit and Cleveland, besides their thriving establishments.

in Pennsylvania, Villa Maria Academy at Fraser being particularly well known.

The account of Father Gilet's career and of the Congregation's early years adds another romantic chapter to the annals of the Church in America. On discovering that Teresa Renauld, a young lady who made a mission he gave at Grosse Pointe, in 1843, had a religious vocation, Father Gilet told her about the new teaching Sisterhood he purposed founding, and two years later she became the first superior of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, receiving her habit, her vows and her office practically at one and the same time. Their rule was based on that of the Redemptorists, they bound themselves to "advance their own sanctification by seclusion from the world and the practice of religious observances," and to devote themselves to the "education of youth and the care of orphans and destitute children." In January, 1846, the little community of four started in a log cabin the first parochial school to be opened in the diocese outside the city of Detroit. During the next eight years there were only two accessions to the Congregation, but after that postulants flowed in so steadily that the Sisters were able to widen constantly the field of their activities.

Four years after founding the Congregation Father Gilet returned to Europe and subsequently became a Cistercian, dying in 1892, at the age of eighty, in the Royal Abbey of Notre Dame, Hautecomb, Savoy, which he ruled for a time as abbot. Up to a few years before his death Father Gilet had heard nothing about the Congregation he founded and supposed it had ceased to exist. Great was his joy, therefore, when he learned how the little band of Sisters he had left in Monroe, some forty years before, had become in the interval a widespread and numerous Congregation. "A Retrospect" contains sketches of some Sisters whose memory is in benediction, and of the prelates and priests who have been most closely identified with the Congregation's growth, and there are photographs of the chief houses.

W. D.

The Chief Catholic Devotions. By LOUIS BOUCARD, Vicaire à Saint-Sulpice. Translated by W. D. MITCHELL, M.A. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $0.75.

Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By BISHOP CHALLONER. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.00.

These are excellent little books for the Catholic layman. After giving adequate definitions of "devotion" and "devotions," Père Boucard offers, in a dozen short chapters, a scholarly explanation of the Scriptural, dogmatic and historical origin of such well-known devotions as those Catholics practise toward the Blessed Trinity, the Holy Eucharist, the Sacred Heart, the Cross, Our Lady, St. Joseph, the Angels, the Holy Souls and the Saints. The author warns his readers that devotions are abused when they end in superstition or when they lead to secondary practices taking the place of the fundamental acts of worship, and he offers good advice to those who go straight to the statue of St. Expeditus and forget all about the Master in the Tabernacle. "The Chief Catholic Devotions" is also a good book for converts to read.

The meditation book of Dr. Richard Challoner, the renowned Vicar Apostolic of the London District, needs no fresh recommendation. First published in 1749, it has often been reprinted, and has also been translated into French and Italian. The present edition, which presents the quaint appearance of an eighteenth-century book, is just the thing for laymen who are desirous of practising mental prayer.

W. D.

Poems of War and Peace. By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. **Lyrics of War and Peace.** By DUDLEY FOULKE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.00 each.

There is a marked difference in the quality of these two small volumes. Robert Underwood Johnson's verse has a distinctly Shakesperian tone, is quick with thought and passion and expresses powerfully the views of the pacifist. There is no love lost on the Kaiser and in such poems as "The Cost," "Rheims," "The Haunting Face," "Shakespeare," "Embattled France," the bitterness is rather too cutting. The Panama ode and "The Corridors of Congress," are justly celebrated. In these two poems more than in the others the author introduces powerful line-melodies and his appropriate figures are emphasized by a plentiful use of onomatopœia, alliteration and assonance. These arts of verse-writing are not, however, allowed to elbow themselves into prominence but help subordinately to the ultimate emotional effect. Here and there may be found suggestions of Shelley's illusive imagery and the pounding line-music often reminds one of Francis Thompson's wild and haunting melodies. Two short lyrics, "A Prayer in the Dark," and "Love Letters at Auction," are concise and beautiful.

Mr. Foulke's little volume contains some ultra-modern verses that vividly paint the horrors of war and the blessings of peace as these appeal to an impressionist. The author favors the rough and arbitrary meters that are much in vogue nowadays rather than the sternly chiseled lines of the greatest poets. He offends frequently by his high-piled exclamation and gasping and question and craving of sense-gratification. There are many nature descriptions boldly canvassed but the author has not lifted the reader to nobly emotional atmospheres. In all the verses the effort at writing is too apparent and the reader beholds the artists and his tools more attentively than is proper.

F. X. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Just David," Porter; "Seventeen," Tarkington; "The Border Legion," Grey; "Bars of Iron," Dell; "Nan of Music Mountain," Spearman, and "The Proof of the Pudding," Nicholson, are the six novels that were most widely read in this country during June. "Seventeen" and "Bars of Iron" are the best of the books named; "Just David" is the story of a preternatural gosling whose religion consisted in trying to "live up to" the scenery he saw, and the music he heard; "The Border Legion," should be burned unread; "Nan of Music Mountain" is a rather conventional story by a Catholic author and "The Proof of the Pudding" introduces the reader to a number of objectionable people, the "heroine" being particularly detestable. It is an interesting fact that half the authors represented above belong to the "Indiana literary belt."

The republication, after a dozen years, of the late W. H. Hudson's "The Purple Land" (Dutton, $1.50) indicates how his vogue is growing. The book tells of a philandering Englishman's adventures in the Banda Oriental, South America, some fifty years ago. The loosely constructed story is full of good descriptive passages.——Charles Marriott's "Davenport" (Lane, $1.35) is a well-written novel about a man with a double personality. One part of him is a dreamy photographer named Harry Belsire and the other a clever journalist named John Davenport. The main action of the story takes place in England just before the present war. There is "psychology" in abundance and good characterizations.

"In Khaki for the King" (Dutton, $1.50), by Escott Lynn is a boys' stirring tale of adventure in the great war. Two young Englishmen, surprised in Germany at the outbreak of hostilities, make their way by various devices to Belgium in time to give warning of the German approach. After battling in vain against the invaders, they join the First British Expeditionary Force and experience every phase of modern aerial and land

warfare. The book is well fitted to arouse the enthusiasm and patriotism of English youth, but the bitter tone of the author will not appeal to the American boy.——In "Phyllis McPhilemy" (Dutton, $1.50), by May Baldwin, an English girls' boarding-school story, with the war as a vivid background, the Germans are treated more justly. Phyllis is a decidedly interesting character, truculent and naughty, but good and noble. The turmoil and strain in which her pranks keep the school are humorously depicted; while her self-sacrifice and devotion to some of her injured companions is told with feeling and ability.

In a review of Joseph McCabe's "Crises in the History of the Papacy," which was summarily dealt with in AMERICA for April 22 of this year, the New York *Nation* justly observes:

> The author's lack of personal sympathy with the great institution he is trying to deal with is obvious, and must be taken for granted in any judgment of his work. . . . He is seeking always for the most telling incidents and traits of character to make his story as impressive as possible for the general reader. Naturally this leads him to deal very largely with personalities and to ascribe to personal qualities and individual acts an importance which belongs rather to social conditions or to the working of national or international politics. He seems to enjoy his work most when he can dilate upon the vices of a Borgia or upon the tyranny of a Hildebrand. The more subtle forces of the Papal policy, the vast constructive and restraining influences of its greatest exponents, the services it could at times render to a society otherwise without unifying or spiritualizing agencies, all these aspects of Papal history are passed over or inadequately valued.

The Boston *Evening Transcript*, in a favorable review of the same book, makes the profound remark that during the first three centuries of the Christian era Rome was "thrown into the shade by the greater power of the Eastern Church. Its chief asset was the tradition that it had been founded by the two princes among the Apostles." To picture with "two" cornerstones the Church Christ founded on the one rock, Peter, and then to describe it as overshadowed by the "Eastern Church," shows how strong the Protestant Tradition still is in some parts of Boston. The New York *Independent*, as was to be expected, considers Mr. McCabe's book "impartial and complete," and after the graceful concession that "A Catholic might have written with more unction" (!), hastens to add with engaging naïveté: "But we find no hostility in the attitude of the historian, who some two decades since left the priesthood of the Roman Church for a world of freer thought." Moral: If you wish to learn the truth about Catholicism, consult an ex-priest.

Here is a batch of recent pamphlets that deserve favorable notice. From the Catholic Truth Society, London, comes Father Joseph Rickaby's satisfactory exposition of the dogma of "Everlasting Punishment," Leslie Moore's analysis of the "New Thought" heresy, Father Thurston's examination of "Pope Joan's" mythical history, G. Elliot Anstruther's sketch of Caroline Chisholm, who did so much in the last century for the Australian immigrant, Agnes Henderson's "Chocolate Cigarettes and Other Stories," "Four Conferences" Mgr. Benson gave to retreatants, some "Maxims of St. Thomas Aquinas," and several little talks for children on how to receive Holy Communion devoutly. Longmans has out "The Fruits of the Life of Prayer" ($0.10), short considerations which the late Father Maturin wrote on the "Seven Words" for an enclosed nun. Herder publishes Father Girardey's "Conference to Religious Engaged in Caring for the Sick" ($0.05). The Diederick-Schaefer Co. of Milwaukee has ready a new edition, edited by Dr. John J. Quinn, of Father Lambert's excellent pamphlet on "Private Judgment," which is a good present to give inquiring Protestants. The Mission Press of Techny, Ill., republishes from the *Queen's Work* Father Gill's papers on "The Hour of God in the Foreign Missions" ($0.10), which is a stirring call to the zeal and generosity of American Catholics. Our Sunday Visitor Press is sending forth a collection of quotations entitled "Anti-Catholic Sympathizers Condemned by Statesmen and Churchmen," who are not Catholics themselves ($2.00 per hundred). The Canadian Messenger Press publishes Father Devine's short sketches of Lalemant, Chabanel, Garnier, Brébeuf and Daniel ($0.05 each), Jesuit missionaries and martyrs whom Father Campbell's "Pioneer Priests" have helped to make real household words for so many Catholic readers. "Pearly Wishes" ($0.05), by the Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, Los Angeles, Cal. contains twenty-one little prayers written in quatrains for children.

In "David Blaize" (Doran, $1.35), Mr. E. F. Benson gives a portrait of the English schoolboy of today. "Blazes" seems to be thoroughly lifelike and has no lack of interesting adventures. With his usual cleverness and discernment the author describes the two schools David attended and lets us see the practical working of the fag system, but he can merely hint, of course, at its moral dangers. The book is so full of cricket-field jargon and of the British schoolboy's slang that the publisher should have mercifully provided American readers with a glossary. They will infer, however, before the end of the story is reached that a person or thing that is "scuggy," for instance, is highly undesirable. Many pages in the book indicate that Mr. Benson is a keen student of schoolboy psychology, the chapter describing the visit of David's father to the school being especially amusing. Those who grow tired of "David Blaize" should read again Booth Tarkington's excellent "Penrod."

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Browning: How to Know Him. By William L. Phelps. $1.25.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
These Lynnekers. By J. D. Beresford. $1.50; Three Sons and a Mother. By Gilbert Cannan. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Doing Their Bit. By Boyd Cable. $1.00; Potential Russia. By Richard Washburn Child. $1.50; International Finance. By Hartley Withers. $1.25.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
A More Excellent Way. By Felicia Curtis. $1.60; Sermons Preached on Various Occasions. By Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P. $1.80; My Beloved to Me. Thoughts and Prayers in Verse. By S. M. A. $0.30.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
God's Golden Gifts. By Flora Lucy Freeman. $0.75.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The Education of the Ne'er-Do-Well. William H. Dooley. $0.60.

La Salle Extension University, Chicago:
Principles of Accounting. By Stephen Gilman, B.S.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Spirit of Christianity. By Frederic Seebohm. $0.50; When God Came. By M. A. Bousfield. $0.20.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Founding of Spanish California. By Charles Edward Chapman. $3.50; Straight America. By Frances A. Kellor. $0.50; Americanization. By Royal Dixon. $0.50; Through Russian Central Asia. By Stephen Graham. With Illustrations. $2.25.

John Murphy Company, Baltimore:
Catechism of Patriotism. By Alice Louise Thompson.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
The American Plan of Government. By Charles W. Bacon. $2.50.

Pierre Tequi, Paris:
La Royaute de Jesus-Christ. By R. P. Felix, S.J. 3 fr.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.:
Handwork in Religious Education. By Addie Grace Wardle. $1.00.

University of California Press, Berkeley:
Individual and Sex Differences in Suggestibility. By Warner Brown. $1.50.

World Book Company, Yonkers:
The Public and Its School. By William McAndrew. $0.50.

Yale University Press, New Haven:
Society and Prisons. By Thomas Mott Osborne. $1.35.

EDUCATION

"Biology" in the Secular School

WRITING of secular schools in a recent number of AMERICA, Father McNichols has, I think, understated the many real dangers to which our Catholic children are exposed in these institutions. The Marquette professor confined himself to an outline, brief yet definite, of the perils to morality so commonly met with, when boys and girls daily associate in an enterprise over which there is too little efficient supervision, and from which the hallowing influence of supernatural religion is officially excluded. That outline, unfortunately, as many Catholic parents are aware after bitter experience, can but too readily be filled in by practical examples, taken from the schools themselves.

It is not enough to say, as many foolish parents say, that our boys and girls are "good." Of course, they are; but that statement is merely an added incentive to take all care that they shall remain good; not a guarantee that they may be exposed to insidious danger. It is not enough to say that the reputation of the school is "good," or even that the purposes of the faculty are "good." Today, the word "good" takes its whole tone and color from the individual who uses it. It is a chameleon word, and not a term of fixed meaning.

WHAT IS "GOOD"?

How can it have definite meaning when our very standards of morality are uncertain? Every evil that has afflicted the world has been propagated under the plea of goodness. "Good" may mean good for the individual, but bad for the community; good for the individual's passion but bad for his character; good for the moment, but bad in the long run. The infamous dancing-woman who two winters ago, with the approval of the super-refined, exposed semi-nude little children on a New York stage, did her nefarious deeds in the name of "morality." A disreputable film which after many excisions, was reluctantly licensed in New York, professes to "teach a high moral lesson," and heads its newspaper advertisements with the announcement that "to the pure all things are pure."

Now our very schools are by no means exempt from this transmutation of a word whose meaning was formerly fixed and familiar. Herein lies the danger to the Catholic child. The principles of Catholic morality are sure and solid; the sanction of morality, in the Catholic system, extends even to the intimate thought and the unspoken word. Outside the Church, morality seems largely synonymous with conventionality or personal advantage; and while the overt act may be condemned, thought and will, its source, are held to be exempt. Rejecting as essentially incomplete and practically harmful any system which does not invoke the supernatural, the Catholic Church teaches her children the morality proposed and exemplified in the Revelation of God in Jesus. Exposed our children may be, in spite of our best efforts; but if we have given them a thorough training in Catholic morality, the danger of loss is reduced to a minimum. This guarantee is absolutely beyond the power of the secular school. In its class-rooms, formal ethical training may, at times, attain the levels set by Aristotle and the wisest of pagans, but too often will it sink to the low plane of "sex-hygiene" proposed under the guise of "biology."

WHAT A SCHOOLMAN CALLS "GOOD"

Mr. James E. Peabody, head of the Department of Biology, Morris High School, New York, is no doubt, a man of high character, but I sincerely trust that no Catholic child may be allowed to come under his tutelage. His idea of "good" and the Catholic idea, are widely diverging variants. Writing in *Social Hygiene* for July, 1916, he holds that it is "good" to "satisfy the curiosity" of children under ten years of age. Mr. Peabody has the advantage of me; he can discuss in the pages of a professional review and in his classrooms topics which I cannot touch on in a review of general circulation. But an excerpt or two, will give a sufficiently accurate notion of Mr. Peabody's methods. "Children," he writes, "are simply seeking for knowledge which, in my judgment, *it is their right to have,* and which can be easily given them before the dawn of sex-consciousness." Why place this dawn so definitely at ten years of age? Moralists do not follow Mr. Peabody here, nor is there a general agreement among scientists. Abnormal children are common enough today to make the assumption dangerous for use in the classroom. Writing of his high school work, Mr. Peabody continues: "In this advanced course [*advanced biology* in the third and fourth years of high school!] we discuss very frankly, even in mixed classes, the reproductive process through the mammals."

SCIENCE OR BOSH?

As scientific teaching, judging from Mr. Peabody's submitted program, this course is bosh. Some points might profitably be discussed by advanced students, thoroughly trained in scientific and philosophical principles and methods; others have no place whatever in a biological course, unless biology includes pathology, ethics and religion. But there is another aspect to this matter. What are Catholic parents, whose boys and girls are pupils at Morris High School, thinking of? Do they still cling to that ancient sophism to which no sane man ever gave assent, that sex-knowledge restrains the will, particularly, knowledge imparted under such circumstances?

Mr. Peabody appends a list of subjects upon which he lectures to his pupils. Moralists invariably, and scientists occasionally, have recourse to Latin when discussing many of these topics. After a careful review, it seems to me that at Morris High School, and, possibly in many schools for boys and girls in this country, "biology" means "sex-hygiene." As to the subjects discussed with the girls of this school in special classes by another teacher, these, in my opinion, are even more injudicious and harmful. Certainly, no Catholic girl can take part in them.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS

I am not quite sure that Mr. Peabody is a typical example; I sincerely trust that, with all his good will, he is not. I can understand too, that in the utter absence of supernatural means of restraint and elevation, the school authorities find this course an absolute necessity. But I cannot help thinking that the admonition of Geddes, "Care must be taken not to say too much" has been allowed to slip into oblivion; and excluding special and extraordinary circumstances, I have no hesitation in stating my conviction that the Catholic parent who allows his child to attend mixed classes, in which questions of the most delicate nature are discussed "very frankly," is guilty of a grave dereliction of duty. P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Mr. Kingsbury's Child-Placing Bureau

THIS is a story of how New York accomplishes some things, or fails to accomplish them, and of one thing which her Charities Commissioner is now bent on doing.

Through various advertising mediums, the Department of Charities is seeking homes in private families for dependent children. The Department has somehow stumbled upon an excellent plan. Excellent, that is, in itself. It has been employed

by the private child-caring institutions of the City of New York for many years. Their whole aim is to get the child into some good home. They are never happier than when some good man or woman enters their door to say, "I want little Jimmy or Ethel," as the case may be. "I can give him a good home. I want you to investigate. Here are my credentials." That man would be insulted were he offered money. He does not sell love. He is not the proprietor of a baby-farm. He wants to do some good; he does not propose to profit financially by his benevolence. He is not an "uplifter"; he did not learn his charity from a ledger or on an adding-machine.

Can New York Clean Its Streets?

The home-placing plan is excellent; excellent, as has been said, in itself. But what it may become under the administration of the City of New York is enough to make a thoughtful man shudder. For New York, under the fostering care and extensive sway of the professional uplifter, is fast becoming a by-word. It is taxed, supertaxed and exploited; it has borrowed well-nigh to the limit of its capacity; it has undertaken tasks which are beyond its carrying power. Yet it now proposes to undertake a work which calls for a high degree of wisdom, foresight, patience and vigilance. If official New York has shown any of these qualities, words have changed their pristine meanings.

For New York cannot keep its streets clean, not even under the impulse of an epidemic. It can talk about clean streets and does, gloriously, but talk is a poor substitute for a broom. Park Avenue, for instance, is not commonly designated as part of a slum. But block after block, from Ninety-seventh Street north, easily equals anything on the lower "East Side." Observe the filthy shops, the unscreened food, covered with flies where these can penetrate the coating of street dust, the refuse in the road and on the sidewalk, the rotting fruits and vegetables in the push-carts, the multitudinous children playing in the muck. All these things, no doubt, are in violation of the orders of the Board of Health and of the Street Department. As these lines are written, July 25, "the city is engaged in a vigorous campaign of cleanliness," and the *Tribune* announces that today the "plague record in Manhattan" is reached. If this campaign is "vigorous," the wonder is, that in the slack days poliomyelitis did not hang white crape on every family door in the borough. We have "rules" in plenty, but very little execution. Is the Street Department instructing its employees in the etiquette of white duck? Forgetting Park Avenue, is the Board of Health counting the toothbrushes on Randall's Island?

Murder on Randall's Island

These, too, are the strenuous days of the "uplift." The city, or those who speak for it, is setting up gleaming standards toward which every private institution, whether for delinquent or dependent children, must steadily turn its gaze. This gaze and substantial progress toward these standards of holy light will be inexorably exacted. So runs the imperial ukase, which may not be questioned for fear of conspiracy. But New York, apparently, cannot keep its own delinquent juvenile wards from plotting and executing successfully brutal murder. True, the woof of sentimentality was lately rent asunder when these five young conspirators, guests of the city, not of those vile places, the private institutions, were sent packing to the penitentiary for substantial terms. The newspapers, so prodigal of space when slander of the private institutions is in favor, said very little of this murder on Randall's Island, and whispered only a few words about the conviction of the youthful murderers. Not once did they even hint laxity of administration or fundamentally false discipline in the city's institutions. But despite the high cost of white paper, who can doubt the reams that would have been blackened, had the incident occurred in a private institution, particularly a Catholic institution?

Dirt in City Institutions

We spoke anon of unclean streets and filthy shops. The same criticism can be made of the very institutions under the care of the city. Despite the nearness of Thomas Mott Osborne, despite the tender care of the uplifters, who pour out vials and even floods of sentimentality upon murderers and similar foul birds, it would seem that the City of New York cannot maintain the quarters, destined not for criminals but for detained witnesses, in a decent state of cleanliness. "The West Side Prison is infested with vermin. There are no opportunities to bathe. The food is bad. If we want hot water we must pay for it. If we don't pay, we are called rats and stool-pigeons. Every night we are locked in these dirty cells, just as if we were criminals." This is the gist of the complaints recently made to the Grand Jury, and under instructions from Judge Mulqueen, the Grand Jury is investigating.

> Judge Mulqueen threatened yesterday that in future he would commit detained witnesses to hotels, leaving the county to pay the bills. This was after a committee of the Grand Jury had inspected the West Side prison in West Fifty-fifth Street, and pronounced it unfit for the detention of witnesses . . . . It was evident that there had been a hasty cleaning-up in preparation for their arrival (New York *American*, July 26).

New York, of a truth, is upheld by capable, devoted hands. Who can doubt it? The upholders themselves blushingly confess it; the *Evening Post* affirms it. Let us bow in silence. Objection spells conspiracy, perjury, treason, interference with affairs of international import. And rightly so. Our rulers are blessed with a "social vision"; we are but purblind, "strabismic"; we have never bathed in the light of "social ethics."

New York, then, cannot enforce strict orders issued by its own highly "socialized" Departments; cannot keep the hands of its delinquent children from murder; cannot keep some of its own buildings fit for human habitation. Is there anything more? There is. Its name is "graft."

"Graft" Among the Police

"Graft," of course, is the *bête noir* of the "reformer"; graft, that is, in the old sense. Yet New York, in the hands of the reformers, while Tammany hides its presumably diminished and sinful head, does not appear able to eliminate graft of the lowest, most despicable, most horrible kind, from its "socialized" police force. "Methods of collection from keepers of resorts, the boldest ever used," remarks the District Attorney, quoted in the *American* for July 25. "Graft was never so raw as it now is," one reads with amazed eyes in the *Times* for the same date. "The Becker case," comments the *American*, "cannot equal the present one for daring methods in levying tribute. . . . In eighteen months the police have collected about $46,000. That much has already been discovered. The total, no doubt, will be more than doubled." "I cannot see why some people at Police Headquarters could not see what was going on," the District Attorney is quoted in the *American*. "But I am giving them the benefit of the doubt."

An Overtaxed "Headquarters"

Rightly, again, are the city authorities given the benefit of the doubt. For this is the era of the "socialized" police, as well as of "socialized" charity and "socialized" law, and a "socialized" government can do no wrong. But I think I can see what the District Attorney confesses is beyond his power of vision. The police of New York, no inconsiderable village, are exceedingly busy men. They have lessons in psychopathy and politeness; it was not so long ago that they were preparing statistics regarding the price of meat, sugar, tea, coffee, flour, butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, and fish. In unoccupied moments, they gathered data on unemployment, or counted dead street lamps.

These varied and valuable "social activities" required, and doubtless received, the minute supervision of "Headquarters." Headquarters itself was busily engaged in the collation of certain scientific experiments in acoustics, the ordinary apparatus of which was the telephone wires of private citizens and business firms. All this work was enough to keep any Headquarters, however large and honest, decidedly preoccupied. As is evidenced by the hearings before Judge Greenbaum, it is an exceedingly difficult thing for even a trained ear to catch the sound-waves from a tapped wire, and a task requiring much inventive ingenuity to translate them into written language when caught. In the midst of all this laboratory work, the black sheep of New York's shining flock were nibbling at wires and statistics of another nature. As a result, five have been indicted for extortion and perjury, and where the end will be, no one knows, not even the Grand Jury.

And Now, Dependent Children

No, judging from the efficiency of the other Departments of the New York's government, the new venture of the Charities Department is not likely to meet with much success, save such success as may be implied in the plaudits of the sycophantic *Evening Post*. New York, unfortunately, has an annual army of perhaps six or seven thousand dependent children. Who will supply a "home in a private family" for these poor little waifs? Given the "family homes," who will guarantee that these "homes" will not speedily be counted among the proscribed baby-farms? Our city officials? Impossible. For the proper "investigation" of a few dozen private institutions in the City of New York, the Department of Charities is appointing a paid Board of forty-two "specialists." Who will answer for the specialists? Even specialists, at times, need watching; and recent history records that ignorant, "political" Grand Juries have been known to lay sacrilegious hands on the sacred persons of uplifters, sacrificing their very lives for a salary. Who, then, will answer for the thousands of families caring for these dependent children? If we need forty-two inspectors for thirty-six private institutions, homes that cannot move or run away, homes administered by persons well known in the community, how many "inspectors" shall we need for these thousands of "family homes"? Figure it out for yourself, and cease to wonder why, under the inspiration of the "Charity Trust," charity is neither a virtue nor a respectable profession, but a very grubby trade.

"Scientific" Investigators

These new inspectors, forty-two, or if need be, 42,000, will all be men and women of the "highest type of social devotion." Surely. But perhaps a few dwellers in this modern Babylon are acquainted with Rule 12, paragraph 6, of the Municipal Civil Service Commission:

> The Commission may by resolution *except from competitive examination* any person engaged in private business who shall render any professional, scientific, technical or expert service of an occasional and exceptional character to any city officer, and the amount of whose compensation in any one year shall not exceed $750.

A very proper and respectable rule, designed to afford subsidiary assistance to any overworked "socialized" city officer, and a useful rule, as experience has shown. Within the memory of citizens now living in Manhattan, certain appointments were made under this rule for a Department, which, to avoid conspiracy, may be designated as the Department for Maltreated Mules. The successful candidates, after a perfunctory examination, of which no records were kept, were judged to be scientists, technicians and experts. In addition, the "character" of some was indeed "exceptional." Two were under the age required by an "unsocial" law, two were not citizens, some had to be dropped for manifest incompetency, and one, although working in a very aura of a "socialized" government, because he developed the annoying habit of returning dishonest reports.

Bureaucratic Charity

Make charity purely a matter of bureaucracy, and you no longer have charity, but a system of inhuman exploitation in which "the expert gets the money and the poor man gets the sympathy." Years ago New York uncovered the unspeakable evils of the almshouse, the public asylum and other similar public establishments, and with the leadership of men like Elbridge T. Gerry and William Pryor Letchworth, giants in their day, turned for aid to the private institutions, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant. Under the inspiration of the new sociology, we have in principle a return to the discredited bureaucratic charity, which in New York would receive an administration neither better nor worse than any other city department now receives. The new child-placing schemes promise the speedy formation of a corps of professional investigators, who in turn will need their own investigators, thus adding to the burden of the already overtaxed people of the city. But they promise very little else, beyond the probable reestablishment of the horrors of the now outlawed baby-farm.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Figures recently published by Dr. H. K. Carroll give the expenses of the various sects in the business of soul-saving. According to the statements, "The Baptists in this country spend $221.97 at home for each net increase of one in their membership; the Methodists spend $328.08; the Presbyterians, $514.95; the Episcopalians, $818.09; the Congregationalists, $1,587.78." But Catholics have not yet reduced their Christ-given commission to an economic basis. A very prominent Churchman in the first century said the last word on soul-cost, when he declared that we were bought "with a great price." So great that all the economists of the world cannot total the figure.

As chronicled in the last issue of America the National Council of Public Morals in England has issued its report on the declining birth-rate in Britain. Its findings in reference to other countries in brief are contained in this table:

	Decade of Highest Rate	Highest Rate	1891 to 1900	1912
Denmark	1851-1860	32.5	30.2	25.6
Norway	1851-1860	33.0	30.4	25.2
Finland	1851-1860	35.9	32.1	27.1
Germany	1871-1880	39.1	36.1	27.5
Netherlands	1871-1880	36 4	32.5	28.2
Belgium	1871-1880	32.7	28.9	22.6
Austria	1871-1880	39.0	37.1	31.3
Italy	1881-1890	37.8	35.3	31.7
Hungary	1881-1890	44.0	40.4	36.3
Serbia	1881-1890	45.4	41.9	38.0
France	1801-1810	32.2	22.1	19.0

Birth-restriction prevails among the classes in which the conditions of family life are most favorable. Love of comfort, snobbishness, vulgar ambition are among the motives blamed by the Commission for diminished families. Britons are reminded of the warning of their King that the "foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people." They will remain unshaken only as long as the family life of the nation is strong, simple and pure.

The law-making mania that has obsessed American legislatures can be appreciated by comparing our law-output with Great Britain's. The British Parliament in ten years passed 1,500 laws; the Congress of the United States and the State Legislatures in five years are officially credited with 62,250 laws. The New York *Sun* asks:

> What would happen to a legislator who went home at the end of a session and said to his constituents: "I did not

make a new law, but I voted for the repeal of sixty-three idiotic ones, and I hope next year to prevent our august body from passing any laws at all"? He would be stoned as a standpatter and obliterated as an obstructionist. Life will not be perfect until each citizen has a code of lawyer-made laws applying to himself alone.

Life will be as nearly perfect as possible when each citizen learns the Sinai-code, and makes it the governing principle of citizenship. For it tells for better citizenship here and perfect citizenship in the realm beyond the stars.

The Richmond *Times Dispatch* contains this very true criticism on the country's lynching record for the past six months:

> Not to the credit of this country, but somewhat less to its shame, is the record of nine fewer lynchings in the United States during the first six months of this year than occurred during the corresponding period in 1915. In refutation of what some Americans put forward as an excuse for mob law, it appears that in only five of the twenty-five lynchings could that excuse have been pleaded.
>
> And Georgia's disgraceful laxness continues to darken the record of the whole South. Eight, or nearly one-third of the total number of lynchings in the United States, were committed by bloodthirsty mobs of that State. It is not to be wondered at that the reputable newspapers in its borders bitterly condemn the weakness of the law officers who, after all, are responsible for "Georgia's shame."

Georgia's shame is the nation's shame. Until mob-leaders are promptly brought to justice, the "lynching bee" will continue as a national disgrace.

Five tons of magazines and papers have been shipped to the troops on the border by the New York center of the Young Men's Christian Association, and five secretaries of the association left New York to take charge of the Y. M. C. A. camp activities. The circular letter sent out when mobilization began states:

> The average cost of the army branch building, including full equipment, is about $2,000. At least one man who has a son in the militia has given that amount for the equipment of a branch unit, and it is purposed to name the branch after the donor. It is estimated that $5,000 will not only provide the building and equipment, but pay the running expenses of a branch for six months. The present prospects are that the State troops will not remain on the border for a longer period.

A fund of $500,000 has been started for border work, and altogether the Y. M. C. A. is displaying a zeal which could be imitated with profit by Catholic societies.

The Lord Mayor of London is much disturbed at the lack of unity among Christians, and proposes a conference to establish a National Church:

> If only we could sink our differences, and have one great National Church! Suppose, now, we could get representatives of all Christian bodies to meet together at the Mansion House, "the chief building of the great capital city of the British Empire," could they not unify and mobilize their forces? It would be difficult for them to be theological on such an occasion. Let them adopt two or three large central doctrines, such as the Love of God and of our fellow-men, and sink their differences.

The *Churchman*, while commending the efforts and enthusiasm of the Lord Mayor, does not consider the problem of church unity easy of solution:

> After all, what has the British Empire to do with the matter? The Lord Mayor wants "one great British Church," and like many another reformer, forgets, on our side, our commitments to the whole Catholic Church; and, on the side of non-Episcopalians, the existence of a State Church in Scotland and numerous other Christian bodies.

The one God-given solution is never considered, though it unified Christendom for centuries. That solution is the Rock of Catholicism, in lieu of the sands of nationalism. But the Rock is in Rome, and, to the insular mind, what good can come from Rome?

The Buffalo *Express* quotes from the report of the "House Committee on Public Buildings," directing that the Flag shall fly every day from every government building:

> This we believe to be important. Important because the youth of the country should be taught to love and to revere the Flag of the Republic, and for the future good of our institutions that Flag cannot be seen too often.
>
> Hooray! The good old American Flag cannot be seen too often on government buildings. The oftener it is seen the more government buildings there are. The more government buildings there are the more—well, here are some of the appropriations provided for in this public-buildings bill:

		Population
Attalla, Ala	$30,000	2,513
Barbourville, Ky	25,000	1,633
Brinkley, Ark	25,000	1,740
Central City, Ky	30,000	2,545
Edenton N. C	45,000	2,789
Georgetown, Tex	30,000	3,096

A more economic and at the same time the only way of teaching American youth to revere the Flag, is to teach them that it stands for authority, and authority comes from God. Otherwise, "I pledge allegiance to my Flag" means nothing.

The Central Philanthropic Council of Columbus, Ohio, has issued its report based on an inspection of 243 public pool-rooms. The classification by race is interesting. Americans frequent one hundred and sixty-six, fifty-one are patronized by immigrants, Italian, Hungarian, and Greek, and twenty-six by negroes. The following recommendations were made to the City Council:

> That the Central Philanthropic Council support the passage of an ordinance providing for the licensing of the public billiard and pool-rooms within the city limits of Columbus, with the penalty of revocation for the violation of the provisions of the license. That the following provisions be suggested for the consideration of the Mayor and the City Council: (a) That the license be issued only after investigation by the City Superintendent of Public Welfare of the moral status of the applicant and of the moral and sanitary conditions surrounding the proposed location. (b) That no pool-tables be allowed in barrooms or in rooms connected by door with a saloon. (c) That blinds, curtains, partitions or other obstruction of the open view from the street be prohibited. (d) That the age limit be eighteen years. (e) That no game of chance be allowed in billiard and pool-rooms. (f) That provisions against gambling and profanity be incorporated in the ordinance. (g) That the Superintendent of Public Welfare have direction of the inspection of the public billiard and pool-rooms, and that a license fee be fixed, all or a part of which shall go to the enforcement of the provisions of this ordinance.

Were our American cities well provided with boys' clubs, the danger to youth seeking healthy recreation would be lessened. Boys who go to the public pool-rooms, or to other public recreation centers are only following the "clubbing instinct," that the Catholic Young Men's Institute of San Francisco was founded to meet and direct into healthy channels. But the Young Men's Institute only reaches a handful of the Catholic boys in America.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The Republican nominee for President made his formal speech of acceptance, at Carnegie Hall in New York, on July 31. Rather lengthy in detail, yet logical in sequence, Mr. Hughes' speech of acceptance sounds one clear note. It is a charge of incapacity, an arraignment of ineptitude flung boldly and with unmistakable clearness at the Administration that has controlled the Nation's destinies during the past four years. The Democratic party is called to answer for the withdrawal of our ambassadors from Latin-American countries, like Santo Domingo, to make way for "deserving Democrats." The party in power must account for Bryan and Daniels in the Cabinet, for the recalling of Herrick from France, Henry Lane Wilson from Mexico, for the weird adventures of Lind as our "agent" to Huerta, and Hale's happenings with Villa. Tampico, Vera Cruz, Carrizal and Columbus with their blood tales must be explained. Our policy abroad with note-writing to England and Germany, supplemented by vacillation and inaction must be weighed in the balance. The Mexican policy of the Wilson Administration Mr. Hughes stigmatizes as "a confused chapter of blunders." The Democrats in convention plank or party speech promised the people of the country harmony at home and honor abroad, preparedness both military and industrial, and government economy coupled with efficiency. Mr. Hughes challenges his political antagonists to prove a single promise kept. Within one speech of about 8,000 words, the issues which bulk largest have been encompassed: Mexico, the protection of neutral rights, preparedness and the Philippines. The New York *World* characterizes the acceptance speech as "destructive, none of it constructive." The New York *Sun* declares that "an utterance so strong and honest, so free from the consciousness of phraseology, so void of the pettiness of evasion and artful conciliation, has seldom been heard, when a candidate for President rose to pronounce his creed." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* calls it "the deliberate formulation of the nation's indictment of the Federal Administration."

Mr. Hughes States the Issue

In a note delivered to the State Department on August 4, the First Chief named his representatives on the commission board that is to arbitrate international differences arising from border conditions. Carranza, however, very adroitly avoided answering the American suggestion that the commission's powers should be enlarged. The text of the note reads:

Carranza Replies

Mr. Secretary—I have the honor to transmit to your Excellency the following note which I have just received from my Government:

'Mr. Secretary—In due reply to the courteous note of the Department of State dated July 28, 1916, I have the honor to say to your Excellency that the First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army in charge of the executive power of the Mexican Republic congratulates himself upon the laudable efforts of the American Government to arrive at a solution of existing difficulties between the two countries, and, to that effect considering it of the greatest importance that a prompt decision be reached of the points which have caused the existing differences between the United States and Mexico, referred to in the note of the Mexican Government dated July 4 last, has seen fit to appoint at once a committee of three persons constituted by Licentiate Luis Cabrera, Engineer Ignacio Bonillas and Engineer Alberto J. Pani, to whom instructions have been given to devote their attention preferably to the solution of the points mentioned in the previous note of this department.

Licentiate Eliseo Arredondo has been authorized to arrange with the Department of State the matter of details relating to the place and date in which the Commissioners of the

Mexican Government should meet the Commissioners of the Government of the United States in order to commence their labors.

I reiterate to your Excellency the assurance of my highest consideration. C. AGUILAR,
Secretary of Foreign Relations.'

I avail myself of this new occasion to renew to your Excellency the assurance of my highest consideration.
E. ARREDONDO.

The "points mentioned in the previous note" of July 4, refer to border raids, the withdrawal of American troops, and protection of the international line. It is the Mexican opinion that the joint commission will be in session about the middle of August. The Mexican delegates expect to cross the Rio Grande without delay. This view seems a bit too optimistic, for Washington does not appear entirely satisfied with Carranza's note.

Danish West Indies Treaty Signed

Without ceremony and with few formalities, the treaty between Denmark and the United States, whereby our Government agrees to pay $25,000,000 for the Danish West Indies, was signed at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City, on August 4, by Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, and Constantin Brun, Danish Minister to this country. American ownership of the Islands will follow upon ratification of the treaty by the United States Senate and the Danish Rigsdag. Meantime a number of the Danish provincial papers, together with many conservative papers of Copenhagen, oppose the sale, asserting that it should not be consummated during the war. The *National Tidende* says:

In a question of so great importance for the whole nation, the Government acted in a manner such as even its worst antagonists had not believed it capable of. None but the Danish Government would have risked such a course.

The *Politiker,* however, declares that the Islands have proved quite useless to Denmark and under present conditions may become a serious menace to the country's neutrality.

The War.—Intermittent fighting, confined for the most part to artillery, has been going on in Flanders and Artois, but it has not been of a serious nature. The British have further extended their success in Picardy, where they have advanced from 400 to 600 yards on a front of one mile. In the Verdun sector the Germans have been on the defensive, being content to hold their previous gains. At other parts of the western front there have been only desultory skirmishes, with no effect whatever on the general situation. In the Trentino the offensive has been mainly on the side of the Austrians, who have held their ground practically everywhere, except on Monte Cimone, the northern slopes of which are now in possession of the Italians. Artillery engagements are reported from the Isonzo. Fighting, which was considered to be preliminary to a serious effort to seize the Suez Canal, has taken place between the British and Turks at Romani, twenty-two miles east of the Canal, but has resulted in the defeat of the Turks. In Armenia the Russians have moved west from Erzingan, and have had minor successes near Kharput, Musch and Bitlis. In the Mosul district, however, the Russians have been forced by the Turks to evacuate Rowandus. In Persia the advantage has been all on the side of the Turks, who are pursuing the retreating Russians, and have reached Buguan, north of Sakkis.

Bulletin, August 1, a. m.-August 7, p. m.

The principal fighting in France has shifted from Picardy to the Verdun sector. The Germans have apparently transferred a large portion of the troops hitherto under the command of the Crown Prince to other battlefields, and the French have been quick to profit by their opportunity. As a consequence the latter launched a series of attacks on the Thiaumont-Fleury line, and although both these places changed hands a number of times during the week, the Thiaumont Work is now held by the French, and the village of Fleury, with the exception of its northern outskirts, is also in their hands. Besides this the French have gained a footing on the Côte du Poivre and at Vacherauville. The significance of these victories is that the French have recaptured in a few days the ground which it took the Germans two months to secure. It is generally believed that the German offensive at Verdun has now ended.

French Victories East of the Meuse

The Austrians and Germans are now facing a new crisis. The resistance of the Germans on the Stokhod is weakening, for the Russians have crossed that river at Gulevichi, and have moved down the Stavok River as far as Rudka-Mirynskaia. This last town was partially occupied by them, but had to be abandoned before strong German attacks. Kovel, which is now menaced, would be a very serious loss to the Germans, as it is a most important railroad center, and the principal base of supplies for the Austrian and German armies in Volhynia. The Austrians likewise have found it impossible to hold back the Russians, who are pressing back both of their flanks in the northern part of Eastern Galicia, at a point on the Dubno-Lemberg railroad, about ten miles west of Brody, and in the southern part of Eastern Galicia, at a point on the Czernowitz-Lemberg railroad, about midway between Stanislau and Kolomea. The Austrians' center is still holding firm on the Strypa, but it will soon be forced to retire unless the Russian movement against their right and left flanks is checked.

The Russian Advance on Kovel and Lemberg

France.—The *Dépêche* of Toulouse, a radical journal most persistent and bitter in its organized campaign of slander against the clergy, has lately been obliged to make amends for untruthful statements. Some time ago it pretended to have received a letter from the front containing the following words: "I challenge any

M. Barres and the Clergy

poilu, a real one, of course, to say that he himself has seen a curé or a millionaire mount guard in the trenches." The *Dépêche* added: "M. Barrès, is, of course, only a '*poilu*' at the rear, but he is president of the 'League of Patriots'; and we may well make an exception for him. We shall then see if he will take up the challenge issued by the *poilu* at the front. M. Barrès took up the gauntlet thus thrown down by the radical paper, and wrote a vigorous letter to the *Dépêche*. His defense of the slandered clergy was so circumstantial and complete that for several months the *Dépêche* did not care to publish it, until on July 9, it had to desert its position, unable to face a trial which had been set for July 15. In his letter M. Barrès pointed out to the *Dépêche* and its supporters, that the *poilus* are fighting for their country at Verdun and on countless other battlefields, and have no time to take up any challenge. As a consequence he undertook to do so and after declaring that he might have demanded the publication of the long and ever lengthening roll of priests and religious who have either fallen in battles or been mentioned for exceptional gallantry in the field, he contents himself with the following enumeration of mention in despatches or decorations received by priests and clerics of forty dioceses out of eighty-six:

Albi, 22; Amiens, 19; Angers, 24; Angoulême, 8; Arras, 19; Bayonne, 15; Besançon, 45; Blois, 9; Cahors, 5; Carcassonne, 9; Châlons, 9; Chartres, 13; Coutances, 22; Evreux, 10; Dijon, 12; Fréjus, 3; Laval, 25; Limoges, 12; Meaux, 15; Moulins, 6; Nancy, 33; Nevers, 7; Pamiers, 11; Poitiers, 8; Le Puy, 5; Quimper, 31; Reims, 18; Rennes, 24; Rodez, 39; Saint-Brieux, 31; Saint-Dié, 33; Soissons, 14; Tarbes, 5; Toulouse, 20; Troyes, 10; Tulle, 4; Vannes, 31; Versailles, 34; Viviers, 7.

The list is admittedly incomplete and not brought up to date. But in spite of its deficiencies, it is an eloquent refutation of the odious slanders of the *Dépêche*. French Catholics have not failed to express to M. Barrès their gratitude for the part he has played in defense of their heroic priests.

The Toll of War

Some interesting facts concerning the ravages of war have just been collected by an official committee. Of the 36,247 communes, 2,554, or about seven per cent of the whole number, are still occupied by the Germans, while 247 other communes have been practically deserted by their inhabitants. All told some 753 communes have been seriously damaged, the Department of the Marne suffering most, with 258 out of 661 communes ravaged. The number of houses destroyed in the aforesaid 753 communes is 42,263; 16,669 totally, 25,594 partially. In 428 communes public buildings have been destroyed; of these buildings 221 were city halls, 379 schools and 331 churches. Some 56 buildings classified as public monuments have either been destroyed or seriously damaged; moreover, 30 factories which formerly gave work to 3,000 people have been destroyed.

Divided Socialism

Germany.—The sentence of Liebknecht to thirty months' penal servitude for attacking the Kaiser's war policy, has caused a rift in the ranks of German Socialists. With few exceptions those in the Reichstag support the Government, as do many in the country at large; others, however, denounce not only the conviction and sentence of Liebknecht, but also their former "brethren." Thus the organized workers of Hanau recently made public the following resolutions:

The general meeting of the Central Labor Union of Hanau-on-the-Main, held on May 9, 1916, protests vigorously against the nationalistic attitude of the General Commission of the Trade Unions of Germany and of its organ, the *Korrespondenzblatt*, as insulting to every true conception of labor politics. Support of the war policy is contrary to the most vital interests of the working class organized in free trade unions, and, consequently, only serves the interests of the enemies of labor. The organized workingmen of Hanau condemn the one-sided use of trade union funds for the publication of pamphlets lauding the war policy of the Socialist Parliamentary majority and of the Party's Executive Committee, and abusing the supporters of the opposition, especially Comrade Liebknecht, in whom we have the fullest confidence and to whom we offer our deepest sympathy, in a manner that could hardly be outdone by our opponents. Furthermore, the meeting condemns the shameless activities of the International Korrespondenz [a Socialist news service], which, in the interest of the policy of imperialism and of the combinations of capitalistic interests, carries on a regular campaign of incitement of the proletarians of the belligerent countries. . . .

During protest strikes inaugurated in Berlin and its suburbs against the sentence of Liebknecht a leaflet from which these items were taken was distributed:

Workingmen! Comrades! The blow has fallen! They have condemned our Karl Liebknecht to two and a half years in prison. Because he cried "Down with the war!" the soldiers have thrust him into a prison jacket. Because he demonstrated on May 1 for the fraternization of the nations he must languish in the habitation of the outcasts. Because he fought for bread and liberty for the people they have thrown him into chains.

Comrades! Shall we calmly accept this infamous verdict? Shall we put up with this blow of a bloody fist in our faces?

Workingmen! You women of the people! Leave the factories! Let a mighty protest strike throughout the entire Empire show the saber dictatorship that the German people have ceased to grovel like a dog. We are sick of international murder and its horrors! We are sick of want, hunger, and the iron collar of the state of siege. The rulers should learn that behind Liebknecht stands hundreds of thousands, millions, who, like him, also cry: "Down with the war!" . . .

The Brunswick's Socialists protested as follows:

The striking workingmen of Brunswick assembled in the *Wilhelmsblick* on June 28, 1916, declare that the working class of Brunswick has laid down its tools in sign of protest against the arrest of Comrade Karl Liebknecht and the judicial proceedings that threaten him with imprisonment. At the same time this cessation of work is intended to show the sympathy of the Brunswick workers with our brave Comrade Liebknecht, who in word and deed has proved his loyalty to the people, and who has labored untiringly for the ending of this world war. . . .

Thus is Socialism shattered.

Great Britain.—The second part of the report of the committee appointed by the late President of the Board of Agriculture to consider the employment on the farms of England and Wales of discharged soldiers and sailors was recently issued. About 320,000 men have left the land since the beginning of the war, and, owing to wastage, twenty-five per cent of these, 80,000, will not return to agriculture. This deficit must eventually be made good, and the report suggests the employment of ex-soldiers and sailors. The committee submits that, in order to attract these men to the farms, it will be necessary to offer the farmers a satisfactory wage, good housing, means of recreation, and reasonable prospects of improving their condition. It is interesting to note that the report dwells on the danger of unemployment on demobilization and suggests schemes for meeting the emergency, such as reclamation and afforestation. In anticipation that one result of the war may be a national demand for an increase in the agricultural output of the country, the following measures are suggested for increasing the home production of food: State guarantee of a minimum price for home-grown wheat for a period sufficient to give confidence to farmers; State bonus for each acre of permanent grass land brought under the plough and kept in a proper state of cultivation, and the imposition of import duties on agricultural produce sufficient to give the protection that is necessary to the farmer. Among the recommendations of the minority report, issued simultaneously with the one just quoted, are agricultural wage boards and a State guarantee of forty shillings to forty-two shillings a quarter for home-grown wheat. "Back to the land" seems to be the slogan popular in England just now.

Agriculture in England and Wales

Ireland.—After testifying his faith in God, and his love for Ireland, and fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church, of which he had lately become a member, Sir Roger Casement was hanged in Pentonville jail, London, Thursday, Aug. 3. An English court had convicted him of conspiring to cause an armed revolt in Ireland and with having sought German aid to that end. He met his death with composure. His last words were his reverent answers to the litany of the dying, followed by the exclamation: "I die for my country."

Execution of Sir Roger Casement

Two hours before the death sentence was carried out, and while the prisoner was hearing Mass and receiving the Holy Eucharist for the first and last time, a crowd had gathered before the prison gate. When some minutes before the execution the prison bell began to toll, and again when it sounded to announce that the condemned man had met his doom, jeers and groans broke from some of the bystanders. In contrast to this scene, a group of about thirty Irish men and women, as soon as the final clang of the bell warned them that the condemned man had paid the last penalty, fell on their knees and with bowed heads remained for some moments silently praying for the repose of his soul.

The prisoner, a member of a distinguished Protestant family of County Antrim, had long and earnestly studied the teachings of the Catholic Church and on June 29, had formally accepted them. Since that time the Rev. Fathers McCarrell and Carey had been more fully instructing him and attending to his spiritual wants. Father McCarrell stated that he had never instructed anyone who showed himself a more intelligent or more intuitive learner.

It had been hoped that, at the last moment, a reprieve would be granted. Acting upon instructions from President Wilson, the State Department forwarded to Ambassador Page, at London, a copy of the Senate's resolution, expressing the hope "that the British Government may exercise clemency in the treatment of Irish political prisoners." Though Sir Roger's name was not mentioned in the resolution, it was well known that he was the object of it. Another petition for mercy, signed by such eminent authors as Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Rev. R. J. Campbell, Israel Zangwill, Sidney Webb, Hall Caine, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Rev. John Clifford and John Galsworthy, was also addressed to the British Government. Neither these, nor others, were of any avail. In anticipation of the execution of the prisoner, the London *Daily News* said:

> With no desire to dwell on a decision that in a few hours will be irrevocable, we cannot but reaffirm our conviction that in resolving that the death penalty must be exacted the Government has exhibited a grave unwisdom.
>
> From the commutation of Casement's sentence no evil results could follow, for after the carnage in Dublin it would be folly to pretend that further execution is necessary as an example or warning.
>
> It is true that men far less guilty than Casement have been shot, but his death will not bring them back to life. On the other hand, to hang him now is to give the disaffected section of Ireland another martyr to embitter the feeling throughout the Island, alienate a large and important body of American opinion, and enable Germany to play off the death of Casement—the parallel is in reality grotesque, but it is near enough for her purpose—against the death of Captain Fryatt. No one can contend that the execution of Casement is a crime, but that it is a lamentable blunder can hardly be contested.

American opinion on the subject is clearly defined. Papers reflecting the judgment of great numbers of Irishmen condemn the execution unreservedly. The pro-English press, represented by such papers as the New York *Tribune,* defends it.

A third class admits that the victim's "treason was indefensible," "yet," in the words of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* "there are many friends of England who will regret that justice was not tempered with mercy in this case, and that the voice of reason and expediency was drowned by angry clamors for vengeance."

Finally, papers like the New York *American* denounce the whole proceeding as wantonly cruel.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Sweeping the Seas

ON July 15, the Naval Militia of the country started on a two weeks' practice cruise, making use of nine reserve battleships on the Atlantic coast, and a battleship and two cruisers on the Pacific. Besides the regular naval officers and enlisted men, the personnel of the Naval Militia force at sea numbers about 270 officers and more than 4,000 sailors. The latest returns published by the navy department give us less than 70,000 officers and enlisted men in active service. From these figures we can estimate our strength at sea, and the means at present at our disposal for defending our rather long coast line, not to mention our island possessions. In the weak cry for preparedness that was turned into a reverberating shout by the Carrizal incident, the Nation's mind turned more toward the army than the navy, yet the sea problem that confronts us has not been entirely neglected. The new navy bill carries appropriations totaling over $315,000,000, providing for four battleships, four great battle cruisers and fifty-eight other craft. That our legislators in Washington are convinced that "something must be done for our navy" is patent from some features of the bill which provide for:

Increase in the enlisted personnel of the navy from 54,000 to 74,500, and of the Marine Corps from 9,000 to 14,500.

Power for the President to increase the enlisted strength of the navy to 87,000 and the Marine Corps to 17,400 men in time of national emergency.

Enlargement of navy yards, with equipment for construction of capital ships and extension of Government dry-docks for accommodation of the largest battleships.

Reorganization of the Naval Militia on a similar basis with the reorganized National Guard. Organization of naval reserve and Marine Corps reserve.

Whether or not the reorganization of the Naval Militia will be a real step forward in the march toward preparedness is a moot question. Many believe that the reorganization of a defective system is waste time. To improve our Naval Militia we must change the volunteer system entirely, and build anew. Some plan must be devised for creating a naval reserve, provided for in the last item of the new navy bill. Plattsburg in the opinion of many military experts is the beginning of a land reserve that will be more than a social club, and "floating Plattsburgs" are what we need if we are really serious in building up a naval power that can sweep the seas "when the guns begin to shoot."

Those who have the interest of an efficient navy at heart, plan to get a representative body of civilians on board ship and during a few weeks' cruise teach the "land lubber" what the navy routine and naval defense really mean. The recruit who is anxious to specialize will be given a chance for detailed study of navigation, pilotage, signaling, radio work, electrical and steam engineering and other branches of naval work. Civilian committees are occupied in different cities along the eastern coast enrolling candidates for the citizen navy, and the calculation is that every man who returns home after his time on the "floating Plattsburgs" will become an apostle of naval preparedness. A certificate will be given every civilian who has completed the brief training, showing the work he has accomplished, and the line he is best qualified for in the event of war. The idea is not to sweep a mob of landsmen out of offices and stores into the open sea. In fact the original plan permitted only 4,000 civilians to be taken on board the battleships of the Atlantic fleet for practical training. The number, however, has been reduced to 2,500. The vessels assigned to the training squadron are the battleships, Virginia, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Illinois, Maine, Rhode Island, Alabama, Louisiana and New Jersey, with Rear Admiral Helm in command.

August 15 has been fixed as the date of sailing. Immediately after embarking the civilians, the vessels will proceed to the vicinity of Gardiner's Bay, where five days will be given to "tuning up" drill, that the civilian sailor may get gradually accustomed to sea life, for the navy department does not purpose inflicting unnecessary hardships on men who of their own accord are willing to do their bit for Uncle Sam, by passing from the crowded ranks of paper-preparedness advocates to the much thinner line of real reservists who personally read preparedness into action. From August 20 to August 27 the civilians will share in the strategic maneuvers of the Atlantic fleet, the regular complement on board the ships having been considerably reduced to make room for the novice seamen. From August 27 to September 5 the squadron will be under way for Tangier Sound and target practice, and the vessels that require fuel will take on coal at Hampton Roads. The week of September 5 to 12 will find the fleet making for the ports of embarkation, where it will take part in maneuvers with mobilized motor-boats, solving problems dealing with the defense of the various naval districts. Recent naval warfare has shown the value of small sea-craft in their screen function, in protecting capital ships from the submarine and torpedo boat. It is expected that yacht and motor-boat owners will participate in this part of the program of the training cruise. Doubtless, too, the airship as a naval adjunct will be given the efficiency test. For the value of an aerial coast patrol is beyond question, as Rear Admiral Peary has endeavored to prove to the American public. The sudden appearance of a submarine freighter in American waters is a still more convincing argument in favor of an aerial coast patrol, for in an attempt to run a blockade the submarine's deadly enemy will be the airship. The million and a half dollars recently appropriated for installing the first unit of an efficient air-scouting system to protect the waterways of the metropolis is money well spent. It represents a good insurance investment.

Certainly it is obvious that four weeks at sea will not make man-o'-war's men out of an office force. But it will furnish first-hand information about the many phases of active naval service and the scope of the training required to make a modern seaman, and the civilian will come ashore with some accurate notions of the needs of the navy. He will be able to inform others of "what is what" aboard ship, and in consequence the future may witness less loose thinking and talking against sane preparedness and adequate national defense. An understanding of naval duties will surely enable the citizen to do his part in a national crisis more intelligently, even if he never leaves land again. And if his leanings are toward naval service, he will have learned in what capacity he can best serve his country. Is not that something in return for the inconvenience or experience of four weeks at sea? For there is no denying the fact that the practice cruise means inconvenience, as there is no room for a summer garden or a Waldorf café on board a man-o'-war. It is built for fighting and every detail of design is thought out in terms of fighting efficiency. Most of the space is taken up by the necessary equipment for fighting and maneuvering purposes. Only a limited supply of fresh food can be carried along on a cruise, and a good deal of the work to be done is qualified by the unpoetic epithet "dirty." But the civilian is taught by a brief experience that hundreds of men quartered in a relatively small space can spend their lives without many conveniences and still preserve excellent health. He is taught to accustom himself to discomfort, and is shown what war conditions might exact of him, unprepared and untrained as he is. The idea of the "floating Plattsburgs" is to take patriotism out of the realm of song-singing and Fourth of July orations, and bring it down to earth which is generally rather dirty, and always rather real. Certainly this sounds like a good experiment, in days when a world-war can blaze into fury over night.

It was Frederick Jane, the English naval expert, who is quoted as saying that he felt the needs of a big American navy for the future, and he keenly realized America's lack of appreciation of those needs. He held the view that the American navy's only possible defensive lies in an oversea offensive. In fact he placed America's chief naval danger in the cry for "local defense." If 10,000 people at Newport News ask for a "defense battleship," and 10,000 people at two or three other places make a like request, Frederick Jane doubted if there was an admiral strong enough to stand up against Congress and block the request:

> It is not for me, a Britisher, to criticize the United States navy. But I think that there are few United States naval officers who will condemn me for saying that there is too much purely political "eyewash" about the United States fleet, and that in case of war it is far more liable to be used to suit political ideas about a "line of defense" than for the purely naval and business end. As a mere looker-on I cannot resist stating that, in my opinion, the United States navy is a "line of defense" for the politicians first and for the nation afterwards. Henry Reuterdahl and others have written on the same idea.
>
> If the sea defense of America is to be assured, Russia must be emulated. There must be two distinct fleets, one on the east, one on the west coast. Neither must be counted in with the other, because only under very exceptional circumstances could either operate with the other.
>
> Till this be done, the American navy is a more or less illusory "line of defense," even in the best meaning of the word. Rather, it is a Samson shorn of his hair, a standing parody of that famous Irish bull maker, Sir Boyle Roche, who long ago said, "No man can be in two places at one time, unless he is a bird."

It is helpful to glimpse our naval weakness through the glasses of a foreign expert. Nor have our own naval authorities been silent on the question of the fatuity of sweeping the seas with our imaginations instead of with well-manned dreadnoughts, and their complement of auxiliary craft. It was to awaken the country to its naval needs that the Navy League was founded in 1903. Its object is "to acquire and spread before the people information as to the naval forces of the United States, and to awaken interest and cooperation in all matters tending to improve their efficiency." The "floating Plattsburg" furthers this object.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

Concerning Birth-Control

EVEN old Boston is just now being rocked violently with birth-control agitation. The immediate cause, perhaps, is that much advertised and morbidly attractive photo-play, "Where Are My Children?" The picture has some good features, but it is safe to say that these are not what induce people to flock to the Majestic Theater. Love of sensation is doubtless the explanation; and "Where Are My Children?" is excessively pandering to this depraved sentiment which hitherto the Athens of America, known to have scowled on "The Easiest Way" and "Marie Odile," was not esteemed to possess in a marked degree.

But today the fastidious Bostonian, who used to bestow a *riant* smile on the rare lack of delicacy of the medieval theologian, so desirous of determining at what stage of conception the soul was fused with the fœtus, is now quite outdoing the plainest philosopher. One hears frankest contraceptive statements from female lips on all sides. At the recent arraignment of Van Kleek Allison, former Columbia student, society was extremely well represented and apparently full of sympathy for the distributor of obscene literature.

But then there are strong reasons other than "Where Are My Children?" to turn cultured Boston in favor of Van K. Allison and birth-control propaganda. It has long been more or less friendly to the methods of preventing conception which the gentleman's pamphlets prescribe. Nor is it rash or wrong so to declare; for, remarks Mrs. Glendower Evans: "We are in a deplorable state until the knowledge *now possessed and used* by the women of the wealthy classes is made a common

possession of the women of all classes"; and further avers Van Allison: "The rich class already have the information which is forbidden to the poor people." Such assertions are rather illuminating as to the too, too small family of the New England rich. Thank Heaven our Catholics are not yet thus worldly-wise, but, in Christian simplicity, preserve the ideals of matrimony, presenting numerous souls to God and sons to the State. The opulent should have the greatest progeny, since they have the largest means; they have the smallest progeny because they have the greatest selfishness. Socially speaking, which is worse: the holy ignorance that gives new life to the world, or the unholy enlightenment that prompts couples to indulge the privileges of the marriage state to any excess and to shun the duties?

Mr. Van K. Allison dismisses the argument that birth-control would "depopulate the world," with the opinion that it is hardly worth discussing and the statement that, "Were every woman supplied with information as to how to limit her family, the maternal instinct could never be eliminated." It may be retorted that he misunderstands the spirit of the argument. No one, except in oratorical or rhetorical flight, would say that birth-control would quite sweep the *genus humanum* off the globe. But any one must admit that it would threaten the maternal instinct with perversion. Whence this passion for Pomeranians, spaniels, terriers, and bulls, which has fastened so firmly on so many a modern society dame? Those who run may read: yet Van K. Allison, disseminator of obscene literature, apparently cannot.

To the normal mind, not unbalanced by modern social theories, birth-control bristles with menaces to society. It is the deadly blossom of that plant of thought whose root is Malthusianism and whose stem is feminism. Malthus, man of the cloth alas! taught that population tends to outrun subsistence and hence must be checked by restraint of procreation, or allowed to be checked by the mortal vice and misery which too many mouths and too little bread entail. Feminism maintains that motherhood is not the object of wifehood, but only an incident in it; wherefore the woman of many children is a slave, and not a mistress, to maternity. It can readily be discerned how birth-control is the outgrowth of such doctrines.

But Malthusianism strikes deep in error. It begins and ends with fallacy, and its adoption is inexcusable. Most books of economics repudiate it; yet it is extensively connived at: a fact which suggests that it is a convenient screen behind which society can sin. Malthus affirmed that, if population were allowed to go on unhampered by the preventive and positive checks above-mentioned, the number of human beings would in two centuries exceed the means of subsistence as 256 is to 9. This is gratuitous. The population of the world today is, to all seeming, no greater than it was thousands of years ago; and certainly Christianity has done away with some of that vice and misery which Malthus maintained to be such necessary checks. Enormous sections of the world are uncultivated and uninhabited. Fruits and vegetables ripen and decay, because there are not enough hands to harvest them; yet Malthus would have it that there are apt to be too many mouths to eat them. The living things that give us food propagate much more numerously than ourselves. This in itself evinces that subsistence tends to increase faster than population. And man, by science, can and does make it increase all the faster.

It is the lower forms of life which geometrically multiply. Man is not like the microbes which mechanically break and rebreak until there are millions of them. His growth is not by multiplication alone, but by development.

It has been said that the United States doubles her population every twenty-nine years. But what of her productive powers? In 1880, she had $43,642,000,000; in 1904, she put the name Crœsus out of existence with a figure of $107,104,192,410. Thus in less than twenty-nine years, she had increased her wealth two and a half times. This example of our own land should surely satisfy Malthusians that *our* population, at least, is not out-running subsistence.

It might also be mentioned that experience shows the proportion of wealth to be greater wherever population is denser and that capital flows from thickly to thinly settled countries. But why tarry longer with Malthusianism? Its falsity is intellectually conceded even by its practical confessors. Yet, because it colors social suicide with a cheap dye of altruism, it will continue to be popular—it is so handy to have a plausible-sounding theory to drown the voice of conscience; to tell us we are really advancing society by diminishing it; to say that, since the cruel world works such havoc with the fruit of the womb, mashing it ruthlessly with misery and pain, it is charity to prevent fructification! These are points which make a strong appeal to such as have a weakness for self-deception, and can readily persuade themselves that they are really aiding the universe by helping themselves.

Undeniably there is a tremendous amount of woe in the world. But to charge it to the crucible of life, is to insult God and talk sociological nonsense. He who made all things good, has not constituted evil the object of the generative faculty. It is plain that social suffering is a result of unsocial fearlessness of God, rapacity, corrupt government, unjust laws, or destructive warfare. The obliteration of these, not the diminution of the birth-rate, is what should be sought. The wealthy would aid the poor man far better by giving him wages sufficient to feed his family instead of information on how to do away with the family; in other words, by practising a little more religion, and affording the poor a chance to do the same.

From Malthusianism to feminism was but a step. Since, according to Malthus, there were apt to be too

many babies in the world, why, according to milady, should woman make it a duty in life to produce more? No; an incidental child or two would be all right; but your Hibernian or French Canadian family—Ugh! Bondage! Perchance that Irish-American mother of whom the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard and Times* some time ago made mention, best answers such an attitude. When asked by a genteel social worker why she had such an unseemly abundance of bairns, "Shure," she answered, "I'd rather have thim on me lap than on me soul." Doubtless this religious creature had never read St. Paul's first epistle to Timothy; but her clean heart and mind told her the precious substance of the inspired words: "Yet she shall be saved through child-bearing."

It was another woman of that same race who made the noble answer: "Never! The good Lord knows which one of us to take," when a very modern physician told her she could not give birth to her child without imperiling her own life, so it would be prudent to let him commit murder. Her faith and confidence, it should be added, were rewarded, for both mother and babe lived and throve. Is not one reason for the spread of this pernicious birth-control movement, the readiness with which married women listen to unprincipled doctors?

From feminism to birth-control is only half a step. The lady, eager to snap the cocoon of conventions like a butterfly and soar aloft into the dazzling sunshine of freedom, has little time and less concern to propagate the race. That is why she has made motherhood a mere incident of wifehood, though it has always been adjudged the object and crown. That is why she shouts "Unjust," "Outrageous!" when Van K. Allisons are apprehended and arraigned.

In conclusion, these few remarks have gone to indicate that birth-control is in no wise an economic necessity, as the birth-control list loudly protests, but a mere efflorescence of extravagant up-to-date doctrines. Since the public are being talked into this ugly excess, they could and should be talked out of it. It is the duty of Catholics, who have always safeguarded the ideals of marriage, to be the dialecticians. We have sufficient able speakers and writers to render the campaign successful. Is it not high time to begin in every quarter, when Mrs. Sanger of New York, is allowed to go scot-free from Federal indictment; when the bizarre, Mrs. Robert Liggett of Duluth lectures in Minnesota, without a hint of civil interference, before hundreds of women and girls, on contraceptive methods; when the same persons proclaim in Seattle that females of the lower classes should be set apart as breeders, that no refined, high-strung woman should be subjected to the pangs of motherhood, and that no child is worth the suffering of its birth; when the Rev. Paul Blanshard of the Maverick Church, East Boston, throws open the doors of a house of worship for a mass-meeting in the interest of birth-control?

EDMUND E. SINCLAIR.

The Genesis of Barclay Street

IT is safe to presume that when the learned editors and distinguished publishers come to town to attend the Catholic Press Association Convention of August 19-20, an early visit to Barclay Street will be on the program. "Oh, Barclay Street," sniffs some literary esthete, "what atrocities have been perpetrated in thy name!" Be that true or false, this highway, with old St. Peter's Church as its landmark, is now known all over the English-speaking world, as the center of the Catholic publishing and church-goods trade of the United States. In the two blocks from the Post Office to West Broadway there are seventeen firms engaged in purveying to public needs in some branch of these two interests, a commercial condition that is an evolution of the last half-century.

The pioneer publisher of the street was one Higgins, now unknown to fame, who in 1817, published at Number 16 (old number), a 24mo, 92-page volume with this title:

> Catholic Doctrine and Catholic Principles Explained. To which is added "The Conversion of the Duchess of York" written by Herself; of "A. M. de Ramsay" by Archbishop Fénelon (1709), as given by Ramsay Himself.

Higgins makes no further mark on the record, and the real literary impetus of the street began with the advent of the famous Rev. Dr. John Power, who, in 1819, at the solicitation of the trustees of St. Peter's, came over from Roscarberry, County Cork, to become the pastor of that church. He was an active and enterprising priest who believed in the apostolate of the press. In 1824 we find him publishing an edition of the New Testament. In April of the following year, he inspired Pardow & Denman to begin the publication, at No 25 Maiden Lane, of the *Truth Teller,* New York's first Catholic weekly and the second publication of its kind in the United States. This is the opening chapter of Barclay Street's literary history. In those days, with its adjoining thoroughfares, it was part of a very attractive residential section, Columbia College being located in the blocks bounded by Murray and Barclay Streets, Church Street and College Place.

The first Catholic book published in New York was an edition of Pastorini's "History of the Christian Church," printed in 1807, by Bernard Dornin, at No. 136 Pearl Street. Dornin was the pioneer Catholic book publisher of the United States. He was an Irish political exile and came over from Dublin, in 1803, to Newburgh-on-Hudson, where he opened a bookstore. As New York offered a better field he soon moved down to Pearl Street. A gifted, scholarly man, Archbishop Carroll and other leaders of the time held him in high esteem. In 1808 he published Fletcher's "Reflections on the Spirit of Religious Controversy." The names of the 462 subscribers to this and the previous book now make an interesting directory of Catholic families then residing in New York. Dornin left New York for Baltimore in 1809.

The veering of the literary trend in the direction of Barclay Street, was indicated in 1819, when the erratic Father William Taylor had a pamphlet printed by McDuffee & Tarrand of No. 1 Murray Street, the title-page of which reads:

Sermon on the Festival of St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland. Delivered in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of New York, on Sunday, the 21st day of March, 1819. By the Rev. Wm. Taylor, one of the Officiating Clergymen of the said church.

Next comes John Doyle, another exile of Erin, who crossed the ocean in 1818. He was a printer, but he began his career here selling maps and pictures, as did other and very successful members of the trade, and then, in 1823, went into business as a bookseller at No. 257 Broadway, now part of the site of the Woolworth Building. His store was a Catholic and literary center for more than a generation thereafter. The publications on his list included a number of prayer-books, controversial works, and the first New York Catholic Bible, a Haydock edition, which he got out in 1833. In 1852, he left New York for California with his son, John T. Doyle, who was born at No. 257 Broadway. This son became one of the leading lawyers of California. It was mainly through his legal skill and patient historical research in the old Spanish archives, extending over forty years, that the Pious Fund case against Mexico was won by the Archbishop of San Francisco, before the international Arbitration Court of the Hague, on October 14, 1902.

In 1837 two bookbinders, Denis and James Sadlier, who had a shop in Carmine Street, issued Butler's "Lives of the Saints," and an edition of the Bible, in monthly instalments. Thus began the firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., the pioneer concern of modern Barclay Street, and at one time the wealthiest and largest house in the Catholic publishing trade. In 1852 it was located at No. 164 William Street, whence it told the public:

The high prices heretofore charged for Catholic books induced us to become the first pioneers in the great reformation now extending itself over the country by adopting the cheap cash system, depending on large sales, quick returns and small profits.

Impartial investigators into the history of the trade may find that the "great reformation" unfortunately did not long continue in either its general or particular application.

James Sadlier went to Montreal to manage a branch of the house at No. 179 Notre Dame Street, and there met Miss Mary A. Madden, who, in November, 1846, became his wife, the Mrs. Sadlier whose stories, translations, historical works, and contributions to the New York *Tablet*, a Catholic weekly started by the firm on June 5, 1857, exercised a very wide-spread and important influence on the Catholic reading public of two generations. The list of publications by the Sadlier firm at 31-33 Barclay Street, where they located at the beginning of the sixties, is as lengthy as it is varied. Notable for the time was their series of "Metropolitan" school books. They had a branch also at No. 128 Federal Street, Boston, where they challenged their great rival Patrick Donahoe, who ruled supreme in New England. Dry rot sapped the seemingly strong structure of the Sadlier house and it fell to pieces after the founders passed away. The lingering relics of its once proud estate lasted at No. 84 West Broadway until April, 1912, when they were sold to the present Kenedy concern.

Round the Sadliers in Barclay Street other firms gathered and attained more or less success. The most important was the Catholic Publication Society, started in 1866, at No. 9, by the Paulist Father Hecker as part of his great dream for the evangelization of his non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. His brother, George V. Hecker, supported the enterprise by contributing thousands of dollars. Books were printed and bound in a lavishness of style not attempted before. The manager and active business head was Lawrence Kehoe, who had been brought up in the Sadlier service and always lived up to the best ideals of the trade. The expectations of the permanent success of this venture did not materialize, for with the death of Father Hecker and of Mr. Kehoe, not long after, it withered away. Other ghosts of defeated hopes haunt the street. Hardly even as memories among publishers are the once well-known Barclay Street names of Patrick O'Shea, Felix E. O'Rourke, J. A. McGee, W. H. Sadlier, P. M. Haverty, Thomas Kelly, P. V. Hickey, Turgis and Stolzenberg.

Of the seventeen concerns now located in the street, that of P. J. Kenedy & Sons is the senior in the New York trade. The family tradition is that John Kenedy, the grandfather of the present members of the firm, started it in Baltimore in 1826. We find his modest store at No. 57 Duane Street, New York, in 1838, then at No. 180½ Division Street, and at No. 47 Mott Street in 1848. In 1873 his son, P. J. Kenedy, commenced the more pretentious enterprise of the firm at No. 5 Barclay Street, which building has since been swallowed up in the Woolworth structure. Benziger Brothers have a record of five generations since the original Joseph Charles founded the house at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. in 1792. The American branch, however, dates only from 1853, when it was at No. 333 Houston Street. Subsequent changes brought it to Beekman and William Streets, in 1859; to No. 9 Dey Street in 1865, and thence to Barclay Street. The Pustet concern is a branch of the Ratisbon house, and Müller has succeeded Turgis. The Messrs. Kerwin and Fauss were cadets of the old W. H. Sadlier firm, and took over also some of the Catholic Publication Society's effects. The Christian Press, J. Schaefer, J. F. Wagner, Seitz Bros., C. Wilderman, and McLaughlin, Bohne, McEvoy, Deprato, Bernardini, and the Malhine Company, in the church-goods line, are all more recent accessions to the neighborhood.

There were other firms prominent in the trade who were never in Barclay Street, like Edward Dunigan, at No. 151 Fulton Street, who was the first to encourage

Catholic writers to give him their works to publish. John Gilmary Shea's early histories were printed there, as well as several issues of the "Catholic Directory" and many standard volumes. In the early sixties this business was moved up to No. 598 Broadway, which was also the office of Archbishop Hughes's organ, the *Metropolitan Record*. It was continued there by Mr. Dunigan's half-brother, James B. Kirker. The plates of a number of the books printed by Doyle and by Dunigan and the Sadliers helped on the fortunes of later firms, and are still in existence, a tribute to the superior quality of the type-metal used in those early days and to the boldness of the enterprising publishers of the present who offer impressions from them for sale.

Barclay Street had an influence on the fame and fortunes of firms once noted in other cities, such as Kelly & Piet, of Baltimore; P. F. Cunningham and E. Cummisky, of Philadelphia; Fox of St. Louis; Walsh, of Cincinnati; Webb, of Louisville; Hoffman and Wiltzius, of Milwaukee, but space forbids any wandering away from the classic boundary of the original local branch of the Pierian spring. Half a century or so ago people must have read many more Catholic books than they do now, judging by the advertising in the Catholic papers of that time. Three, four and five columns of announcements of books for Catholics were common. The coming convention might discuss why, in spite of our largely increased numbers and much superior culture, this indication of a demand for Catholic literature no longer obtains.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

The Morality of Strikes

SINCE all strikes depend for their effectiveness on concerted action, which can be best secured through the medium of labor unions, it is essential in any discussion of the morality of strikes to lay down from the outset the clear principle that labor unions are licit. There is no reason in justice why men should not band together for mutual protection and improvement, provided that their organizations respect the rights of others and limit their activities to the promotion of the legitimate interests of their members. The right to form associations of this kind is guaranteed by common and statutory law, has the sanction of Pope Leo XIII, and is founded in the nature of man. This right, however, does not impose on employers a corresponding duty of employing unionized labor. If employers see or think they see in labor unions a menace to their freedom, they are not obliged to expose themselves to the possibility of their domination. There was a time, in the beginning of the past century, when the courts were disposed to regard organizations similar to the present labor unions as dangerous to the peace of the community and liable to indictment under the charge of conspiracy; but with the progress of years public sentiment has changed, so that now not only have they the sanction of State and Federal legislation but its encouragement as well.

Nor is this surprising, for the ethical foundation of this position is unassailable. The workman's labor is his own. He has, therefore, the right to dispose of it and to insist that it be employed under reasonable conditions and be given a just remuneration. As a consequence he also has the right to take the means necessary to secure such conditions and such remuneration. Experience has demonstrated that ordinarily the only means of securing this twofold object is united action. Moneyed interests are sometimes disposed to exact labor under intolerable conditions and to give in return the lowest possible wage for which men can be forced to work, regardless of the fact that the sum given may be quite inadequate for the decent support of the workman's family. Unprotected laborers on the other hand, especially when goaded on by the cries of hungry children, are helpless against the immense resources of capital. They have long recognized this, and have formed associations that have for their purpose to obtain the legitimate common good by legitimate means.

One of these legitimate means is the strike, which is variously defined, but is admitted by all to be a concerted withdrawal of employees from work, with the purpose of forcing employers to accede to their employees' demands. Moralists are unanimous in pronouncing justifiable this method of compelling employers to ameliorate the conditions of labor. They admit the possibility of abuse in the use of the strike, but at the same time they maintain that the strike is an absolutely licit weapon, provided it is invoked to remedy a grievance of a serious nature, that other methods of reaching a settlement have been tried and found unavailing, that it offers well-founded hopes of success, and that the good to be derived from it is of such a character as to counterbalance the evils it entails. The reason for their position is clear. There is nothing morally wrong in refusing to work under unjust or unreasonable conditions, nor is the character of this act changed by the fact that many men concur in it simultaneously, for the supposition is that the grievance is common to all. What they may do individually they may do collectively. True, the strike is not a measure that the moralists ordinarily advise; on the contrary they hold that it should be appealed to only in the last resort, for its success is doubtful, at its conclusion the strikers are often no better off than at the outset, and almost inevitably excesses are committed in its progress. Despite this, in itself, supposing the necessary conditions fulfilled, the strike is legal and licit.

Nor is a strike legal and licit only when the employees are victims of flagrant injustice. They may also strike in order to realize a legitimate desire to better their position and to obtain a greater share in the general profits to which they contribute so largely. This is true even though they are at the time receiving the minimum living wage and are not obliged to work under intolerable con-

ditions. Such desires and demands are just, as long as they do not exceed the maximum wage. It is to be noted, however, that the employers are not obliged in justice to give more than the minimum wage, though in certain cases they might be obliged to do so in charity.

There is a difficulty about cases where the strikers have bound themselves by contract for a specified period and nevertheless "walk out" before it has elapsed. But this difficulty is hardly practical, for labor leaders, in ordering a strike under such circumstances, never fail to allege that the refusal to abide by the contract is justified by grave reasons, for example that the employers have failed to abide by their side of the contract, that the contract has become iniquitous or was unjust from the beginning. These claims, however, must be determined in each particular case by an examination into the facts, and care must be taken that difficulties be not stressed beyond their value.

The mere lowering of wages, for instance, would not in itself be an injustice, if, in periods of extreme financial depression, economic conditions rendered this action imperative. It would be wrong to maintain that the whole brunt of hard times should be borne exclusively by the employers, but at the same time they must bear their share of the burden, and reduce their own profits proportionately to their reduction of wages. On the other hand the mere refusal on the part of the employees to abide by the terms of the contract would not of itself constitute an act of injustice, if the contract was iniquitous from the beginning and was entered into by the employees under the moral compulsion of the fear of starvation. Employers are prone to regulate wages solely by the marketable value of labor, but Christian ethics insists that other factors besides supply and demand should be taken into account in fixing the scale of wages. Where employees have been compelled against their will to accept for their labor remuneration that is inadequate for the proper maintenance of their families, they are quite within their rights if they seize a favorable opportunity to force their employers by equitable means to redress the wrong.

If the actual conduct of strikes consisted solely in cessation from labor there would be no difficulty whatever in deciding on their morality; as practically carried out, however, they frequently entail losses on innocent persons.

If the strike is based on clear injustice on the part of employers, the latter's losses may be left out of account for they may be attributed to the employers' misdeeds or their own free choice to suffer a present loss in order to retain greater profits. But what of the employees who do not wish to strike but prefer to work under existing conditions rather than endanger their present means of sustenance? And what of those other men, not yet employees, who are willing to accept work at the employers' terms? Both these classes are prevented from working by the strikers, because it is essential for the strike's success that the employers' embarrassment should not be relieved. How far are the strikers justified in preventing innocent men from retaining their positions or taking those vacated by the strikers?

First of all it is morally wrong for the strikers to do such men personal violence. On the other hand they may exert moral compulsion on actual or prospective employees, that is, they may resort to persuasion, exhortation, and even threats of exclusion from the union and from the advantages connected with it. This is not in itself evil and under the circumstances to do it would not be reprehensible, for it is a necessary means of defense, and the loss to the individuals excluded from positions by this moral compulsion bears no comparison to the far greater good that a much larger body of men hoped to attain. It is partly by such methods that the entire laboring class of the United States has been enabled to escape from economic slavery, and the detriment of the few is negligible when compared with the good of the many.

Another element enters into this problem, considerably complicating it. Strikes as a rule are not merely a trial of strength between two disputants, with the sympathy of the public divided between them; they often entail very serious consequences for whole classes of people who are in no way party to the dispute, and involve them in much inconvenience and discomfort and at times financial loss. How far may employers and employees disregard these regrettable but inevitable effects of their action?

First of all, if there is downright injustice on either side, the leaders of that side are responsible for all the losses which their injustice entails and are under the obligation of making restitution to the full extent of their culpability. If neither side is guilty of injustice, but both are struggling to safeguard respective interests, the strike takes on the character of an act which has two effects, one good and the other bad. The bad effect is always to be deplored but is nevertheless permissible, that is, it may be *allowed* to take place, provided the good effect outweighs the evil. The public is willing and prepared to put up with a certain amount of discomfort and even loss, in order that justice may be done or legitimate interests advanced; but this discomfort and loss must be reduced to the minimum necessary for the attainment of the object. In the measure in which this minimum is exceeded, the strike is illicit. This principle affects both employers and employees. It is a matter of justice to the public that the disputants should come to terms or effect a compromise, if this is possible, without involving innocent persons in the effects of the quarrel. Where this is imposible, the extent to which either side may hold out and either directly or indirectly extend the strike, depends on the proportion that exists between the good they reasonably hope to gain and the evils the innocent public must endure.

J. Harding Fisher, S.J.

The Neglect of Salt

SOME time ago the head of a foreign monastery determined to keep Lent strictly in the olden way. In a week or two the doctor of the monastery had to call in a specialist to diagnose a rare and peculiar ailment which was affecting everyone of the monks. After a searching examination the two medical men found out that the head of the monastery had settled that the monks should go without salt.

Seers are as old in the world, and as necessary to it, as salt. In saying this, I presuppose that other things are also essential. When it is said that salt and seers are one thing necessary, it is not said they are *the* one thing necessary.

Nor do I maintain, though I know a man in Jerusalem who does so maintain, that where the seer is and is heard, no grievous hurt can befall the commonwealth. I am the less minded to agree with him because, firstly, the word harm is as many-meaninged as, say, faith, liberalism, or bread; and, secondly, because Golgotha is a suburb of Jerusalem.

I see no reason for maintaining that the neglect of seers is responsible for everything from a solar eclipse to the sinking of the Titanic. But having dwelt with seers for a long time I begin to look out with their eyes and to see human affairs, as they saw them, glassed *in speculo æternitatis*, "in the glass of eternity." This same glass, be it known to all, is neither telescope nor microscope, neither far-seeing nor small-seeing, though it has the rare quality of making things and men at once greater and smaller. Nero seen in this glass is sometimes taken to be a flaw in the eye-piece; whilst Lazarus crouching in the doorstep becomes great like a pyramid.

The strangest power of "the glass of eternity" is to show things in their place. It is for this reason that the cheaper sort of churchmen, statesmen, business men, cannot abide it.

For man's chief function, like that of a meddlesome child, is to displace things. The glass directed toward as motley a collection as a secondhand bookstall, or a rummage sale, puts things, however impertinent, firmly and quietly in their places. Moreover, it shows the looker, in spite of his disappointment, that things are in their places.

I now seemed to have reached a point where it seems reasonable to tell what a seer is.

In spite of a good deal of polysyllabic mysticism with an antinomian flavor, we may say that a seer is a person who has the genius to discover, if not the heroism to keep, the Ten Commandments. Ultimately he is a person who realizes that the Ten Commandments are a revelation. This is the supreme point of wisdom with him, namely, to know whose gift they are.

This definition has caused me a great heartache, seeing that it rules out a number of my personal friends and not a few claimants for seerdom. Thus it is fatal to Mr. Bernard Shaw, who must be content to belong to comedy and the Fabian Society. Surely that is enough for any professor of paradox.

It might be urged especially in the days of that blessed word progress, that a seer is one who sees, that is, sees ahead, and that seeing ahead has as much to do with the Decalogue as the binomial theorem.

But if my readers go on thinking in this way there is nothing that they may not come to accept. They may mistake a government order for a Divine revelation and may look upon the secular universities as schools of prophets.

Now in matters of men and men's deeds seeing astern is an equal need with seeing ahead. History is a novitiate for prophesy; and both are necessary to the politician. The future has no surprises for the seer who knows the past. Only people with a reactionary prejudice for reading nothing but the daily papers think that today is the most wonderful day of the world and that news is new. History is a catacomb of todays; and have we not unearthed reinforced concrete at Thebes and suffragists at Pompeii?

I am not digressing. I have so much to say that too much must be said. The point is that in the Middle Ages there was a seer on every embassy and that we have nothing better than work-leaders, work-masters and politicians on our "Conciliation Boards"! It is quite right that these three groups should be on such a board, just as bread, butter, coffee and eggs should be on the breakfast board, but where is the salt?

These three groups, for instance, on the Conciliation Board are all looking mainly to their immediate interests, the work-leaders to their influence, the work-masters to their dividend, the politicians to their career. But who is looking after the ultimate interest of all three?

Even in pagan days not a camp was pitched nor a town staked out without a seer. But we are trying to build up a people without the only class that has ever built up a people.

To be practical I would insist on having some seer or monk on every commission or "board" of first magnitude. Care must be taken to find one of the right type. Your politician-seer who is merely lobbying for a career should be given the Potter's Field, and the price of a halter. He will do the rest.

When you have found the right man give him a commission to keep an eye on the Ten Commandments; especially, "Thou shalt not steal." This may be called the seer's opening. In the course of the game it will lead to interesting developments.

I do not promise that with him we shall have the millennium; but without him we shall have pandemonium, that is, the "Servile State." Of that state, gifted seers have already described the gloom and foretold the dangers. The vision is not encouraging. Every man with the saving grain of the salt of reason will pray that it may never be realized. VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The "Orphelinat des Armées"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A letter from Miss Schofield and Miss Fell appeared in the same number of AMERICA as did my letter on the same subject. I said that for Catholics contributing money to the *Orphelinat des Armées* only one thing is important, and should be clearly stated:

"What school will these war orphans attend?"

It is a simple question, but no direct answer has been given to it. I have already stated that the French *école laïque* is an avowed enemy of God. M. Aulard, a professor at the Sorbonne and the author of a history of the French Revolution for primary schools, demanded, in 1904, that all equivocations be abandoned. "Let us no longer assert," he says, "that 'we do *not* intend to destroy religion,' but boldly proclaim: 'We *intend* to destroy religion!'" (*"Annales de la Jeunesse Laïque,"* page 86).

Could any American Christian, Protestant or Catholic, consent to see these children, in whom they are interested, given over to this aggressively atheist system of education? I think not. These generous givers must have an interest in the souls of the French "war orphans," as well as in their food and clothing.

May I ask again: "What schools will these children attend?" I hope to get a distinct answer. The letter of Miss Schofield and Miss Fell says nothing about it, only telling us that "The work all this entails is being almost entirely done by teachers from the invaded districts, who still get their stipends from the Government, though they have no work to do, and who are in consequence able to devote themselves to this other work without pay." The obvious inference, then, is that this work of the *Orphelinat des Armées* is in charge of the French Government and its salaried school-teachers. This announcement is not encouraging either for Catholics or for anyone else who hopes for the future welfare of France; for, as the Bishop of Marseilles says, in the eloquent Pastoral letter which is quoted in AMERICA for July 29:

> We must finally believe that atheism is not, and cannot be, anything but the cause of a people's disintegration and death; that the enemies of God are the worst enemies of a people, and that a nation which wishes to survive must fight with all its strength against this double sacrilege.

Again I ask, what schools will the French war orphans attend?

Cincinnati. MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

"Father Damien's Latest Champion"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The paper by Mrs. Gerould in the July *Scribner's* is such an important contribution to the literature concerning Father Damien, and contains so much that needs to be said, that I was glad to see AMERICA noticing it editorially. Mrs. Gerould does not seem to think much of some of the accounts of Molokai and the lepers, for she calls them "beneath contempt." But there are two books that I suspect she has overlooked. One is Edward Clifford's "Father Damien," which was published in London by Macmillan in 1889. It is first-hand evidence, and the work of a man who knew Father Damien well. The introductory chapter of the book is rather curious, as it is an elaborate effort to satisfy a Protestant reading-public that the author is in no danger of becoming a Catholic. This done, he feels free to speak well of a Catholic priest. The little book contains the famous "Clifford portrait," and is now difficult to obtain.

The other book I think Mrs. Gerould has overlooked should be well known to most Catholic readers. It is Charles Warren Stoddard's "The Lepers of Molokai." Should there be any reader of AMERICA who has not seen this work, let me say that it would prove an excellent introduction to a writer who is not half so well known among his fellow-Catholics as he ought to be. Though Mrs. Gerould is not of our Faith, she writes nevertheless with a good deal of insight regarding things Catholic. She says in one place, referring to Stevenson: "To him who does not love, it is seldom given wholly to see." To her to whom it has been given to see clearly, there must also, we may well believe, have been given something of love.

Grand Rapids, Mich. A. K. GIBSON.

A Great Teacher

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The following paragraphs from the "Annals af the Sisters of Mercy" will, I hope, be of interest to T. F. M. who recently wrote a communication on the neglect of the grave of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly:

> Hidden away in a remote corner of the New York of several score years ago lived a worthy couple, learned above the humble station in which poverty had placed them. At the request of some anxious parents, they had begun to vary their ordinary occupations by teaching a few children of the wealthier classes. Mr. Patrick Casserly and his comely wife were both "scholars"—so much the worse for their purse. As they had superior taste and a natural aptitude for the profession which circumstances had forced upon them, their modest establishment soon developed into a well-filled school, which was euphoniously designated by its patrons "a private seminary" and "a classical academy."
>
> Under the tutorship of Mr. and Mrs. Casserly, Mary [Mary Mulholland, the first postulant of the Chicago Convent of the Sisters of Mercy] was brought up with great simplicity and thoroughness. Ledgers, day-books and mathematics were "the master's specialties," and he never once overlooked an error in accounts. Once, when Mary had blundered, she was made hold out her hand for the indignity of a slap. "I attended to book-keeping better after that," said she, relating the circumstance, "but I did not let him see that I felt the blow." She learned grammar and arithmetic well, and to the close of her life wrote a fine bold hand, not unlike that upon which the teacher prided himself. From this erudite pedagogue, too, she learned Christian doctrine well. For, previous to meeting his pious partner, he had thought of devoting himself to the Church, and with that view had studied Catholic theology very closely in the long winter evenings, when the business of making a livelihood allowed him a little leisure. He would no more ignore the great God in the education of his pupils than he would teach them to cheat or swear. And being one of the rough, honest kind, not ashamed to call a spade a spade, he was wont to say that a human being who failed to learn his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself, was no better than the beasts of the field—an expression his wife considered injurious to the quadrupeds in question—for they, poor creatures, do all they were created for, which the vicious and ignorant do not.
>
> Of her contact in youth with this worthy pair, Mary always retained traces, and the learning with which she began her career as a Sister of Mercy was gathered at their knees. In her fifty-third year the writer heard her say, in her direct, forcible manner: "As a teacher, I never had any trouble in controlling young people. On the very first day of our mutual relations, I make them understand who is the mistress, and believe me, they never forget it." And she emphasized her point by closing her plump little hand and bringing it down, not ungently, on her writing desk. Mr. Casserly's experience was similar, as he often declared to the friends of his old age.

This citation, I dare say, will be new to many of your readers, and interesting to all of them.

Ansonia, Conn. M. E. L.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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"I Die for My Country"

FROM the prisoner's dock on trial for his life, Sir Roger Casement stated his case: "I sought the German Foreign Office in November, 1914, to induce the Imperial Government to make clear its peaceful intentions toward Ireland," and thus "keep Irishmen from volunteering for a war that had no claim upon their patriotism or their honor." He disclaimed all efforts to promote the cause of Germany, he scorned the imputation that the lure of gold had led him on: "I left Germany a poorer man than I went to her." He held to the ideal that an Irishman has no right to fight for any land but Ireland. The British Empire denied his ideal, as it conflicted with loyalty to the realm. So the man was sentenced to die on the gallows and his body was consigned to quicklime. Lord Robert Cecil spoke for the realm when he said:

> No doubt of Casement's guilt exists. No one doubts that the court and jury arrived at the right verdict. The only ground for a reprieve would be political expediency, a difficult ground to put forward in this country. This country never could strain the law to punish a man for the same reason that it could not strain the law to let one off.

Of course, Lord Robert did not say that with him in the House of Commons is Major Lynch who was convicted of high treason in the Boer war, and pardoned. Nor did he mention that De Wet of Transvaal fame was reprieved and is serving a prison sentence for leading a rebellion against the Empire in the early days of the present world-war. The reprieving power is the Government's right and privilege. It was not used for Roger Casement, so he went to his death in the early morning, surrounded by a jeering crowd, while a little distance away a group of fellow-countrymen and a few women wept and prayed. Two priests were with him on his death march, chanting the litany for the dying, and brave man that he was, he walked to his doom cheerfully praying a brave man's prayer: "The Lord have mercy on my soul."

Patriot or traitor is the verdict of friend or foe, but that Roger Casement died bravely both friend and foe admit. He died bravely, for he died holily and holiness is the bed-rock of true bravery that steels a man for the crucial test that is measured by the "greater love." He loved his ideal, and spoke his devotion in love's highest terms, and sweetest tone, sacrifice. The world today is of several views on Casement's death. Some call it justice, others a crime, others too, a blunder. The final human verdict is history's, the one supreme verdict is God's.

A "Concession" Indeed!

PROFESSOR JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM of the Pacific Theological Seminary, one of the lecturers at a "summer school of religion" in Los Angeles, has found in that city, according to the Boston *Evening Transcript*, "an interesting instance of an endeavor to adapt the Church to present-day conditions." As Los Angeles is a great center of the moving-picture industry, there seems to be keen competition between the sensational ministers and the theatrical managers as to which shall attract the larger crowds to their respective entertainments. Though the "movie-men" would appear to have a distinct advantage, Professor Buckham implies that some of the preachers are not so far behind them. For a certain minister "whose great congregation assembles in a theater seating upwards of 3,000," was forced not long ago to turn hundreds away from his Sunday evening service, consisting of a sermon on "Cafeteria Religion," by the pastor, and solos by a well-known tenor opera singer. Another of these very modern Los Angeles "churches" and its wonderfully "uplifting" services are thus described:

> The church not only operates a sumptuous theater auditorium of its own, but a large and well-equipped hotel in the same imposing building. There is no suggestion of a church about the auditorium, with its boxes and balconies and gilding, except the superb organ in the rear of the stage. But there is no doubt that this kind of atmosphere appeals to the people. Professor Buckham attended a Sunday evening concert in the auditorium recently, in which the first number was "Sweet and Low," and another was a familiar selection from "Il Trovatore." There was also a recitation of "Danny Deever" (by courtesy of the Universal Film Co.) which was warmly applauded and was followed by two sentimental encores. The second part of the program was Joseph Barnby's cantata "Rebekah." The great chorus and the well-trained soloists sang admirably; but it could not be said that much of Sunday sacredness invested the place or the performance. However, it was vastly more uplifting than the average theater.

While Professor Buckham is of the opinion that the adoption of such expedients as the foregoing "is the only way by which great numbers of people can be brought within the reach of the Gospel at all," he sadly grants

that these "church-theaters" are "a concession to the love of entertainment and a confession of the failure of simple worship and pure preaching to win their way unaided." How much of the "Gospel" is brought within the reach of the famished multitudes by the means these Los Angeles preachers employ would be an interesting question to investigate, for their "services" seem purposely designed to make the audience forget that they are "worshipers."

To the thoughtful observer, what is going on in Southern California only marks a new stage in the disintegration of Protestantism. Under the specious pretext of restoring to Christendom a "purer" and "simpler" form of worship than that of the Catholic Church, Luther, Calvin and the English "reformers" launched their deplorable heresies. Is the theater-church of Los Angeles the latest expression of Protestants' hunger for "purity" and "simplicity" in religious services?

Saving New York

A NEW city ordinance regulating the ways and means of building is destined to save New York from becoming a brick and mortar monstrosity, a freak city, from an architectural standpoint. We welcome any ordinance that makes for beauty. But "Safety First" is the city's slogan, and safety is a hideous farce when conditions that make the Black Tom tragedy a possibility are tolerated in up-to-date New York. A jet of flame on Black Tom pier jutting into New York harbor south of Communipaw, was followed by an explosion that rocked the country through a sweep of one hundred miles, as thousands of tons of dynamite, nitroglycerine, nitro-cellulite, and lyddite flamed into the brightest fireworks that ever lighted up a night sky. Bombs burst into fiery blossoms, shrapnel ploughed through brick and pier, shells soared skyward or went hissing into the waters, while men and women left their shaking homes to kneel in prayer in the open street.

Justice moved swiftly and three manslaughter warrants were issued fixing the blame for the loss of life, which was happily small, though the property loss runs into the millions. Speeding up the law after Black Tom's terrible tirade of sound and fire only emphasizes the law's delay in permitting a man-made volcano to rest even for ten minutes at the gates of the largest city in the world. Investigation has brought out the fact that 2,000,000 pounds of explosives destined for the Entente Allies were resting in Gravesend Bay when the Communipaw disaster occurred:

> Under the laws laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the trains must unload within twenty-four hours the explosives that reach their piers. Great as is the shipment every week of this destructive energy, it is a demonstrated fact that the ships cannot carry the huge bulk as fast as it is put on rails. Therefore, to keep within the law, the munitions are set afloat and accumulate in Gravesend Bay. Hence New York goes to sleep every night over an exposed mine. What would result should a spark set fire to this mass defies imagination.

Half-a-dozen Government agencies are investigating the cause of the late explosion. But even if two or three men are put behind prison bars as a penalty for connivance at violation of law, the future of New York's millions will not be secured. Better one commission to search out other Communipaws, in order either to eliminate them or to hedge them round with a safety zone that is really safe.

The Toll of the Waters

A GLANCE at the daily press during the summer months tells the story. Scarcely a day passes without its record of lives lost in the quiet inland stream or calm mountain lake, in the waters of sound and bay or in the surf and waves of the ocean. The empty canoe, the broken oars drifting seaward, the searchers dragging the stream for the lifeless bodies, the broken-hearted father and mother looking in vain for the return of lost children, such are the tragic details daily chronicled in our papers. The swimmer has been too bold, and ventured beyond his depth, the rowers, the careless youths and laughing maidens, have been too reckless and drifted too far down stream toward the falls, vainly confident that they could pull against the strain of the tugging current. They had been warned, they had scorned the warnings. The whirlpool caught them in its grip, the eddies swept them down the rapids, the treacherous under-tow dragged them out to the hungry ocean. For one agonizing moment, there was a brief and useless struggle, then a gurgling cry of despair. Another victim was added to the ever-increasing toll of the waters.

Sad as the spectacle is, it is not to be compared to the soul-tragedies of which it is but too faithful a counterpart. The waters of the "River of Pleasure" that runs so pleasantly between its flower-bordered banks, look so inviting, so alluring. It is so fascinating to the young to try their strength, it will be such an experience to breast, once only, the whirlpool of dangerous enjoyment, to venture just once near the danger-line. Others have done so and escaped. Why not they? The danger too has been exaggerated. Then, they will not venture too far. Just for once to test their manhood and their mettle, to assert their freedom and independence! They plunge into the stream, and it bears them gently but treacherously on its tide. Ere they realize their danger, the roar of the falls is in their ears, the whirlpool has caught them in its swirl. It is too late now to stem the rushing waters. The River of Pleasure murmurous with beguiling sounds, has swept them to their doom. The watchers on the bank who had warned the victims, mourn, not over a lifeless body, but over the disgrace and ruin of a lost soul. The River boasts already of countless victims. No man can safely trust to the sparkling but treacherous and deadly stream.

A Brave Ackowledgment

"THE banishment of the religious element from our schools has done incalculable harm," is the significant admission that Mr. Royal Dixon, a non-Catholic, makes in his recent book on "Americanization." In that opinion every true patriot in the land will doubtless concur. But owing to the strong grip which the "little-red-schoolhouse" fetish has on most Americans, it is probable that few would have the courage to point out as clearly as does Mr. Dixon the danger of neglecting to rear "young America in something at least approaching respect for God and ideals of humanity," and fewer still are brave enough to praise the Catholic Church for the great sacrifices she is making to keep her children good Americans. Mr. Dixon writes:

> For the reason of sectarian dispute, it has been judged expedient to leave all religion out of school exercises, all worship out of school assemblages, and to beg the whole question, leaving the child's mind untouched by fear of God or respect for ideals. The differences between the sects has led to the abandonment of the great, essential, basic thing without which it is only natural to find a generation of irreverent and even violent "hyphenates," and a large number of indifferent, shallow-thinking youths in our colleges.
>
> The Roman Catholics have persistently, successfully, and with no means but their own, gone the other path. They have taught their faith. They have added to the strength of their patriotic teaching the religious instruction which, entirely aside from its individual moral value, is an element inseparably bound with love of country and devotion to national ideals. These ideals are not only to be realized through their religious teachings, but even the text-books in the parochial schools are to be Americanized. Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago has announced that, henceforth, all foreign-language text-books will be dropped, and that foreign children will be taught solely from English-language books.

Mr. Dixon then offers the familiar suggestion that the classrooms in our public schools "be regularly and severally at the disposal of approved teachers, from the various sects, and that children, at periods as regular as those assigned to their other studies, be required to attend that kind of religious instruction which their parents believe they should receive." He maintains that unless this measure or something like it is adopted, and "the morale and the fidelity of generations to come" are thus in some degree assured, "it will be the shame of all sects but one—the largest single sect, distinguished for its unflagging zeal and its unconquerable devotion."

As the Catholic Church has never been "cut off" from any other church, but as all the so-called "churches," rather, are dead limbs that have cut themselves off from her, the living and life-giving parent-tree, it is, of course, inaccurate to speak of Catholicism as a "sect." But the rest of Mr. Dixon's striking remarks are earnestly recommended to the consideration of the blatant and arrogant sect of secularists who hold that the only way of thoroughly Americanizing our public-school children is to root from their hearts all such "superstitions" as the "fear of God or respect for ideals."

Obscenity Laws

IN a recent number of the *Publishers' Weekly* an article, entitled "Our Foolish Obscenity Laws," is reprinted from *Note and Comment.* The paper points out that much of the inefficiency of legislation on the restriction of pornographic books and magazines arises from the fact that such legislation is hopelessly vague, and leaves the interpretation of what is obscene to the chance individual. As a consequence, possibilities of evasion are so numerous as to render the laws on the subject practically inoperative. "If there must be laws," says the author, Mr. James J. Morton, Jr., "restricting the output of certain classes of literature, these should be clear-cut, impartial and capable of equal enforcement."

No doubt if the laws regulating obscene literature were drafted with the preciseness with which those relating to theft, for example, are framed, it would be easier to stem the fetid flood that is deluging our American cities. That the situation, however, is not so hopeless as the writer implies is clear from the fact that one hundred and sixty tons of obscene literature have been destroyed during the past forty years by the efforts of a single organization, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

It is perhaps desirable that obscenity laws should be made more precise, but in the meantime what is needed is the enforcement of present laws rather than the drafting of new ones. Consistent, fearless punishment of those who are only too obviously deliberate transgressors of existing statutes should replace the sporadic and half-hearted efforts at repression that characterize our attitude today. The criminal passivity and indifference with which the general public calmly permits unprincipled men to grow wealthy by destroying moral standards should give way to indignant protests and prosecutions. Every pure mind knows instinctively what is obscene, the moral judgment on such matters is clear and correct until it has become depraved by wilful perversion. Our present difficulty is not that our obscenity laws are foolish but that they are inoperative. Our imperative need is men like Mr. Sumner, Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, not laws like those of Mr. Morton.

LITERATURE

On the Hotel Piazza

"I mean to get through half of last September's 'best sellers' today," said Gladys resolutely as she stood on the piazza of the summer hotel just after breakfast.

"Last September's!" exclaimed her friends. "What, haven't you read those yet?"

"No," answered Gladys, "I hadn't the time—too many social engagements. But I have brought with me a trunk filled with the sixty most popular novels of the past year and I am going to devote this vacation to reading them all.

Some of them, I suspect, will not be—well, just nice. But then I can warn other girls not to touch them," she concluded virtuously.

"A noble and beautiful act of self-sacrifice, Gladys," remarked the fatherly Sebastian, "but a perilous and needless one. Why not learn beforehand the dozen stories out of those sixty that are really worth while and give the time thus saved to a vacation course in the best books of some Catholic masters of fiction? Suppose you began, for example with Mgr. Benson, followed him with Canon Sheehan, then took up in succession John Ayscough, René Bazin, Henryk Sienkiewicz, Joseph Conrad, Henry Harland, John Oliver Hobbes, etc. Or if during your busy girlhood you had not the leisure to know the great nineteenth-century fictionists, why not make up lost time now by taking a summer course in Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Hawthorne, etc.?"

"It is so old-fashioned to read Dickens now," murmured Gladys. "However, I might try some of those authors you mentioned first."

"If I were you, Gladys," said her friend Dorothy, who had joined the group, "I would take my vacation with the Catholic poets. Do you remember those papers on 'The Catholic Note in Contemporary Poetry' that Miss Katherine Brégy contributed to AMERICA last year? She got me so interested in Catholic poets that I began with the latest volume published and worked back through the centuries till I had read the best of every Catholic bard there is. I came near writing a paper entitled 'From Meynell to Beowulf,' but stopped just in time."

"I hope you will write that essay yet, Dorothy," said Sebastian. "It could be published, if it came to that, in 'a strictly limited edition, each tastefully printed copy being numbered and bearing the signature of the author.' And you would prudently reserve to yourself, of course, the right of controlling the brochure's 'translation into all the European languages, including the Scandinavian.' You would have a most imposing list of poets too, if you brought them all in. Besides Mrs. Meynell and the author of 'Beowulf,' you could include, for example, such renowned singers as Pope, Dryden, Chaucer and Francis Thompson; add to your list such worthy names as Crashaw, Southwell, Patmore, Newman and Hopkins; and end with some of the Catholic poets who are writing now. That would bring in such authors, to name but three, as Miss Guiney, Mrs. Hinkson, and Mr. Kilmer. Think it over, Dorothy."

"Yes, by all means, do," urged Gladys also. "For I love poetry dearly. Why, I have as many as twenty different 'Poets' Calendars' on the walls of my room at home. I made a resolution, you know, last New Year's Day to read and tear off every morning a leaflet from each of those calendars, and I kept my promise faithfully till January 7. Then my niece Bettykins,—the little cosset!—who had thoughtfully watched me removing the slips each morning, mounted a chair, after I had gone out, and 'just to save Aunty Gladys the trouble' as she explained, devoted an hour to tearing off from those two-score calendars every slip up to the end of June. She then put all the bits of paper in a basket, brought them to me and waited to be praised. You can imagine my consternation, Dorothy, when I beheld those carefully-chosen 'daily thoughts' of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, and my fourteen other favorite poets all heaped together in hopeless confusion. What could I do, however, but tell little Betty that she was the most thoughtful and helpful lambkin that ever was. I confess with shame that I secretly rejoiced, however, at what my niece had done. For in spite of my heroic resolution, I am afraid I hardly could have kept on pulling off and reading a slip from each of those twenty calendars every morning the whole year through. It is too late of course to begin again now. However, as I said, I do love poetry."

"Instead of publishing the brochure that Sebastian described so alluringly," said Dorothy, "suppose I prepared a half-dozen 'Catholic Poets' Calendars.' Some rich and zealous firm could be induced perhaps to bring them out. Then you could buy vast quantities of the new calendars for your home, Gladys, and take that resolution again. But Betty would have to be instructed to let the calendars alone this time."

"Dorothy's suggestion about a 'Catholic Poet's Calendar' is a good one," said Sebastian. "I have often wondered too why some of our Catholic publishers have never brought out a 'Thomas à Kempis Calendar.' With regard to vacation reading," he went on, "I do not see why it should always be of a light character. I know a busy professional man who finds in biography his favorite summer reading. When his vacation begins he secures the most important lives that have appeared during the year, carries them off to his Maine bungalow and reads them all. Last month he took with him, for instance, biographies of Mgr. Benson, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Columban, Julia Ward Howe and Father De Smet, besides "The English Catholic Revival of the Nineteenth Century," "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico" and "Pioneer Laymen of North America."

"I know a clever schoolma'am who does something similar every vacation," said Dorothy. "Only history is her hobby and she generally confines her summer reading to one phase or period. Last year she took up the Oxford movement and grew so interested in it, she told me, that before the following summer she had read every word of Newman's that had been published. His 'Tracts for the Times' she complained, were rather wanting in humor. Nevertheless she bravely plowed through them all. And now, of course, she is an authority on Newmania."

"That would be dreadfully 'high-brow'!" exclaimed Gladys with a shudder. "I could not think of undertaking such a summer course as that. I once started his 'History of the Arians,' I remember, but I found the book sadly wanting in 'heart interest,' so I soon laid it down. In fact," continued Gladys with engaging candor, "reading about the haunts and habits of our 'popular' living authors is much more to my taste than is mastering the works of the renowned departed. For instance, I keenly enjoy learning from a literary supplement that "A Marriage in Mourning" is in its nine-hundredth thousand, that the novel's gifted author has five Pekinese dogs, affects blue carnations, omits breakfast, and is summering in southern Greenland, which will be the scene of her next story. But I cannot for the life of me tell you whether or not Ruskin's 'Ethics of the Dust' is an 'uplift' book, or if his 'Queen of the Air' is a treatise on aviation."

"Never mind," said Dorothy. "You need only go on just being Gladys. After all,

'Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.'

Let's have a game of tennis." WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Wayside: A Priest's Gleanings. By VINCENT MCNABB, O.P. New York: Benziger Bros. $1.00.

The only unity which Father McNabb claims for his book is the unity of "the Word made Flesh, the standard and measure of everything from primordial ooze to the mind of man." It is a unity of enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of faith, which the

author himself calls "supreme mystical joy." This enthusiasm fully justifies itself in the noble sketch of "St. Thomas as a Controversialist." It is all of a kind with the following paragraph:

> His backwardness of speech was not a lack, but a throng of ideas. His schoolmates confused silence with weakness; whereas in the dumb ox silence was an almost ox-like strength. His aloofness from their boyish talk was the balance of a judicial mind weighing ideas in a fine intellectual medium and withholding the final verdict until the last shred of evidence had been brought to light.

But not everything along the wayside is inspiring or serious enough for a lavish bestowal of the precious gift of enthusiasm. Father McNabb's friends indeed will value the gleanings all alike, knowing the one enthusiastic mind which is expressing itself throughout them all, but to a stranger "the certain artistic effort dominant throughout" will sometimes appear a fault, an enthusiasm of form in excess of the subject-matter, even though the fault might be a virtue in another man. This artistic effort, too, would seem to have betrayed the writer into an exaggeration in the lecture "On Miracles," for he says:

> Descartes' stay of two years at [the Jesuit College of] La Flèche had no doubt left some of his splendid gifts of skepticism as an heirloom in this frail-bodied Scottish wanderer. The argument from the opposite proofs owes its existence to St. Ignatius's method for making up the mind in matters of importance. It was a method not without danger, even in the hands of a saint. But applied to spiritual problems by a youth of five and twenty, it became little less than a subtle weapon for immortal self-slaughter!

The implication in these words, though it vacillates between "no doubt," "perhaps," and the plain indicative "became," is a stricture upon the "Spiritual Exercises," a book whose contents *omnia et singula* the Holy See has approved of its own sure knowledge, and recommended as very useful and beneficial to the Faithful. Several of the twenty-five papers in the volume appeared in AMERICA. W. T. T.

Commercial Geography. By EDWARD VAN DYKE ROBINSON. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.

South America: a Geography Reader. By ISAIAH BOWMAN. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $0.75.

"There be three things," says Lord Bacon, "which make a nation great and prosperous, fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place." Commercial geography deals with the causes and growth of commercial prosperity, the localization of industries, and all the factors involved in these industries, natural, human and economic. For those who wish to learn of the history and growth of commerce, how it depends on soil and sea, on climate and on man, on the development of railroads and ship-canals, on the extension of telephone and telegraph service; what the natural resources of every country of the earth are, and how the materials furnished by nature become the commerce of the world; ample information is provided in this new text-book by Professor Robinson. Many illustrations and varied colored maps add to its interest, and there is a neatness and simplicity about the whole plan of the book that deserve special praise.

"South America" is one of a series of geography readers intended to accompany with interesting and picturesque details the formal teaching of that subject. Such a series deserves the highest commendation. South America is no longer only a great continent of countries and cities whose names we scarcely know. It becomes in this narrative of one who has spent ten years of travel and study there, a land of wondrous beauty and a treasure-house of commerce. Although the scope of this book is to emphasize the physical and commercial features of the continent; in the courtesy and hospitality of the people, in their lively faith, in their cathedrals and schools, in the "Christ of the Andes" there is clear indication that the labors of those who toil "for the glory of the Cross" have not been in vain.

C. J. D.

Historic Indiana. By JULIA HENDERSON LEVERING. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Indiana's admission into the Union prompted the author to revise her original work, "The History of Indiana," and bring it down to date. The intention of the present volume is to give, in popular form, an account of the various phases in the development of the Commonwealth, whose history must be gleaned from various sources not always accessible to the general reader. Fireside recitals by pioneers, addresses at old settlers' meetings, State records and papers have all been drawn into service in the writing of "Historic Indiana."

In the chapter on early churches in Indiana, the author gives a rather inaccurate description of the Jesuit Father who had come hundreds of miles in his canoe "to instruct and absolve the sins of the little isolated flock. With great satisfaction in the forgiveness of all their misdeeds, the assembly kneels on the floor of the rude chapel, counts its beads and gains absolution." There is no further mention of the Catholic Church or the labors of Catholic priests in the rest of this chapter. The reader naturally asks: Are there any Catholics in Indiana?

It is gratifying, however, to read in chapter the eighteenth that in "1793, Father Rivet held what was probably the first regular school in Indiana." There is one paragraph given to the well-known Academy of the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, and a very good though brief account of Notre Dame University. There are fifty-four illustrations in the volume. The author's style is rather diffuse, and the number of quotations from speeches or papers does not make for the unity of the history. G. C. T.

The Musical Education of The Child. By STEWART MACPHERSON, Fellow and Professor, Royal Academy of Music, London. Boston: The Boston Music Co. $0.80.

The Progressive Music Series. Book Two. By HORATIO PARKER, OSBORNE MCCONATHY, EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE, and W. OTTO MIESSNER. Catholic Edition, edited by Rt. Rev. Bishop SCHREMBS, D.D., and Rev. GREGORY HUEGLE, O.S.B. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. $0.35.

The first of these volumes is a treatise on the general musical upbringing of the child, in which the author calls for the unifying and systematizing of music-teaching, according to standards of enlightened thought, claiming that there are too many experimenters in this profession. Like the ancient Greeks, he considers a general knowlelge of music to be an important element in the proper formation of the child's character, and maintains that this subject, as a means of self-expression and a help to development of the general faculties, should be taught in the schools as an integral part of the course, with definite relationship to other studies, especially literature. Seeing the importance of creating educated listeners, as well as musicians, he emphasizes the need of aural instruction, and recommends "appreciation classes" for stimulating interest and initiative, and leading the pupil through progressive stages to a critical, even creative knowledge of this elevating art. The author presents advanced ideas, and his well-written book may be read and studied with profit by parents, teachers, and all whose duty it is to cultivate that part of the child's nature which responds to the ennobling influence of music.

Book Two, of the "Progressive Music Series," is intended for choral work with pupils of the fourth and fifth grades. It is divided into four parts: parts one and two covering technical work embracing melodies in the major scale and interval studies; part three comprising miscellaneous songs, of real merit; and

part four being a Gregorian Chant supplement, illustrating Psalm tones, the litanies, simple hymns, antiphons of the Blessed Virgin, responses for High Mass and Vespers, the ordinary Mass chants and the *Asperges*. This series will consist of four books, and has been adopted by the Archdiocese of Cincinnati for exclusive use for a period of five years. E. S. S.

The Gate of Asia. By WILLIAM WARFIELD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This is a good description of a journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea. The writer draws the line between east and west in such a way as to leave the Turkish Empire to the west and Persia to the east. It is the line that separates the lowlands of the Mediterranean basin from the Iranian plateau and the Indian Ocean, running from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea, the gateposts through which have surged the armies of rival empires. This is Mr. Warfield's "Gate of Asia," an obscure yet important part of the world toward which the Western nations are ever reaching out and the pivotal point in the Asiatic jealousies of the European Powers. The writer does justice to the scenic beauty of the land, the mountains and the plains that have proved such effective barriers in the past. The journey that he chronicles in so interesting a fashion had for its object definite scientific studies in the borderland of Asia, for the author believed that the comparatively insignificant mountains of Kurdistan formed an important link between the mountain systems of Europe and Asia. However, the book will also appeal to the general reader, who can here learn of customs and traditions as strange as they are ancient, that carry the mind back to a civilization that was old before Western civilization began. The book is carefully written and finely illustrated. G. C. T.

East and West Through Fifteen Centuries. By BRIG.-GEN. G. P. YOUNG, C. B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $12.00

"The first time the claim of the Pope of Rome to a supremacy in the Church is made is in a letter in 777 from Pope Adrian I to Charles the Great." Even if only casually made such a statement would of itself be sufficient to cause any writer's knowledge of history to be considered unreliable. Yet the words quoted contain the actual proposition which the author of these two imposing-looking volumes has undertaken to establish in the 1,200 pages of which his work is thus far composed. His method is characteristically Protestant in that it consists largely of a careful suppression of well-established facts that in any way tell against the thesis he wishes to maintain. Were a full refutation of his errors attempted, a number of lengthy articles would be required merely to sum up the definite conclusions at which the best-known modern historical scholars have arrived regarding the real position held by the Bishop of Rome during the early centuries of Christianity. But these conclusions Brig.-Gen. Young has not deigned even to take into consideration. The fundamental reason for all his perversion of plain historical facts is due to the author's addiction to the three-branch theory of the Catholic Church. Consequently the abundant evidence of Papal supremacy in the early Church must be cleared away. His inability to establish his position on any positive historical ground is only another proof of how untenable was the stand against Catholicism so hastily taken by wayward theologians from the very beginning of the Reformation. "That *Roman* and Catholic are identical," says Harnack, in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for January 16, 1909, "I proved as a Protestant historian some twenty-two years ago," and as he writes elsewhere "The Reformation not only destroyed the ecclesiastical constitution of the Middle Ages but also broke off all connection with the *Kirchenverfassung* of the second and first centuries." M. I. X. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

This fortnight's *Catholic Mind* contains an excellent address on "The Catholic School System" which the Rev. George Thompson, of Portland, Oregon, delivered before an interdenominational association called the Religious Education Society. He told his non-Catholic hearers just why we maintain at such great sacrifices our educational institutions, and explains the scope and purpose of the spiritual training our children and young people are given. Protestants should find the lecture a light-bringer. "Shakespeare and the Modern Social Drama," the other address in this number, was given by Father James J. Daly, S.J., to the graduating class of Villa Angela, Cleveland. With his usual literary discernment, he compares Shakespeare's dramatic method with that of the "popular" playwright of today, who teaches that "It is right to do what mankind has always thought it wrong to do."

Alice Brown's recent book, "The Prisoner" (Macmillan, $1.50), is the study of a man, well-born, refined and clever, who has spent some years in prison, and has done much thinking on the problems of life. He comes forth from his incarceration, chastened, disillusioned and convinced that the unhappiness in the world is due mainly to the fact that all men, and women too, allow themselves to be fettered by some human weakness, which shuts them out from the full enjoyment of the sunshine of God's earth. He is not altogether successful in convincing others of the justice of his theory, nor indeed in divesting himself of his own shackles; but the novel, which is cleverly written, ends with a rather clear hint that days of freedom and joy are in store for him, to be won by honorable patience and fidelity to ideals.

In "The World Mender" (Appleton, $1.35) Maxwell Gray sets forth the history of George Darrell, a poor village boy, who rises by a dominating personality and an inordinate ambition to the position of a leader among men. Born a Dissenter and with peculiar views in regard to the unjust distribution of wealth, he adopts to a certain extent the ideas of Socialism. Prosperity and power tend, however, to modify his views, but not until he has sacrificed many of the pleasures of life to his ambition. The character of Sylvia will appeal to the reader, at the expense, however, of the hero who has sacrificed her on the altar of his ambition. The early life of Darrell and the final chapters of the book, wherein he awakens to a realization of all that is good in life, will be found interesting, but many of the intervening chapters are long drawn-out and tedious.

The Abbé Charles Calippe, in "La Guerre en Picardie" (Paris, Téqui; Montreal, Granger), tells us with poignant emotion of the tragedies and sorrows of the war which he personally witnessed in the diocese of Amiens. The heroism of the devoted Sisters, everywhere found faithful in the hour of trial, forms one of the most consoling episodes of the story. A companion volume to this diary of events is found in Mgr. Tissier's "Pour la Victoire" (Paris, Téqui). The inspiring little book is made up of letters, addresses, and so on, all bearing on the hopes of pastor and people for a happy termination of the present struggle. A spiritual note is sounded in every page. With the force and unction of which he is the master, the Bishop of Châlons emphasizes the need of a complete return to the faith and the practices of bygone days, if the country would win a real and lasting victory. A noble and apostolic inspiration breathes in these "watchwords" addressed without effort or elaborate study by a pastor to his suffering flock.

Rosa Mulholland's latest story, "O'Loghlin of Clare" (Kenedy, $1.25), carries the reader back to those unhappy days when

Catholic Ireland writhed under the whip of the penal laws, when to be "discovered" a Catholic meant forfeiture of all worldly possessions to the "discoverer," while to harbor a priest meant banishment or death. The usual consequences of these rigorous measures, such as the stealthy gathering of the persecuted peasants for Mass in the bog, the devotion and sacrifices of the few Catholic gentry, the capture and foul murder of the saintly Franciscan, are all vividly delineated. Like a silver thread brightening these gloomy episodes is the love story which culminates in the conversion of the high-minded Hugh Ingoldesby and his happy marriage to the faithful Brona.——The scene of "A More Excellent Way" (Herder, $1.60), Felicia Curtis's new story, is laid in England during the days of the "Papal aggression" excitement of the last century. The book follows the conventional lines of the old-fashioned Catholic novel, for there are hidden jewels, a warning ghost, Anglicans and converts, and lovers twain who break off their engagement and become religious instead.

"Dickie," one of the characters in "These Lynnekers" (Doran, $1.50), J. D. Beresford's recent novel, compels attention from the very start. An English lad, different from the other Lynnekers, indeed the others exist only because of him, he is a puzzle to his family, for he is always doing or wanting to do, but never wanting to be. He forges ahead, a plain, blunt man, irresolute till the last. The story is well told and interesting. But Dickie's advice to his sister to read Renan's "Life of Christ" is unfortunate, his religious views are regrettable, his notion of marriage is, to say the least, dangerous.——Gilbert Cannan's new story, "Three Sons and a Mother" (Doran, $1.50), seems woven of Scottish fabric in English mills. The pattern is regular, the tale closely woven and cut off rather than ended, a little broad here, going out of his way there to cast a slur on the priesthood of Italy. The author brings one of the three to "win a new freedom" thus at his mother's deathbed: "Gone was the notion of a Fall and a . . . redemption, gone the myth of salvation in Christ, except so far as Christ stood for human joy through love . . . gone the separation of good and evil," and with this Jamie is set adrift on a sea more treacherous by far than the broad Atlantic on which we last catch sight of him.

"The Songs of a Vagrom Angel" (Kennerley, $1.00), that Elsa Barker says she took down one March day in London while a "deva, sylph, angel, or whatever it may be" paid her a twenty-two hours' call, consist of some fifty long stanzas of very free verse which she wrote as fast as her "pencil could fly over the paper." The angelic poetry here published is not at all of that rare quality one would naturally expect from a young-eyed cherub who listens in rapture to the music of the spheres: indeed many of the lines are prosy enough and their reputed author is at times decidedly earthy-minded for a spirit. He promised Elsa that "Some night when you least expect me, I shall thrust one of my naked feet through an aperture in the veil of nothingness that hides me from your eyes. Seeing the sole of my foot, your heart will swell with song." The best of the "Songs" is the last which begins:

You listen with joy to my music, but have you heard
God sing?
I am only a hoarse minstrel with a stringless lyre when
He opens His lips in song.

The two volumes of "Plain Sermons by Practical Preachers" (Wagner, $3.00) contain more than one hundred selections, dealing with as many different subjects. Dogmatic and moral topics that are both timely and practical are deftly handled, and listed according to the Sundays and the principal feasts. In the main, the sermons are such as could be delivered in twenty or twenty-five minutes, and they are prudently accommodated to the needs and capacity of ordinary Catholics. Some twenty different preachers are represented, among whom it is a pleasure to find the Right Rev. Bishops Bellord, MacDonald and Vaughan. In each case the sermon is preceded by an excellent synopsis, but the working-value of the volumes would be increased by the addition of indexes of subjects and authors.——"Italian Confessions: How to Hear Them" (The Paulist Press, $1.00), by Father Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., has the hearty approval of his Eminence Cardinal Farley. The booklet, as the author states, is meant for the priest who does not know the Italian language thoroughly, but is willing to spend some time and trouble in ministering to the occasional Italian who comes his way. A few hours spent over these simple and practical sentences will enable every priest to hear confessions in Italian, or to say a few words in that language at a funeral.

"A Pilgrim Prays" is the title of these musical lines in honor of our Blessed Lady which Arthur V. Kent contributes to the *Ave Maria:*

Are those lilies in your hand,
O my Lady, O my Lady?
I have need of lilies, too.
Dreams I dimly understand
Come to me of whiteness, Lady,
Though I am not white like you.

Are your eyes twin holy stars,
O my Lady, O my Lady?
I have need of starlight, too.
I have known so many scars,—
Travailed in the darkness, Lady:
Let me share the stars with you.

Are your lips two prayerful songs,
O my Lady, O my Lady?
I have need of heaven, too.
I would sleep where rest belongs.
Pray that I attain it, Lady:
Let me share deep calm with you.

Mr. George Rippey Stewart, Jr., contributes to "A Book of Princeton Verse" which Mr. Alfred Noyes has edited, this martial lyric on "The Knights of Rhodes":

Northward we look across the sea—
The ridges rolling, rolling;
And southward to the Turkish lines—
The guns a death-knell tolling.

Will Genoa not send a fleet,
Nor yet one lonely galley?
Will Christendom not lend a hand
To die in our last rally?

They stormed the outer wall today;
The end will be tomorrow.
And not a Christian sword has come
To aid us in our sorrow.

With Turk before, and sea behind,
Cut off, betrayed, forsaken—
What, bend we then the knee to grace,
Or meet the fate unshaken?

But no! Fight on a greater fight!
What count our little losses.
If still against the infidel
We plant our Christian crosses?

And this upon our tombstones write—
Begrudge us not our story—
"They died in fighting Christ's own fight,
And this alone is glory."

The honor of our cloven mail
What simitar can sever!
Be men today for half an hour,
And heroes then—forever.

EDUCATION

The Apologetic Catholic

THE apologetic Catholic coughed behind his hand, thus registering conventional but none the less miserable confusion.

"My dear friend," went on his neighbor in the "L" train, "it's just this way. I can forgive the Catholic Church much, and as a tolerant man I do, but really her neglect of education during the 'Dark Ages' was quite inexcusable."

The apologetic Catholic sparred for time with another cough, but as there was a pause, he saw that something was demanded of him.

"Of course," he murmured, smiling like a criminal at the judge who was sentencing him, "it is rather difficult to excuse, but—"

"Excuse?" spluttered his neighbor; "why, it is quite unpardonable. Certainly the function of any Church is the enlightenment of its people, and for the Church to neglect education in any age—well, you must forgive my saying so, but frankly, it quite turns me against your religion, don't you know."

The apologetic Catholic ran his index finger between his collar and his neck, almost scorching it in the process, and looked despairingly at the passing L station. Only three more and then downtown and freedom from the subject of religion. If his Church had only a stronger case educationally!

Interfering with Education

In his office the A. C. found his partner reading his paper. As he entered, the partner glared vengefully over the topmost line of print.

"See the paper this morning?" he asked accusingly.

"No," said the A. C., "I was talking on the train down—"

His partner laid his paper open on his knees and marked a place savagely with his index finger.

"You're a broad-minded Catholic," he said, "so you won't mind my speaking plainly. But here is an account of a new group of buildings projected by your Catholic University. Now, I don't object to your Church, not altogether; but really it seems to me it is going quite outside its field in this whole educational scheme."

He paused and the A. C. coughed just in time to save the necessity of a rejoinder. For his partner went on, emphasizing each point with a sharp rap on the crackling paper.

"Education is the function of the State, simply and solely of the State. Do you see any of the Protestant Churches interfering in education? Frankly, it looks to me like a patent attempt on the part of your Church to control the intellectual life of the country. The Church should always and everywhere confine herself to her own duties in which education is strictly not included. To speak quite plainly, the tendency of your Church to invade the educational field, now as in the past, quite turns me against your religion."

Religion was a frequent subject between them, and now as always the A. C. retreated leaving his flags and what Quaker cannon he possessed in the possession of the enemy.

Tilting with Christianity

At luncheon, a customer from out of town led the conversation gradually to his pet subject of the hour, Nietzsche.

"Now Nietzsche," he went on, had the glorious ideal of a man—a great blond demi-god, with power in his arm and steel in his heart. A man without fear and without the weakness of pity was the man of his heart. You're a Christian, I take it?"

The embarrassment of the A. C. would have moved to pity any but a follower of the pitiless Nietzsche. For Nietzsche was a dreadful name to him. Had not the mad philosopher punched terrible holes in the armor of Christianity? So 'twas said. There was nothing to do but shy like a colt at a yellow roadster.

"Yes, I'm a Christian, but a broad-minded one, you know—"

"Oh, I see. Well, I believe with Nietzsche that what we need is men of blood and steel, none of your weak, turn-the-other-cheek sort. Christianity has peopled earth with a race of cowards, don't you know. The law of non-resistance to insult, of patience under injury is the more terrible impediment in the progress of evolution. Every great advance has been made at the point of a sword, you will remember, and frankly, the opposition of your Church to war and to active resistance is sufficient to turn me against your religion."

Nietzsche and evolution in one breath. It was adding shrapnel to chlorine gas. The A. C. signalled wildly for the waiter, and the arrival of the check saved him the dreaded necessity of answering. But he rose feeling that that chap Nietzsche was a regular ecclesiastical battering ram.

The Church and War

The headlines were announcing a tremendous, and probably highly imaginative, victory as the A. C. entered the uptown L train and sank beside a neighbor who was wide-eyed over the news. As soon as he noticed the A. C. beside him, he abandoned the occupation of absorbing news for the more pleasurable occupation of dispensing it. Finally he said:

"Just think of your Christian nations cutting one another's throats like so many savages. What has Christianity done for the world's peace? It has made men a race of warriors and armed Christian Europe to the teeth. Here's Catholic Belgium and France, and Christian Germany, and Orthodox Russia firing machine guns and praying God to help them!" He was plainly growing excited.

"But," began the A. C., "look at the Church's action in—"

"Ah," triumphed his neighbor, "look at the Crusades! Holy wars? Bah! If anything has turned me against your Church it is her constant and unequivocal defense of war."

That night the A. C. and his wife dined out. Next to him sat the principal of a high school, a maiden lady whose taste in dress and subjects of conversation were equally bizarre and deplorable.

'So you are a Catholic," she said, in a tone that matched the lemon ice before her.

"Well," he began, and he could have murdered the woman who penned their place cards, "you see—"

"Precisely," she went on. "There is a point I have always wanted some Catholic to clear up for me. You hold the Papal dominion is merely spiritual, do you not? How then do you account for the fact that Popes have dared to dictate peace terms to princes and to force them to arbitrate? How have they dared to fling out their excommunications and their interdicts, to crown and to depose? Doesn't it look rather like unwarranted assumption of sovereignty?"

The A. C. watched his hostess with appealing eyes? She seemed on the point of rising, and if he could stave off—

"Of course, for our point of view—"

"For," continued the lady, fixing him through her lorgnette, "if anything could turn me against your Church, it is the unwarranted aggressions of its Popes."

There was a rustle, his hostess rose, and the A. C. clapped his hand weakly to his heart, a saved man.

THE POPE AND ARBITRATION

Over the cigars the conversation waxed perfervid.

'I tell you," blustered a red-faced man, who in business hours handled the output of a baby-food factory, "Wilson is not the man to arbitrate this war. There is only one man who can do it, and that is the Pope. He turned suddenly to the A. C. "You're a Catholic, are you not?"

"Yes," assented the A. C., gripping his chair hard and staring straight ahead, "but—"

"Now I don't want to offend you, but will you please tell me why the Pope doesn't interfere? If he were to step in and force these kings and kaisers and czars to arbitrate, he would make people believe he really wants peace. Why not excommunicate a few of those high and mighty potentates and interdict a few of their countries? That would bring them to time. Instead, he never lifts a hand. I'll tell you plainly, I was quite well disposed toward your Church, but the failure of the Pope to terminate this war has turned me quite thoroughly against her."

They carried the A. C. fainting from the room. Within an hour he was no more, and the post-mortem examination revealed five severe twists in his spine. The doctors said that a sixth seemed imminent, but he evidently expired from the tremendous nervous energy which was called forward to make it. So he passed away; but from his obituaries, as from his life, no one gathered that he was the product of a Catholic school. For our apologetic Catholic came of a family of "weak-kneed" Catholics, who, often to the astonishment of our separated brethren, habitually choose the "fashionable" school for their children.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

"Miss Sue Prasia"

SHE belongs to that society well known in song, story and heaven, as the Sisters of Charity, and her name is not really "Miss Sue Prasia." When in the golden days "before the war," she knelt before the altar in her Kentucky convent, the Bishop of the diocese gave utterance to a prophecy of error. "Henceforth," he said, "thou shalt be called Sister Mary Euphrasia." But alas for visions! A local tendency to shorten phrases, or an aptness for slurring syllables borrowed from the African element in the neighborhood, together with the uncertainty of a Protestant community in the South with regard to religious titles, has done its work. Despite the good Bishop, Sister Mary Euphrasia was long since affectionately rechristened, "Miss Sue Prasia."

IN THE PEST-HOUSE

Not that a title makes the slightest difference to Sister Mary Euphrasia, who I take it, has a horror of red-tape and all unnecessary frills. A hale and hearty lady and a confirmed optimist, she has looked upon life for some eighty years, to conclude that on the whole, it is good. Her eyes, clear untroubled depths, like the eyes of a child, belie her fine old face, and hint an error in her casual statement that in the "later sixties," she was in charge of the pest-house "in Lou'aville." Turned for sixty years upon suffering's pitiable victims and the far more sorrowful victims brought low in treading life's easier paths, what scenes have been mirrored in those yet bright eyes! Settled discontent, incurable pessimism perhaps, might easily be the burden of her soul after her years of grinding service. But with a vision holier than lit the souls of Arthur's knights who sought the Grail, she has steadily seen Christ in the poor and suffering, in the sinner as well as in the saint. A similar vision, I suppose, explains the incurable optimism of the Saints. I know that it explains the optimism of Miss Sue Prasia.

REFORMING A FIREMAN

"Most men and women are good," she said, as young Sister Mary Pius came in to report that the fireman was "drunk again." I here scented a possible exception to a statement which in young and inexperienced mouths expresses a hope rather than a reality. But Miss Sue Prasia hastened to explain. "He is rather delicate," she commented, as with the indignant look of a white ribboner in a busy distillery, Sister Mary left the room, "and so I give him two bottles of beer a day, but not more. That is to keep him from whiskey and gin. He needs some kind of a stimulant, and the beer usually satisfies him. But sometimes, not often, he forgets. There is really nothing bad about him and we never have any real trouble." As a problem in practical philanthropy the case of Frank, the fireman, seemed worth a brief inquiry. It developed that Miss Sue Prasia's unfortunate tippler was weak in memory as well as in will; but the fact that he had been "forgetting" for nearly ten years did not alter the patience of this venerable lady, who had taken him in from the streets to make a man of him. I have no doubts of the final results. While there is life there is hope; and to be kind, even to a sodden drunkard, is to let loose a power of spiritual energy that cannot utterly fail. The man who pins his hope of reform on two bottles a day, is a visionary, but with Miss Sue Prasia's patience and prayer to back him, he may in the end scale heights unknown even to total abstainers.

THE BREAD-LINE AND THE POLICE

Although engaged for nearly sixty years in work, not for humanity, but for men, women and children, I doubt if Miss Sue Prasia would fare much better in the class-room of a school of philanthropy than Mr. William Shakespeare with a paper in Freshman English. "Will ye put me in a book?" inquires one of O. Henry's characters. "I will not" is the ready answer. "No book would hold ye." No set of rules, based on the historical concept of humanity, and elaborated in an easy chair, could hold Miss Sue Prasia, whose genius for charity has no recognizable limits, from a work that ought to be done. Bread-lines are not popular in these days; perhaps in large communities they are even harmful, but not in the territory ruled by Miss Sue Prasia. With food she imparts many a sage word of advice, sometimes rejected, but as often used to profit. Nor on necessary occasions, does she hesitate to defend her bread-line vigorously. It so happened on a frosty morning in January, some years ago, that a vigilant sleuth, eyeing the line, concluded that a closer examination might pan out a rare criminal. Summoning what is locally known as the "Black Maria," he treated the shivering crew to a ride before breakfast, the terminus of the trip being the town jail. Miss Sue Prasia, reappearing, wondered at the sudden curtailment of the line, and learning the cause, the wires between the hospital and the police department were roused to a sudden activity. "You've got most of the bread-line in jail," announced Miss Sue Prasia. "Send them back at once, for not a man has had his breakfast." It is to the credit of the trembling chief of police that the "Black Maria" made another trip to the Hospital, to discharge a freight of sixteen destitutes, thus completing the bereaved bread-line. But all this was done in a Kentucky town, where you still greet a casual stranger by the title "neighbor," and where, even if its accents are at times brief and peremptory, heart speaks to heart. In New York, this would be equivalent to an impious hand laid on the altar of the sacred State.

UNIQUE ACCOUNTING METHODS

Up to five years ago, Miss Sue Prasia sent out no bills and kept no financial accounts. A wave of "efficiency" then swept the community, and without changing its spirit, the hospital bought its first set of account books. If people could pay, well and good; if they could not pay, also well and good. When money came in, she put it in her pocket or in the drawer of an ancient cabinet, and when bills came in, as occasionally they did, she put her hand in her pocket, or unlocked the cabinet, and paid them. On second thought, I add that the cabinet was not kept locked. A very Christian method of keeping accounts, it seems to me, most like the Gospel plan of not having two coats, of not worrying about the morrow. She built an addition for the darkies, Methodists, Baptists and Campbellites, most of them, and so great was her charity that she worked a miracle. She overcame the Kentucky darkey's rooted horror of doctors and a hospital, and these poor benighted souls soon learned to love and utterly trust Miss Sue Prasia and her spiritual daughters, many of them drawn from old Southern families, who treated them "just like white folks," lavishing on them a care and a tenderness, hitherto beyond their concept of possibility.

THE LORD PROVIDES

The attending physicians and surgeons, the best in the community, with all their confidence in this valiant woman, sometimes wondered "where the money was going to come from," and perhaps at times Miss Sue Prasia shared their wonderment. But this trustful daughter of Vincent de Paul gave away everything that she had, including herself, crowded the rooms and wards with poor patients, counseled the ignorant, soothed the suffering, conducted a pest-house, warned the unwary, sheltered the homeless, and loved the erring, knowing quite well that it was the Lord's work, not hers, and that He would take care of it. And He did, as He always does. She built a superb hospital, an inspiration to the profession and a blessing to the community. Men saw the hand of God in the work, and while through it many souls were brought to the light of faith, all who knew it, felt something of unworldly inspiration of Christian charity on which it was founded.

Financial experts, no doubt, would have swooned away, at the thought of Miss Sue Prasia's "shiftless" methods of handling money, and hospital technicians might have deemed her an ignorant woman. Perhaps she did measure up to the world's definition of "ignorant," but the world's estimate counts for nothing, either here, or hereafter. This daughter of St. Vincent de Paul, while neglecting no human means of real value, possessed that happy combination of practical common sense with a deep and sacrificing love of human beings as Christ's brethren, which constitutes true wisdom. No school can teach it. God gives the beginning and the increase to such souls as willingly cast their cares upon Him.

A BROOKLYN EXAMPLE

I met Miss Sue Prasia last winter and was duly impressed; on second thought, despite her merit, she is not quite the unique figure I then pictured her. It was another Miss Sue Prasia, I am sure, who wrote this first rule of St. Peter's Hospital in Brooklyn:

> The hospital is open to all, of whatever nation, class or creed; and those who cannot pay anything are received as readily as those who can, *the preference being always given the poor.*

Their object in making this Annual Report, write the Sisters,

> is to acquaint the public, even so briefly, with the work being done at St. Peter's, to render an account to their benefactors of the charity dispensed through them to the sick poor of our city, to pledge anew their hearts, their minds, every moment of their lives to those under their care, and to beg, most earnestly—nothing for themselves—but for that assistance necessary for those demanding their help.

This is no empty boast. Although the hospital has no endowment, two-thirds of its work, 38,269 days of treatment, were given free of charge. Of the remaining one-third, a small percentage was paid for at the rate of "cost of support and maintenance." The Sisters, however, "are profoundly grateful" to all who help them "to give every moment of their lives" to the hard and often disgusting work of caring for the sick.

What is the reason for their gratitude, the thankfulness of these Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis for the privilege of unlimited, unremunerated service? That is their secret and the secret of the King. Yet every Catholic knows it well. It is the reason that marks the essential difference between charity as an act of love of God, and charity as a profitable trade.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" has published an account of a lynching at Waco, Texas, that occurred on May 15, 1916, when a mob seized a negro who had been condemned to death after due process of law:

> This is an account of one lynching. It is horrible, but it is matched in horror by scores of others in the last thirty years, and in its illegal, law-defying, race-hating aspect, it is matched by 2,842 other lynchings which have taken place between January 1, 1885, and June 1, 1916.

The "Waco horror" has prompted the Association to start a fund of $10,000 to be used in a crusade against lynching, that will be carried on by publicity and legal action. It is to be a nation-wide campaign against modern American barbarism.

The Knights of Columbus have issued a pamphlet containing the views of prominent ministers on the Catholic Church. It is called a message to patriotic citizens, and its foreword reads:

> This is a message to patriotic citizens of all denominations. If you are a patriot you will be interested in its contents; if you are not, please give it to one that is. You know the Catholic Church, next to our Government, is the biggest institution in this country, and this message is to tell you the truth about her and her people. If you are a Methodist, read what several Methodist ministers have to say. If you are a Congregationalist, a Baptist, an Episcopalian, or member of some other Protestant Church, you will find the views of your own ministers expressed in these pages. Even if you are not a church member, you wish to know the truth about the biggest religious organization in the world.

The pamphlet concludes by summarizing fifteen calumnies against Catholicism and informing the reader that belief in such trash means an admission which no American cares to make, the rather humiliating one of being "taken in."

The *Trumpet Call,* the official organ of the Apostolic Union of secular priests for India and other English-speaking countries, gives India, with Burma and Ceylon, a total population of 315 millions:

> Of this vast number Catholics are only about two and a half millions, while Protestants of all denominations amount to about one and a half millions, the remainder, about 311 millions, are all non-Catholics, composed of Hindus, Mussulmans, Buddhists, Animists, Sikhs, Jains, Zoroastrians, Jews, etc. As the number of the European missionaries in India is being thinned and as it cannot be made good by the arrival of new missionaries from Europe in the near future, there is only one way left open for Catholic India to effect the conversion of India, and that is to have her own sons turned into missionaries. Missionaries we mean not only in the strictest sense of the word as restricted to the clergy of India, but missionaries also in its broadest sense as applicable to all

the laity as well, so that one and all—the clergy and laity —be apostles.

It was Leo XIII who said, "Thy sons, O India, are thy salvation-workers." Pius IX told his subjects the same thing, when license in the name of liberty was prevalent in Italy. "You ask me, when all these evils will have an end. I shall tell you. It will be when you, after praying and sighing in the church, will begin to act out of it."

In a Christian nation, the Christian school is a necessity, the editor of the *Castle,* the Rev. George J. Waring, U. S. A., points out in a recent issue of that magazine:

> America needs to have the best schools in the world. A land of liberty must be a land of Christian virtue, or liberty will be swallowed up in greed and license. Christian generations can be built up only by Christian education, and that is impracticable without the Christian school. Schools without distinctly Christian training may cultivate the intelligence, but that is far from enough. Schools must instil distinctively Christian convictions and principles, and shape character to Christian virtue, or they cannot make a Christian people, and without that, says Washington, we cannot hope to be a happy nation.

A school wherein the name of Christ is taboo, can scarcely be called Christian, nor can we expect that a few minutes Bible reading each day will effect Christian training, or instil moral virtue, the basic principle of citizenship.

An effort is being made by the Federal Bureau of Education to extend the school savings-bank system:

> The plan is believed to have originated in France in 1834, but it was in Belgium about 1873 that it was first popularized. Now it is in force in those two countries and has a pretty firm foothold in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Australia and Canada. In this country it was first adopted in Beloit, Wis., in 1876, but made little or no progress until instituted in Long Island City in 1885. Now it is in existence in some 1,200 schools in more than 200 cities in the country. More than 200,000 pupils are depositors; deposits of four and a quarter million dollars have been made and more than one and a quarter million dollars are now on deposit in the public school banks.

The idea is to inculcate thrift, teach business methods and conserve health by reducing expenditures among the little ones for unwholesome food and drinks. Increase in national wealth, and decrease in pauperism and crime are the results ultimately hoped for.

The *American Israelite* makes a strong plea for religious education, calling upon the members of the Jewish race to help in giving to America a national conscience:

> The fundamental duty of the Jewish home is to keep alive the demand for religious training of the young. Jewish education must come to be regarded as the one constructive activity in Jewish life which is of supreme importance, and to which every man, woman and child in Israel should be in duty bound to contribute something, whether it be in means, in energy or in idealism.
>
> Jewish consciousness is synonymous with Jewish religion. How lacking we are in both has become conspicuously manifest of late. We are told it is more important to be a good American than to be a good Jew, or that we should be Americans in public and Jews in private. Can you conceive anyone of our Christian fellow-citizens advising his coreligionists to be Christians in private and Americans in public, or uttering the doctrine that it is more important to be a good American than to be a good Christian? It is carrying coals to Newcastle to preach to Jews loyalty to America. We only make ourselves ridiculous by this tawdry music-hall patriotism, and sow suspicion in quarters where there never could have been the least inkling of a doubt as to our loyalty.

In the writer's opinion the Jew is neither true to country nor faith if the Jewish child is allowed to grow up a barbarian in matters religious. This is exactly the Church's stand on the school question.

A writer in the *Churchman* asks why there is "so much dead weight opposition in the Church to motion-pictures":

> The motion-picture is not what it was eight or ten years ago. It was then proved piffling, shocking or inane. Out of this Tertiary Period it has emerged through the Stone Age of brutishness into the age of intelligence, esthetics, morals, humor and social values. Some credit should be given to an art, answering many human needs, which has sprung, like Jason's warriors, into full and self-conscious manhood within some fifteen years! What if there are still some elements which grate on sensitive nerves, some crudities and some shortcomings? They are the minor and fleeting gaucheries of youth. They too will pass. It is true that some producers walk boldly into the inner sanctuaries of life where angels fear to tread. Most of them have undertaken the quest to find those hidden forces and impulses which make or mar life.
>
> Do you desire to possess influence in changing the play-houses of your city for the better? Go to them, don't stay away! Study the pictures and their effects on the audiences. Analyze their appeal. Form the acquaintance of the keen-minded proprietor who daily listens to the comments of his clientèle. Let him know when you are pleased. Speak to him about the future shows. Support the decent, conscientious men; and there are many. Discriminate between houses, if necessary. Results will surely follow! Don't censor and condemn without accurate knowledge.

The present age of the motion-picture can hardly be called golden, save in the terms of the box-office. The policy of discrimination advocated might help put a golden hue in the moral color of many films.

According to the editorial view of the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph,* Sunday observance will be upheld by wholesome public sentiment in that city:

> As long as that sentiment exists as it does in Philadelphia, and in the State generally, there will neither be any successful attempt to repeal the laws or to break them by turning Sunday into a day of disturbance and public amusement. The day will be maintained as a day of religious devotion and of rest, as it deserves, and was intended to be.
>
> A people going at the pace the American people are going today need this day of rest and must have it. Moral and physical health require it. That rest can only be had by preserving Sunday as a day apart from the other days. If it were encroached upon to permit of professional baseball, theaters and other amusements, which some may contend to be harmless, the whole fabric would soon give way, and we should have practically no Sunday at all.

It is regrettable that the enthusiasm for Sunday observance is not deeply rooted in enthusiasm for the Divine law, sadly neglected by the easy divorce legislation of the Keystone State. The act of May 9, 1913, condemned by the Pennsylvania Bar Association, is a strange commentary on real religious observance:

> The measure makes it as easy as possible for a nonresident to obtain a divorce. Instead of going to Reno, one need only rent a room somewhere in Pennsylvania, spend the ensuing year where he pleases, and at the end of that time bring his case before the court. The matter of obtaining service is also reduced to the least possible trouble. It may be made by publication in a journal which is not likely to be seen by the other party to the suit. It is possible, therefore, for a divorce to be got without the knowledge of one of the persons chiefly interested.

Maybe Sunday amusements would shatter the quiet of the Quaker Sabbath, but legislation striking at the marital tie, shatters more than quiet. It shatters one of the strongest bonds in human life.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—Unexpected opposition to the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States has arisen in the Rigsdag. As in 1902, so now the Landsthing, the Upper House, is not taking kindly to the proposed transaction. The opposition, which is due to the Conservatives and the "Left," is not based on economic ground, but is due to the secret manner in which the Danish Government conducted the negotiations. The Folkething, the Lower House, is favorable to the sale, although the Radicals and the Left demand confirmation by a majority vote of the plebiscite. These two groups of the Lower House under the inspiration of Christenden, a former Prime Minister, and now leader of the Left, declare that the present Parliament is not competent to decide the matter alone; the people, they claim, must also vote on the proposal. Should this opinion prevail, in accordance with the provisions of the new constitution, women and domestic servants will be given their first chance to vote. The proposed purchase has awakened keen interest in the United States, the price to be paid being a special topic of discussion. Those who consider the stipend exorbitant submit these figures as a basis of comparison. St. Thomas is 28.25 square miles in area, St. Croix 84.25 square miles and St. John 19.97 square miles, making a total of 132.47 square miles for the three islands. These figures are approximate; some geographers place the total area at 138 square miles, other still at 142 square miles. Thus the price offered is more than $295 an acre. Alaska cost the United States less than 2 cents an acre, California, Nevada, Colorado and Utah, less than 3 cents an acre, Florida less than 14 cents an acre, the Philippines less than 27 cents an acre, and the Canal Zone less than $35.83 an acre.

The Danish West Indies

St. Croix, with a population of some 20,000, is the largest and most populous of the islands, St. John, with a population of less than 1,000, is the smallest, being but 8 miles long and 4 miles wide in its broadest part. The group is rich in vegetation; there are 1,200 species of plants in St. Thomas alone. The more valuable plants are the plantain, banana, sapodilla, bell apple, orange, mango, lemon and sugar cane.

The history of the islands is quite varied. In 1493, St. Thomas was inhabited by Caribs and Arawaks, in 1657 by the Dutch; then came the English, and after them, in 1666, the Danes. In 1804, the British took over the island once again, but restored it to Denmark after a brief period. Britain took it again in 1807, but returned it in the readjustments consequent on the Napoleonic wars, in 1815.

St. Croix was settled by Dutch and English; the former, however, were dispossessed in 1650. Later the Spaniards drove out the British, then the French expelled the Spaniards, giving the island to the Knights of Malta, who deserted it for Santo Domingo, in 1720. In 1727, the French reoccupied the place and finally sold it to Denmark.

In 1865, Secretary Seward proposed to buy the whole group, and in 1866 the United States offered $5,000,000 for them; Denmark, however, demanded $10,000,000 for St. Thomas and St. John, $15,000,000 for the three. Mr. Seward then offered $7,500,000 for the group, the Danes replied offering to sell two, St. Thomas and St. John, for that price. Seward accepted, and on October 24, 1867, the treaty was signed; however, this made the sale conditional on the vote of the inhabitants. The poll was taken January 9, 1868, and out of 1,139 votes cast there were but 22 against the sale. After all these negotiations Senator Sumner, the then Chairman of the

Committee on Foreign Relations, held the matter unreported for more than two years, and then reported it adversely. In 1902 another attempt to purchase the group for $5,000,000 was made, but this also failed.

The Mexican Affair

At this writing the Mexican affair is no nearer solution than it was last week. On Wednesday, August 9, Arredondo, Mexican Ambassador Designate, explained, in effect, that if President Wilson would yield to Carranza on the all-important issue of the withdrawal of our troops from Mexico, Carranza, in turn, would discuss the general situation, provided there was no danger of further encroachment on Mexican sovereignty. The President scored another "diplomatic victory" by yielding the point, and immediately it was announced that the American conferees would be appointed. On the following day a Washington dispatch said that Secretary Lane, Justice Brandeis and a Roman Catholic would constitute the American committee. Radical Mexicans declared themselves pleased with Justice Brandeis, for "they believe that he has a natural sympathy with the purposes of the revolutionary movement in Mexico." Nothing was said of the Catholic; no doubt the mention of a Catholic conferee was not taken seriously, for a second Washington dispatch announced this committee: Secretary Lane, Justice Brandeis and Dr. Tupper. A later wire affirmed that on account of opposition from Chief Justice White, Justice Brandeis would not serve. It is impossible to separate fact from fancy in these wires. On August 12, orders were issued by the War Department for the immediate movement to the border of all the recently mobilized National Guard detained in State mobilization camps. The telegraphic instructions to the department commanders read:

> Commanding General, Eastern Department, has been directed to send Kentucky troops to border as soon after they are equipped as transportation can be obtained, and to see that special attention is given to getting Vermont troops to border as soon as possible. Commanding General, Central Department, has been directed to send troops to border as soon after they are equipped as transportation can be obtained. All department commanders have been directed to send all other National Guard troops in their respective departments to border as soon after they are equipped as transportation can be obtained.

It is estimated that this movement will involve 25,000 men; the reason for the movement is not known; officials pronounce it "a matter of administrative routine." However, from a letter written by Secretary of War Baker it appears that he is concerned for "the safety of our border and the preservation and protection of the lives of our citizens." Meantime, Mexico is as turbulent as ever, despite the fact that Villa continues to be killed and surrounded, successively, at regular intervals. Chihuahua became so restless recently that an order was issued bidding all civilians in the city of Juarez to surrender their arms. Both Zapata and Diaz are active further south and not long since either one of these cut off the electrical power from Mexico City, leaving the capital in darkness for three nights. A recent letter from the aforesaid city contains the following significant passage: "We have been visited here by a frightful spell of illness among the little ones, first chicken-pox, then whooping cough. . . . We are feeling the pinch of hunger more than ever. Our situation is more than trying. I say nothing on politics, for what goes on here and in the United States is too disgusting."

Things are not more encouraging in any other part of the country.

The War.—During the week the offensive in France was mainly on the side of the Germans. On August 12, however, the French made an assault on the German lines in the sector in the northwest of Peronne and advanced about two-thirds of a mile on a front of about four miles, from Hardecourt to the Somme. The French are now near Combles and have got a footing in the town of Maurepas. The following day the British advanced 350 yards on a mile front northwest of Pozières. In the Verdun district the Germans have recaptured a portion of the Thiaumont Work. In the Trentino no change of importance has taken place. Italian warships have shelled Durazzo. The Allied forces at Salonica have taken the railroad station of Dorian and the heights south of the city. The Russian front from Riga to Brody remains unchanged. In Armenia violent fighting has taken place, with the Turks on the offensive, near Giumiachan and Bitlis. In Persia the Russians have been successful near Sakkis, but have been obliged by the Turks to evacuate Hamadan. In German East Africa the Germans, having suffered defeat at the hands of the Belgians at Ujiji, are retreating towards Tabora; at the same time they lost Sadani and other towns to the British, and have been forced to retire south of Kilimatinde.

Bulletin, Aug. 8, a. m.—Aug. 14, p. m.

The principal event of the week was the fall of Goritz. On August 4 the Italians began their attack along the Isonzo by securing a temporary success at Monfalcone. The following day a severe artillery fire was directed against the entire Austrian line from Plava to the sea. On August 6 this fire was concentrated on the Austrian position on Monte San Sabotino, northwest of Goritz, and on Monte San Michele, the fortified ridge southwest of the city. Infantry assaults followed and carried Monte San Sabotino. As this summit commands Monte San Michele, the Italians were soon able to silence the Austrians guns on the latter place and eventually to take it by storm. Having got possession of the entire bridgehead, for they already held the heights of Podgora, they proceeded to bombard the heights immediately west of the city. After three days of sanguinary fighting the Italians crossed the Isonzo and drove the Austrians from their last defenses, and occupied Goritz, which the Austrians had evacuated. Having taken the city, the Italians began to

The Italians Take Goritz.

clear the section south of Goritz, where they broke through the Austrian line north and south of Monte San Michele, and captured Boschini, Rubbia, San Martino del Carso, and the entire Doberdo plateau. They then pressed on to the Vallone River, which they crossed. Oppachiasella having fallen, the Italians followed the retreating Austrians to the western slopes of Monte Nadlogen.

Russian Success in East Galicia.

Russia's advance in East Galicia has made notable progress. Having crossed the Sereth, south of Brody, the Russians have driven the Austrians from the heights at the headwaters of the river. In the section west of Zalosce and Jesniera the Austrians are making a determined stand. Elsewhere, however, they have fallen back. They have withdrawn their troops from the Sereth and retired beyond Koslow, which lies about eight miles west of Tarnopol. They have also abandoned their strong defensive positions on the Strypa, and retired toward the upper Koropiec. On the middle and lower Koropiec, however, they have been defeated at Podhajce Monasterzyska, and have retreated in the direction of the Zlota Lipa, but this river has been crossed near its confluence with the Dniester by the Russians, who have taken Ustiezelone and Mariampol. Between the Dniester and the Pruth the Russians have advanced with great rapidity. Having captured Niziow, Tlumach, Tysmienitsa and Ottynia, they pressed on to Stanislau, which was evacuated by the Austrians. Further south the Russians also captured Nadworna.

Defeat of the Renaudel Bill

France.—For some time past a Socialist group in the Chamber has been trying to get control of the direction of the war and of the military operations. By the terms of what *La Croix* calls a "revolutionary" bill, introduced by M. Renaudel, an extraordinary commission, composed of thirty deputies, was to be formed, the purpose of which was to keep in close touch with the army, and to control the actions and the decisions of its leaders. The policy looked like a reversion to the tactics of the Revolution, when delegates from the Government at Paris were present in every French army, a drag and a menace to the freedom of action of its chiefs. For a week it looked as if M. Renaudel's measure was to pass the Chamber. The bill, however, was vigorously opposed by the saner element among the deputies and met with the decided disapproval of such men as MM. Chaumet, Bourély, Piou and Delahaye. It was finally defeated by a vote of 269 to 200.

Commenting in the *Figaro* on the rejection of the bill and the prudent and skilful tactics of the deputy of the Gironde, M. Chaumet, who accomplished its defeat, M. A. Capus gives expression to the general feeling of relief felt by the country at the passing of what the vast majority felt to be grave danger. Parliament, he says, was already sufficiently in touch with the army and did not need an extraordinary commission endowed with such excessive powers. The incident, he adds, should put an end to any further attempt on the part of the Chamber to play a part altogether out of proportion with its powers and its constitutional rights. Even M. Briand foresaw the danger and pointed it out. The general public had followed the debate with more than usual interest, and loudly voiced its satisfaction at the result. M. Renaudel, the mover of the bill, piqued at his defeat, has written in the *Humanité* a bitter attack on M. Chaumet. He considers the defeat of his measure a grave menace for the country. M. Capus, on the contrary, thinks that by its decisive vote against the Renaudel bill, the Chamber has officially registered its intention to confine itself to its own sphere of action, the only one in which it can constitutionally safeguard the interests of the country.

The Food Problem

Germany.—The food problem appears to be giving Germany very little concern. Though the harvest has not been gathered, yet it has been pronounced sufficient for the needs of the nation. Recently Professor Max Rubner, an authority on food, declared that "nutrition difficulties will not cause us to conclude a peace a day sooner than our military necessities require." He admitted that reduced meat rations would be necessary until October or November, and estimated the average daily shortage of meat in large towns at 150 grams. The meat cards given out in Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg, on July 1, provide for an allowance of about one and a half pounds a week for adults and half that amount for children, between the ages of four and ten years. Professor Rubner stated that the upward movement in prices had now reached its highest point, and said that inflated prices had already cost the public thousands of millions of marks. The Royal Prussian Statistical Bureau, advocating the necessity of a system of price fixing, has issued this table of retail meat prices, to show the notable differences in cost for the same articles of food in different parts of Europe. The rates are in marks for one kilo, a mark being 23.8 cents, a kilo, 2.2 pounds:

	Haunch of beef	Stewing meat.	Dom. ham, raw smoked.	Dom. lard.
Berlin	5.92	5.40	7.20	..
Spandau	6.47	5.64	..	..
Danzig	3.60	..	..	4.53
Memel	3.40	2.80	..	..
Wilhelmshaven	6.57	..	..	..
Elbing	..	3.52	..	..
Thorn	..	..	4.80	..
Kiel	..	..	7.20	..
Duisburg	..	..	9.30	..
Cologne	..	..	8.43	..
Koeslin	..	..	4.80	..
Graudenz	..	..	..	4.60
Potsdam	..	..	..	6.20
Brandenburg	..	..	..	6.40
Altona	..	..	..	6.15
Stade	..	..	..	4.30
Aix-la-Chapelle	..	..	..	6.80

As usual, some Socialists are taking advantage of this occasion to embarrass the Government. In a recent speech Deputy Hofer of the Prussian Landtag said:

We shall continue to spread our ideas, and I have little doubt that the seed which we sow will find ready acceptance in the furrows which the war has plowed, and which have been fertilized by the blood and tears of the nation. Your speeches and ordinance do not fill the people's stomach. And now we are comforted with a coming favorable harvest. May it be no *Fata Morgana!*

We demand that the proposed measures for feeding the masses shall be extended to all classes alike, and that the piled-up stores in many a house and business place shall be confiscated. You ruling classes are surprised at the patience of the people. But fermentation has already begun in the masses. If you listen you will hear them saying, "It could not have been worse, even had the Russians come to Berlin."

And now you begin to fear that the flame of indignation, the revolution, will strike out of the glimmering sparks of knowledge which the people are beginning to acquire as to the reasons and objects of this slaughter of nations. You would now take steps to extinguish their indignation, but you are too late. The people now know that they must starve at home and be slaughtered at the front in the interests of a small clique of capitalists.

The effect of such speech on the people at large was negligible.

Great Britain.—Two serious problems which the country must now face are the reorganization of the schools and of trade conditions. For more than a year the situation of the schools, particularly of the lower schools, has been abnormal. Not only have teachers been withdrawn for service in the ranks or in the munition works, but the school buildings, in many cases, have been devoted to purposes other than educational. As a result, many of the children have found their way into the fields or the factories, and their presence suggests the possibility of a revival after the war, under the plea of necessity, of the child labor evil. The importance of taking immediate steps to bring about a return to normal conditions is urged in the recent Report of the General Federation of Trade Unions.

Children in the Factories

The management committee has never ceased to emphasize the gravity of the industrial problems with which the country will be faced at the end of the war, and the presence of children in agriculture and industry creates one of the first difficulties which will require attention. It will be monstrous if the trade unionist soldier returns to find his children placed as a barrier between him and opportunities of employment. To prevent such a catastrophe it may be necesary to provide measures for returning employed children to school, for raising the leaving age, and for making this age uniform throughout the country.

The Report observes that "this policy will meet violent opposition from employers who seek juvenile labor because it is cheap, although it is generally disastrous to the child, and, ultimately, a source of perilous disorder in the State.

Ireland.—The Dublin *Freeman's Journal,* which cannot be said to be in sympathy with the late uprising in Dublin, is indignant at the charges made against the insurgents in Sir John Maxwell's report. It says editorially:

The "Freeman's Journal" and General Maxwell

Sir John Maxwell has completed his war upon the Dublin insurgents by his despatch. The document is dated May 25, when the whole civilized world from San Francisco to Moscow was ringing with the protests that his severity produced. It is an endeavor to justify the executions by blackening the character of the insurgents. Fortunately for the memory of those men in their own country—elsewhere the despatch may have the effect designed—the blackening is so overdone that it will be obvious to every citizen of Dublin.

The *Freeman* takes as a specimen of the assertions in the report to which it objects, the paragraph stating that after the outbreak "the members of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, an unarmed, uniformed force, had to be withdrawn or they would have been mercilessly shot down, as indeed were all those who had the bad luck to meet the rebels." To refute this case after case is mentioned, in which policemen met the rebels and were taken prisoners without being harmed. When the rising took place the Metropolitan Police were on duty in every quarter of the city. One policeman was shot in Stephen's Green, another while resisting the forcing of the Castle gates. Scores of policemen remained unharmed in the hands of the insurgents. The statement in the report, says the *Freeman,* is the malignant invention of some person who desired to undo the effect of the Prime Minister's testimony to "the clean fight put up by the rebels"; it then suggests that Sir John Maxwell should court-martial the subordinate who misled him.

The paper is particularly incensed at the following charge of Maxwell:

In connection with the fighting at Mount-Street Bridge, where our heaviest casualties occurred, I should like to mention the gallant assistance given by a number of medical men, ladies, nurses and women servants, who at great risk brought in and tended to the wounded, continuing their efforts even when deliberately fired at by the rebels.

The General, says the criticism, was evidently misinformed. In refutation of the charge it recalls the fact that the bravest of the brave girls who distinguished themselves at Mount Street Bridge, a shop-assistant, rushed out to remove the wounded and held up her hand as a signal to the insurgents and the troops to cease firing. Both sides respected the heroine's signal and lowered their rifles. When she had accomplished her task of mercy, the conflict was renewed. And the doctors and nurses of Sir Patrick Dun's hospital testify that the only time they were in danger was when the hospital grounds were occupied by the combatants. The risk then was inevitable, but it was not due to any deliberate design on one side or another against those engaged in medical service or other humane efforts.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Don't!

THERE are a number of people going about today asseverating that morality should always be positive, and seldom, if ever, negative. How it can be either without being both is beyond my narrow medieval mind, but it is in practice rather than in theory that the notion is generally praised. It is specifically urged in connection with education, and we are told to offer a child the affirmative ideal and never the negative commandment commonly attached to it. Thus we must not forbid Arthur to pull his uncle's nose. We should rather expatiate upon the beauty of the nose in its unpulled state, posed like an unplucked flower, and our eulogy should leave to be inferred the improbability of the nose, even in the most skilful hands, being molded into a fairer thing. We must refrain from telling Oswald in so many words that he is not to stay in the dining room. We must rather exclaim, in a sort of abstracted rapture: "How magnificent, how magnetic, is the wall-paper in the back bedroom; how impossible it must be for ardent and young spirits to resist rushing upstairs this minute to look at it." We must not say sharply: "Gwendolyn, cease from playing the piano with the fire-shovel." We must merely observe, in loud voice heard above the din: "How noble is silence, older than the gods. How it would fill this chamber with its ancient absolution, if by any chance Gwendolyn were to leave off playing the piano with the fire-shovel." I don't know whether these people really apply their principle in such cases; but this is the principle which they profess to apply.

The superficial logical objection—if such people cared even about superficial logic—would presumably be that this avoidance of negation is itself a negation; a veto upon all vetoes. It amounts to saying: "Thou shalt not say, shalt not"; which is rather close to a contradiction in terms. Nor as I have faintly suggested above, would the change be freer from entanglement in practice than it is in theory. A gentleman and father of a family who had to go through life without saying the word "No," would be in as hampered a state as the young lady in the song who was allowed to say nothing else. But indeed there is a much broader objection to this kind of argument, and to many other similar modern arguments much more serious and influential than this. The truth is that this praise of the positive against the negative is not only an ignoring of justice, but it would be a very serious curtailment of liberty. Intending to be much broader than the old vetoes, it would be, in strict practice, much narrower.

For the disadvantage in offering an ideal instead of a command is that one is compelled to choose one ideal and exclude everything else. Whereas, in the case of the command, we do, in the very act of the command, permit everything else. The uncle objects to having his nose pulled; and that has to be stopped. But it does not follow that he wants his nose praised; he may be shy about his nose; or he may be good-natured about it and quite ready to have it painted a bright blue; or he may be seriously discontented with his nose; and delighted for one happy hour to wear a false one from a toy-shop; or it is barely possible that he may think it rude and personal to talk about his nose at all. All these roads are open, all these temperaments can be satisfied, if once we have established the clear preliminary statement, "Thou shalt not pull." If we have to offer Oswald a positive alternative to the dining room, we can only select some other room, if we are to give him a vivid and fascinating vision of it. We must urge him to go to the back bedroom; while the soul of Oswald himself may pant to be in the schoolroom, or in the pink music-room, or in the coal-cellar. And the whole house might have been open to that happy child if we had simply told him to clear out. If we must not denounce the noisy fire-shovel, we can only praise silence and attempt to impose it. But silence is not the only alternative. Gwendolyn playing the piano, not with the fire-shovel but with some other instrument, might appear a pretty and soothing influence to her elders; she might say her "piece," practise her scales, or do a thousand other popular and sociable things. The method would resolve itself into putting pressure on the child to do one thing, instead of leaving it free to do all things except one.

I do not suggest that my distinction is to be taken universally and literally. It would not be strictly true to say that the inscription in a small tea-shop, "Smoking prohibited," actually means that golfing, bathing, the discharge of firearms, and the game of leap-frog are not prohibited. It would be an exaggeration to say that "No dogs admitted" is tantamount to saying that tigers, whales and snakes would be admitted. But such a veto, when selected, does generally mean that most other ordinary and likely things may be done. The negative command is a declaration of liberty. Anyhow, it is a boundless prairie of emancipation compared with the other theory of always offering one attractive alternative; for that ties down every man at the very moment when he most needs to be decisive and personal. It may be arbitrary and invidious to put your foot down; but it is a vast deal more uncomfortable to keep your foot in the air. The new principle of "positive" morality is a mere exaggeration of negation. It is only adding an eleventh commandment "Thou shalt not command."

In the old romances it was the villain that was monotonous. In the old melodramas is was the villain who always looked the same. His black mustache, eyeglass, and cigarette, were sort of uniform of the infernal service. But the good men were all conceivable shapes and colors, and some were rather inconceivable. Don Quixote was a good man, and starved himself; Mr.

Pickwick was a good man, and did not object to milk punch; Sam Weller was a good man, and did not object to pretty housemaids; the Master of Ravenswood was a good man and got drowned; Benedick is a good man in "Much Ado About Nothing"; and so is the Friar in "Romeo and Juliet." The old masters maintain the gayest miscellaneousness in good men by having one black stick to represent bad men. It was like the patches that their ladies put upon their complexions. The one black spot threw out and set free all the changing colors and contours of real health. But today we are drifting to the opposite extreme. We are getting only one kind of good man, one who approves of international peace, one who is quite in favor of social reform, one who thinks there should be a minimum wage, but also a court of arbitration—enough, you know him! And we have got around us, on the other hand, every antic and extravagance of evil men; varieties which none of the old romancers could have conceived, or would have been permitted to describe. I confess that I prefer the old-time notice-boards warning men off particular precipices and swamps in what is in other respects a rolling and romantic land of liberty.

G. K. Chesterton.

The Iron Wedding Ring

THE most enviable position allotted to the wife in pre-Christian civilization, outside the chosen nation of God, was apparently occupied by her in early Egyptian society. *Nebtper,* "ruler of the house," is the honorable title given her in various inscriptions. In the most ancient documents the husband is advised to treat her with gentleness and teach the children to respect her. Even monogamy seems to have existed then. But with the further decline of religion woman was degraded among the Egyptians as among all other pagan nations of the pre-Christian period. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and other Oriental countries bear witness to her degeneration and distress. The lascivious cult of Babel-Assur, spreading like a "black death" through the ancient world, destroyed still more completely the virtue and the dignity of woman.

As a safe historic principle we may lay down the following general rule, applicable to all the great pagan nations of antiquity. The nearer they stood to the well-springs of primal Revelation, and the more purely they preserved their earliest traditions, the loftier was woman's position, and the more justly was she recognized to be the companion and helpmate, and not the slave of man. The farther they receded from the fountain of Divine Revelation, and the more deeply they sank into idolatry and its impurities, the darker became the fate of woman and the more completely was she regarded as the chattel of her pagan husband, destined only to serve his ambition, his utility and his pleasure. Her "emancipation" under paganism, where this occurred, implied greater licentiousness and degradation.

"Lying, rashness, falsehood, folly, greed, impurity and cruelty are the inborn faults of women," said the old Hindu proverb. Wives were, therefore, to be kept "day and night" in that enslavement to which the Oriental world condemned them. Greatly sinned against and greatly sinning, woman was both dishonored and distrusted. A Semiramis or Zenobia are only meteoric apparitions. The same may be said of the Lesbian school of women poets.

With the Divine plan in the relation of the sexes to each other thus disregarded, it is not surprising that at times we should meet extravagances of an entirely opposite kind. An interesting illustration occurs in the Libbey papyrus containing an Egyptian marriage contract of the time of Alexander the Great. In the following terse terms the bride impresses upon her future husband the obligation of paying a suitable price for her affection, generously promises to allow him one-third of their common earnings and reserves to herself the liberty of dismissing him at pleasure:

> You give me five tenths of silver. I repeat: five tenths of silver, for my wifely gift. If I send you, the man, away, inasmuch as I hate you and love another man more than you, I will give you two and a half tenths of silver. I repeat: two and a half tenths of silver. I will let you have one third of all that I shall earn together with you, as long as you are married to me.

In their treatment of "mere man" our modern militants have much to learn from this Egyptian sister of more than 2,000 years ago. The so-called "progressive" doctrines, too, concerning love and marriage should be termed *retrogressive,* verging, as they do, toward this ancient paganism. The Egyptian Cupid to whom the ancient document introduces us is blind to nothing except the laws of God, and might well be painted with a money-bag in place of the less mischievous bow. He is still abroad in our day.

As in Egypt, so in Greece and Rome, the position of woman was most conformable to her natural dignity in the earliest civilization when religion was still least debased and the truth of the one only God was more clearly reflected in the mighty supremacy of Zeus or Jove. The most idyllic scenes of Greek home life are found in the Homeric poems. But even at this period we cannot fail to see the irreverence toward woman everywhere inherent in paganism.

The quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon takes place because of a woman, but the only apparent indications of love are such as the Christian imagination unconsciously supplies in reading the Homeric verses. Briseis is valued as a prize of war, and because of her skill in performing domestic service for her master. Not more love is wasted upon Helen, whom Paris had abducted and because of whom the Trojan war itself was waged. After torrents of blood have been shed and hecatombs of men offered up, the Spartan king receives her back without any signs of tenderness or emotion, but, as a French writer has cleverly said, "with the

gratification of a gentleman whose watch or umbrella have been stolen and who is satisfied to have them at last returned to him." There is no real respect for womanhood on the part of the old Homeric heroes whose occupation by predilection was piracy and sacking of cities. A great fidelity of a certain kind is shown by Ulysses for his wife. Yet what could be sadder than to behold her isolated within the women's apartment of her home and placed under the domination of her stripling son Telemachus. Such was the fate of the Greek as well as of the Hindu wife: "Woman," reads the law of Manu, "depends upon her father in childhood, upon her husband in youth, upon her son after her husband's death, or if there are no sons, upon her husband's near relatives, for woman should never govern herself."

There was only one class of women to whom in the golden age of Athens real freedom and some honor were granted, and these were the *hetæræ*, the fallen women, whose sacrifice of purity was not accounted as the least vice or impropriety, and who might accompany the men to all the public assemblies from which the wives and daughters of these same Athenians were rigidly excluded. "For so great was the seclusion in which the wives of the Greeks then lived," says Mozans, "that they never attended public spectacles and never left the house, unless accompanied by a female slave. They were not permitted to see men except in the presence of their husbands, nor could they have a seat even at their own tables, if their husbands happened to have male guests." Upon this code of morality the greatest moralists and teachers of Greece set the seal of their approval. To a fallen woman Socrates pays his glowing tribute in Plato's symposium and such a woman Plato himself gladly admitted among the number of his most intimate pupils.

Only the outward depravity of Greek life has been briefly touched upon here. Woman's degradation increased as religion became still more debased. Equally vile in many respects were conditions in Rome, though the Roman matron was not denied her freedom like the Greek wife. She often enjoyed a great degree of influence and might even preside at public games and religious ceremonies. "We Romans rule over all men and our wives rule over us," was the surly remark of Cato the Censor. But in spite of these facts the lot of the Roman wife was far from enviable. The most shameful impurity had lost its horror in Rome as in Greece. Slavery under paganism had made of home itself a cesspool of vice. The greatest consolation offered to Cicero at the early death of his beloved daughter was that her untimely fate should be considered fortunate for her, since happiness as a wife was impossible because of the hideous immorality of Roman life as even the pagan saw it.

Outright tyranny on the husband's part was likewise to be dreaded. Time was when under certain circumstances he could sell his wife into slavery or even put her to death. When woman achieved her "emancipation" under paganism there followed a very riot of licentiousness which brought about the decline of the empire itself. Marriage lost its religious significance and many looked upon it as unnecessary. Others, according to Seneca, numbered their years not by the Consuls, but by the husbands they married. Misery for woman and the ruin of the nation were the result.

It is needless to dwell further upon this subject. Woman had sunk as low as the religion which she professed. A Cornelia was a marvel to paganism, though she represents no more than the normal virtues of a decent wife and mother. Utter atheism at length meant the firm denial of all morality as well as of God. There was no prospect that woman could ever reinstate herself. Man who had humiliated her could not lift her up again. Together they had fallen into that depth of degradation which St. Paul beheld and described in withering words. Yet all hope had not vanished. A Divine Redeemer could still take that iron wedding ring and transform it into gold.

Joseph Husslein, S.J.

Autocratic Science

In his last book "Men of the Old Stone Age," Mr. Henry Fairchild Osborn makes a statement which is so illuminating that readers of scientific works would do well to bear it in mind. He says in his preface: "I have presented my conclusions in a very definite and positive form, rather than in vague or general terms, believing that a positive statement has at least the merit of being positively supported or rebutted by fresh evidence." Therefore Mr. Osborn is positive even when he is not sure. The reason he gives for his positiveness, that it will draw more evidence for or against his statement, may prove of some value inasmuch as it will provoke discussion. After the discussion, Mr. Osborn may find out that he was positively wrong. His statement on the face of it carries with it the permission to dispute his opinions when one is able to do so.

Perhaps it was this positiveness of scientific men on very tenuous proofs that wrung from the brilliant French critic, Ferdinand Brunetière, the well-known statement about "The Bankruptcy of Science." I am not concerned with Mr. Osborn's book particularly. This article is intended to point out that there is a feeling in the air that science is tyrannous and rather puffed up; a feeling, too, that in some respects its influence is blighting. One does not wish to attempt to rob science of any of its glory, nor to inveigh against those patient men who in the quiet of their laboratories have discovered so many things that are new to us and have proved such a benefit to the human race. Nor has any one a quarrel with the archeologists, geologists, anatomists or paleontologists, who have revealed to us secrets of the past ages. But believers in revealed religion are well within their rights when they protest against the attitude of

some scientists who jump to irreligious conclusions on what is mere guesswork. Materialists as these scientists are, their horizon becomes narrowed. They become of the earth, earthy, and can see nothing of the existence of a spiritual world about them. Wordsworth's

> A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more,

describes their attitude.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton in his book "Orthodoxy" accentuates this narrowness of the materialist. He says that "If the cosmos of the materialist is a real cosmos, it is not much of a cosmos. The thing has shrunk. The Deity is less Divine than many men; and, according to Haeckel, the whole of life is something much more gray, narrow and trivial than many separate aspects of it. The part seems greater than the whole."

A reviewer of the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour's book, "Theism and Humanism" says:

> Science scoffing at religion has always asked for its own hypotheses an implicitness of faith which it denies to religious creeds. Much the scientist calls truth is only assumption. The way in which he has at one time or another been compelled to discard hypotheses, once somewhat arrogantly stated, should teach him humility. The modern idea of seeking religion through psychology is not in itself more plausible than the archeological or historical method.

It is noticeable just at present that many writers are complaining about the attitude of science. Mr. Chesterton finds it too materialistic and Mr. Balfour thinks it too arrogant. In recent essays written on the position assumed by scientists, I find complaints coming thick and fast, and they are not confined to those who are breaking a lance with science on account of its attacks on religion.

Mrs. Catherine Fullerton Gerould, whom Mr. Edward Garnett considers our best short-story writer, thinks we owe a great deal of our cultural deterioration to science. Mrs. Gerould says:

> It has challenged the supereminence of religion; it has turned all philosophy out of doors, except that which clings to its skirts; it has thrown contempt on all learning that does not depend upon it, and it has bribed the skeptics by giving us immense material comforts.

As if that were not quite enough, she goes on to say: "Science must control the soul as well as the body. It insists on reducing all emotions, however miraculous and dear, to a question of nerve centers. There never has been a tyranny like this." In fact, she considers science as one of the forces that is doing all in its power to bring about the extirpation of culture. Scientists she contends are not good philosophers and are not good artists.

Samuel McCord Crothers in an article entitled "Protective Coloring in the Educational World" seems to be of the same mind as Mrs. Gerould. Physical sciences, having won their independence, they now aspire to imperial rule. Literature, philosophy, ethics and fine arts existed in prescientific days and flourished mightily. Each had a discipline and method of its own; each gathered about itself a band of votaries who loved it for its own sake and were satisfied with its own rewards.

Thus does Mr. Crothers bewail the tyranny of science, and its absorption of all other learning. It is a healthy sign of the times to find cultured people awakening to the autocratic rule of science. When religion inveighs against it, it may appear like special pleading and it is well to have our arguments bolstered up by those who attack science not in the name of religion, but in the name of culture. Many scientists take refuge in agnosticism. They do not deny the existence of God or a first cause but they say they have no knowledge of such. Some, however, do not rest content with this, they have become much bolder. Their scientific faith is so strong that they are emboldened to talk of the creation of the world as if they were present at it and here one may remark, as does Mr. Balfour, that the faith they demand is greater than that required of its adherents by revealed religion.

John Burroughs, writing on scientific faith, admits that Haeckel demands unlimited faith in his theories.

> The first bit of unicellular life is charged with such possibilities of development that the whole world of living things lies folded in it. Man and all that lies below him, all the orders and sub-orders and species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are latent in the first bit of life-stuff that Haeckel invokes by the magic of words from inert matter.

It is no wonder then that Mr. Burroughs compares Haeckel to a prestidigitator. He is like the sleight-of-hand man familiar to children. The prestidigitator waves his wand mysteriously over an apparently empty high hat, and then proceeds to pick out of it a great variety of things, such as long strips of paper, little white rabbits, gaily colored kerchiefs and many other articles. So does Mr. Haeckel wave his mysterious wand over the geologic deposits of past ages and brings forth a world of his own making.

But listen to Mr. Burroughs on Haeckel's theorizing:

> One thing disappears and at a word another entirely different takes its place. Now we see the solid lifeless crust of the earth, then we see water and carbon dioxide, then nitrogenous carbon compounds, then presto! we have albumen or protoplasm, the physical basis of life. Out of protoplasm by a deft use of words comes the monera, another flourish of his pen and there is that marvel the living cell with its nucleus, its chromosome, its centrosome and all its complicated, intelligent, and self-directed activities. This may be the road the creative energy traveled since we have to have creative energy whether in matter or apart from it; but our scientific faith hesitates until these steps can be repeated in the laboratory and life appears at the behest of chemical reactions.

So much for the demands of Haeckel on our credulity, but we have another quarrel with that eminent scientist. In that excellent book, "The Ready Answer" by the Rev. M. P. Hill, S.J., Ernest Haeckel is accused of trickery and the case is proved against him. This is an old matter now. Haeckel admitted that his embryo diagrams

were really forgeries and he said such an admission would, he felt, condemn him, but for the fact that hundreds of the best observers and most reputable biologists lie under the same charge. The great majority of all morphological, anatomical, histological and embryological diagrams are not true to nature but are more or less doctored, schematized and reconstructed. Mr. Burroughs accuses Haeckel of being a sleight-of-hand man. On his own admission Haeckel is a great deal worse.

In the beginning of this article, I quoted from Professor Osborn's last book, "Men of the Old Stone Age." Let me add another quotation from the same book. About twenty-five thousand years ago, according to Professor Osborn, a new type of man suddenly appeared in Europe. This was the Cro-Magnon with his high, if not higher, order of brain power and ability than that found in any human race. Professor Osborn admits that the emergence of such a man from the mode of life of the old stone age is one of the greatest mysteries of psychology and history. According to the rule of the paleontologists, the Cro-Magnons ought to show some simian peculiarities, succeeding the so-called Neanderthal race, which, according to scientists, show traces of an ape-like ancestry. Unfortunately for the scientists the Cro-Magnons show no such characteristics.

Sir Oliver Lodge is of the opinion that one day science will discover something which will be a great help to revealed religion. Perhaps the thing it will discover will be that the human race is not of simian ancestry. I am sure that if this should come to pass, some scientists will be terribly disappointed.

Mr. Frederic A. Lucas in his book, "Animals of the Past" sums up for us a possibility. It is this:

> We live, as we are often told, in a period of transition and no one with certainty may predict the outcome. Meanwhile nature, which has in time a mute but resistless ally, smiles at, or tolerates, the ravages of puny man. There is good reason to believe that we of the northern hemisphere may be living in the midst of an interglacial epoch, and, if this be so, that even now slowly but relentlessly the hosts of the ice king are being marshaled to dispossess man of his fair heritage in the north. Twice, at least in the past, our northern States, as well as Europe, have been buried beneath thousands of feet of ice and snow even as is the south pole today. Gradually is being assembled the army that will sweep man before it even as it did the mammoth and mastodon in past ages; advancing a few feet this year, retreating a foot or two next season, but never losing all the ground it has gained, the great ice sheet is slowly shaping out of mist and snow the vast fighting machine that will drive man from the populous cities of the north. And who shall say that 100,000 years from now, when the great earth pendulum has swung the other way, some race of superman, working northwards as the climate changes may not be investigating the site of this museum [American Museum of Natural History] and reconstructing the habits of the poor, unintelligent inhabitants of what was once New York.

This sounds something like the advent of Macaulay's New Zealander. If such a people as Mr. Lucas describes do come along in the dim future, perhaps they will dig up our skeletal remains and find them of simian proportions and possessing very small brain power.

I have assembled a few arguments from different writers protesting against the tyranny of science. All scientists are not autocrats nor are they all belligerent in their attitude toward religion, but many have been, and this attitude deserves condemnation.

B. J. Reilly.

The Geography of Heaven

SOCIALISTS assert that they are creating "a new Heaven and a new Earth." It is a progressive age; and a progressive Heaven would, doubtless, appeal to many. Still, to some old-fashioned spirits the Socialist phrase "a new Heaven" gives pause. The Socialist new earth is a thing imaginable. A well-drained, well-ventilated, well-washed, thoroughly inspected community, fed from municipal stores, and "educated" on textbooks; a community in which every one is as good and no better than his neighbor is quite conceivably the new earth of Socialism. But what is the new Heaven that is to be attained by handing over the means of production to the politician? What do Socialists propose to give people in the matter of things heavenly that will satisfy them when the new earth slips from their sight?

Chance recently took me into a district where some relief from the conditions of the twentieth century earth were certainly needed. And in that district I stumbled on the heaven, the *domus aurea,* of a percentage of those gray toilers. It was not a new heaven. It was entirely unprogressive. To the maker of new heavens it is an absolute curiosity of the human museum. It has nothing whatever to do with the individual shares of tea, leisure and land. But it had, it appeared to me, an onlooker, everything to do with what is perhaps a matter of even greater importance, the individual's common and indestructible happiness. This is what I saw.

Firstly, gray mud, gray asphalt, gray houses and a slant gray rain beating across the sodden street. It was a long street of small tightly curtained windows, the main artery whence diverged hundreds of lesser streets, as the lesser nerves branch from the central stem; and each of these lesser nerves are alive, and each very often acting with one common pain, the pain of poverty. For in that vast network of streets, rent day dominates the week; second-hand furniture dealers thrust their poor wares out into the dirty pavement; and the pawnbroker's windows are filled with the itinerant household gods of a population never far from disaster.

As you go down that main artery the surrounding miles of struggling humanity take shape as one vast restless organism; a creature with flashes of noisy joy in its cheap excursions; with, to quote a jangle of a poet of many peoples, the

> Depth and thickness
> Of sorrow and sickness

always quite close to its daily round, and with an everlasting grayness for its physical world; grayness of dark, wet asphalt this day of mild south-wester; grayness of foul, hot, dust-covered asphalt under August suns; a shivering grayness of icy pools and gutters when winter is pitiless.

Out of this gray sea, this fluctuating multitude of toilers, ever shifting, ever the same, I stepped into the porch of a quite outrageously cheerful, red-brick building, attracted hither by gleams of that crimson for which the eye unconsciously aches in these streets of monotone. The crimson flashed hither and thither behind the glass doors; it was Sunday evening and I entered. Within opened the nave of a bare, clean, spacious church, the seats of smooth, well-wrought oak, the walls of a light red brick not yet darkened with the smoke of the city. The far off altar alone shone with an attempt at decorative beauty, gleaming with many colored marbles, and heavily enriched with gold. The flitting crimson flashes resolved into the broad shoulder scarfs, worn as an officer wears his sword sash, of surpliced choir boys preparing for some immediate ceremonial.

A few working women were already seated, not without premonitory whisperings, in front of me; and every few moments came the patter of busy little feet, as tiny children, each carrying a large paper parcel, and more or less in charge of an elder, came up the aisle, and vanished through a side door. Slowly the congregation gathered. Old working men and women in Sunday best, if the one family umbrella had lost its handle; solemn-eyed three-year-olds in frocks too starched to admit of sitting down even sideways; young men and women in the full spring of life; and, to epitomize the whole, wriggling on the seat in front of me, the very imp of street mischief, an imp who presently pulled out of his velveteen breast pocket the dirtiest possible wisp of a handkerchief, and proceeded to apply it with the commanding flourish of a Beau Brummel.

A stir in the church, crowded now to the doors, and the rows of vacant seats in front are filled with a mass of the cleanest snow white, as two by two, from the sacristy door, came perhaps one hundred girls, the tiniest not five years old, all alike dressed and veiled in white. The veils thrown over the little heads are mostly clean muslin, but one dark-eyed mite is covered by a bit of spotted window blind, surely the effort of some poor house to do its best in honor of the sacred mysteries, venerated through all the squalor of its struggles. The organ sounds, and the people kneel as the choir boys, crimsoned sashed for the festival, enter, followed by a tall, spare young priest, a figure knit up with energy, alert in body and in mind. Still kneeling, the people join with the priest in that most human, perhaps, of all music, the music of many voices caught for once into unison. A five minutes' sermon, instinct with the vitality of the preacher, and the ceremonial of the day begins. Lamps flash out down the long aisles, for the cloudy evening light is fading. A lad, carrying a crucifix, followed by two others with great lighted and flower-wreathed candles, advances slowly from the foot of the altar steps down the nave; and behind, two by two, from the tiniest solemn child of four or five to girls on the brink of womanhood, all the white figures, with little white-gloved hands folded, move down the long church, the red-robed choir boys and the golden-vested priest closing the procession. As they move on they sing hymns known to all, the whole congregation taking up the familiar words. Down the nave, up the aisle, past the High Altar, "illustrious with light," down the further aisle, back again up the nave go the children, one long river of shining white, flowing among the gray kneeling of the working folk. Now they are singing:

> Ave Maria, the night shades are falling,
> Softly our voices rise unto thee. . . .
> Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
> Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea.

The voices of the people rise full and deep and the tiniest of the children sing beneath the white veils, for who is there here who does not know the "Star of the Sea"?

> Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
> Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

An old man, kneeling in front of me, with silvered hair, and rough overcoat, has some tricks of the head, some outline of the figure at prayer, that involuntarily sweep the mind back for one moment to the lovely canvases of the old Italian masters; and yet it is the twentieth century and the hoot of the motor horn comes in at the open door.

The procession is over, the children are in their places, filling their seats with a cloud of white incense, the priest goes to the altar, and the people remain kneeling as the organ bids them join in the hymn *"O, Salutaris Hostia."* No street-bred stridency of voice mars the beauty of the deep-toned Latin, sung by these working people with a familiarity born of knowledge from far-off childhood, and with a depth of feeling that perhaps is sometimes lacking in the costliest choir music. For this church is the church of the poor, and here it is the many voices of the toilers, kneeling in somber lines from the altar steps to the western door, that sing the well-known words of these, surely the most beautiful, if the briefest, hymns of any liturgy. The ringing of the altar bell precedes the deep silence of the Benediction. The last chant of the *"Adoremus"* is sung. And then choir boys and priest file out; one by one the altar lights are extinguished and the people rise and slip out into their square miles of rain-sodden asphalted streets. Their heaven has been as closely present to them, to recur to the words of the Latin hymn scarce off their lips, as are the foes of misery and sickness, despair and sin, which, as they have sung, press them from every side:

> *Bella premunt hostilia,*
> *Da robur, fer auxilium.*

At the next street corner, in an open space, across which the rain drives slantingly, the new Heaven and the new Earth, are being dispensed. On a stool an orator shouts himself hoarse as, in angry tones, he admonishes his listeners. The preacher and his audience are accounting themselves to be in the forefront of progress. To them a kneeling crowd is a medieval anachronism; their new Earth is an equal apportionment of bread and brains; their new Heaven is, presumably, an equal attainment of social virtues. But to some of us, who doubt whether man can preserve happiness on bread and brains alone, it may seem well that the poor, stirring in the midst of our monstrous cities, living in the gray world of their mean streets, enmeshed in the day's toil for the week's food, should believe themselves to kneel at the open gate of a Heaven not of their own making, and having nothing whatever to do with the equal and unequal distribution of the goods of this world.

G. M. Godden.

XLIX—The Young Man and Electrical Engineering

IN discussing fitness for the profession of electrical engineering it will be necessary to consider the many qualifications required for success in mechanical and civil engineering, as outlined in the preceding articles, for electrical engineering is an offshoot of mechanical engineering. In fact it is but a very short step from a mechanically belt-driven machine to one that is motor-driven, or from a modern steam turbine to an electrical generator. The original source of the power in each instance is found in the coal or oil burned or water power used and converted into useful work mechanically or electrically.

Electrical engineering has mechanical engineering as a handmaid, and a thorough knowledge of the underlying fundamental principles of the latter science is essential to the development of a successful electrical engineer.

This article will deal, therefore, with the practical application of electricity to engineering and the qualifications one must have who pursues the profession, rather than with its aspect as a pure science. This latter phase comes within the scope of the investigator. Furthermore since electrical engineering is a comparatively new profession the men who have reached prominence in it today have attained their positions through different courses of preliminary training. Many of them started life in other lines of work and afterward turned to electrical pursuits on account of the sudden growth and importance of the business. In consequence of this, diverse methods of preliminary education are represented, and hence their relative values can be estimated. The successful men then are represented by two types, by the so-called "practical man" and by the theoretical electrician, the graduate of the machine shop and the graduate of the university. Both have attained success. In the past some of the most successful electrical engineers have belonged to the class of practical men with little theoretical training, but the conditions under which they worked have changed. In the early days of the profession, there was little theory or predetermination of results and work was carried on largely by guesswork or by cut and dried approximations. At the present time, however, such a state of development has been reached that exactness of result is essential to success and work based upon exact theory is imperative. In a stationary condition of an applied science a man with only practical experience may become familiar with all the existing types of apparatus, and knowing their various applications, may qualify, to an extent, as an engineer. But an extraordinarily rapid growth has placed electrical engineering apart from all other engineering branches, and from year to year new discoveries call for radical changes in the construction and operation of electrical machinery. The engineer whose education is based on practical experience only cannot keep up with this progress and change and soon falls behind; whereas, the man with a knowledge of theory and a mind trained by theoretical studies and scientific reasoning, easily grasps the theory of the change and readjusts his mind without difficulty or delay. Many instances can be cited of men once prominent as electrical engineers, who have been dropped out of place in the course of the rapid progress which has been made, on account of a lack of theoretical foundation for their knowledge. Those who have retained their positions during the growth of the science have done so by persistent study along theoretical lines.

In its present state electrical engineering is the most scientific of all engineering professions. A man must be to a great extent a physicist, a chemist, and a mathematician, and he must be familiar with machinery and its design, in order to be a worker in the broadest field. Many of the problems connected with other branches of engineering can be solved by common sense and by a sense of proportion guided by experience and by the eye. But most of the problems in electricity are invisible, so to speak, and can be understood only through their expression in the form of symbols. Probably no one will dispute today that the preliminary education of an electrical engineer demands a special schooling in those theoretical branches, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and mechanics, sufficient to train his mind to accurate methods of thought and to supply him with the actual technical information which he will need in the practice of his profession. Just here it may be remarked that the study of chemistry is becoming more and more important as the profession advances, for electro-chemistry is developing rapidly and is likely to become one of the largest fields in the application of electrical science.

But theory alone is not all. The human mind is such that it works with difficulty in pure theory without a series of mental pictures to fix and co-ordinate the ideas,

and the study of theory is likely to make little lasting impression unless the meaning of the theory is brought out by constant association with apparatus which demonstrates the application of the physical law. The best course of training for an electrical engineer would seem to be a broad course of education in general subjects at the preparatory school, before entering college, with practical work, if possible, along lines of simple mechanics, such as carpentry, in order to train the mind to a sense of proportion and the relation of parts, which is the basis of all engineering. Next a college course, with general subjects the first year, and afterwards, for the remaining years of the course, those general and theoretical subjects which have a direct bearing upon the practice of electrical profession, such as mechanical drawing, mathematics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, theoretical electricity, magnetism, and thermodynamics. This should be supplemented by actual daily practical work with machinery operating by the principles covered by the theory studied, and demonstrating all the phenomena incident to the theory. After graduation, an apprentice course should be pursued in some large electrical manufacturing establishment where the commercial relations of the knowledge acquired in college can be set forth clearly. Large machines can be operated which are not available at a college; experience in the installation of large plants can be obtained and practice can be had in the designing departments where all kinds of commercial apparatus are laid out.

After a few years of this training specialization may begin along the lines selected for the life work, but preferably not before. A man makes a mistake to consider himself a qualified electrical engineer after he has been graduated from college, for he is not such. His mind has been trained into a condition where he can readily absorb the principles of the electrical profession, but that is all, and the subsequent apprentice-training is as important as the college course, in order to acquire the broad viewpoint from which to make a correct start in the direction in which a man is best fitted to go. Perhaps this means a smaller income the year after graduation from college, but it means much more at the end of five years.

Theory and practice are not the only elements necessary for the successful engineer. Just as in other professions so here many qualities are required. Executive ability, business knowledge, presence of mind and ability to handle men, nerve and resourcefulness in handling machinery in times of emergency, are all necessary for success. These elements cannot be acquired in the study of theory and practice alone, and many men who have stood high in technical schools, have failed afterward in the practice of their profession because of a lack of these qualities.

As to the future success of the young engineer none of the technical professions offers a better opportunity to the man who is willing to play the rôle of investigator and apply his findings to the commercial use of man. Many fields open themselves; for instance, illuminating engineering has been brought into prominence by the improvements made in the incandescent lamp and the new methods employed for the lighting of buildings, while telephony and wireless telegraphy are now forging ahead in strides which are almost spectacular. There is hardly any sphere of activity that one can call attention to that does not bring into play the force of electricity. It is daily entering into the convenience of the home and is being made every day of more service to man. The harnessing of the water power found throughout the country together with the advanced methods of economically generating and transmitting electricity has made it possible for the electric railway to supersede the steam railroad, and rapid transit facilities are so much in demand that this field alone offers the electrical engineer splendid opportunities. The truth is that the science is developing so rapidly that constant study is necessary, even to keep up with its progress. But an electrical engineer should be willing to do more than this. He should study to keep ahead of progress and do his share toward the instruction of others.

Emile G. Perrot.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Not the Correspondent

To the Editor of America:

A communication appeared in America, April 1, 1916, signed "T. P. G.," Raleigh, N. C. As I am the only person with these initials in my name, in Raleigh, I take occasion to state that I am not the author nor do I endorse the author's sentiments.

Raleigh, N. C. (Rev.) Thomas P. Griffin.

A Tribute to the Christian Brothers

To the Editor of America:

I have been called to task for having omitted in my article, "The Boys of Our City: San Francisco," any mention of the work being done by the Christian Brothers, especially at St. Vincent's Orphanage. The criticism is most just, and all I can say in extenuation is to plead ignorance. Though to be ignorant of what the Christian Brothers are doing at the great institution in Marin County is rather lamentable for one who took it upon himself to write upon such a subject! However, it is not a secret that I am but a newcomer to the Church, and so failed to know anything concerning matters which are of common knowledge to most others. But there are some compensations for one in my position. These compensations come in the form of splendid adventures. Every time I learn of some great new branch of work of the universal Church I experience a widening and a deepening of life, a lifting of mental horizon, a sighting of new stars in the sky of faith. So it was with me in visiting St. Vincent's Orphanage and in becoming acquainted, even if but slightly, with the spirit of St. John Baptist de la Salle and his followers. The amazing depth of my ignorance may be dimly discerned when I state that St. Vincent's Orphanage has been caring for boys for forty odd years, although not all that time under the care of the Christian Brothers. But it is a matter of common report among social-service workers in San Fran-

cisco that the work of St. Vincent's has steadily improved of late. Thousands of poor boys have been aided to make good men of themselves at this institution, and if the plan which the Brothers have now in contemplation should succeed, and indeed they deserve success, the work will soon be broadened and extended and made even more efficient than at present if that is possible.

San Francisco. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The Liturgy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"Saying My Prayers in Latin," "Our Schools and the Liturgy," both contributions to recent issues of AMERICA, have proved interesting reading matter to me.

To the writer of the latter article—voicing a sentiment which I long had, that while classical Latin is held in honor in the high school, "Church Latin," to give it a generic name, receives not even scant recognition—I want to say that such a condition no longer exists in some of our best high schools. Canada may have to boast that it was the first to introduce into high schools and college preparatory courses the study of the hymns, proses, and sequences, said or chanted during the liturgical year. The students of our third and fourth years add to their reading of the matchless prose of Cicero and the exquisite verse of Vergil, the study of the hymns of Benediction, of the *Dies Iræ,* the *Stabat Mater,* the *Pange Lingua,* the *Victimæ Paschali,* and several others. Before a high school student is graduated from a standard Catholic convent, she has the Roman Missal explained to her, she uses it with enlivened devotion, and cannot but be a better Catholic for sharing the treasures of the Church in the round of its beautiful and inspiring liturgy.

I think that the average child responds readily, even enthusiastically, to the teacher's efforts when she realizes that it means less automatic worship, more intelligent devotion in church. I have met pupils, the third year in high school, remarkably appreciative of the beauties of the *Pange Lingua,* who could cleverly analyze the sequence *Veni Sancte Spiritus,* admiring the worshipful address and the suppliant closing. Others have taken delight in attempting an effective translation of the *Lauda Sion* or of some shorter hymns. May all teachers of Latin, especially religious teachers, feel it a duty to carry the study of the language beyond the conventional boundary of the classical pagan authors!

Outremont, P. Q. S. M. C.

Blest or Blesséd

To the Editor of AMERICA:

You have recently printed two letters, one on the superior beauty of Latin over English in the "Salve Regina" and other prayers; the other upon the distinct utterance of the Latin words in the Mass. Both are interesting and worthy of attention. They encourage me to make a plea for good English as well. It seems a pity that, in the United States, a habit has grown up of late years of saying *"Blest"* instead of "Bless-éd." It is incorrect and sounds slovenly. I wrote to Cardinal Gasquet, the distinguished English scholar, asking him to write something on this pronounciation of "blessed," which I could have printed. His answer is as follows:

> As to your question about the pronunciation of "blessed," whether "bless-ed" or "blest," in the Hail Mary, there can be no manner of question as to our constant practice in England: it is always "Bless-ed." The great modern Oxford English Dictionary says that although the pa. t. and pple. are generally spelt blessed, they are always pronounced blest in modern prose; the pple. may be pronounced bless-éd in verse or liturgical reading, as an adjective bless-éd is now the regular prose form, but the archaic form blest is frequent in verse. How would they pronounce Blessed Sacrament, Blessed Trinity, and Blessed Passion? I fancy they would not say Blest Sacrament, would they?
> . . . A. CARD. GASQUET.

The practice in England and the authority of the distinguished Cardinal should have very great weight in determining us not to depart from our own American traditional custom.

Cincinnati. M. L. S.

Public High Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is matter for regret that the forceful articles which have lately appeared in AMERICA, demonstrating the great worth of Catholic education, will not be read by those Catholic parents for whom they are particularly necessary, because such will not read a Catholic publication like AMERICA. Intensive study of the public high schools has shown me that they are most efficient machines for the production of apostate or apologetic Catholics who are ignorant of Catholic history, teaching, and practice, by reason of the conspiracy of silence regarding all things Catholic obtaining in these schools. An official reply by a political Catholic admits, without apology, that the "Catholic Encyclopedia," to say nothing of minor Catholic works, is not contained in the library of any of the numerous high and normal schools of the City of New York. It is in these schools that the teachers of the system are formed. Small wonder, then, that a Catholic young woman whom I lately met, after a two years course in "education" at a public normal school from which she graduated qualified to "teach," had never heard of the "Ratio Studiorum," though she prattled familiarly of basket work, and of social uplift according to modern, pagan principles, and admitted she was not able to arrange half a dozen words into a correct Latin sentence.

Brooklyn. GREGORY E. HANSON.

A Chance for a Volunteer Chaplain

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Information has come from authoritative sources in Europe that a Roman Catholic priest is desired for the German prisoners of war in Russia. Admission into that country can readily be obtained for him and the assurance is given that he will be abundantly supplied with everything necessary for his ministry. A generous remuneration is offered. Besides apostolic zeal, seriousness of purpose, piety and prudence, the following qualifications are particularly insisted upon: (1) He must be a citizen of some neutral nation. It is not advisable that he should bear a name suggesting relationship with the Central Powers. (2) He should possess a perfect knowledge of the German language and have some little familiarity with the Russian. The first of these requisites is evidently demanded for the discharge of his spiritual functions among the German soldiers; the second will be useful for his intercourse with the Russian authorities for personal convenience. Sufficient knowledge of Russian can gradually be acquired by him. (3) The usual testimonials and credentials from the proper ecclesiastical authorities are furthermore required. Any member of the clergy possessing the necessary qualifications and wishing to volunteer for this important ministry can apply to the undersigned.

Milwaukee (Rev.) CHARLES JANOWSKI,
Marquette University.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1916

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The New York Strike and the Oppressed

IN three points the strike of the New York carmen was unusual. It was brief, comparatively free from violence and successful. The workers won the recognition of their right to organize, the right to treat with their employers through representatives freely chosen by themselves, "upon any and all differences that may arise," and the right to arbitrate "the question of wages and working conditions." This is the extent of their victory, a victory as great as it is deserved.

Yet throughout the victory runs a strain of bitter irony. In an age which boasts of its civilization and the perfection of "twentieth century democracy," the worker is obliged to face starvation to enforce his absolute right to a living wage, in return for an honest day's service. After five years of faultless labor, a New York car conductor, if his health holds out, is eligible for a wage of twenty-eight cents an hour. The motorman may get twenty-nine; the others, the "learners," must be satisfied with twenty-two and twenty-three cents. Figure the princely stipends in return for ten hours of grinding work daily, seven days a week, and compare them with the cost of living in New York. What companionship can this wage-slave give his family? Can he even afford to have a family? And if he ventures upon this inalienable right, what standards of decent living can he maintain?

The New York worker is not much worse off, perhaps, than millions of his fellows throughout the country whose complete daily program is summed up by stating that they wearily drag themselves from work to bed and from bed to work. These men and women, while health and vigor last, keep one week ahead of starvation, and in their old age eat the bread of poverty, or starve. Putting the matter on the lowest basis, a policy which results in oppressed and discontented workingmen, half-starved wives and children, and an army of dependents, must culminate in the financial and social ruin of the strongest nation. But higher considerations are involved. A living wage is neither a charity nor a concession. It is a strict right, a right antecedent to any employers' right to hold property, and the employer who violates this right is guilty of a crime that cries to God for vengeance. When the capitalist has grasped this lesson, oppression will cease, but not before. If arbitration will bring it home to his greedy and pitiless soul, let us have arbitration, arbitration enforced, if need be, by the plenary power of law. But on the worker's demand for a living wage, there can be no arbitration. That is a right to be recognized, not a claim to be debated.

Our Duty

DURING the year 1913 the Society for the Propagation of the Faith sent to the foreign missions $1,500,000 and the Association of the Holy Childhood $800,000. During the same year the non-Catholic aid organizations supplied their missionaries with $30,000,000, the United States giving exactly one-half of the total sum. As a rule non-Catholics are wealthier than Catholics, and it is not uncommon for the Protestant missionary societies to receive bequests running into the thousands. There are, however, prominent wealthy Catholics who have their names in many places, but it is rare to find them heading the list of foreign mission contributors. Who then support the Catholic missions? The Catholic poor.

The wealthy give very little; those in moderate circumstances are generous; but the bulk of both Societies comes from poor men, women and children, who appreciate the Faith so much that they are willing to make incredible sacrifices in order to share it with others. They deny themselves delicacies at table, clothes, amusements, vacations; they often walk to and from work in order to save carfare; after a hard day's work they visit their friends and acquaintances to interest them in the cause; they contribute in many cases a certain per cent of their wages.

Surely those who are well off in this world's goods, and have many of the comforts and even the luxuries of life, cannot read this official statement of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, recently issued from the archdiocese of Boston, and reading it believe they have done their duty as Catholics, by perfunctory contributions to parish needs, with never a penny sent to the lands where paganism holds 1,000,000,000 souls in bondage? But wealthy or poor the duty of American Catholics to "do their bit" for the missions in fields afar, is as patent as it is pressing. All help from Catholic Europe which was the chief support of the missions, has been cut off by the world-war, missionaries have been recalled from chapel and hut and sent into the trench or placed upon the firing line. The missions' crying need is America's opportunity. If we wait till all our local needs are satisfied, we shall never give when giving really counts. Had French Catholics waited upon the fulfilment of local needs before helping America,

$6,000,000 would never have reached these shores, through the channels of the Propagation of the Faith Society, in the days when the Church in America was young. And if the missionary had not sought our land in the cradle-period of Catholicism, our grandparents would have died without the sacraments, and the gift of Faith might not be ours today.

A monthly offering of five cents, and the daily recital of the Our Father, Hail Mary and the invocation "St. Francis Xavier, pray for us," constitute ordinary membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. From the children, the Association of the Holy Childhood asks one Hail Mary and the invocation "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us, and for poor pagan children," recited each day, and one penny contributed each month. Are American Catholics doing even this much or rather this little for the mission cause which is the cause of Calvary? Are you and I doing our duty?

What is an Episcopalian?

TODAY, surely, the question has pertinence. The dictionary says that an Episcopalian is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This definition affords no light. On the contrary, it suggests a greater difficulty, "What is the Protestant Episcopal Church?"

In the city of New York, Doctors Manning, Grant, and Reiland, are rectors of corporations which legally and ecclesiastically are Protestant Episcopal churches. Members of the same society, it might be taken for granted that these clergymen are one in doctrine and practice. But they are not. They do not even agree on their ecclesiastical name, much less upon a common doctrine. Dr. Manning holds that he and his flock are Catholics. With equal earnestness, Dr. Grant asserts that he and *his* flock are Protestants. Dr. Reiland, more generous than his brethren, allows himself and his flock to believe whatever they wish. Yet all are members of the "Protestant Episcopal" Church.

Who shall decide between these jangling doctors? Not the Bishop; for that patient prelate, in addition to the fact that he claims no infallibility which is not possessed by every son of Adam, inclines to allow his clergy a large license of thought and speech. When Dr. Grant, not many months ago, publicly preached that since the only basis of marriage was "love," marriage should be dissolved when "love" grew cold, not the Bishop but the New York *Sun* publicly rebuked the eccentric clergyman. "This," remarked the *Sun,* "is what early-morning Broadway calls 'high ball marriage.'" The Bishop contented himself with observing that while "Mr. Grant is free to say what he wishes," Mr. Grant might be visited with the Bishop's displeasure in case he acted in accordance with a doctrine which he was quite free to preach. Dr. Reiland now publicly announces that the idea of "the Christian religion as a fixed revelation" is absurd, and that the Protestant Episcopal Church of the near future will say to everyone, "Believe what you can and leave the rest; give what you can and let the rest go." Questions of the Virgin Birth, the nature of Communion, the Atonement, and ministerial authority, will not be essential to membership in good standing.

Are we justified in answering the question, "What is an Episcopalian?" in Dr. Reiland's terms—"a member of a church which allows its members to believe what they can and let the rest go"? The definition would seem to be true in New York; at least Dr. Reiland's ecclesiastical superior tacitly allows it. But when will those earnest members of the Protestant Episcopal Church who, like Dr. Manning, revere and love the Lord Jesus as the Infallible Teacher of truth, come forth from this "House of Babel"?

The Wrong Standard

IN "A Modern School," Dr. Abraham Flexner says: "Most of what a child should do coincides with its own preferences or with a preference very readily elicited." Writing in the New York *Evening Post,* Dr. T. Stockham Baker, Headmaster of Tome School, calls this statement the expression of a most fallacious theory, and declares that the tendency to allow our children and the youth of the country to study what they like and to do only what they prefer "is at the base of much of the educational and national inefficiency from which we are suffering at the present time."

The criticism is well founded. A boy's preferences are a shifting and elusive standard by which to regulate his mental and moral development. At a certain age he has no preferences, or if indeed he has any in regard to school and studies, he prefers to avoid their drudgery and restraint. Dr. Flexner's critic is right again, when he says that if the child's preference is to be the determining factor in the modern school, dictating its program and regulating its standards, educational anarchy will prevail.

A school, a college is essentially a drill ground. Its greatest value consists in the lessons of discipline and self-restraint which it imposes upon its pupils. A certain amount of drudgery is inseparable from the work of the classroom: some things must be learned by the pupil and some things must be done by him, which are uninteresting but which are extremely valuable for his mental and moral equipment. No strong character was ever formed in the boy or man who followed his preferences. Preferences must be subordinated to reason and to duty. Too often the preferences of youth are the symbols and the signs of the petty defects or the coarse passions which sway the heart. When not regulated and checked by habits of obedience to rule and law, by ordered methods in the pursuit of a definite program of studies and serious application to uncongenial but ultimately useful and eminently practical tasks, they become a source of intellectual and moral danger. By try-

ing to make things easy for the pupil, modern educators are depriving the school of its real educational value. "The problem of the school is not to make things easier," says Dr. Baker, "but rather to develop greater powers of application and industry." The walls of the citadel of science must not be leveled for the learner. But his head and heart and hand must be trained so that he may successfully, with deliberate, conscious effort, scale their rugged heights. Education, to deserve its name, must make men strong.

The Child Labor Bill

THEORETICALLY, slavery was abolished in these United States in 1863. The second decade of the twentieth century finds slavery strongly entrenched in every industrial center. True, between the old and the new slavery, the economist can distinguish points of difference. The older slavery was confined to Africans; most of the modern slaves are white; the older slavery bore but lightly on the children; the slavery of 1916 numbers thousands of white children, sold to the factory, the mine and the quarry.

More than a quarter of a century ago, Leo XIII sent out a protest to the whole world against this infamous traffic. "In regard to children," wrote the Pontiff, "great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature. For just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring, so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers and makes any real education impossible." These words, a complete argument against child labor, have been forgotten in that mad craze for wealth which has been a conspicuous characteristic of industrial development in the United States. "Sell in the dearest market and buy in the cheapest" is the sophistical dictate of modern business which is responsible for the trade in children. For children can be bought cheaply, and organized capital cares not if the dividends paid to a select circle, are wet with the blood of American boys and girls.

No decent man can read the story of these child-slaves without horror and indignation. But in the fight against the continuance of this nefarious trade, indignation avails little. The slave-traders have the advantage of possession; they can be dislodged only by wise and constitutional means. Unfortunately, the bill recently passed by Congress is not above suspicion in either of these specifications. It is certain to be contested, and it may be declared unconstitutional. Child labor is bad for any community, but a monarchical government at Washington, is worse. Had the energy expended in pushing this bill through Congress been applied to the enactment of effective State legislation, the campaign against child labor would now be nearer victory, and the principle of local self-government would have received a valuable and needed indorsement.

Fair Play

GEORGIA legislators have been seized by the "investigation" mania. It is not a new disease, and its attacks are not confined to legislatives assemblies, for it has been known to fix its fangs on individuals, public officials and private citizens. No section of our country has been entirely free from the scourge which becomes epidemic at times. The quarantine method is unavailable to check its spread, for the simplest quarantine plan implies the segregation of the afflicted legislators, and as they are frequently in the majority the only effective quarantine is adjournment. Instance the legislators of the Empire State of the South and the Veazy bill. The bill is based on bigotry and makes religious prejudices an issue, calling for the "investigation" of private institutions. Only twenty-two members of the Georgia house of "misrepresentatives," as the Augusta *Chronicle* calls them, had the manhood to vote against the bill, only one man, Representative Ayer, had the courage to tell his fellow-legislators the real object of their measure:

> I want to say at the outset, that I am not a Catholic, but I also want to say, out of the spirit of fair play, that I am opposed to the bill, which is an invasion of the rights of the religious and other private institutions of Georgia. They may say what they please, but they can't deny that this bill is intended as a direct blow aimed at the Catholic Church, and to strike at the Roman Catholic church and the Roman Catholic convent. It invades their private sanctuary; it is not right and should have no place among our laws.

This legislation is odious and foolish, the more so that the State has real problems awaiting solution. A while ago, many Georgians indulged in an anti-Jewish propaganda that culminated in the murder of a prisoner, who was dragged from a cot and done to death by a mob. Indeed the lynching record of the State is not at all enviable; it stands out as a black stain on American civilization. Thus, for instance, one-third of the total number of lynchings in the United States during the first six months of the present year were committed in the fair land of the Empire State of the South. When these eight murders and many others have been legally atoned for, the time will be auspicious for Georgia legislators to consider the investigation of institutions, beginning first with public institutions, especially lynching.

The Passing of a Great Man

ON August 11 there died at Mackinac Island, Mich., one of the great men of our age, Dr. John B. Murphy. His all too short life was distinguished as much for Christian virtue as for success in his profession. The son of poor parents, he rose to the very pinnacle of fame by sheer talent and force of character, and died leaving behind him a reputation for most remarkable achievements. As a surgeon he had no superiors and few, if any, equals. He enriched his profession by operations and inventions that amazed not only laymen but

medical men, the world over. Honor and wealth came to him in abundance, but left him as they found him, a simple, God fearing, Catholic gentleman who served poor and rich alike with that unselfish zeal whose origin is faith in Christ, in whom all men are brothers.

Dr. Murphy is dead, but his work and his memory are immortal. Years hence men will speak of him with reverence and tell how, though he was one of the greatest surgeons of his age, yet he was still greater as a Christian, a pure man, a meek man, a lover of the poor and afflicted, a brother to all, one who in his own words and in those of his friends never "spoke ill of any one." The passing bell has rung for a great soul, but there is no passing for that soul's sublime influence.

LITERATURE

Felicitous Traherne

THE wit who remarked on hearing of the remarriage of one of his friends that it was a triumph of hope over experience, gave a fairly accurate description of the mental attitude of that race of men who haunt bookstalls, with eyes alert to discover in every old book a first edition and in every frayed manuscript the still-born offspring of an inglorious Milton. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine what must have been the feelings of Mr. William Brooke, when some thirty years ago hope was justified, and he realized that in such a purchase he possessed the work of a true but unknown poet, whom he was led to identify with Henry Vaughan. He was upheld in this opinion by competent students of seventeenth-century verse, but in the course of time the manuscripts came into the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell, and he by an ingenious but convincing process declared the poems to be the work of Thomas Traherne. This announcement was made in 1900, and in 1910 came Mr. H. I. Bell's edition of Traherne's "Poems of Felicity," the result of the editor's discovery in the Burney Collection at the British Museum of a manuscript which not only proved Mr. Dobell's theory of authorship to be correct, but added upwards of forty poems to those published by him.

Inasmuch as Dobell's announcement of his author's name was not very enlightening it may not be out of place to outline the life-history of a man who does not appear in the "Dictionary of National Biography." What concerns his early years is mostly conjecture. Thus we are told that the place of his birth was probably Hereford, its date probably 1636, his descent apparently Welsh. It is certain that he entered Oxford in 1652, that he there took orders, and that when he had served for a time at Credenhill, Herefordshire, he was made private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, in whose service he remained until his patron's death, which was followed shortly afterwards by his own. Less than a year previous to this he had published a controversial work entitled "Roman Forgeries," which was intended to prove that the Roman primatial claims had been bolstered up with innumerable forgeries. It is the one note of harshness struck from a singularly gentle nature.

At the time of his death Traherne had in press a work called "Christian Ethics," and he left an unfinished manuscript entitled "Centuries of Meditation," a beautiful book, which deserves a place beside the "Religio Medici." The "Christian Ethics" created no stir on its appearance, and for two centuries Traherne's name was buried in oblivion until the accidental discovery of his poems aroused the interest of the literary world in Mr. Dobell's "find." In the first rapture of discovery Dobell made the mistake of over-estimating the genius of his poet, claiming for him a place as the equal and in some respects the superior of Herbert and Crashaw. Such a claim is not sustained by the perusal, much less by the study, of the poems. First of all, Herbert, as his most recent editor, G. H. Palmer, says of him, "knew when to stop." That Traherne was woefully lacking in this quality, essential in a lyric poet, is shown in such a poem as "Dissatisfaction," whose opening lines are suggestive of the urgent meters of the "Hound of Heaven," but which loses its way and wanders to an end in a blind alley of plain prose. Comparison with Crashaw stops short with the fact that both men wrote verse on religious subjects. Even had Traherne been a Catholic it was not in his equable, serene nature to match Crashaw's ardors, which, when fed upon the beauties of Catholicism, grew wings and lifted the singer to a seat among the Seraphim. In a moment of unwonted exaltation he might have written (though he did not), such an outburst as Herbert's "Rise, heart, thy Lord is risen!" but he was incapable of interrupting the terrifying splendors of the *"Dies Iræ"* with the tender expostulation:

> "Dear, remember in that day
> Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way."

Traherne's own title for his poems is their best description. They are "Poems of Felicity." Their subject-matter is his own infancy and youth, the universe as it appeared to his "infant eye," and his vast contentment with what he saw. Other men have put on paper their recollection of what Richard Middleton, in a charming book on the subject, calls "The Day before Yesterday." We have the story of a long childhood, "long with interminable hours," in that pathetic chronicle "Father and Son." We have Loti's dreamlike "Conte d'un Enfant," who remembers the unaccountable melancholy caused by the sunlight falling in a certain way, and the bland memories of "Emerald Uthwart," like filigree wrought in gossamer, both of these, no doubt, taking color and tone from the mature minds which produced them. Unless the same were true of Traherne, he was an unduly precocious child. In three poems only does he exhibit kinship with that kilted laddie who lives again in Stevenson's "rhymes of old delight." These are "Shadows in the Water," "On Leaping over the Moon," and "Christendom." In that last poem he shows himself susceptible to the magic of the names of things, his wonder at

> "What kind of Place or Thing
> It was of which the Folk did talk,"

striking a spark from an otherwise dormant imagination.

According to the witness of this verse his childish thoughts were concerned with the constitution of the world, man's creation and estate, the excellence of unspoiled nature, the vanity of possessing, and over all the prevailing goodness of God. Although he seems to anticipate Rousseau's theory of the superiority of man in the state of nature and his corruption through social intercourse, he credits Adam's fall with its due share in this work of degeneration.

> "God made man upright at the first,
> Man made himself by Sin accurst."

His own origin is a continual source of wonder to him. "How like an angel came I down!" he exclaims, and he is never done recounting the riches he possesses in the endowments of his body. He writes of "those living stars, mine eyes," his hands are "jewels to the eye," and his limbs

> "New burnisht Joys
> Which finest Gold and Pearl excel."

Looking abroad upon the universe he considers all its treasures his own, recognizing "no House nor Holder in this world," but as he grows older he is beguiled into valuing such toys and baubles as ordinarily appeal to little boys. The defection is not for long, however, and the meditative turn of his mind

brings him back to what he calls "seeing like an Angel." Another favorite phrase for estimating things at their true worth is "seeing their price." The frame of mind to which he permanently returns would have won the hearty approbation of Thoreau, who was all for having us consume sunsets with our bread and butter. From this viewpoint he realizes that

"One star
Is better far
Than many Precious Stones."

Traherne's religious convictions were so sincere and the bulk of his poetry is of so high an order that it is a comfort to find him, whom we should have expected to regard the veneration of Our Lady as a Babylonian abomination, writing of "the Blessed-Virgin-Mother of God's own Son," and of the things concerning Him which she treasured up in her "thoughtful heart." It was natural that he should have esteemed the solitude and retirement which were conducive to his felicity. While they were his, he tells us,

"No Wormwood-Star into my Sea did fall,"

and again,

"I did my Bliss, when I did Silence, break."

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

REVIEWS

Benighted Mexico. By RANDOLPH WELLFORD SMITH, New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

As the author of this attack on our Government's policy toward Mexico, and of this exposure of conditions south of the Rio Grande is an American journalist who happens to be an Episcopalian, his testimony will doubtless have more weight with some readers than would a Catholic's book on Mexico. Yet Mr. Smith's volume is, to a large extent, a corroboration of what Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy asserts in her "Diplomat's Wife in Mexico," which was warmly praised in our issue of June 17. He first reviews the country's history, calling particular attention to the happiness and prosperity of Mexico under the rule of Spain and later of Diaz, quotes entire the letter in which Eduardo N. Iturbide describes the progress of the present revolution, and acquits Huerta of responsibility for the death of Madero. But Huerta, the author attests, had "no chance," for the United States was against him from the beginning.

In treating of the overthrow of the Church in Mexico, Mr. Smith does not mince his words. He reminds "the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist brethren of the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America" that "Mexico had its birth in the Catholic Church and was baptized in the blood of Catholic heroes"; and he charges the United States with "using the strongest arm of its Government in the person of its Chief Executive to remove the traditional Church out of Mexico and leave its people far afield on a plain of absolute atheism, agnosticism and non-sectarian imbecility." Though Mexico is ninety-two per cent Catholic, he continues, a few anti-clericals, supported by the American Government, have secured entire control of the country. The author writes:

> Churches have been destroyed, the sacred vessels overturned and thrown in the streets, countless priests murdered and the sacred persons of nuns violated. The only salve they have, they [the Catholics] say, is that their enemies were not able to put one of their own kind at the head of the nation, but had to compromise on an agnostic. And they point to the devastation of the whole land today as the natural consequence and retribution.

Mr. Smith follows the course of American "diplomacy" in Mexico since the inauguration of Huerta, and finds no trace of any consistent policy, but a vast deal of blundering and meddling. In the later chapters of his book the author pays enthusiastic tributes to the virtues of the priests and Sisters of Mexico, cites once more the documents, long familiar to AMERICA's readers, which show what unspeakable outrages these holy men and women have suffered, and he sees no future for Mexico until liberty is restored to the Church. Though Mr. Smith's style is somewhat lacking in restraint, and though he has not always made the most effective use of the materials at his command, he has drawn up, nevertheless, in "Benighted Mexico" a strong indictment of the American Government. W. D.

Historical Records and Studies. Vol. IX. Edited by CHARLES G. HERBERMANN, LL.D. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The ninth volume of the "Catholic Historical Records and Studies" opens with a paper by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., on Benedict XV. Dr. Herbermann continues his very interesting account of "The Sulpicians in the United States," taking up the narrative with the missionaries and missionary bishops who followed the rule of M. Olier. Flaget, David, Dubourg, Dubois, Maréchal are names famous in the ecclesiastical history of America. The editor of the "Historical Records" chronicles the deeds of these early leaders of the Church in this country, nor is his narrative of the missionary priests less interesting. The tribute he pays the Sulpicians is a deserving one:

> Learning was their profession: they were dedicated to a life of scholarship. They claimed the sympathies of the Americans as educators. Controversy they avoided as much as possible, but when it did come, their intellectual war was carried on in a way that convinced their adversaries that the conquest they sought was peace and agreement. Above all they were models of Christian life, not only modest and retired, but ever ready to do service to friend and foe, charitable without narrowness, zealous without aggressiveness, elegant without effeminacy, dignified without pride.

The story of M. Richard, pastor of St. Anne's Church, Detroit, is especially interesting. The Rev. Gabriel Richard, in 1800, succeeded M. Levadoux, becoming vicar-general of the Bishop of Baltimore and pastor of St. Anne's. M. Richard immediately began a high school for boys and an academy for young girls, and he actively promoted the institution, which has since become the University of Michigan. In 1823 he had the unique distinction of representing the Territory of Michigan in Congress, the only priest that has ever been a member of that body.

A letter of Archbishop Henni, describing Milwaukee in the year 1851, closes the volume's historical section. The ninth volume of the "Catholic Historical Records and Studies" contains much that is of interest to the American Catholic. In matter and style it is in keeping with the preceding volumes of the series. G. C. T.

German Culture, Catholicism and the World War. A Defense Against the Book: La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme. Published by GEORGE PFEILSCHIFTER, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg im Breisgau. Authorized American Edition. St. Paul, Minn.: Wanderer Printing Co. $0.75.

A French pamphlet, "La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme," published under the direction of Mgr. A. Baudrillart, appeared in April, 1915. Professor Pfeilschifter calls it the first great attack against the religious life and achievements of his countrymen. A German reply to the pamphlet soon followed. It was entitled: "Der Deutsche Krieg und der Katholizismus: Deutsche Abwehr französicher Angriffe," or "The German War and Catholicism: A German Defense

Against French Attacks." This was, in the main, the work of Dr. A. J. Rosenberg. The French Committee of Propaganda published not only a rejoinder, but a new book: L'Allemagne et les Alliés devant la Conscience Chrétienne," or "Germany and the Allies Before the Tribunal of Christian Conscience." A second German reply is before us. As its sub-title indicates, it is a direct refutation of the charges made in the first French attack: "La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme," though it necessarily deals with the charges made in the second French indictment. The book is edited by Professor Pfeilschifter, aided by the following well-known German scholars acting as an editorial committee: Michael von Faulhaber, Bishop of Speyer; Privy Counselor Finke, Professor in the University of Freiburg; Mgr. Mausbach, Professor in the University of Münster; Professor Schrörs, of the University of Bonn.

The authorized American edition brought out by Joseph Matt, of St. Paul, Minn., is made up of twenty papers, dealing with the various phases of the war. To these are added a few appendices. The first and more valuable of these appendices contains telegrams exchanged between the German Emperor and the two German Cardinals, Archbishop von Hartmann of Cologne and Archbishop von Bettinger of Munich, on the occasion of the publication of the first French pamphlet, and extracts from the memorial of the German bishops to the Holy Father, and from the reply of His Holiness.

The papers in the main body of the volume are arranged so as to take up and refute the charges in the French work, "La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme." Professor Mausbach discusses "The Declaration of Literary Warfare by the French Catholics," and Dr. Heinrich Finke, "The Justice and the Necessity of the World War.' Among the striking contributions to the book are the one by Bishop von Faulhaber, on the "Religious Culture" of the German nation, and that of Dr. Schmidlin, of Münster, on "Catholic Germany and Foreign Missions." "The Psychology of Atrocity Reports" is studied by Dr. Vladimir Switalski, of Braunsberg, while "The French and the German Kulturkampf in Their Causes and Effects" are analyzed by Dr. Herman Platz, of Düsseldorf. Dr. Heinrich, of Bonn, asks the question: "Is the War a War of Religion?" Dr. Alois Meister writes of "The Lie in the World War."

Those who have read the articles of the French pamphlet should, in all fairness, read these answers and the others contained in the present volume. It is to be regretted that prominent French Catholics irritated to find the signatures of some German Catholic theologians and professors among those of the ninety-three representatives of German Science and Art who issued their famous appeal at the beginning of the war, should have written "The German War and Catholicism" and thus caused their brethren in Germany to publish this rejoinder. Such books are carrying the war into regions from which it should have been rigorously excluded. The writer, no matter what his nationality may be, who will speak to the warring peoples words of mutual respect, forbearance and peace, and not add new fuel to the ever-widening conflagration of hate and distrust, will deserve the admiration and esteem of every right-thinking man.

J. C. R.

A Dominie's Log. By A. S. NEILL. New York: Robert McBride & Co. $1.00.

This is a frank and amusing account of how a Scotch schoolmaster who is a radical Socialist, conducted a village school. Though members of the board of education visited him occasionally, they seem to have left him quite undisturbed, so he was free to train according to the most advanced pedagogical principles the lads and lassies entrusted to his care. The author confesses that he is "an atrociously bad disciplinarian," but then he does not "like strict discipline." He does not much care, for instance, whether the children talk or not. "Indeed if the hum of conversation stops, I feel that something has happened and I invariably look toward the door to see whether an inspector has arrived." He reads Shaw and Ibsen to his pupils, and expounds his socialistic doctrines in season and out, but forces "no bairn to learn" in his school. The following is a description of what neighbor Simpson saw when he visited the Dominie's school:

> Jim Burnett came out to my desk and lifted the *Glasgow Herald,* then he went out to the playground humming "On the Mississippi." "What's the idea?" asked Simpson. "He's the only boy who is keen on the war news," I explained. Then Margaret Steel came out. . . . "Is anybody reading 'The Invisible Man?'" I gave her the book and she went out. . . . "Do you let them do as they like?" asked Simpson. "In the upper classes," I replied.
>
> Soon all the supplementary and qualifying pupils had found a novel and had gone out to the roadside. I turned to give the other classes arithmetic. Mary Wilson, in the front seat, held out a bag of sweets to me. I took one. "Please, sir, would the gentleman like one too?" Simpson took one. . . . "What are the others doing?" asked Simpson after a time. "Margaret Steel and Violet Brown are reading," I said promptly. "Annie Dixon is playing fivers on the sand, Jack White and Bob Tosh are most likely arguing about horses, but the other boys are reading."

Thus were the Dominie's bairns "educated." Certainly his is not just the sort of village school we commonly associate with the dour and canny Scotch. Indeed it is more like some very modern American schools. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The August number of the London *Month* is particularly varied and interesting. The Reverend Herbert Thurston contributes an excellent article on "The Declining Birth Rate," John Ayscough continues "French and English," the distinguished astronomer, the Reverend A. J. Cortie, writes entertainingly on comets and Mr. James Britten furnishes a second valuable article in his "New Curiosities of Literature" series. The paper that will make the strongest appeal to American readers is Mr. Hugh Anthony Allen's "The Society of the Atonement." This is a history of the sometime Anglican communities at Graymoor-on-Hudson which, founded under the patronage of St. Francis of Assisi, eventually came into the Church. The story is one of heroic zeal and courage that were blessed by God in most singular ways. Those who are weak in devotion to high ideals will find the article stimulating reading.

"God's Golden Gifts" (Kenedy, $0.75), a little book by Flora Lucy Freeman for which the late Mgr. Benson left a preface, is like a development of St. Ignatius's *Contemplatio ad Amorem.* The author, a fervent convert, who values highly her new inheritance, arranges in fifteen chapters her grateful reflections on the gift of sight, memory, friendship, the Cross, Our Lady, the Holy Eucharist, etc., and brings in many apposite little anecdotes from the lives of the Saints and from her personal experiences and observations.

Newman tells us that Cicero was the only teacher of style he ever had. The catalogues and entrance requirements of our colleges prove that the voice of the great Roman is still heard throughout the land; and educators everywhere recognize his abiding power and influence. E. G. Sihler's "M. Tullius Cicero of Arpinum" (Yale University Press) will be therefore welcome to every true Ciceronian. The work gives "reliable" judgments

and valuations of the consul and public official, of the orator, the literary artist and the man. From its 500 pages "one may learn . . . to know Cicero's faults and weaknesses, no less than became familiar with his lofty ideals and his quite wonderful industry; and further, one may perceive how that critical period of political disintegration and social decadence was mirrored in the lively mind and recorded by the masterful pen of one who was indeed the most gifted son of ancient Italy." Everywhere Professor Sihler has fully consulted the authoritative sources. Teachers and students alike who have profited by his "Cæsar" will find the "Cicero of Arpinum" an instructive and interesting book.

The method followed in "The American Plan of Government" (Putnam, $2.50), by Charles W. Bacon, is sufficiently indicated by the sub-title, "The Constitution of the United States Interpreted by Accepted Authorities." Judicial decisions and quotations from the standard writers make up these authorities; with reprehensible modesty, the author keeps himself too much in the background. While disappointingly brief and somewhat sketchy, the book ought to be useful for reference in high school and college circles. There is no bibliography, and the price seems somewhat excessive.——"Francisci de Victoria de Jure Belli Relectio," by Herbert Francis Wright, Washington, D. C., is a critical introduction to, and analysis of, the text of De Victoria's work on war. As the author remarks in his preface the present war lends an especial importance to the study of the laws governing war and no doubt this dissertation should be of great service in determining just what the correct text is. The book would have been enhanced by also publishing the text of De Victoria's work.

Those who recall what amusement the absurdities of F. Anstey's "Vice Versa" gave them some thirty years ago, will be glad to learn that his pen has not lost its cunning, for "In Brief Authority" (Doran, $1.35) is quite as funny. He tells how the Wibberley-Stimpsons, a bourgeois English family, were suddenly lifted to the royal throne of Marchenland, where the marvels of Grimm's fairy tales are everyday realities, and then describes what ridiculous situations followed. Particularly clever is the author's satire of Nietzsche's philosophy. For half-grown children who must be amused Mr. Anstey's stories would be much better summer diet than is the average 'best seller'.——Mary Knight Potter was an art-critic who died last year shortly after her marriage, and her sorrowing friends have now gathered into a volume entitled "Ten Beautiful Years and Other Stories" (Lippincott, $1.25) some of her contributions to the magazines. The tales, of which the first is the best, are told with considerable literary skill and have as central figures such professional people as artists, musicians, nurses, etc.

"The Travels of Birds" (Appleton, $0.40), by Frank M. Chapman, is a very interesting little book. It deals with the wonder and marvels of bird migration to and from their winter homes. How they prepare for the journey, how they find their way there, when and where they go and how they get there, are only some of the things this "bird historian" tells us. He refrains from advancing reasons why these greatest of travelers, year after year, should leave lands of plenty to start on a flight of several thousand miles, why they always follow the same invisible pathway through the air, why they always arrive on almost exactly the same date, or why one species should travel half-way around the earth and back each year. The facts are interesting, but the causes are shrouded under the term of "instinct."——A good book for mothers and teachers and all who love children and have charge of their play is the newly revised edition of "Games and Dances" (McVey, $1.50), by William A Stecher, who is an experienced master of his subject. The games are conveniently arranged as suitable for varying grades and ages. Words and music of many song-games are given, diagrams of positions furnished, and a number of experiments are outlined.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in his excellent book "On the Art of Writing" (Putnam, $1.50), thus insists that literature is a living art, and of its very essence personal:

> *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas* . . . Is it possible, Gentlemen, that you can have read one, two, three, or more of the acknowledged masterpieces of literature without having it borne in on you that they are great because they are alive, and traffic not with cold celestial certainties, but with men's hopes, aspirations, doubts, loves, hates, breakings of the heart; the glory and vanity of human endeavor, the transience of beauty, the capricious uncertain lease on which you and I hold life, the dark coast to which we inevitably steer; all that amuses or vexes, all that gladdens, saddens, maddens, us men and women on this brief and mutable traject which yet must be home for a while, the anchorage of our hearts? For an instance:
>
> "Here lies a most beautiful lady,
> Light of step and heart was she:
> I think she was the most beautiful lady
> That ever was in the West Country.
>
> But beauty vanishes, beauty passes,
> However rare, rare it be;
> And when I crumble who shall remember
> That lady of the West Country?"
>
> Or take a critic—a literary critic—such as Samuel Johnson, of whom we are used to think as of a man artificial in phrase and pedantic in judgment. He lives, and why? Because, if you test his criticism, he never saw literature but as a part of life, nor would allow in literature what was false to life, as he saw it. He could be wrong-headed, perverse; could damn Milton because he hated Milton's politics; on any question of passion or prejudice could make injustice his daily food. But he could not, even in a friend's epitaph, let pass a phrase (however well turned) which struck him as empty of life or false to it. All Boswell testifies to this: and this is why Samuel Johnson survives.

But Sir Arthur then goes on to show that, paradoxical as it may be, "the first sin against style as against good manners is to obtrude or exploit personality." For all the greatest masterpieces of literature: the "Iliad," "The Tempest," "Purgatorio" or "Don Quixote" are all "seraphically free from taint of personality."

From "The Further Goal and Other Poems," a recent book of verse by an Englishman named Gilbert Thomas are taken the following lines entitled "The Cup of Happiness":

> Lord God, how full our cup of happiness!
> We drink and drink—and yet it grows not less;
> But every morn the newly risen sun
> Finds it replenished, sparkling, over-run!
> Hast Thou not given us raiment, warmth, and meat,
> And in due season all earth's fruits to eat?
> Work for our hands and rainbows for our eyes,
> And for our souls the wings of butterflies?
> A father's smile, a mother's fond embrace,
> The tender light upon a lover's face?
> The talk of friends, the twinkling eye of mirth,
> The whispering silence of the good green earth?
> Hope for our youth, and memories for age,
> And psalms upon the heavens' moving page?
> And dost Thou not of pain a mingling pour,
> To make the cup but overflow the more?
>
> Then, Lord, forgive us that, in our dismay,
> We oft, like foolish children, turn away,
> And in our hearts mistrust, or else forget,
> The Giver of the feast before us set!

EDUCATION

Scandalizing the Little Ones

"WHY are you priests so insistent," an anonymous correspondent recently inquired, "on keeping Catholic children in Catholic schools? I am a devout Catholic myself, but like many other good Catholics, I send my children without scruple to non-Catholic schools."

The "devout Catholic," figuring occasionally in our newspapers, is a being curiously and fearfully made. As a rule, he is in a state of chronic revolt against the Church. He adopts the singular policy of proving his devotion to the Faith, by slandering its official teachers, or by doing his puny best to tear down what the Church builds up. Generally he possesses an abysmal ignorance of Catholic belief and practice; much of his correspondence he concludes with his self-assigned title, suppressing, for reasons of humility, his illustrious name. Sometimes he masquerades as a "broadminded Catholic," or an "educated Catholic," realizing, no doubt, the serious need of somehow proving the breadth of his intellect and the general tremendousness of his mental equipment.

Catholics, Real and Fictitious

But my anonymous correspondent is in error in believing that good Catholics entrust their children, by choice, to non-Catholic schools. In the absence of extenuating circumstances, of which the Church is the proper judge, parents who send their children to non-Catholic schools are, by the very fact, *not* good Catholics, but disloyal and disobedient Catholics. "Good" Catholics make every effort to "think with the Church," and according to the Church's thinking, expressed, for instance, in the Baltimore Decrees and in countless episcopal pastorals, the only safe place for the education of the Catholic child is the Catholic school. "Good" Catholics gladly sacrifice many things, their real necessities at times, to safeguard their children against the perils to faith and morals, so common in a society which is fast persuading itself that it can get along better without God than with God. They know that this necessary training can be had, ordinarily speaking, only in a Catholic school. They also know that an account of the care they have given their children will be exacted before the judgment seat of God. Therefore they gladly choose the Catholic school for their children. These parents are in truth, "devout Catholics"; our anonymous correspondents obviously have no claim to the title. German silver is not silver and fool's gold is not gold. Neither are they even passable Catholics who condemn their children to non-Catholic schools, when they might easily place them in institutions where the name of Jesus Christ is revered, and not, as in the secular school, forbidden.

The Words of Christ

In many cases, moreover, if not in all, they may be thought the objects of one of the most terrible maledictions uttered by the lips of the Saviour of mankind. He said of Judas, that it were better he had never been born; for those who place the little ones of His flock in the occasions of evil, He reserves a punishment compared with which the death of the body is as nothing. "And Jesus calling unto him a little child, set him in the midst of them, and said . . . he that shall receive one such little child in *my name* receiveth me. But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea."

Does this condemnation apply to parents who freely send their children to schools *not* conducted in His name, schools in which God has no part?

The Duty of Parents

By the law of nature parents are strictly bound to care for their children. This obligation is by no means fulfilled by providing for the child's physical and mental welfare. Entrusted by the Almighty Creator to the guardianship of father and mother, the child is no mere entity of time, capable of mental and physical development within certain limits, but a being truly made to the image of God. He has an immortal soul essentially differentiating him from the brute beast; his destiny reaches far beyond the narrow bounds of time and space. He comes from the hand of God; he must, after the period of his earthly existence, go back to God, to live through an eternity of happiness or pain. The choice between good and evil is within the power of his free will, cooperating with the grace of God, but the line of his choice is deeply influenced by his early environment and training. In the intention of the Church, every home should, therefore, be a sanctuary, and every father and mother a minister of grace, turning the unfolding mind of the child to thoughts of its eternal destiny.

Delegating This Duty

In the present constitution of society, this priestly office is delegated in part to the school. For the time being, the instructor shares the duty and the authority of father and mother. Parents, therefore, are strictly bound in conscience not to delegate any part of their duty or authority to any who are either unable or unwilling to watch over the spiritual as well as the physical and mental welfare of their children. If parents are careless or indifferent in sharing an authority which by the law of nature belongs primarily to them, not to the State, they fail grievously in their duty to their children. It is clear, then, that except for grave reasons, approved by the proper ecclesiastical authority, a Catholic parent may not give the child into the keeping of teachers who are obliged by law to exclude even the most casual instruction in supernatural religion. "Their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father," said our Lord of the children He had gathered about him. But the secular school, unconcerned with life's most important interests, has nothing to teach the neglected child of the angels, of God, its last end, of Heaven. For "secularized" education, narrow in concept and crude in practice, knows nothing of these things, except, perhaps, that they are "sectarian teachings," to be avoided in the class room quite as carefully as profane language.

The Child and the Failure

The enemies of religion understand the importance of the receptive, impressionable years of childhood far better than many a Catholic parent. In himself small and feeble, as Père Garaud remarks, the child "is destined to be all. He is the future. He is the family, society, the Church." And it is equally true that the child of today may be the outcast of the next generation, a wrecker of all family ideals, a fanatic with hands impotently raised against the Church of God. Our enemies realize, and act upon their realization, that in securing the child, they secure the future. It is this reason precisely which has dictated the complete secularization of education in France, and which through the indifference of the American public, nominally Christian, bids fair to encompass a like result in our own country.

"Secularizing" Education

"Secularization" is the word of the hour. We have secular education, secular charity, secular churches, and a secular State. Small wonder then, that we also live in a society, wordly in the Scriptural sense, a society that finds God an unpleasant memory or a curious myth, and deems His commandments an

unwarranted restriction upon the freedom of the individual to work out his own destiny. This is the world which our children must soon face. Are we preparing them to pass through it unscathed, by entrusting them to schools whose highest religious effort is the furtive admission that any religion is good if one finds it helpful? Plainly, this miserable principle means the substitution of a primitive form of pragmatism for the acceptance, binding on every human creature, of a supernatural revelation. Can the Catholic parent who freely subjects his child to schools ruled by this base spirit, escape before the judgment seat of God, the condemnation of those who "scandalize these little ones that believe in me"?

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

ECONOMICS

Giving the Farmer a Chance

PRESIDENT WILSON, after signing the "Rural-Credits Act" on July 17, told the farmers of the country that in consequence of that legislation they were put on an equality with all other American citizens who have genuine assets and that the great credit of the nation was available to them. Up to the passing of the "Federal Farm Loan Bill," or Rural-Credits Act the man on the farm did not have the same chance to get credit on his real estate, as the manufacturer or the merchant, "and while the farmers have sustained our life, they did not in the same degree with some others, share in the benefits of that life." For the farmer, to borrow on mortgage, had to pay about eight and one half per cent on his loan; he could not borrow for more than five years and his entire loan came due at one time. That he did not have easy access to capital is patent from the fact that of $21,000,000,000 of banking loans and investments made in other days, by the banks of the United States, only about $2,250,000,000 found their way to the men on the farm. Had the American merchant or business man been laboring under the same disadvantages as the farmer, it is safe to say that there would be no big business in the country today.

CAPITALIZING ENERGY

It does not require an expert in agricultural finance to come to the conclusion that land is the basis of wealth and whatever plan works for the improvement of agricultural conditions, will affect the development of all industries. If the man behind the plow is working on fertile soil, and getting good returns for his labor he buys more than mere necessaries. In fact he becomes a "good buyer," as we say, for he is "getting along"; he starts to improve his home, uses more manufactured articles, and so influences the supply and demand feature that makes for work and employment in the cities which he has never seen, but whose prosperity his prosperity is really helping. This is the working out of the connected series in the economic chain whose links touch every activity from the mountains to the sea, binding into national prosperity individual and local enterprises. By the Rural-Credits Act a means has been devised for capitalizing the energy of the farmer, and for putting a ready money value on his initiative and thrift. It is an attempt to put farmer and business man on business terms of equality. What the Federal Reserve Act did for commercial credit, the new law does for agricultural credit. Even the Farm Loan Board created in the present bill, consisting of four members appointed by the President, and the Secretary of the Treasury as ex-officio chairman, is an imitation of the Federal Reserve measure, as is the establishment of regional or district banks.

DUAL SYSTEM

Two mortgage systems are provided in the Rural-Credits Act, both under the supervision of the Board. One operates through twelve regional land banks, aided by the Government, the other is a series of joint-stock land banks, subject to Federal restriction, which may be organized by private individuals. The object of both is the same: to enable the plowman to borrow money on farm mortgage security at reasonable interest, and for a long time. In addition to making the borrowing easy for the farmer, the idea of the new law is to make the farm loan proposition a safe investment for those with money to lend, so that sure investments taking the form of bonds may be issued by the bank, based on security of farm mortgages. The sale by the banks of bonds secured by first mortgages on farm lands, together with the capital of the banks, furnishes the money loaned to the farmer. The fact that bonds and mortgages are exempt from taxation either Federal, State or local, and that they are made legal investments for trust funds is calculated to make them enticing to the investor.

The new system purposes giving the borrower money for a long period, and provides for repayment in small amounts: hence the twelve Federal land banks placed in districts into which the country is divided. The banks lend on first mortgages in varying sums from $100 to $10,000, the mortgages being on farm lands. A group of farmers in each district is required to establish a loan association before any loans are made, and the loan associations become stockholders in the banks according to the amount their members wish to borrow. In time all the stock in the Federal land banks will be in the hands of the associations, which is another way of saying that the farmers themselves will hold all the stocks. The $9,000,000 appropriated by the Rural-Credits Act will start each bank with a capital of $750,000. Each bank is made liable for the bonded indebtedness of every other, bringing coordination into the scheme, and ensuring uniform rates of interest in every section of the land. Long loans are procured by authorizing mortgages for periods lasting between five and forty years, while a necessary feature is the small annual or half-yearly payment, though the borrower may clear up his mortgage at one sweep if he so wishes. In addition, no bank can charge more than six per cent on a mortgage or require fees not sanctioned by the Farm Loan Board. Moreover, the bill provides that the interest charged shall not exceed by more than one per cent the rate paid on the last bond issue, so that a bank paying only four per cent on an issue of bonds, cannot charge more than five per cent for the next loan it makes. Out of this one per cent margin together with the earnings of paid-in capital, all expenses must be met, and certain reserves set aside, while net profits are to be distributed in dividends to the stockholders. Where local conditions render the formation of national loan associations impracticable, the Board may empower the Federal land banks to negotiate loans through agents. Banks, trust and mortgage companies, saving institutions chartered by the State may act as agents receiving expenses incurred by the deal, and one half of one per cent yearly of the unpaid loans made through their agency. Where the Board decides that a district is well taken care of by farm loan associations, no loans are allowed to be made through agents.

JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES

According to the terms of the new law, joint-stock land banks may also be established, and they are authorized to issue farm loan bonds, and lend money on farm mortgage security. They receive no Federal aid, but they are allowed to make loans for purposes other than those named in the case of Federal land bank. They must have a capital of at least $250,000, they cannot charge more than six per cent, and they are subject to frequent investigation, while their capital stock is not free from taxation. While the bill was under discussion in the House, some members of Congress attacked this phase of it as superfluous, and even now that the bill has become law, they hold that the joint-

stock land bank should be denied patronage. Indeed a Georgia Congressman holds that these banks will be prone to attempt to raise the interest rate, while the Federal banks will be inclined to reduce it. Assuredly no one claims perfection for the Rural-Credits law, yet the financial and agricultural journals nearly all admit it is a move in the right direction. While for more than a century European countries, and even some countries of South America have benefited by similar systems, it is only now that the United States has made an attempt at a rural-credits plan, to give American farmers a chance. For heretofore the nemesis of the old homestead has been the mortgage. The city public has been familiarized with it in play and story, the farmer has felt its fangs in the fearful realities of everyday life. Dread of foreclosure has haunted his day in the field, and his night in the cottage. Agricultural development has been stagnated not only by the fear of inability to meet the demands of the lender, but the thrifty man of the field has been prevented from bettering himself, because he did not have the initial capital to become a land owner.

BORROWING MADE EASY

Under the provisions of the new law, a reputable man who is anxious to improve his condition, even without ready capital, may procure a loan that will enable him to make a cash payment on a farm and give a mortgage on what remains, and the farm-owner will now find it possible to borrow money for improving his holdings, so that his farm will become more productive, and his income grow larger. If there is a farm loan association in his part of the country, he applies to it; in the event of no association in his district, he makes application to the nearest one or the agent of the Federal bank. Remember these associations are made up of the farmers themselves. So that ten men or more wishing to borrow, for example $20,000 for improvements or to pay less mortgage-interest, make application to a Federal land bank for authority to merge into an association. A charter is issued to them in time, enabling them to get money from the land banks. Any member may procure a loan varying from $100 to $1,000, while five per cent of the loan must be contributed as capital stock. On this five per cent, the contributor receives dividends. By obliging every borrower to pay in five per cent of his loan, the amount of Federal land bank stock is automatically increased by every loan, so that the complete amount of increased stock paid in by borrowers can never fall below five per cent of the loans or mortgages made by it. The purposes for which loans may be procured are named in the new law: for the purchase of land, equipment, live stock, buildings, for the "improvement" of lands, as defined by the Board, and to liquidate indebtedness. The law declares that only owners or cultivators of farm lands, or those about to own or cultivate land may borrow, and only for the purpose stated in the terms of the law. The secretary-treasurer of the association reports the diversion of borrowed money into other channels, and the borrower is liable to have his loan reduced or recalled.

The Rural-Credits Act was passed by a big majority in both houses of Congress. It marks the conclusion of many attempts made in and out of our legislative halls to give the American farmer a chance to better his condition, and keep in step with the American merchant and business man. The press of the country in general has received the new law with favorable comment. Here and there of course defects have been pointed out, but there seems no doubt that the Rural-Credits Act is a real advance in progressive legislation, and condemnation seems wholly unwarranted, when it is realized that amendment can remedy what is found out by experience to be faulty in the law as it stands today. While *Farm, Stock* and *Home,* an agricultural paper of the Northwest, calls the bill "good old-fashioned political bunk," the *American Agriculturalist* declares that "it is based upon sound principles. It needs the sympathetic cooperation of farm borrowers, investors in farm-loan bonds, bankers, brokers, and the *press*." The *American Agriculturalist* has sounded the right note. Wholesale destructive criticism will not further good legislation. The law was framed to give the farmer a chance. The least we can do is to give the law a chance.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Rochester *Post Express* furnishes the following figures on our school population:

> In 1871 there was a school population in the country, that is of children of 5 to 18 years of age, of 12,305,600, while the average daily attendance in public schools was 4,545,317 and the total expenditure in support of public schools was $69,107,612. In 1914 the school-age population had more than doubled while the average daily attendance in public schools had grown to 14,216,459 and the expenditures increased to $555,077,146. In New York State, in the latter year, there was an estimated school-age population of 2,251,206, an average daily attendance in public schools of 1,233,074, with a total expenditure of $65,936,380, or nearly as much as for the entire nation forty-three years earlier.

Education is now widespread, but virtue is not keeping pace with it.

The New York *Sun* reports that the conscience fund of the Treasury Department has been increased by more than $54,000 during the past fiscal year:

> How busy conscience has been measuring itself in terms of dollars and cents may be judged by contrasting this contribution with the niggardly $250 received in 1881, the year the fund came into existence.
>
> In fact, conscience has recently been unusually active, not only in enriching the Federal treasury but in helping private and public corporations and individuals. An Ohio man paid twenty-five cents for apples stolen six years ago; a Californian paid a newspaper subscription thirty-three years overdue; a woman sent stamps to a Kansas City street railway company to pay for four rides, and a Pennsylvanian paid up a hotel bill he skipped twenty-five years ago. Billy Sunday revivals, religion, an awakened public, civic or national "righteousness" have all been held responsible.

It would be well if conscience played as conspicuous a part in our diplomatic relations abroad, and on the American continent, and above all in our home relations between capital and labor, where the dollar and not conscience is often the final arbiter in serious disputes.

The State Industrial Welfare Commission of Kansas, after investigating the laundries of the State through a sub-committee, reports that of 564 women workers, 179 are receiving less than $6 a week, 85 less than $5, and some are receiving less than $4. Out of the entire number only fifteen are paid more than $10 weekly:

> One laundryman wrote the committee: "No woman should work more than eight hours a day. There is hardly a woman that has worked in a laundry for five years that ever sees a well day after."
>
> Miss Linna Bresette, secretary of the State commission, says there are only a comparatively few laundries where only a half-hour is allowed for lunch. "But at that," she continued, "the condition of the average woman worker in the laundry is a hard one. In too many cases the girls are underpaid and overworked. In some no attempt is made to mitigate the heat. No provision is made for changing clothing. They handle clothes from everywhere, risking every day the catching of some terrible infectious disease.
>
> Many women still are required to work standing when they might as well be provided with stools. Where

it is necessary to stand to work, concrete floors should be covered with matting or padding. Ten hours a day standing on a concrete floor is a more nerve racking performance than those who have not experienced it can imagine."

One laundryman stated that his employees worked ten hours if they felt like it, that they set their own wages and ran the shop as they pleased. On investigation it was found that the employees were the laundryman's wife and daughter.

At the Methodist General Conference Dr. Lyman Abbott made a plea for the use of the Bible in the schools, as a text-book:

> I am asking that the Bible should be studied in our public schools as the life, laws and literature of an ancient people, as we study the life, laws and literature of Greece and Rome. Why not? Where shall we find more inspiring ideals than in the Old Testament, from which our own political ideals have been largely derived? Where a commonwealth better worthy of our study than the Hebraic commonwealth, which forbade all caste and class distinction, required that all people should be equal before the law, provided against an ecclesiastical aristocracy by making the priesthood dependent for their subsistence upon the contributions of the people; surrounded the monarchy with carefully framed constitutional safeguards, organized the government in three departments (legislative, executive and judicial), and made provision simple but not ineffective both for public charity and for public education? Where shall we find a simpler and more compact statement of the spirit which should animate and the principles which should control organized society than will be found in the Ten Commandments—reverence for God, respect for parents, a little time systematically saved from drudgery for rest and spiritual development, and regard for the four fundamental rights of man—the rights of person, property, the family and reputation?

Passing over all other items in this speech, it may be said that, as a text-book, the Bible will never accomplish what Dr. Abbott hopes for. The revolt of the sixteenth century made it a mere text-book and coupled with the elective system of private interpretation working through three centuries we have today the evolution of Protestantism into modern paganism.

In the *National Monthly,* John Barry Selkirk claims that men in high official position have been violators of Alabama's Prohibition law. In the course of his article, entitled "Cheating the State," the writer says:

> Law agents from the office of the Attorney General of Alabama have seized at Girard, Ala., more than $1,500,000 worth of contraband liquors. Girard is in the heart of a section of country that has been more insistent for the enactment of prohibition laws for both Alabama and Georgia.
>
> In the matter of ownership, the authorities have proceeded upon the assumption that alcohol is the property of the owners of premises upon which it was found. If this assumption proves the correct one, the chief owners are the mayor of the town, the sheriff of the county, a probate judge and two prohibition members of the General Assembly of Alabama, with a large number of private citizens holding a minority interest. These officials and private citizens seem to have formed a pool for the purchase of the stock and agreed among themselves that it would be retailed throughout the southern portion of Alabama and Georgia by bootleggers and blind tiger operators at a large profit to themselves. The combine plotted and hoped to "clean up" from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 by violating a law that had been supported by most of them through their local representatives in the Legislature. It should be recalled in this connection that both members of the Legislature who have been caught in the Attorney General's raid were warm supporters of Alabama's prohibition law, one of them being a floor leader of the Prohibition forces.

The Buffalo *Evening Times* claims that in North Carolina, a "dry" State, every means has been resorted to for smuggling liquor into forbidden territory. The authorities have found automobile tires, baby carriages and coffins packed with the contraband article. It would seem that neither temperance, total abstinence, nor common honesty can be improved by prohibition laws.

There is an appeal published by the Bishop of St. Cloud, Minn., to the Catholic woman which is more than appeal: it is a plan of social action in days when non-Catholic social activity is at its height:

> I would appeal especially to the women of happy and prosperous homes to take to heart the condition of the less fortunate among our women and children and to cooperate with me to do all that our numbers, our means, and our faith should lead us to expect.
>
> We should have a diocesan charity fund at the disposal of the Bishop. From this a trained staff of social workers should be maintained and the necessary funds obtained to carry out the many forms of charity that constantly arise.
>
> Cooperation among the Catholic women should include also the members of our Sisterhoods. It would be of great benefit if our Catholic mothers and daughters could be brought into frequent communication with the members of our Religious Orders, as the two viewpoints of the convent and the home would supplement each other in many ways, and add to the efficiency of both, for the motive of the religious woman inside or outside the convent is the same. Pastors are requested to take this matter up with the women of their parish and to do all in their power to educate their women to a keen appreciation of their importance as valuable factors in the building up of religion, especially in the matter of good works, including all, both corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

In the pressing social problems of the day Catholic women have a right and duty to do their part. There are certain forms of charitable work which only they can do. Are they doing it?

The report of the United States Public Health Service, recently published, gives some interesting facts regarding the condition of 30,000,000 American wage-earners:

> Income statistics published by Federal and State governments in the last few years indicate that a considerable proportion of the families of wage workers have not been able to maintain a diet that will provide for proper nourishment.
>
> A larger proportion can maintain an adequate diet only at the sacrifice of healthful environment and of other items which go to constitute a reasonable standard of living. There can be no doubt that nourishing food is sacrificed in a large number of instances in order to obtain some of the comforts and amusements and to gratify some of the wants which are entirely natural and to be expected of the average American.
>
> An examination of a number of studies of the budgets of American workingmen's families indicate that the point of adequate subsistance is not reached until the family income is about $800.00 a year. Less than half of the wage-earners' families in the United States have an annual income of that size according to all statistics of income for workingmen's families.
>
> If this be true, over half of the families of American wage-earners must either lower their standard of life in other respects in order to have an adequate diet, or make sacrifices in their diet in order to secure healthful housing, favorable community environment and a few of the reasonable comforts.

Dr. B. S. Warren, surgeon of the Health Service department, and Mr. Sydensticker, public health statistician in the same department, made their investigation and formulated their report merely from the standpoint of the physician, yet the economist and social student cannot ignore their findings. The lack of a living wage, to which every man is entitled, will be found at the root of much of our social unrest.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—On August 8, 1916, at a conference, held in New York, between the leaders of the four "brotherhoods" of railway employees and representatives of 225 American railway systems, the unions announced that ninety-four per cent of their members had voted to strike, on word from their leaders, if the railroads declined to grant the demand for an eight-hour day, with "time and a half" for overtime work. The roads rejected the demand and invoked the help of the Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation. This Board, consisting of three members, was created in July, 1913, under the Newlands Act, in an effort to prevent a strike of conductors and trainmen of the eastern systems. It accomplished that purpose and since then it has averted forty-six other strikes, including the switchmen's strike which would have involved 30,000 men working on twelve roads and terminals. In the present case, however, the Board failed to bring about agreement between the brotherhoods and the roads, and the unions were asked to arbitrate. They refused, claiming that decisions of commissioners not composed of railroad men are neither satisfactory in themselves nor permanently decisive, for the roads have not adhered to former settlements made by arbitrating Boards. It appears that the railroads rendered arbitration the more impossible by insisting on certain "contingent proposals." That is, they wished to include in the discussion certain advantages concerning pay, already won by the trainmen. The union program, as analyzed by the brotherhood, is as follows:

Trainmen's Difficulties

To fix the pay of all freight train employees in the United States on a basis of 12½ miles per hour and to fix the day at 100 miles or less. The prevailing speed basis is 10 miles an hour, 100 miles or less, for a freight train day. This will mean that, instead of giving ten hours for a typical day's work, freight trainmen will give eight hours. One hundred miles or less, eight hours or less, means that the men will work eight hours if it is necessary to use that time to make 100 miles; if it takes more than eight hours they will go into overtime; if they can make 100 miles in less than eight hours they will demand the pay for the full period, for they will have given its full equivalent.

The railways submit this interpretation of the same program:

The train service employees of all railroad lines in the United States have united in a demand for a new basis of pay for all men engaged in operating trains, except those in passenger service. At the present time they are paid on the basis of ten hours of time or 100 miles of distance, whichever gives them the higher pay; and every man receives a full day's pay, no matter how short a time he works. The trainmen now demand that in all but passenger service, (1) the present ten hours' pay shall be given for eight hours, or less, with a guarantee of a full day's pay, no matter how little service is performed; (2) overtime to begin after eight hours, instead of after ten hours, and to be paid for one and a half times the hourly rate. These demands would increase the hourly rate of pay 25 per cent and the overtime rate 87½ per cent.

They also insist that all special extra pay provisions in the ten-hour schedules shall be included in the proposed eight-hour schedule. These special rules frequently give double pay for the same service, and enable the employees to earn two and three days' pay in a single day of ordinary working hours.

In opposition to these demands the roads assert:

As the increase for all lines is estimated to amount to $100,000,000 a year the railroads say that they cannot pay it unless they are allowed to increase passenger and freight rates. The averages of the men engaged in train service are already very much higher than those of other employees, and they receive 28 per cent of the total pay roll, although constituting only 18 per cent of the whole number of railroad workers.

These statements were promptly denied by the members of the brotherhood, who stated that the increased expenses would amount to only $25,000,000, and that overtime pay could be avoided by shorter, and therefore, faster trains.

At this juncture President Wilson called the representatives of the brotherhood to Washington. After a conference the brotherhood practically placed its case in the President's hands. He then summoned thirty-three railway presidents to the White House and submitted this plan to them: (1) An eight-hour day for the present ten-hour day. (2) Postponement both of the demand for extra pay for overtime, made by the men, and of the consideration of the contingent proposals made by the railroads, until certain necessary facts bearing on the problem are collected, the President meantime obtaining permission from Congress to appoint a commission to watch over the working out of his plan, reporting the results in due time to Congress. These suggestions were rejected by the railroad presidents who insisted that the difficulties should be arbitrated. On this President Wilson wired to some sixty other presidents of railway systems, inviting them to Washington, with a view to further and more representative negotiations, thus hoping to bring together responsible officials of practically the entire 250,000 miles of railroads in this country. Meantime many railroad men who are not members of the brotherhood, which includes slightly less than twenty per cent of the 2,200,000 railway employees in the country, have petitioned Congress to forbid a strike, protesting that it is not just that they should be thrown out of work on account of the demands of a minority. Thus the problem rests at this writing.

The War.—East of the Meuse the French have recaptured the entire village of Fleury, and some of the outworks of the Thiaumont redoubt. In the Trentino only minor engagements have taken place. Along the Isonzo the Italians have been shelling strong Austrian positions north, east and south of Goritz, especially Santa Lucia, San Gabriele, San Mario, but except for some unimportant successes on the slopes of Monte San Marco, San Caterina and Monte Pecinka, they have made no progress. Hostilities have been resumed along the entire Salonica front, and the Bulgarians have occupied the town of Florina, east of Lake Presba. In Volhynia the Russians have crossed the Stokhod northeast of Kovel and captured the village of Tobo. In Armenia, Persia, Mesopotamia and Egypt the situation remains practically unchanged. In German East Africa the Belgians have moved further south along the edge of Lake Tanganyika and have captured Karema; at the same time the British have taken Bogomojo on the eastern coast, and further inland they have occupied Tpapula and are advancing toward Mrogoro and Kilossa.

Bulletin, Aug. 15, a. m.-Aug. 21, p. m.

During the week the British and French have continued their offensive in Picardy. A series of small gains on the entire front from Thiepval to Cléry have resulted in considerable progress. The Allies have almost surrounded Thiepval, have taken the high ground north of Pozières, have gained a footing in the Foureaux Wood and in the town of Guillemont. They also occupied almost all of the town of Maurepas, have crossed the Maurepas-Cléry road, and almost encircled Cléry.

The Battle of the Somme

In East Galicia the Austrians are holding back the Russians on the Brody-Lemberg railroad about twelve miles east of Krasne, and are maintaining their positions on the upper Zlota Lipa. The Russians, however, have crossed this river on its lower reaches. A little south of the Dniester the Russians have crossed the Bystritza and taken Jesupol, still further south they have occupied Lisitz, Solotvina and Griavo. Moving westward along the Carpathians the Russians have taken the heights west of Vorokhta and Arzemoy, forced the Austrians to evacuate Jablonitza, gained possession of the Jablonitza Pass, crossed the Hungarian border and reached the heights above Koromezo.

Russian Successes in East Galicia

Austria-Hungary.—The eighty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Emperor Franz Joseph was celebrated August 18 with religious ceremonies. In Germany too it was commemorated on a large scale in military and diplomatic circles. Among those attending the services in St. Hedwig's Church, at Berlin, were the German Imperial Chancellor, the Minister of the Interior, the Turkish Ambassador and the Bulgarian Minister. The aged monarch has held the throne of Austria for nearly sixty-eight years and that of the Dual Monarchy for over forty-nine. Few rulers have won such deep and universal sentiments of esteem and love from their subjects. Few lives have been so darkened by misfortune, yet the courage and intellectual vigor of the venerable monarch have remained unimpaired by the storms which have beaten about his throne and which have now reached their greatest violence. Friend and foe can readily unite in admitting the brave steadfastness of "this grand old heir to the traditions of the Hapsburg-Lorraines." To a birthday message sent him from the front by his commander-in-chief, the Emperor returned the following vigorous reply:

Birthday of Emperor Franz Joseph

> In the consciousness of their own strength and of the mighty bond that holds together the Teutonic Allies in grievous times, the armies of Austria-Hungary present an undaunted front to the onsets of their enemies. All their attacks will be shattered against our invincible bravery and our resolve to wrest from the foe decisive success. With a prayer for the Divine assistance and with a heart filled with gratitude I greet my heroic troops.

The Emperor has long and earnestly prayed for peace with honor, and the wish is expressed in the German

press that he may be spared to see his own country and the world return to the blessings of peace.

A Program of Godless Education

France.—In May the Masonic Educational League held an international Congress in Paris, with the intent of mobilizing the educational forces of Freemasonry. J. Guiraud now gives details of the proceedings in the review, *Dieu, Patrie, Liberté;* his article has been reprinted in *La Croix* of Paris. French Catholics have been deeply stirred by the program and methods of the Congress. For an attempt has been made to unite the Masonic forces not only of France, but of its allies in a plan to further the godless education which has been thrust upon the country. For the last forty years the *"Ligue de l'Enseignement"* has been the soul of this anti-Catholic movement. If the people have not always backed the conspiracy, Ministers of Public Instruction and parliamentary majorities have too often carried out the program. Even now, says M. Guiraud, the Government seems to be supporting the plans of the League. It openly patronized the Congress, and the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Painlevé closed its sessions by a speech at the Sorbonne, in which he glorified the godless school and pointed to it as the source and the cause of the heroism displayed by the French people during the war. This will undoubtedly be news to many. But M. Painlevé and his Masonic supporters wish even to go further. The godless school, in their view, is not doing enough. Its pupils are withdrawn too soon from its influence. By a system which they call *enseignement post-scolaire obligatoire,* or a "post-scholastic," additional and enforced term of attendance in the State institutions the deficiency is to be made up. Many children are still educated in Catholic schools, with the greatest difficulty and at the cost at times of heroic sacrifices on the part of the teachers; others again leave school at the age of twelve or thirteen. By the plan of M. Painlevé and his associates, this "post-scholastic" education will be obligatory, and is intended to carry boys over the years intervening between graduation from the primary school and entrance into the army. They hope the Catholics burdened already as they are with the educational and charitable works they are supporting, will not be able to meet this additional requirement, that the official, obligatory "post-scholastic" program will have no rival, and that thus the State school alone will have the training of the rising generation.

In summing up the situation, M. Guiraud says, that the present assault on the religion and the soul of the young in France is far more terrible and critical than the attack made by Jules Ferry when he introduced the law of godless obligatory education. M. Guiraud did a patriotic work in unmasking these treacherous tactics.

Germany.—The attitude of Ambassador Gerard has recently been severely criticised by several of the leading German papers. American correspondents in Germany had handed him for transmission a signed protest against British censorship of their cable dispatches and mail matter to the United States. They pointed out that important dispatches were mutilated, suppressed or delayed and they were not able in consequence to give the American public a correct presentation of the events of the war. They therefore requested the American Ambassador to inquire whether legitimate cable news might not be freed from arbitrary censorship. In transmitting the report the Ambassador is said to have sent along a confidential note, recommending that no action be taken by the American Government unless Germany removed the censorship on news sent to America. The *Morgenpost* wrote:

Criticism of American Ambassador

> The American Government and its organs already have endured many brutal English infringements. Even Americans reproach their officials. . . . We doubt whether the German Foreign Office will be satisfied with Gerard's conduct. We hope the Government will find means to correct his strange attitude. The German censorship does not concern him, and he has no right to criticise measures necessary for the safety of German interests.

The *Vossische Zeitung* declared it was astonished at Gerard's failure to distinguish between messages merely passing the German censor and those forced to undergo a British censorship as well. It added:

> The Ambassador has disowned the newspaper men of his own country and put his own country at a disadvantage, since American correspondents in Berlin are anxious to inform their people about the real conditions in Germany.

The *Tageblatt* argued that the German censor in suppressing reports of anti-American demonstrations in Germany really proves himself the strongest agent in fostering good relations between the two countries.

Great Britain.—Sir Henry Howard, sometime Minister on special mission to the Holy See, has been succeeded by Count John Eugène de Salis. The new Minister is the eldest son of Count de Salis of Loughgur, County Limerick, and the late Countess Hélène Marie de Riquet, daughter of Prince Eugène de Caraman-Chimay. Of French origin, the family seat has been located in Ireland for more than two centuries; the second Count was naturalized by Act of Parliament in 1730. The first Count was Envoy of the Grisons to the Court of Queen Anne. The heads of the family are Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, Hereditary Knights of the Golden Spur, and by patent of St. Pius V in 1571, Counts Palatine of the Lateran Palace. The present Envoy to the Holy See was educated at Beaumont and at Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1911, was made Minister to Montenegro.

The New Minister to the Vatican

An article which appeared originally in the Manchester *Guardian* has been given wide circulation in the American and Irish press. That suspicion of England's policies,

As Manchester Judges

together with deep resentment of England's blunders or worse, is daily growing in the United States, says the *Guardian,* cannot be denied. Nor can it be quietly ignored, for if any lasting peace is to be secured through an international league of the Powers, the sympathetic cooperation of the United States is absolutely necessary. At the outset of the war the balance of public favor, inclined, thinks the writer, to the cause of the Allies. "That sympathy we sacrificed," and for the loss, the British orders-in-council, many of which betrayed a lamentable want of statesmanship, are largely responsible. With them came the censorship, the arbitrary blacklist, the annoying and damaging interference with neutral mails, which in no wise tended to soothe the soreness occasioned by earlier blunders. Yet "these matters are comparatively unimportant in days such as these," continues the Manchester critic. "If there were nothing else to be considered we would be justified in believing that there was no reason for a serious change in Anglo-American relations." In the writer's opinion "above all other influences working against us in America is the memory of the Irish revolt." For that unfortunate "lapse of statesmanship, when the Cabinet forgot its first impulse towards clemency, there would seem to be no hope of a speedy remedy." England's policy towards Ireland, especially as expressed in "the reign of Sir John Maxwell at Dublin" is responsible for the change from the earlier sympathy, a change that is likely to last "until the end of the war, or until such time as a complete change can be brought about in our Irish policy."

Rome.—According to *Rome,* Count Roberto Corniani, an Italian liberal, well known for his historical, political and social writings, has published in the *Rassegna Sociale*

The Pope and the Peace Congress

an article on "The Pope and the Peace Congress," in which, among other things, he disposes of the objection that Italy has anything to fear from the Pope's participation in the Congress, and shows at the same time that Italy cannot afford to go on record as insisting on the Pope's exclusion. The Count does not write from a purely Catholic standpoint, and some of his arguments and expressions must be taken with a certain reserve, not to say with disapproval. One point, however, in the eminent publicist's contribution to the *Rassegna* will meet with the approval not only of Catholics, but of all those who have at heart the interest of peace.

It has been said, so argues Count Corniani, that the Pope cannot be represented at a Congress of States which have subjects, armies, territories, and which represent civil and effective governments, since he has nothing of all that and his power is purely spiritual. His answer is that the Pope also possesses a sovereignty which, although of an altogether special nature, is recognized by non-Catholic as well as Catholic nations which have their representatives accredited to the Holy See. The Holy See, the publicist continues, does not possess armies or material forces, but it is precisely in this that would consist the importance of its participation in the Congress. For then a voice would be heard in the midst of its heated deliberations, which does not rely on the support of armies or navies or material forces of any kind and which has no program of territorial or commercial aggrandizement to forward, but is backed simply by a spiritual authority and the prestige which the Pope enjoys as the Head of the Faithful scattered throughout the world. This gives him an immense influence.

After expressing the hope that when the time comes for the Congress to convene, the Italian Prime Minister, whoever he may be, may fully grasp the supreme importance of the question of the intervention of the Pope, Count Corniani concludes with a striking statement which is summarized by *Rome* as follows:

> The sublime and patriotic conduct of the Italian clergy during the Libyan war, and still more during the present war, the equally patriotic conduct of the Catholic laity, the reawakening of religious faith simultaneously with that of patriotic confidence which has taken place in our army and in the country, would find a painful antithesis in the work of a Government which deprived the Head of Catholicism, the Roman Pontiff, of the power of exerting his peaceful work, from which nobody has anything to fear and from which Italy has much to hope.

The *Perseveranza* has also treated the question of the Pope and the Congress in a very calm and friendly spirit.

Spain.—The debate on the recent message from the Crown to the Cortes gave occasion to one of the most startling incidents that have taken place in the Parliament

How Dato Betrayed Maura

in recent years. The revelations which were then made throw a vivid light on the strange and hitherto almost inexplicable events of 1913, which culminated in the elimination of Señor Maura from the leadership of the Conservatives and the splitting up of his party into almost irreconcilable factions. In his speech on the message from the throne, one of the most eloquent of his long political career, Señor Maura had criticised Señor Dato and his government. In reply, Señor Dato asserted that on the fall of the Romanones Ministry in 1913, he had accepted the task of forming a Government only when Maura had been invited to do so and had refused.

Señor Dato's clever answer made an evident impression on the Chamber. But Señor Maura's sincere and straightforward declaration in reply soon dispelled any illusions which it might have produced. The statement in substance was as follows: In the King's interview with Maura at the time referred to, his Majesty told him plainly that the solution of the Government crisis was a foregone conclusion, it would be a Conservative Government without Maura, for the Party had abandoned him. In other words the King's revelation to Maura meant practically that a plot had been formed to eliminate him from the leadership of his party, and the plot was crowned with success.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Cult of Cleverness

IN the midst of the problems now occupying the mind of the public, it may not be amiss to call attention to an educational tendency or at least a habit of mind which is a real danger to seriousness in the intellectual life of the country. It is time to realize the fact that as a people in general, if not as a whole, we are apparently inclined to worship mere cleverness and to mistake it for a mental quality more important than it really is. Cleverness in the old Irish sense of tactfulness and good humor is a thing quite different from what we Americans usually understand by the word. It is in our American sense that I would discuss it here. Such cleverness might be termed "smartness and knowingness." No other synonym seems to fit it as well.

The word "clever" is relatively new; it is not found in the language until early in the seventeenth century. Even then it was of such obscure provincial origin that its relation to another interesting word, "deliver," has not been quite settled even yet. The Century Dictionary defining the word "clever," suggests that "it now commonly implies the possession of ability which though noteworthy does not amount to genius nor even to a high degree of talent." Macaulay said of the period in which the word clever came into common use: "Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds." May not some future historian say of our time, that we had many clever people, but that our geniuses, even our men of talent were very rare?

We are making, I am afraid, a mistake as to the real significance of cleverness. Perhaps there is no better time than the vacation season, when teachers, college men and women have a chance to do some thinking for themselves, to emphasize how comparatively trivial is the value of cleverness in the intellectual life. Probably one of the reasons why the leaders of their classes at college, frequently do not prove to be leaders of men later, is that cleverness enabled them to take prizes and pass examinations, while the more sterling qualities of heart and mind that count for so much in life take a longer time to develop and make themselves felt. It may be well then to recall the fact that the greatest intellectual genius of modern times, whose thinking still influences us after more than seven centuries, was thought of by his fellow-students as so dull of wit that they called him the "Dumb Ox." This was Thomas Aquinas, of whom Albertus Magnus said that the bellowings of this "ox" would be heard throughout the world.

In a lecture at one of our American universities I called attention to the fact that most of the great modern scientists had been devout believers in a Providence and a hereafter, and that most of them had been practical Catholics. I mentioned such pioneers in electricity as Galvani, Volta, Coulomb and Ampère. After the lecture, a graduate student said to me: "You seem to have forgotten our own great work in electricity here in America and to have left out Edison." I reminded him that there is a great difference between discoverers and inventors. Discoverers are men of genius or high talent who reveal to us something hitherto unknown. Discoverers in science are men who step across the boundaries of our present-day knowledge and make a path into the trackless beyond along which it is comparatively easy for others to follow, once the pathfinders come back to tell how they did it. Discoverers add to the sum of human knowledge. Inventors merely take the principles which the discoverers have found out and make practical applications of them in such ways as usually to make a great deal of money for themselves, or, at all events, a fortune for others.

The other name constantly brought up under similar circumstances is that of Burbank. Many people seem to think that Mr. Burbank, who is a magnificent gardener and practical horticulturist, is a great scientist. Men supposed to know, sometimes connect the names of Abbot Mendel and Burbank as if they represented corresponding geniuses of the past half century. Probably no one would appreciate the absurdity of this better than Mr. Burbank himself. Abbot Mendel is a great scientific discoverer, a ground breaker whose work has been the inspiration of nearly all the scientists working on the most important questions in biology for the past twenty years. Mr. Burbank is a clever inventor who, by patient work has given us some new forms of fruits and plants. No one appreciates better than I do the value of the work accomplished by these eminent men, and of its bearing on our American life, but I am only pointing out that what they have done is not scientific and seldom original, but inventive and practical. They have added little to knowledge but much to industrial development.

The difference between the two classes of men is very well illustrated by an incident in Pasteur's life. Not long after he had discovered the cause of fermentation, Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie were given a demonstration of just what had been found out. As microscopic investigation was less familiar at that time than in our day, the microorganisms which Pasteur showed were naturally great curiosities. After the Empress had seen the specimens she said to Pasteur, "Now I suppose that you will apply this great discovery for the benefit of the beer and wine industry of France?" Pasteur replied very courteously, "Ah, no! your Majesty, that will be the business of the brewer and the wine maker and the inventor of industrial processes. The scientist does not permit himself to be drawn off into commercial distractions. He goes on with his scientific work, having published his discoveries for the benefit of the world."

That was just what Pasteur did, and it was a fortunate thing for the world that he did so. At the moment when he reached the explanation of the diseases of beer and wine, he had as yet discovered nothing with regard to the diseases of human beings. He was to solve many of these problems also quite as well as he had done for the fermentation problem. Undoubtedly had he applied his discovery to brewing and wine-making he would have made a very large amount of money. As it was, he left but a very modest fortune to his wife and children, though he left them an immense heritage of honor.

There's the difference, then, between the inventor and the discoverer. The inventor is a clever man who takes advantage usually of the discoverer's newly found ideas to make practical applications and incidentally make money. Someone has said: "Clever people are like pins, they are sharp at the point but not very large at the head." There is a definite tendency in our time, however, when we have so many clever people, for them to exalt their own significance and that of their fellows. A popular writer of clever editorials not long ago wrote that "the important contemporary poets are long-headed, too busy building roads and sky-scrapers to bother with odes and castles-in-Spain. They're fighting the world's battles, not writing them. Their pens weren't mightier than the sword, but their tools are."

The best commentary perhaps on such a sentence as "The inventor is just a clairvoyant who translates his forecastings to castings," is that among our greatest inventors are the insects. As a warning reflection on human cleverness, these insect-inventors should not be forgotten. The wasp made excellent water-proof paper ages before man ever thought of doing so, and made it from wood pulp. We have been using that material only for a couple of generations. The bee and the wasp used hypodermic needles long before man ever thought of them and the bee uses formic acid as an antiseptic to preserve its honey from fermentation. The spider made the first suspension bridge according to all the rules of the craft, and some spiders make excellent airships; one of them even makes a diving bell. The bee makes a wax that we cannot imitate. The silkworm is still the unrivaled manufacturer of silk. To these we might add the ant, which makes tunnels and subways; the mason-bee with its cement work and the great peacock-moth which calls its kind from a distance by wireless telegraphy; but to complete the story we should have to reprint Henri Fabre's books.

What is true in science is true also in literature. The fact that the popular editorial writer should talk so glibly about modern poets and class under the name of poet the "tunnel diggers" and excavators of other kinds and the inventors of everything, from gas donkey engines to electric winches, and in the expressive phrase "get away with it," shows how little the meaning of real poetry or literature is understood. The men whose books are most read in our time are mostly clever people who can invent intricate plots. To a great many people he is the great story-teller or dramatist who can make up a story or invent the plot of a drama, the end of which is concealed from readers or spectators until a few minutes before the "flash" at the end of the novel or play. This is, of course, mere cleverness. Almost anybody who wants to do it can accomplish it and the "best sellers" are simply those whose authors have done that sort of thing in the prevailing fashion of the moment.

Much has been recently said about Shakespeare. Now the best way perhaps to bring out the significance of such cleverness in literature, is to recall that Shakespeare never invented a plot. He wrote some forty plays; but he never cared to bother his head about making up the story. He took well-known stories and created the characters for them. The Greek dramatists had practically done the same. They took the racial traditions and stories familiar to the Greek people and dramatized them. In the modern sense of the word neither they nor Shakespeare were a bit clever. They were geniuses, however, and perhaps the best way to study the distinction between cleverness and genius in literature is to try to understand why the plays of Shakespeare, Æschylus and Sophocles are immortal while the plays of our time are ephemeral.

James J. Ford.

The Chancellor and the Dublin Weaver

Of many a saint and seer it may be truly said that nothing in his life so became him like the leaving of it. Not as in unhappy Cawdor's case, that the guilt of treason or of deeds low and unhallowed, stains the story of their lives. For death, like any sudden stress, does not make a man, but rather, as the ascetics have it, shows forth truly what manner of man he is. They die greatly who have lived greatly. In the thought of death at one's door, of death creeping onward with the measured moments as slowly and as surely, men realize, I suppose, that at length the great Artificer of life is completing His self-appointed task, as His busy shuttle catches up the last frayed and tangled threads of human life, to weave them into one pattern with the endless fabric of eternity. They live, yet as in the shadow of death; and in these moments "strange and hitherto unknown" even their trivial and accustomed acts assume a pathos, an unwonted beauty and a peculiar charm.

And it is around "the little things" as well as about life's deeper interests that this charm is thrown. One recalls at once the farewell letter of Blessed Thomas More to his daughter, Meg. As Chancellor of England, enjoying the confidence of his Sovereign, he had never set his heart thereon. A favorite with the great, and "the darling" of the *literati*, accomplished, witty, brilliant and pious, the great Chancellor manfully played to the end a commanding part in the life of pre-Elizabethan England. Standing forth in the court of an angry king to maintain the prerogative of Peter, one by one he had seen his

friends pass out of his life, some seeking the easier paths of compliance, others happier than these worldly Catholics, to confess Christ and His Vicar even to the shedding of blood. He had never been one of a crowd, although he loved company. His part in life was to do a man's work, and in the doing he made history. At its end, he found himself in the gloomy Tower, and here, on the night before he died, his thoughts, like the thoughts of his Master, turn back to those whom he is leaving. He knows that as the axe falls on the morrow, the Angels of God will welcome him in heaven, but even the joy of this certainty does not hide from him the sorrow of his friends. Filled as it was with love of God, his great soul turns to his daughter and to "all our friends," not to be consoled but to comfort. "Our Lord bless you, good daughter," he writes to Meg,

and your good husband, and your little boy, and all yours, and all my children, and all my god-children, and all our friends. Recommend me when you may to my good daughter Cicely, whom I beseech Our Lord to comfort; and I send her my blessing, and to all my children, and pray her to pray for me. I send her an handkercher. And God comfort my good son, her husband.

"There is not any man living," Erasmus had written to Ulrich von Hutten, years before, "so loving to his children as he." But the blessed Chancellor goes on, tracing the words laboriously with a piece of charcoal:

I should be sorry if it should be any longer than tomorrow. For it is Saint Thomas Even, and the octave day of Saint Peter, therefore tomorrow I long to go to God. It were a day very meet and convenient for me. I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last; for I love when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell, dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you and for all your friends that we may merrily meet in heaven. . . . I pray you at good time convenient, recommend me to my good son John More. I liked well his natural fashion. Our Lord bless him and his good wife, my loving daughter; to whom I pray him to be good as he hath great cause.

Here is a simple affectionate farewell, such as every good man would wish to write under similar circumstances. But there are few Thomas Mores in the world, and hence few such letters. The love that indited it came from a heart, purified by love of Him who is the source of love stronger than death.

Yet one man who died on a dark May day of this present year in Ireland, shows in his farewell, written as death waited, all the grace and tenderness of his elder brother in the Faith, the saintly Chancellor of England. In the external circumstances of their lives, perhaps no two men could be found more dissimilar than Thomas More, Chancellor of the Realm, and Michael Mallin, the weaver of Dublin. The Chancellor was, admittedly, the noblest figure of his age; the Dublin weaver was but a humble tradesman in a community where much is made of rank and social distinction. But in tenderness, self-forgetfulness and faith, Michael Mallin and Thomas More were one.

A slight delicate man, his picture shows, one, whom but for the dark deep-set eyes, you might judge timid and retiring. Perhaps he was; but in the crisis days of May, thinking of Innisfail and

her dear face
Worn with each weary trace
Of fresh woes, and of old woes unforgot

the weaver of Dublin left his loom to join his comrades of the Citizen Army on Stephen's Green. The result of that uprising, as the world knows, is briefly told, and in the end, Michael Mallin found short shrift in an English military court. "The story of his death," writes the editor of the *Catholic Bulletin*, of Dublin, "is as fascinating as a romance and as grand as an epic. He is said to have prayed into the very rifles of the men who shot him, and his last words were, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'" "I am satisfied I have done my duty to my beloved Ireland," the patriot wrote to his wife, shortly before his execution. And in these touching lines, shines forth the Catholic spirit of the devoted husband and loving father:

But, oh, if only you and the little ones were coming too, we could all reach heaven together. . . . If you can, I would like you to dedicate Una to the service of God, and also Joseph. . . . Do this if you can, and pray to Our Divine Lord that it may be so.

Next his mind turns to two good friends who had stood by him to the last:

See Alderman Tom Kelly. He is a good, God-fearing man, and will be able to help you, for my sake as well as for yours. . . . Mr. Partridge, too, was more than a brother to me. He held me close in his arms, so that I might have comfort and warmth.

And finally the great heart of the man goes back to his wife and little children:

God and His Blessed Mother again and again bless and protect you. O Saviour of men, if my dear ones could enter heaven with me, how blessed and happy I would be; they would be away from the cares and trials of the world.

Una, my little one, be a nun. Joseph, my little man, be a priest if you can. James and John, to you the care of your mother. Make yourselves good, strong men for her sake, and remember Ireland.

Good-bye, my wife, my darling. Remember me. God again bless and protect you and our children. I must now prepare. These last few hours must be spent with God alone.

Of the political turmoil which ended in Ireland's most recent baptism of blood, who can now say, or ever say, the final word that distributes justice with an equal hand? But sad indeed would war's ravages be, did they take from our hearts the power to acknowledge beauty and revere nobility even when displayed by an alien race. "Tears for the lost; thou livest," wrote Lionel Johnson of his beloved Innisfail. So may another poet sing of Michael Mallin, the weaver of Dublin, in life and in death a very noble gentleman, and a knight beyond reproach.

Paul L. Blakely, S.J.

The Vice of Being Long-Sighted

IN philosophy we have already had far too free a dance of physical metaphors; it is for that reason, I suppose, that I am just about to add another one to the dance. The most obvious instance is that effeminate habit of talking about men as if they were either "strong" or "weak." To talk thus is to be utterly ignorant of virile consciousness; it is never to have known anything except a windy vanity or a blasted panic. All men are ordinary men; the extraordinary men are the men that know it. In the same way all men are weak men; the nearest men get to strength is by saying that they are weak. But weakness is not the only weary word that is thus employed. Superficial controversialists will call a system corrupt, without realizing that this means burst asunder in the midst, like Judas; or they call an explanation lame, without realizing that this would mean sound on one support but unsound on the other; or they will talk in trivial sentimentalism of touching somebody's heart, not realizing that the heart is an awful actuality, and that to touch the heart is death. When these bodily images are used it is in a very humdrum and distrait style, without any direct appeal to the body. Only a very few and these fierce physical phrases keep their emphasis unconquered; for instance, when the Anglican translation of Scripture says that God winked, it is impossible to avoid a vivid and instantaneous image of profanity.

But from all such phrases drawn from our physique which in one way or another have paled and lost their point, none has grown fainter than the phrase "short-sighted." A modern statesman making a speech applies it to his opponent's policy, but applies it quite colorlessly, in the mere sense of "blind" or "unseeing." He says—hitting the table or desk with that hollow and resounding emphasis which is the heart-rending triviality of the professional politician—that his opponent's motion is a "most reckless and short-sighted proposal." But as he uses the words he is attaching no more meaning to the notion of shortness and sight than he attaches to the separate Latin words *ab* and *surdum*. Yet short-sightedness in politics might have a very living and legitimate meaning. It should mean that the accused saw immediate results with peculiar clearness, but saw all results beyond these in a sudden mist. Now I wonder what the average eloquent statesman would think of me if I got up and said mildly that in my opinion the accused politician suffered not from being short-sighted, but from being a long-sighted politician. "How helpless and inhumanly dull," I should cry in rhetorical rapture, "is the long-sighted politician"! I fear it would leave the audience cold. I fear they would really think that being long-sighted means having good sight; that is, means being a seer and a prophet.

Now, being long-sighted is exactly as much a disease as being short-sighted. It does not mean seeing things that are especially and impossibly far away. It means not being able to see anything unless it is some distance away. The commonest mode of this malady among our thinkers today can be noted in their extreme liking for the remote future and the remote past. Of their great-great-grandfathers, some thousand generations back, they seem to have vivid memories. With their great-great-granchildren, thousands of generations forward, they seem to be on the most intimate terms. The people they cannot see at all are their own parents and their own children. They will fall over their own father in the street; they kick their own children out of the way like obstructions. If you read a modern book about property you will find it divided into two parts: the first half will describe how property was communal before history began; the second half will describe how property will be communal again when history and everything else will have disappeared. If you read a modern book about marriage, you will find it similarly divided; the first half will say that sex was free in some community that mankind has forgotten, and the second half that sex will be free in some community that mankind has never tried. I do not object to such vague visions from the edges of the world; it is natural that man should see visions of the future and dream dreams of the past. But I do think it surprising when people, in consequence of this, suddenly cease to be accessible to the sights, smells and sounds all around them at the moment; when they forget in one flash where they are and what things their fathers have done. In short, I suggest that between the first part of the book which describes things forgotten, and the second part of the book which describes things not yet known, there should be at least a little note, a sort of paragraph in brackets, mentioning the actual experiences of our race from Adam to Adam Smith, from Abraham to Abraham Lincoln.

The other day a lady said to me that the strongest and happiest state of mankind had been the "Matriarchal State," to which we would eventually return. I asked her, meekly enough, to tell me something about the Matriarchal State, what temples it had built, what literature was possessed of it, whether it praised particular heroes in war, whether the populace ever upset its government successfully, whether it knew about wine and music; in short, all the test questions about a commonwealth. The replies were so decidedly obscure, that I was compelled in self-defense to say that I knew of another tribe that had the other system; and that their arts and weapons were most quaint and instructive. The lady became quite eager in her turn, and asked me many questions about my secret tribe. She extracted the information that they produced songs perpetually; but that some of their older epics were the best. I told her that they were a brave people, and once all of them warriors; but that they had often yielded to the temptation of supporting a paid class of picked warriors. I said that they were monogamous in theory, but found it hard to keep

up. I said that they had been democratic in their dimmest origins, but found the idea much more difficult when they had gained great wealth and conquered distant tribes. I said that they had recently sailed to a strange spot in the snow which many of their heroes had taunted each other with being unable to reach. I also told her that they had at last found out how to jump off high places and not fall to the ground. As she was quite innocent of my meaning and eager for more tribal marvels, I told her this tribe had produced Shakespeare and Napoleon, and, greatest of all, herself.

Cecil Chesterton.

Character and Temperament

THREE terms that are constantly confused are personality, character and temperament. Personality is that which constitutes a person, or an intelligent and volitional being; it is used by inaccurate writers for character, especially for strength in character. Character is the result of all the internal and external forces that have been at work upon a person from the moment his life began and later. Race, heredity, health, disease, nationality, climate, mental, moral and physical education, religion, caste, strength or weakness in the faculties of soul and body, wealth or poverty, neighbors, friends, enemies, the civil government, locality and countless other factors are involved in the formation of a man's character.

Temperament is a part of character; it is a special type of mental condition and development due to natural qualities, a mental tendency resulting from a special somatic organization. A person may be sanguine or pessimistic, energetic or flabby, quick or slow, physically bold or timid, artistic, imaginative, musical, and the like, and these qualities, mostly congenital, affect almost everything he does, they make up his temperament. A "quick-tempered" person has a vice which is to a slight degree temperamental, but mostly acquired or characteristic; the same is true of drunkenness, gluttony, and unchastity. Physical courage is temperamental, moral courage is characteristic; neurasthenia is characteristic with a temperamental weakness, intoxication, or the like; hysteria appears to be temperamental with a characteristic deficiency.

There are Gallic, German, Irish, English, Japanese temperaments. In nations the character changes, but the temperament is more permanent. The French see with southern Celtic daylight, the Germans with northern Teutonic twilight, therefore the French speech is direct, the German indirect. English is a blend of these two tongues, but the English temperament is not. In the Irish there are two chief racial temperaments, which do not blend, the aboriginal and the Celtic.

The aboriginal Irishman is a Mediterranean Basin man, and he has the physical and mental qualities of the central Italian and the northern Spaniard, modified by climate. Shaw calls him erroneously "the commercially imported north Spanish strain which passes for aboriginal Irish." He is low in stature, dark, long-skulled; the Celt is large, reddish, broad-headed. The aboriginal Irishman is gentle, inclined toward secret societies and plotting like the Italian, an avoider of all foreigners like the Italian, repressible, frequently stupid but not seldom as subtle as the Celt. Too often he is treacherous, but almost never hypocritical. He is envious of no foreigner or superior, but of every one in his own caste; a follower not a leader, externally democratic but really at the beck of any strong man. He is sensitive, not demonstrative of affection, patient, superstitious, commonly religious and often almost a saint. He is emotional, but not sentimental until he begins an oration on any Irish subject; then he boils over irrationally. He will accept flattery, but any adverse criticism, however true, is resented violently.

The Irishman that does things is a Celt or a Norman. He is irrepressible, adaptive, subtle, a ruler of men; often an extremely refined gentleman, but when perverted a brute. All great European civilization, even in Greece and Rome, has been Celtic, and the man that does things for the English is a Celt, Brythonic or Gaelic. It is a humorous error to derive English superiority from Anglo-Saxon sources as Collier and others do.

The Irish national character is *essentially* no more religious than that of any other nation, contrary to the common opinion. After conversion to Christianity the Irish were intensely religious until the Norse and Danish invasions. During the Middle Ages they were anything but religious; no western European people had less regard for the sanctity of human life or of ecclesiastical property than the medieval Irish; every page of their chronicles from the eleventh to the sixteenth century drips with blood. When the English attacked the religion of the Irish at the end of the sixteenth century Ireland turned to religion in opposition to the enemy. The attack and opposition were continued so long that religion became a national habit. The English never made any real attempt to subdue Ireland until the end of Elizabeth's reign, and since the Elizabethan wars English treatment of Ireland has always been instigated by the *Odium Theologicum*, even when it seemed to be economic. Persecute a religion and you strengthen it, coddle it and it weakens. The English persecution of the religion of the Irish has so strengthened that religion that it has become a national characteristic.

The Italian and the Frenchman mature slowly. An Italian of forty-five years of age calls his father and mother papa and mamma, and this infantilism tinges all his deeds. In his anticlericalism he has the maliciousness of a street gamin, and all the childishness of this urchin. The French surgeon, soldier, or writer, is addicted to posing, to red lapel-buttons, to babbling about *la gloire*, to gesticulation.

The American national character, the real character, not the "Fourth of July" platform character, which is a

myth, is a result of climate, of freakish religions, of sudden wealth, of the little red-school-house, of intestinal indigestion from a mixture of Slavish radishes, Magyar goulash, Italian spaghetti, German Blutwurst, Yankee pickles, Irish stew, Scotch whisky and innumerable other incompatibles. The little red-school-house, the palladium of our liberties, is the chief character builder we have, and I do not think much of it as a builder.

The school ma'am, who in a storm of emotion rediscovered the child soul, which was discovered before the days of Cicero and never lost, inserts her pedagogy in the curriculum; the male school superintendent, who started to teach because he could not get a better job, as a rule with no education except what he got from the ignorant in a "normal school," or at most a few summer courses in physiological psychology, which is not physiology, and most assuredly not psychology, whose religion consists in dominical chanting of "Brighten the corner where y'are" and avoidance of cigarettes, inserts his pedagogy into the curriculum; the teachers' "institoot," the respectable school board, and the ward boss also insert directly or indirectly their pedagogy into the curriculum, and we must pay the salaries of these uncommonly good folk while they trot along the pathway of opinion, like Lanna Mochree's dog, with every uplifter that gyrates before patient Heaven.

These curriculum builders dispose of intellectual garbage, such as scraps of science, peelings of literature, washes of modern languages, chips of second-hand philosophy made in Germany, by strewing them as fertilizers over children's minds. This July an Eastern university had courses in "Blind Man's Buff" and "Hunt the Slipper," and we shall soon have to pay for applications of these courses to puerile legs in Oshkosh and Yonkers. Such education shows in our insolent review articles, our nasty magazine stories, our books that begin and end on the first page, our unjust and obscene legislation, our licensed quacks (all the paths in pathology), our vulgar ostentation, our boorish manners, our lynchings, homicides, divorces, religious bigotry.

The world is at a crisis just now, and our statesmen, educated in the little red-school-house, do not know this fact; great masses of radical groups are working within our boundaries for a weaker Government; only an obsession of crass ignorance can assure us that our relative comfort will last; we cannot get together enough men to catch a border bandit; we have dangerous enemies everywhere; yet our red-school-house statesmen are interested in fences, pork, the baseball score, poliomyelitis, and sharks on the Jersey coast. Our leaders do not think; they do not know enough to think; they have lost the capacity of appreciating an abstract argument. We talk of the English muddling along; we muddle and stand still.

There is more perorating in the American national character on the subject of liberty than there is in Ireland, but we have immeasurably less liberty than there is in Ireland, or in Prussia, for that matter. Liberty is the capability of doing what you have a right to do. That is all it is, first and last. American citizens have the right to nominate candidates for the Presidency, but they have not the liberty to do so. A few bosses attend to this business before the conventions assemble, and in November we choose between two evils. Taxpayers here have the right to have their money honestly expended, but not the liberty. American Catholics have the right to hold high political office, but not the liberty; they have the right to pay school taxes according to their conscience, but not the liberty; they have the right to the protection of what they hold sacred from slander, but not the liberty. This enumeration could readily be made as long as the rogation-day litanies.

Another phase of our national character is the illusion that we live in a democracy. There never was a democracy, and there never will be one on the face of the earth. There are innumerable oligarchies which call themselves democracies, but calling an ass a charger does not make it one. There is room for doubt that democracy would be the best form of government for the ordinary citizen whose bible is the daily newspaper, but that is a mere academic consideration. All countries *should* be governed by a few men, as they are, provided the men have not been educated in little red-school-houses.

Austin O'Malley, M.D.

Dr. John B. Murphy

THE death of Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago removes from this world a man whose work in surgery and also in medicine has done most in our time to bring well-deserved prestige to American medical science. His name was probably better known throughout this country than that of any other American surgeon, and it was quite as well and favorably known in the great European clinics. He was a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, a life member of the *Deutsche Gesellschaft für Chirurgie* at Berlin and of the *Société de Chirurgie* of Paris, he had been the honorary President of the surgical section of a series of International Medical Congresses, the honorary President of the International Surgical Congress, the guest by invitation of the British Medical Association, the President of The American Medical Association and one of the founders and most prominent members of the American College of Surgeons.

The man who had thus achieved international fame in a very difficult department of applied science, that of general surgery, is all the more interesting because he was born in the little town of Appleton in Wisconsin nearly sixty years ago, when that portion of the country was still in a pioneer stage and had none of the advantages that are so often supposed to mean so much in helping a young man to success in a chosen career. After a high-school training he entered Rush Medical School of Chicago, graduating in 1879. He won in

competition the post of medical interne at the Cook County Hospital where he spent a year and a half and then went into general practice in Chicago for two years. His ambition to be something more than a general practitioner led him to leave his practice and spend a year and a half in Europe; Vienna, Munich, Berlin and Heidelberg, each attracting him for a time. He wished to come in touch with the best work in surgery, confident that if the opportunity were afforded, he would be able to take advantage in America of the operative methods and technical skill of these European masters.

In 1884 then he began the practice of surgery in Chicago, readily secured a position as lecturer on the subject because of his European experience and then commenced a series of contributions to medical literature which during the next ten years give the key to his subsequent success as a great surgeon. He wrote on "Gun Shot Wounds of the Abdomen" and pointed out that the old-fashioned expectant treatment must now give way to direct surgical intervention. He wrote on "Early Operations in Perityphlitis" that is, the early surgery of conditions in the right lower quadrant of the abdomen in the neighborhood of the cæcum. These conditions have since practically all come to be traced to inflammation of the appendix, and are accountable for the great majority of the cases of what we now call appendicitis. Even before this development of pathology Dr. Murphy was counseling early operation and he must be considered one of the pioneers in that notable American development of operative intervention as a cure for these serious conditions.

Dr. Murphy's eyes were not held, however, exclusively by his attention to intestinal surgery. He described the first case ever noted in America of *actinomycosis hominis,* the cattle disease due to the ray fungus which occasionally attacked human beings. He wrote also on that rather rare affection *echinococcus* of the liver. Whenever there was anything unusual Dr. Murphy seemed to be able to see it and to work out its significance.

He felt, however, that a great new field was about to open in the surgery of the intestines so he devoted himself to the solution of the problems associated with this important field and made a series of experimental researches on animals. He found that animals would stand very well all sorts of surgical intervention in their intestinal and liver tracts which surgeons feared to perform on human beings, though there was often need for them in cases that would otherwise prove fatal. After several years of experimentation including the application of some of the methods of operation thus discovered to his patients whose chances of living without such surgical intervention were almost nil, he published a paper detailing his "original experimental and clinical researches in the surgery of the gall bladder, the liver and the intestinal tract," which at once attracted a great deal of attention.

During the course of these researches he invented what he called the intestinal "Anastomosis Button," a little mechanism about the size of a small English walnut which under the name of the Murphy Button carried its inventor's fame all over the world. This was meant to facilitate the bringing together of severed ends of the intestines. Wounds and pathological conditions of the intestines sometimes make it necessary to remove a portion of the intestine to save the patient's life. The patency of the intestinal canal must be maintained and yet the ends of the intestine must be brought together so thoroughly as to prevent leakage. The Murphy Button greatly facilitated the solution of this problem. Dr. Murphy demonstrated its value in some very severe cases. As a consequence a marked development of intestinal surgery took place in this country.

Dr. Murphy having made himself a master in the surgery of the intestinal tract it might be thought that he would stop there and reap the reward of his special knowledge and skill. But he was ever anxious to enlarge the field of professional work for his colleagues and for humanity. He next took up gall bladder surgery and accomplished much for that department which in recent years has saved so many lives and spared much suffering. He then took up the surgery of arteries and of veins and studied how to make end-to-end repairs of blood vessels injured in continuity. He had the oration in surgery at the Denver meeting of the American Medical Association in 1898 and took for his subject "Surgery of the Lungs." He made a valuable suggestion: to put a tuberculous lung absolutely at rest, so that it might heal.

Ten years later he was studying the surgery of nerves and especially of the central nervous system and his monograph on Surgery of the Spinal Cord was looked upon as one of the most important contributions to this subject made here in America. One field of surgery remained open to him, that of the joints, yet when well above fifty years of age and an extremely busy man, he took up the study of the subject and succeeded in making some suggestions and introducing certain simple bits of technique that added distinctly to our practical knowledge.

There is no doubt at all about the originality of his genius. He was one of those rare gifts to a generation, a man who finds a path where others have feared there was a trackless region. He was a pioneer in a great department of human knowledge which has done much to make life more livable and longer, and to lessen the amount of suffering for mankind.

No wonder then that honors came to him not only from his own profession all over the world, but also from those who felt that here was a man doing great work that deserved recognition. He received the degree of M.A. from Loyola University, Chicago, in 1908, LL.D. from the University of Illinois in 1905, and from the Catholic University in 1915 and the degree of M.Sc.

from the University of Sheffield. Notre Dame in this country conferred on him the Lætare Medal and the Pope having crowned his labors some years ago with the Knighthood of St. Gregory added to his honors during the present year by making him a Knight Commander of the same Order with the privilege of the Star.

In recent years Dr. Murphy's Clinic in Chicago has been crowded with surgeons from many parts of the country who came to see him operate and observe his fine technique. He did operations of all kinds, talked about his cases from the standpoint of his experience and his wide reading, studied his patients very faithfully, and looked up everything in recent medical literature. It is no wonder that many of those who had attended his clinics for a time felt that they would like to keep in touch with them. This induced him to publish "Murphy's Clinics" for their benefit. Before long the "Clinics" proved self-supporting and a rather fine source of revenue though Dr. Murphy confessed that their publication meant much more for him than any monetary consideration since nothing so made a man keep in touch with the literature of the various subjects treated than to feel that he was thus being constantly reported for others.

The newspapers have announced that Dr. Murphy left a large fortune. Undoubtedly he made a great deal of money, particularly during the past ten years. He did an immense amount of work at the same time for the poor in the highest spirit of charity. It has been said that the very poor and the rich can secure the services of the very best physicians and surgeons and that the great body of the people must be content with the less skilled. Many a person of moderate means, however, secured Dr. Murphy's services without having to pay inordinate fees. He was much more interested in his patients, in his teaching and in the development of surgery than he was in the money he made. He had the true professional spirit and felt that any one who merely makes a living by his science and skill without leaving a precious heritage from his experience to his professional brethren is not taking his life work in the proper spirit.

Dr. Murphy's private charities and the amount of help he gave to countless sufferers, are almost incalculable. He was a magnificent example of a great Catholic professional man who took his duties conscientiously and realized that he owed as a simple duty very much to others.

Dr. Murphy will undoubtedly be remembered in the history of American surgery as a man of original inventive ability, and of positive genius for the simplification of surgical procedures. The true keynote of genius is, that it simplifies what so far has been complex. Dr. Murphy will be recalled above all for the teaching qualities which made him the beloved master of so many talented physicians proud to be his disciples. He was not only a faithful son of the Church in the midst of a busy professional career, living constantly in a thoroughly scientific atmosphere, but he would himself have been the first to say that the greatest satisfactions he had in life came from his religion and its teachings. It has been said that "where there are three physicians there are two atheists," but as I have often pointed out, while there may be some slight truth in this expression among the smaller men in medicine, it is not true of our great medical men. Dr. Murphy is only another example like our own Dr. Joseph O'Dwyer or Pasteur or Theodor Schwann, or Johannes Müller, that our great geniuses in science suffer no disturbances of their faith, but on the contrary, have it deepened and strengthened by their scientific habits of thought.

James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

"What is an Episcopalian?"

To the Editor of America:

The question proposed in your editorial, "What Is an Episcopalian?" gives rise to reflections alternately sad and amusing. Your suggested answer, that an Episcopalian is a member of a Church which allows its members to believe what they can and reject the rest, is based, it seems to me, on an invalid assumption. This assumption is that the Protestant Episcopal Church offers a well-defined body of doctrine, saying to the world, "This we teach, that we condemn; this we hold, that we reject."

As a matter of notorious fact the Protestant Episcopal Church does nothing of the sort. Even her own clergy may vigorously propound absolutely contradictory doctrines on points of vital importance, and this without any interference whatever from the Bishops, who, at least in theory, are the chief guardians of the Faith. When the shepherds themselves disagree, what are the bewildered members of the flock to do? Are they to hold, with a certain faction in the Protestant Episcopal Church, that the Hierarchy is of Divine institution, or with Dr. Reiland, who boldly proclaims this doctrine a blasphemy? Are they to believe that after the words of consecration the "elements" are worthy the adoration that is paid to God Himself, or that the "elements" possess no attribute of Divinity that cannot be quite as truly predicated of the candlesticks on the altar? Are they to believe that Christ founded a visible Church, with powers to bind and loose in His name, to correct without appeal and to teach infallibly, or are they to fall back upon the thoroughly Protestant doctrine that every man is his own visible Church, and his own infallible Pontiff?

We all know that these "bewildered sheep" are quite free to follow any and all paths of their own choosing, without any reference to the shepherds. "It should be a matter of fundamental Churchmanship," said Bishop Edsall at the recent Diocesan Convention of Minnesota, "to recognize that ours is a comprehensive Church." A body which tolerates teachers of essentially contradictory doctrines on matters of faith is certainly comprehensive, but it is not the Church which Christ bade all men hear. "Our slogan or rallying cry," continued the Bishop, "should be 'Catholic Faith and Apostolic Order Combined with Protestant Liberty.'" The good Bishop is attempting to reconcile irreconcilables. "Protestant Liberty" is surely free to deny the necessity of "Catholic Faith and Apostolic Order," and if words mean anything, it has been denying each for nearly four centuries. On the other hand, that rather perplexing

mental attitude which "the Roman party" in the Protestant Episcopal Church calls "the Catholic Faith" utterly anathematizes the very concept of Protestant Liberty, although, in practice the Roman party picks and chooses points of doctrine with all the freedom of a zealot for the principle of private judgment. The upshot of the whole matter seems to be that Dr. Reiland most truly represents the "mind" of the Protestant Episcopal Church. That Church proposes no specific body of doctrine, but allows, as logically it must allow, its adherents to believe whatever they wish to believe and to reject whatever they wish to reject.

Waukesha, Wisconsin. F. L. B.

Biology in the Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For more than ten years I have taught biology in the high schools of one of our largest cities. For this reason I found a special interest in the article, "Biology in the Secular School," in AMERICA for August 5. After outlining what Mr. Peabody is pleased to call "instruction in biology," the author of the article expresses his hope that Mr. Peabody is not "a typical example" of the New York teacher. I regret to say that my ten years' practical experience leads me to the conclusion that Mr. Peabody *is* a "typical example." I am fairly well acquainted with conditions in New York, and I do not hesitate to say that it is sad and disgusting in the extreme to hear the filth—that is the only word I have for it—taught to New York children in the name of "biology" and sex-hygiene. Last June a work connected with the latter topic, and written by a New York high-school teacher of biology, Walter Eddy, was brought to my notice. I do not care to describe either its contents or its illustrations. The book might be suitable for use in a medical school, but I am convinced that in the hands of boys and girls at school it can only serve an obscene purpose.

"It seems to me," writes the author of the AMERICA article, "that at Morris High School, and possibly in many schools for boys and girls in this country, 'biology' means 'sex-hygiene.'" I believe that this observation is correct. Perhaps not many teachers are willing to go as far as Messrs. Peabody and Eddy, but I know from experience that this subject of "sex-hygiene" is taking entirely too prominent a place in our public school "biology" classes.

Whitley, Vermont. X. Y. Z.

Some Inaccuracies Corrected

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I call the attention of your readers to some erroneous statements in the otherwise well-written and interesting article entitled "Catholic Landmarks of New Orleans," which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for August 5? Speaking of the advent of the Ursulines in New Orleans, the author says: "In 1827 they opened a hospital, an orphanage, a school for poor children, and their famous Academy, which is the oldest educational institution for women in the United States." Besides the typographical error 1827, which should be 1727, a century earlier, the author fails to mention a work very dear to the heart of our saintly Founders: the religious instruction imparted to Indian women and slaves, a work which, though lowly and hidden, contributed not a little to the reform of morals in the infant colony. It is not correct to say that Jackson secured that "January 8 be fixed as the feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor." It is true that, in fulfilment of their vow, the Ursulines had a solemn Mass of thanksgiving sung yearly, in January, in honor of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, but it was not until 1851 that the feast was definitely fixed by Papal decree to the above-mentioned date, as is proved by the following extract from our annals:

> In 1850, the Superioress of the Monastery, Mother Ste. Claire Coskery, through his Grace, the Most Reverend Antoine Blanc, Archbishop of New Orleans, forwarded to the Holy Father a petition containing an exposition of the signal favors granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Prompt Succor during the last forty years, and humbly begging the Papal authorization to celebrate, each year, on January 8, the feast of Our Lady under this title and to sing a High Mass in her honor on that day. Although this feast was to coincide annually with the privileged Octave of the Epiphany, his Holiness Pius IX, nevertheless, graciously granted the request on September 27, 1851. On the feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1852, Archbishop Blanc promulgated this decree of the Sovereign Pontiff in favor of the Ursuline Ladies of his diocese.

Another inaccuracy which may easily lead many into error is the following assertion: "The Ursulines moved in 1824 to the river bank, but the encroachment of the waters compelling another change, they moved in 1912 to the present house, *a fitting testimony to the grateful munificence of the citizens of New Orleans.*" Nothing could be farther from the truth. The people of New Orleans have not contributed a cent to the erection of our new buildings, and, in order to build, we were forced by circumstances to assume the crushing responsibility of a very heavy debt. It was through no wish of ours that we were compelled to give up the old convent, hallowed by so many sacred memories; nor have we been able as yet to dispose of the extensive grounds of the old property, so that we are at present laboring under difficulties, the greatest, in all probability, that our Community has had to face in the 189 years of its existence on Louisiana soil. As it is, through lack of funds, we are still without a chapel, and are at present using a large apartment as a substitute. Until we have the means of canceling our heavy debt, we shall not be able to build the Chapel of Our Lady of Prompt Succor and St. Ursula Hall, both of which buildings are called for in the original plan, but cannot be erected until Divine Providence sends us the pecuniary assistance of which we so sorely stand in need.

New Orleans. SISTER ST. CHARLES.

"Blest" or "Bless-ed"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In discussing the pronunciation of the word *blessed,* in the invocation, "Blessed be God," Cardinal Gasquet stresses the fact that in England it is customary to say *bless-éd.* But I submit that neither this nor any other argument presented by his Eminence is conclusive. The modern Englishman is proverbially whimsical in the use of language, and whim is scarcely a standard for scholarly folk. Educated Britons, for instance, do not hesitate to say and write: I lost *me* book. Then too there is no parallel between *"Blesséd* Sacrament" and *"Blesséd"* be God. In the former case *blesséd* is undoubtedly an adjective, in the latter case, it is just as clearly a verb. "Blessed be God" is an abbreviated form for "May God be blessed," that is, *blest.* Despite all this I am surprised to hear that in this country the word is pronounced *blest.* American usage seems to have given currency to *bless-ed,* not, however, on account of a foreign custom or grammar. Is this a Yankee whim?

New York. E. L. F.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The bless-ed Name of Jesus should be blest by all men" will settle M. L. S.'s query. The sense determines the pronunciation. If the blessedness is *in the object,* then two syllables; if *attributed* by others, then one syllable, however the word be written. Hence, *Bless-éd* Eucharist, *Bless-éd* Virgin; but *blest* be God; that rosary is *blest,* etc.

Baraboo, Wis. J. D.

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Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Harpies and Their Traffic

HARPIES are detestable creatures, fond of foul deeds and nauseating sights. And when the harpy happens to wear the semblance of a man, the animal is too disgusting for consideration. Such at least is true of the unspeakably wretched monsters that, to the shame of New York, have been engaged in the hideous traffic of human souls. No words can characterize such creatures fittingly; even the genius of a Homer would strive in vain for expressions that would do justice to the depths of their degradation and the vileness of their deeds.

But base as these offscourings of the nation are, they have retaught an old lesson that is only too often forgotten. The girls caught in the mesh of sin were born of parents "who thought that when they had sent their children to school everything necessary for their welfare had been done." These are the words of the basest of base criminals, and though coming from lips as vile as ever moved in speech, yet they are a true indictment of many a modern parent. Responsibility sits but lightly on the shoulders of only too many fathers and mothers; they shirk their duties and make light of their obligations. They are willing to turn over the complete care of their children to schools and social centers, forgetting that there is a training which the home alone can give. The consequence is that a great barrier to lawlessness is broken down, and ruin follows. For when all other motives fail, love of parents and the joy of home are still potent to keep stumbling feet in the narrow path. But alas, for a thousand or more stumbling feet! The light that should show them the way flickered out early, and the joy that should make them steadfast in the rugged path vanished all too soon. The girls "were born of parents who thought that when they had sent their children to school, everything necessary for their welfare had been done." A harpy, the most despicable of creatures, is telling fathers and mothers why their daughters are dancing to eternal death, sad priestesses of sin.

The Sower

THERE is a picture by Millet less familiar only than the "Angelus." It represents the sower at his work. He is passing with long strides over the far-stretching field. With swinging arm and open hand he is scattering the seed. The dusk of a late twilight is over the landscape, and his features are indistinct, while his eyes are hidden in deep shadow. The rich earth is ready to receive the grain, but the harvest remains uncertain, though it is already a golden hope in the sower's heart.

That stalwart figure passing in the gloaming suggests the work of Catholic Federation. Its seed time is Catholic Week. The rich-loamed soil is ready for the sowing. The gathering of Catholic societies is the opportunity of scattering broadcast the ideas of social, civic and religious service in the interest of Church and nation. The results, it is true, cannot be fully seen or clearly estimated. The sower's eyes are in the shadow, but the hope in his heart is strong and there is good reason to trust that the Lord of the harvest will give the increase.

Not every seed will prosper. Glorious ideas are doomed to perish by the wayside. Practical suggestions are choked in the tangles of weeds. Resolutions fail of their effect or produce but scant results. Yet some seeds at least will fall upon good soil. They will spring up and thrive and bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some a hundredfold. If our hopes are to be most fully realized seedtime must be followed by the year's hard toil. The sowing is but the beginning. It is the lightest of all the tasks that await the husbandman. The growing crop must be watched and tended and protected that we may look with joy and gratitude upon the golden harvest fields. The work of Federation, begun in Catholic Week, must be continued ceaselessly throughout the year. Only thus can the splendid ideas and the glorious resolutions develop and produce their hundredfold: only thus can the sower's vision turn into reality.

"A School for Motherhood"

ACCORDING to a press report in the New York *Evening Mail,* Mrs. Lizzie Merrill Palmer, of Detroit, has bequeathed a sum of money estimated at $800,000 for the establishment of a school for motherhood. In the paragraph which makes this generous provision for the intended work, she wrote: "I hold profoundly the conviction that the welfare of any community is Divinely, and hence inseparably dependent upon the quality of its motherhood and the spirit and the character of its homes."

Catholics will heartily subscribe to the sentiments expressed by Mrs. Palmer. Motherhood and the home!

What can be dearer, more sacred to us in the round of our earthly affections and loves? No other words stir holier memories or more surely reach the depths of the soul. Motherhood, exalted beyond the loftiest flight of the poet's fancy and the noblest vision of the seer, in the person of the Virgin Mother who could lovingly and truthfully call the Creator of the universe her Son, is clothed with such sweetness, tenderness and grace, it is so hallowed and holy in our eyes, so sainted and enskied, that it is mentioned with the deepest reverence and guarded with the most jealous care.

We cannot tell what the "School for Motherhood" intended by Mrs. Merrill Palmer is going to be. That a separate school for that lofty calling should be founded, may seem to a great many, neither wise nor necessary. Lectures and lessons, controversies and discussions carried on with all the bustle of the classroom, will seem sadly out of place when that hallowed name and privilege of motherhood are in question. Yet the mothers of the future must be trained, for motherhood is one of the foundations of society. The self-sacrificing, devoted mother is the guardian of the home and the savior of her generation and her people.

But there is a "School for Motherhood" in the world. For that glorious privilege, the Catholic Church has trained her daughters for the last two thousand years. It is to produce the mothers of a chaste and virile race, that she has ever pointed to the "Immaculate Queen" throned over her altars and bearing in her arms her Divine Child. To guard the daughters of the passing generations from all taint of evil and sin, to enrich their hearts with the spirit of self-sacrifice, with the tenderness, the patience, the heroic power to endure and not to falter, this has ever been her noblest task and her proudest privilege. She has ever and always taught that the maid brought up in holy fear of God and horror of sin, who prizes beyond wealth and beauty and the pleasures of the world, the priceless gem of a virgin heart, who shuns the noisy thoroughfares of worldly dissipation and its glittering lights, who realizes the sacredness of life and the awful dignity thrust upon her, who prepares for her vocation by strengthening her heart and soul with the "Banquet of the Lamb" and the "Wine that maketh Virgins," who joins modesty to courage, chastity and maidenly reserve to faith and love, never fails to be the strong and pure and tender-hearted mother whom her children love, whom even the rudest and the most abandoned reverence and admire.

The Growing Toll of War

SOME notion of present methods of warfare may be gathered from the statement made recently by German officers that as many as 90,000 shells an hour have been fired against their line by the Allies on the Somme front alone. They declare, moreover, that a conservative estimate of the number of shells discharged by the Entente on the same comparatively short line is not less than 1,000,000 in twenty-four hours. The frightfulness of the picture is beyond imagining, but it grows in gruesomeness, when one reflects that each single shell is freighted both with the hope of tearing open some loving human heart, and with the reasonable expectation that it will at least break down defenses and open the way to burying a bayonet in some throbbing human body.

At the beginning of the war, tales of carnage had their natural effect and filled readers with speechless horror. Rivers of blood have flowed since then, men have died by hundreds of thousands; and neutrals, the world over, have grown accustomed to the thought of corpses of men lying stiff and stark, with upturned faces, mangled beyond the semblance of human beings. Two years of fighting have made the nations of Europe masters of the science of taking life.

A thrill of joy lately ran through France when the Minister of Munitions informed the nation that the "production of heavy shells was now *ninety-four* per cent greater than it was in 1914." The output of high explosives was sixty times as large as a year ago, "but the amount required was 11,000 to 12,000 as great as at the beginning of the war." "There was now being produced in four days as much howitzer ammunition as was produced during the whole of last year. And so his exultant report runs on, piling horror on horror until the heart grows sick at the mere recital. What France is doing the other belligerents are doing, and the United States also is adding her large quota to the hateful missiles of death. Who would dare count up the number of heart-broken wives and mothers and children who must stand and read the lists of wounded and of dead before this bootless struggle has wrought out its foul destruction to the bitter end? Are we Catholics praying to the Lord of armies and to the Prince of Peace to stop the murderous cannon's mouth?

Sunday Mass and Infantile Paralysis

IT is unfortunate that parents and especially mothers who are already almost frantic with anxiety caused by the prevalence of infantile paralysis, should be further worried by painful doubts as to whether they are obliged in conscience to send their children to Mass on Sundays. There is really no cause for worry at all. In this matter as in all others the Church does not impose her precepts with absolute rigidity. On the contrary, although she is jealous of the observance of her laws, and especially of her Commandments, she is free and ready to admit many reasons as valid excuses for non-observance. In framing her legislation she had in mind ordinary conditions. When extraordinary conditions, not contemplated by her, arise, she is presumed not to wish to bind her subjects to observance; in such cases it is rational to suppose that she makes an exception.

An example of this attitude, that is exactly in point, is the law of attending the Holy Sacrifice on Sundays and holydays of obligation. This law has the character of a positive precept. We are not surprised therefore to find that moralists give a long list of cases in which the Faithful may abstain with good conscience from attendance at Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. These cases are grouped as a rule under these three headings: necessity, charity and duty. Among the valid excuses assigned by all moral theologians is the danger of contracting disease. St. Alphonsus, for instance, says: "A person is excused from assisting at Mass by any moderately grave reason, that is, a reason that involves notable inconvenience or loss either to oneself or another in goods of soul or body." The eminent moralist, Ballerini, in estimating the amount of danger that would be required for a valid excuse in such cases, demands nothing more than that which would induce a person to omit with prudence other affairs of importance. "Anyone," he says, "who would, out of consideration for health, *prudently* give up visiting his friends, for instance, or going out to make purchases or to transact business, can be considered to have a valid excuse for not going to church."

The statements of the Health Department and of reputable and trustworthy physicians to the effect that there is a very real danger of infection from infantile paralysis, wherever children are gathered together, their urgent recommendations that healthy children be kept away from other children as far as possible, the exclusion of children from moving-picture shows, the closing of churches of other denominations, all this makes it abundantly evident, that in sections where the epidemic is rife, Catholic parents may with a good conscience keep their children from Mass on Sundays and holydays.

Private Stephen J. Coloe

PRIVATE STEPHEN J. COLOE, Troop A, Fourteenth United States Cavalry, is dead. His country is not at war with any nation in the commonwealth of the world. There is comfort in the thought. But Stephen J. Coloe, fighting under the American Flag, found death in a Mexican bullet.

He was only nineteen years old; yet this mere boy, with eight companions, for five hours held a mob of two hundred bandits at bay; bandits armed very probably, with weapons furnished by the thoughtful foresight of a Government not at war with any nation in the world. "True American blood will always tell," proudly explains his color-sergeant.

Private Stephen J. Coloe was not born in the bosom of luxury. On the contrary, poverty was his early portion. Ten years ago, that horror of horrors, if our modern sociologists are to be credited, blighted his young life. He became an "institution" child. Worse, he found himself immured in a Papist "den," to borrow a felicitous phrase in favor with some of our "uplifters." To push the horror to a climax, the "den" was no other than the Catholic home at Mount Loretto, where girls and boys receive no preparation whatever for life, but employ the major part of their time, reciting prayers, or contending like so many little prodigals, with the swine for husks.

But Private Coloe seems to have escaped the blight of institutionalism. He was not known on Wall Street, Fifth Avenue, or in the Broadway cafés. But these are heights not to be trodden by boys who have not been prepared for life's truest, noblest works. He only died for his country, fighting to save his country's Flag from dishonor; although his country was not and is not, at war. He was merely an "institution" boy, but "It will be a comfort for you to know," writes the Captain of Troop A, "that your son fell while fighting bravely against largely superior numbers, and that he died like a brave man in the performance of his duty." "He fell in life's battle, defending the honor of his country" said the Hon. Murray Hulbert, replying on the floor of the House, to a bigot from Georgia.

It was my proud privilege to attend the military services conducted over his remains in St. Gabriel's Catholic Church, New York. The thought came to me that the people of the great Empire State of the South could not be unappreciative of the fact that a Roman Catholic American soldier had sacrificed his life in their defense. His loyal service and heroic death is a refutation of any suggestion that he could not serve two masters, God and country. For he who serves one well also serves the other, and I am sure that the members of this House will join me in extending heartfelt sympathy to his parents and family.

"He died like a brave man in the performance of his duty." That is a noble epitaph. "He always remembered the training he received at Mount Loretto; he was always attentive to his religious duties," writes one who was with him in this Catholic training school. "Superstition-ridden barracks" our institutions may be, but they produce men like Stephen J. Coloe, men who love God and their country, men taught to die in the performance of duty.

LITERATURE

The Perilous Light*

MISS EVA GORE-BOOTH is, presumably, a neo-Celt. And the neo-Celts have taken unto themselves a neo-paganism which, like the neo-Catholicism of certain of the Victorian esthetes, seems for all the world like nothing so much as a kind of peg upon which to string beautiful but obviously unconvincing poetical images. So that one is tempted to wonder whether the devotion of the neo-Celts to their Ossianic heroes is like the devotion of the esthetes to Our Lady and the Saints: an undefined something that is dragged out for the apparent purpose of dressing it up. Not that Eva Gore-Booth's poetry is so much Ossianic as esoteric.

It is rather necessary for us to reach some degree of

*The Perilous Light. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Erskine MacDonald. One shilling.

certainty on this point, for the reviewers have got into the habit of talking about "Celtic mysticism," as though mysticism fell into other categories than true and false. They have stereotyped such terms as "sadness" and "melancholy," which they have established as an essential note in Irish poetry; a quality which is true neither of Irish life nor literature.

It is not true, for example, of such representative Irish poets as Pearse, MacDonagh and Plunkett, those poets who suffered death for their share in the Dublin uprising. Their work burns with a white-hot indignation, but it is not sadness; it cries piercingly for justice, but it is not melancholy. It even flames with hate at times, but the poets knew what they hated. It is not necessary for poets to lay down their lives for the sincerity of their poetry, however desirable this might be in some instances; yet it would be hard to imagine these same poets dying for any kind of neo-paganism, however beautiful it might seem.

On the other hand, there is an unmistakable note of sadness in much of the work of the neo-Celts. It is sad, like a child that has wandered out of the house in the dim gray twilight and missed its bearings; it is melancholy, like a man who has gone out into the fog and got lost. If there is no such thing as Celtic mysticism, there is something that for want of a more definite label might be termed "neo-Celtic mysticism." Something that may very well be known by the name of this volume of Eva Gore-Booth's poems, "The Perilous Light."

There was a time when Miss Gore-Booth did not follow the perilous light, a time when she showed her kinship with all that is noble and distinguished in Irish poetry, as in her beautiful lyric "The Little Waves of Breffny":

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

The beautiful imagery of this poem consists mainly in the fact that the poet has something definite of which to construct her image. And there is the same admirable genius in such a poem as "The Land to the Landlord." The land is always beautiful, and a landlord is seldom, if ever—certainly never in Ireland. And the whole world of meaning which lies between the two terms land and landlord is such that the poet can exhaust heaven and earth, as she does after the masterly fashion of the skilled artist in words, in painting a word-picture that is as sincere as it is convincing.

Or, again, Eva Gore-Booth catches that subtle spirit, which persons of a limited spiritual apprehension are likely to call melancholy, but which may better be described as an essential feature of the work of the Irish poets in their following after the vision of beauty. The poet gets this air of mystery that evades definition, in a remarkable degree in the poem "In Tir-nan-ogue."

In the Queen's Dun a heavy curtain shuts
The sun out, all the air is dark and cool,
In Tir-nan-ogue the wind-blown hazelnuts
Drop down through sunlight into a clear pool.

And knowledge dwells where the red berries are,
And wisdom among the waters cool and bright,
Wherein deep sunken many a drowned star
Burns with a secret and unearthly light.

Not in the Judgment Hall shall the Queen find
Wisdom, nor on the breast of warring seas,
But in lost waters where a haunted wind
Rustles the green boughs of the hazel trees.

So far as Eva Gore-Booth is true to the Irish ideal, that is, so far as she imprisons within the exquisite form of her poetry that love of the land, that sensitivity of the brooding mystery of nature and the possession of a non-materialistic spirit, it is fitting that she be ranked among the poets of Ireland. She holds, so to speak, the whole genius of the Irish people in such a poem as "Unseen Kings," a poem that won words of high praise from Francis Thompson.

But the work of the poets and seers of Ireland bears a quality that separates it from all other poetry: it is the quality of definiteness. And under the guiding of the perilous light Miss Gore-Booth shows a tendency to drift into a state of indefiniteness. She shows traces of that mysticism of the neo-Celts that may be, for all we know, a spiritual will-of-the-wisp leading them away into the bog of despair. This is to be noted, for example, in a stanza of "Re-incarnation":

Once more the light grows dim, the vision fades,
Myself seems to myself a distant goal;
I grope among the bodies' drowsy shades,
Once more the old Illusion rocks my soul.

Now there was no illusion rocking the souls of the poets who died recently, nor did their undying spirits fall into so low a state of melancholy that they were forced to grope among the bodies' drowsy shades. And so we must look for a cleavage somewhere between this poet and the other poets who are the interpreters of the soul of Ireland. We shall find it, most probably, in some newer and non-Christian mysticism that pokes its head up, here and there, in the later work of the poet.

We find it in two poems "The Vagrant's Romance," which is described as "a re-incarnation phantasy," and in "The Immortal Soul," both of which have re-incarnation for their theme. But most of all we find this newer and un-Irish interpretation of life in a poem which is not inappropriately called "The Mystic."

Nay, though green fields are fair
And the fiords are blue,
I need a clearer air,
I need a region new,
Out beyond the Northern Lights,
Where the white Polar Day
To herself in silence sings,
Without thought of words or wings,
The secret of a hundred nights.

In that crowded world of white
There are many joys unknown,
Without color there is light,
Loneliness for the alone,
Heedless stars, that blaze and shine,
O'er the world's untrodden edge;
You come with me you who dare,
Leave the cart and the plough-share
For the white horizon line . . .

When the poets of Ireland write poems about the beauties of their country, or of the sorrows of their land, they are writing about something that has a definite relation to their national and spiritual life. When they write strong but rather savage lyrics about England and the British Government their theme is one that has a very real meaning to them. But the North Pole of the soul, a spiritual land where there is nothing but desolation, fog, and the numbing

chilliness of death, represents something that is foreign to the soul of Irish poesy—it is a drifting away from the fire of the spirit which has burned so brightly in Ireland through the centuries, and beyond that "white horizon line" lies not certainty but confusion

> Where the aether strains to hold
> The hard heart of the Manifold,
> All the great gods abide;

which may interpret very well the soul of Bombay or Washington Square, but which can never, so long as there are green fields and church walls, be said to interpret the soul of Ireland, which is, ultimately, the vocation of the Irish poets.

HENRY C. WATTS.

REVIEWS

Phases of Early Christianity. By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Five years ago, while he was still Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, Dr. Carpenter gave us "The Historical Jesus and the Theological Christ," and showed he had gone the way of all the Protestant professors of theology in German universities, and of almost all in England. He discovered very little of an historical Jesus to found one's faith upon, and accepted the theory that the Christ whom we worship is the product of theological evolution. In fact, he even gulped down the "subliminal theory" of the consciousness of Divinity in Jesus, after the fashion of Dr. Sanday. In this theory, which would be ridiculous were it not blasphemous, the Messianic idea was one of those vague notions that modern psychic research finds originating unconsciously, nobody knows just how, below the threshold of consciousness. Our Lord is supposed in this wise to have had the notion of Deity to start that subliminal realm of involuntary notions. A shock or other nervous excitement brings into the conscious self these notions that otherwise would remain in the haze and the maze and the daze of the subliminal self. Such a shock or other psychic phenomenon is supposed by Dr. Sanday and Dr. Carpenter to have aroused in Our Lord the subliminal notion that He was God Incarnate. Ever after He was conscious of His Deity. So much for the beginning of Christianity. What about the remaining evolution thereof? That is given by Dr. Carpenter in the present work.

There is absolutely nothing in it. The whole fabric is built upon sand. Merely because some of our Christian ideas are found in the "Odes of Solomon," they are therefore taken to be merely a borrowing from that or another non-Christian source. In Hellenism we find the idea of union with the god; therefore this Christian idea of sacramental union with Our Lord is merely the taking over of a Hellenistic mysticism. There is a very simple explanation to all these analogies between the mystery religions and Christianity. It is the fact that the mystery religions, like Mithra-worship, imitated the religion of Our Lord. This explanation is found in the apologetic Fathers, who are our chief source for whatsoever we know about these mystery religions. And, if this explanation fails, there is another equally acceptable with the rationalistic theories; it is the fact that primitive revelation was monotheistic, and contained in germ much that Christianity brought into bloom. And we should not be surprised to find in paganism some traces of this germ of the primitive revelation of the Deity to the human race.

W. F. D.

The New International Encyclopedia. Second Edition. Vols. XIX-XX. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

But four more volumes remain to complete the new series of "The International," these two include the articles from "Polk," a brief mention of our Counselor of State, and "Shilluk," a people on the White Nile, a far cry indeed even between covers. Two articles of special interest are "The Protestant Reformation" by Professor Sidney B. Fay, and "The Roman Catholic Church" by Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday and the Rev. Dr. P. A. Halpin. While assent will not be given to all Professor Fay has written concerning the so-called "Reformation" of the sixteenth century, he happily designated it as "primarily a religious revolution which attacked the universal supremacy of the Pope and ended religious unity in Christendom." The article on the Church by Bishop Shahan and the other two contributors, amends and extends the article on the same subject that appeared in the previous edition of this encyclopedia bringing it down to date. With the numerous cross references it connects a series of topics that leave no excuse for those who use this source of instruction to make any of the common blunders concerning the organization, administration, belief or practices of the Church. In the paragraph on the administration of the Church in the United States, however, the omission of any mention of the office and prerogatives of the Apostolic Delegate seems rather strange in an article intending to give complete and general information. The bibliography might also have given credit to the "groups of scholars" in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere who were at work collecting and publishing data of American Catholic history years before the founders of the "national quarterly magazine" began their effort.

T. F. M.

Industrial Leadership. By H. L. GAUTT. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00.

Changes in the Food Supply and Their Relation to Nutrition. By LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL. New Haven: Yale University Press. $0.50.

There are two classes of employers whose existence is a menace, those who will not and those who cannot, even under normal conditions and for long-continued periods of time, pay their employees a living wage. Against the first class society can protect itself by writing equitable laws upon its statute-books and enforcing the same in its courts. The second class, brought into existence and kept there by the economic forces which determine at any given moment the extent of production, allows of no such simple solution. Supply naturally seeks to equal demand and it is not uncommon that to do so certain industrial plants must be run which through incompetent management can realize a fair return on their outlay of capital only by lightening the laborers' pay-envelopes. For such a condition of things two possible and obvious remedies present themselves: the adoption on a large and broad scale of industrial and vocational training on the part of the State and an honest and intelligent effort on the part of industrial employers to rid themselves of their own deficiencies. Mr. Gautt very wisely approves of the latter of these two methods. In the course of five addresses, delivered originally before the Sheffield Scientific School, he develops plausibly as well as interestingly the thesis that, given only the proper basic principles, private initiative can build around our democratic modes of life and thought a system of industrialism even more striking in its efficiency than the boasted accomplishment of the autocracy of other lands. Mr. Gautt's efforts are to be particularly praised in that they are based on a true view both of the personal dignity of the working man and of the readiness, generally speaking, of even the poorest and least skilled of his class to cooperate with any sincere and proper attempt to further the common interests of all parties in the work of production.

Professor Mendel's work, though brief, is a very scientific and at the same time readable discussion of the factors that

influence the food supply of the world and in consequence the initiative wealth of this home of man. Of these factors five are enumerated, viz.: food production, food preservation and conservation, transportation facilities, customs in diet and the changing industrial and social conditions. A highly complex problem, involving the interests of agriculture, commerce, industry, and nutrition is therefore proposed to the social philosopher, and its solution, if attempted with the proper motive, is well worthy of his best efforts. In the midst of these efforts let him make much of Mr. Mendel's conclusions, stated on pages 44 and 57, as to the place in the world of economics of a real home where the domestic arts are still cultivated. J. F.

Through Russian Central Asia. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

If one wishes to take a jaunt through Russian Central Asia without the fatigues, the hardships, and the perils that such a journey would necessarily impose, he may derive many of the advantages and suffer none of the discomforts of the trip by a perusal of this latest account of Mr. Graham's travels. Like his other books, this one is well written and the descriptions of scenes and peoples are very vivid, but the reader may be inclined to doubt if the result here obtained is adequate compensation for such a long and dangerous tramp. The road starts at Vladikavkaz and passes through Bokhara and Samarkand, Mohammedan cities, to Tashkent; thence along the Chinese frontier, over the Siberian border, and ends abruptly in the country of the Maral upon the declaration of the present European war. But most of the traveling is featureless, and the emptiness of the life and the dullness of mere road and sun and desert sand as companions become at times rather depressing. What strikes one most forcibly is the presence of cinema-shows everywhere; sometimes five or six in towns which can boast of hardly any other form of entertainment.

When the traveler was forced to exchange walking for locomotion, the form of conveyance was most primitive, as he was hundreds of miles away from a railroad. He hired a cart, which is called a *troika* and is drawn by three horses. "The Kirghiz driver, in rags and tatters, sitting on one hip on his bare, wooden driving-seat, lunging to and fro, one shoulder up, one down, flicking the three galloping horses with his whip, whistling, shouting. The horses bound along, neck by neck, over bump, over crevice, over chasm; up hill, down dale, never slackening. What a contrast to the way I crawled along when walking." The most interesting part of the book are the two chapters in the appendix which deal with the political prospects of England after the great war. There are two letters included from ex-British citizens which tell the reasons why people emigrate from England and the losses such emigrants cause to the mother-country. F. J. D.

American University Progress and College Reform Relative to School and Society. By JAMES H. BAKER. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00.

In this volume, Professor Baker of the University of Colorado, adds his voice to the ever-growing chorus of condemnation which, of late, is being directed against present-day educational methods and tendencies. The system pursued nowadays in most of our universities is, he thinks, altogether too narrow and selfish. Its purpose is to make specialists, not educated men. It concentrates the student's entire attention on a narrow branch of some particular subject, to the almost utter neglect of general culture and character formation. The result of this premature specialization is that the student leaves the university at the completion of his course with his brain weighed down by a burden of uncorrelated facts, but with his mind untrained and undeveloped and unable to adapt itself without great difficulty to the ever-changing methods and conditions of modern life.

But bad as is our university system, that of the college strictly so called, is still more deplorable. These institutions are for the most part "delightful places of residence with a few compulsory duties indifferently performed." Most of the students have "no intellectual interests, contemn the grind, drift to the soft, and circumvent the hard; they dawdle, they fritter and frivol; they are coddled and spoon-fed, and serve where they should be serving."

For such deep-seated diseases many educationalists are urging the adoption of radical remedies. Most of the present volume is devoted to the exposition of Professor Baker's own special prescription. While Catholics would agree heartily with his main purpose they would doubt the practical effectiveness of the remedy he suggests. He advocates a conservative policy but he is vague as to what is really conservative. For training as such Professor Baker has no brief. He thinks the pupils, even in the high-school, should set before themselves a definite goal, should direct all their studies to that goal, and eliminate as useless bric-a-brac whatever does not directly tend toward it. Hence for the traditional culture courses he has a lofty disdain, and he out-Eliots Harvard's well-known ex-president, in his scorn of "the classics" as a *modern* educational vehicle. Hence he would substitute for them such "vitalizing" subjects as "chemistry, drawing and music." D. C. C.

Rosmini's Contribution to Ethical Philosophy. By JOHN FAVATA BRUNO, Ph.D. Edited by FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE. New York: The Science Press. $0.75.

To the preparation of this little book Dr. Bruno has evidently given much patient and sincere study. It is unfortunate, therefore, that he should have approached his work with no truer concept of philosophy than: "The emotional and intellectual attitude of an individual toward the urgent problems of life." For from this fundamental idea flow the two main defects that are to be found in the work; namely, a slight distortion of Rosmini's system to fit a preconceived motive in the mind of the author and a relatively inadequate treatment of Rosmini's ethics. Dr. Bruno believes that a philosopher's elaborations "are but his characteristic mode of adjustment to the prevailing *zeitgeist* and the peculiar situation in which he happens to be." . . . "thus a philosophical doctrine may be a useful instrument of social adjustment at a certain age and it may lose its value at another because of new social emergencies." The influence of this idea of Dr. Bruno's is found throughout the work.

The most serious result of this dominating idea is a certain misrepresentation of Rosmini. Thus, e. g., Dr. Bruno after giving in fairly accurate terms the Italian philosopher's famous distinction between "subjective" and "objective good" tells how Rosmini concluded that moral good must be "objective": Not because he reasoned to it, but at being "impelled by the bias of his moral to seek a system of ethics which he considered to be most urgently needed" in his own country and times. By a refinement of consistency Dr. Bruno depicts Rosmini as treating objective truth precisely as Dr. Bruno treats Rosmini, i. e., as approaching his task not with an open mind free to greet and recognize truth in whatsoever form he might find it but as having a "need" which he wanted satisfied. Thus forsooth we have Rosmini manipulating truth to fit a need and Dr. Bruno manipulating Rosmini to make him show that he manipulated truth to fit a need. In brief Dr. Bruno shows a decided declination towards pragmatism and under its influence he practically makes Rosmini out a pragmatist.

G. D. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The current issue of the *Catholic Mind* is particularly important for Catholic parents whose children are about to begin a college career. Different phases of great educational problems are discussed in a frank, interesting way by men of learning and experience. A graduate of a State university lays bare the great dangers that beset the faith and morals of pupils in institutions of the kind from which he received his degree, while an alumnus of a well-known Catholic college draws a sharp contrast between conditions at his Alma Mater and those that obtained in the non-sectarian college where he began his course of studies. A third paper pleads with parents to start their children on the right path, by sending them to Catholic institutions of learning; the fourth and last paper insists on the necessity and obligation of safeguarding the young from danger at this most critical period of their lives, the period when the intellect is informed and character shaped for all time.

In composing his three lectures on "The Gift of Immortality" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00), the Rev. Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, even as an apologist rather than a theologian, might have profited by a more thorough and precise grasp of philosophy and a more definite rule of faith than modern Protestantism has been able to afford him. He does not, it is true, attempt to prove the existence of a future life, so much as to indicate what should be its influence upon the lives of those with whom it is a real conviction. In doing this he presents his readers with profound and wholesome reflections; but his conception of immortality itself seems to suffer from inadequate distinctions and other sources of change, especially when he endeavors to carry it beyond the destiny of individuals into that of social relationships. He is brave enough to admit that the Old Testament is a fount of Divine Revelation; but his conception of the Christian Church is vague in the extreme, and a life of consecration to personal union with God is utterly beyond his comprehension, even as a motive to practical charity. "Too much thought," he observes, "about the golden streets of the New Jerusalem has allowed the streets of many a medieval town to be soiled and foul." So much the better, if it could not and did not allow the secret ways of the thinker's soul to be soiled with pride and fouled with immorality and unbelief beneath the specious cloak of a humanizing philanthropy.

Though the specialist will not find in Dr. Francis McGloin's "The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism" (McVey, $1.00) such technical work and painstaking research as are evidenced in Father Lebreton's classic, "Le Dogme de la Trinité," he will acknowledge the book to be the outcome of careful study and wide reading. The traces of our great fundamental doctrine of the Blessed Trinity are found in Genesis, Deuteronomy, the Psalms and other books of the Old Testament. And the author is not only familiar with the inspired writings of Israel, but brings to bear upon his work a remarkable knowledge of Talmudic, Hellenistic and modern literature. His study of the *logos* and *sophia,* as hypostatic or personified, in the Sapiential Books, is especially worthy of commendation.——Father Vaccari, of the Biblical Institute, Rome, who edited a "Commentary on Job" written by Julian of Eclanum, a Pelagian Bishop, which was noticed in our issue of October 9, 1915, recently published in the *Civiltá Cattolica,* and has now issued as a separate brochure his study of the authorship of an Irish eighth-century "Commentary on the Psalms," preserved in the Ambrosian Library, Milan. Monsignor Mercati had ventured the theory that the Commentary was a Latin translation of Theodore of Mopsuestia. Father Vaccari rejects this theory, because of the Commentary's frequent use of the Latin poets, the exclusive citation of St. Jerome's translation of the Hebrew Psalter, and for other reasons. The stylistic study points to Bishop Julian of Eclanum as the author.

Into a little volume called "Essays on Catholic Life" (Murphy, $0.75) Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has gathered ten papers and addresses, of which the general purpose is to fill his Catholic readers with a greater enthusiasm for the things of the mind. He urges the introduction of a "Bishop Spalding Day," a "Father Tabb Day," etc., into our Catholic schools, and wishes our Catholic journals to make more of books and of literary criticisms and less of local amusements. The author maintains that:

> As a body we need a great Catholic intellectual awakening. On the social side we are veritable giants. . . . We have clubs and societies that have not a single intellectual note in their make-up, which serve the vapid vanity of society climbers and not the building up of a Catholic aristocracy of intellect. The result of this vain and frivolous occupation is little disposition or taste for the higher things of the soul.

Dr. O'Hagan's essay on "Catholic Journalists and Journalism" is rather pessimistic. The discerning reader will hardly agree that American achievements in this field are for the most part those of the past, and will wonder wherein Australia "has a better Catholic press than we have."

"Everyman Militant, a Modern Morality" (Sherman, French, $1.00), by Ewing Rafferty, seems somewhat better than the numerous imitations of "Everyman." Were the person of "Monarch" not so patently meant to be a pen-portrait of the Kaiser, and were the insinuation that man is always led by "vanity" less obtrusive, the play would be better. It admirably shows the universality of the Church in a world-war, and is a covert plea for preparedness, for at the very end "Time" picks up the sword which disillusioned "Everyman Militant" has dropped and says, with a touch of humor: "I'll preserve this; Everyman will be after it again."——"Garcia Moreno" (Herder, $0.25), a tragedy in three acts, which has been adapted from the German by Father Bernard, O.M.Cap., is meant to be played by the boys of a Catholic school. There are sixteen characters and the play is easily staged. The simple plot deals with the last days and the murder of the great Catholic layman, Garcia Moreno. The dialogue, though sometimes marred by rather long speeches, is quite natural.——The Rev. P. J. Carroll's entertaining three-act play "The Ship in the Wake" (published by the author, 226 No. Hill St., South Bend, Indiana) is well suited for presentation by a Junior Holy Name Society or an altar boys' sodality.

"The Centennial History of the American Bible Society" (Macmillan, $2.00), a two-volume work edited by Henry Otis Dwight, gives a splendid account of misguided zeal and good financial backing, covering a period of one hundred years. It would seem that, up to the founding of the American society, little was known of the Word of God through nineteen centuries, for the Church that was civilizing Europe during all that time never heard of the Bible, kept it from the people, and did everything else a true Christian should abhor. But when the nineteenth century dawns, the benighted countries, Spain, France and Italy receive the unadulterated version of the mutilated Word of God, and real Christianity and civilization begin. In no land has the work of the Bible Society been more gratifying, we are told, than in the Philippines, where "sacerdotal despotism and official rapacity were alone responsible for the rebellion" against Spain. The circulation of the Bible in the Islands was most remarkable. In consequence, or rather incidentally, the circulation of American money did not grow slack. When one considers that this was in a country where the Scrip-

tures were unknown for three hundred years, there is cause for great rejoicing. "In spite of opposition the work has gone forward. . . . In this youngest of its fields the society has circulated a million and a half of Scriptures in eight languages." Trade follows the Flag—and the Bible Society.

In his second edition of "Christianity and Infallibility: Both or Neither" (Longmans, $1.00), the Rev. Daniel Lyons, with American directness, lays the lance on the very heart of Protestantism. By a close phalanx process of argumentation, it is proved that a Divine Revelation once conceded, an infallible witness, guardian, and interpreter of its contents must be admitted; and infallibility denied, not alone Catholicism, but every creed boasting the least semblance of Christianity must fall, to be succeeded by rationalism or skepticism. The volume deserves especial commendation for its ruthless destruction of the whole sing-song list of popular fallacies about the "tyrant Pope, the arch-enemy of civil, mental and moral liberty," "the mental bondage of Catholics," the hobgoblins of Galileo, Honorius, Liberius, fallacies that are continually bewildering American minds. To the praise of infallibility the author summons an army of eloquent witnesses, led on by Newman, Manning, and Orestes Brownson, styled by Lord Brougham "the master-mind of America." It is a very useful book for those who have to deal with sincere Protestants.

The following lines, entitled "Among His Own" and suggested by a children's chapel, are among the poems in Father Charles L. O'Donnell's recent volume, reviewed in our issue of July 29:

He lives among His own, the children's God:
Above and by and round Him hourly pass
Their hurrying feet; down hall or stairs, a pause,
And in the hush outside a knee is bent
In silent adoration of the Guest.
The Guest? Ah, no! The very Host is He,
And they the dwellers in His mansioned Heart.
For them the day is full of work and play,
Of ringing sounds, of mirth and little griefs
That brim a little soul; and they forget
The awful Presence, as the child forgets
His mother, when the day is very full,—
Forgets her in the mind, not in the will.
For though they come and go, and laugh and shout,
At nightfall, when the spirit's eyes are wide,
And conscience looks across the vanished hours,
They find, what all the day contented Him.
They have not left the path He'd have them tread;
His arms were 'neath them, and His voice was heard
In all the secret councils of their deeds,
And when they fall asleep they hold His hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Tish. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. With Illustrations by May Wilson Preston. $1.50.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:
The Rose Child. By Johanna Spyri. Illustrated in Color. $0.50.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
Life and Living. By Amelia Josephine Burr. $1.00.

The Book Supply Company, Chicago:
When a Man's a Man. By Harold Bell Wright. Illustrations and Decorations by the Author. $1.35.

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
Colomba par Prosper Merimée. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Composition Exercises and Vocabulary. By Winfield S. Barney. $.75; Die Harzreise. Heinrich Heine. With Selections from Heine's Prose and Verse. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary. By Robert Porter Keep. $0.65; Practical Biology. By W. M. Smallwood, Ida L. Riveley and Guy A. Baily. $1.25

Catholic Book Company, Wheeling:
Baby Catechism. By Roderick MacEachen; Little Rhymes for Little Christians. By Roderick MacEachen. $0.10 each.

Harper & Brothers, New York:
Plain Facts About Mexico. By George J. Hagar. With Maps. $0.50.

EDUCATION

The Parochial School: A National Bulwark

WHEN in after years the voices of passion and prejudice shall have died away and the historian registers the verdict of impartial history, the Catholic parochial school will be looked upon as one of the benefactors of the American Republic. The parochial school has been often misrepresented or misunderstood. It has been described as a tool in the hands of the Catholic Church to fasten a foreign yoke upon our coming generations, and as an alien institution whose sole purpose is to bring up boys and girls in a spirit hostile to the principles and ideals of the American people. Nothing is farther from the truth. On the contrary, the parochial school is doing a patriotic work, which in depth, extent and staying power for good entitles it to be considered one of the bulwarks of the nation. Other schools may be more popular, better equipped, more showy in architectural appearance and artistic surroundings. Against such material advantages the parochial school does not intend to compete, nor do its supporters and advocates intend to cast a slur upon the thousands of devoted men and women who give to other schools their labor, their talents and their time. They recognize their generous efforts and their self-sacrifice. They only regret that the system for which such instructors labor is incomplete and does not reach deep down into the hearts of the children. For any system of education which overlooks the religious training of the young, no matter how perfect in other respects, suffers from a radical defect.

A Rounded System

The parochial school makes no such mistake. Within its limits, it gives its pupils the answers to the problems they will be called upon to solve. It trains its children for the battle of life, it remembers their eternal destiny and prepares them for their position as citizens of the great country where the Providence of God has cast their lot. The formation of the man, the Christian, the citizen, is the ideal it has in view. Intellectual, religious, civic preparedness, this is its watchword. And it is because it thus rounds the pupil for his tasks, duties, responsibilities and rights, that we claim for it a position of honor among our educational forces. Not every thing is perfect in the actual working of the system. Is there any chain of schools, any organization for the training of youth, where shortcomings must not be recorded? But the system as a whole is sound. Nay, we maintain that, owing to the religious training which it gives, it does a work of national importance, one which the nation has been too slow to recognize.

Molding the Man

Watch our Catholic boys and girls flocking to the parochial school. No impartial observer will say that they are less bright, less intelligent than the companions who enter a more pretentious edifice a few blocks away. Follow these children in the round of daily duties. Their intellect is not neglected. They have competent teachers to form it. In the majority of cases these teachers have been specially trained for the purpose. They belong maybe to the noble brotherhood of St. John Baptist de la Salle, or to the Sisterhood of St. Ursula or the Daughters of Mercy. They have given up home, family, the pleasures of the world to dedicate their lives to the task of teaching the young. Their children are taught under a system sufficiently in touch with modern pedagogy not to be behind the times, conservative enough to avoid the intellectual over-crowding, the fads, the frills which are the bane of the modern classroom. In the parochial school the fundamentals of education are still in honor. It believes that for the many who will never get any other education but that which it gives, a simple, coherent, practical program should be the backbone of the course.

The three R's, the history of the Republic, the best epic which the young American can read, the elements of composition, drawing and music, the simpler principles of natural science, the geography of their country, its resources, its government, these and similar studies form the course of instruction. In solidity and practical bearing upon the duties and the responsibilities of life, the course is not inferior to the course pursued in other schools. When brought into open contest or competition with the pupils of these schools, the boys and girls who have been trained by the Brothers and the Sisters have time and again shown that they are not inferior in intellectual equipment to their rivals.

Forming the Christian

But to their intellectual formation another element is added. The parochial school remembers that the pupil is not merely a man with a destiny to be fulfilled here, that he is not only a citizen to be formed to the responsibilities of civic life, but that he has another home and a loftier end. He is a candidate for eternity. His life projects a shadow into the great beyond. That life must be explained. The child's mysterious nature and origin must be made clear. Its relations to the Author of life must be defined. Life must be explained with all its riddles and uncertainties. The problems which later will haunt the growing youth must even in his tender years be outlined.

Go into the class where the Brother and Sister are teaching. Ask their pupils whence the world around them has come, sun and star and flower and fern. Ask them of the origin of their soul, and of its destiny. They are not puzzled with doubts or misgivings or left in error about these all-absorbing questions. On the perplexing problems of the immortality of the soul, its spirituality, on life and death, on sin and its punishment, on evil, on personal responsibility, on their duties to themselves, to their neighbor and to God, they have an answer. They have a definite, rational, nay a Divine code of morals, a definite set of religious principles which are to regulate their lives. This code of morals and principles is a check upon the passions of the growing boy and girl. And the pupils are at the same time given in the Sacraments, for whose worthy reception they are prepared, the supernatural means to fight successfully against their own weakness and the wickedness and allurements of the world. They are brought up in a school where the teachings of Christ are the very foundation of the whole educational edifice, where His sacred image is enthroned, and where the catechism, a book over which the greatest minds have lovingly pondered, holds the place of honor. For it solves simply, clearly, authoritatively, definitely and correctly the vital questions which all men must squarely face. The boy and the girl who have thoroughly conned its lessons, though they know little of raffia or of sloyd, and have shouldered but a scant baggage of physiology or evolutionary science, step well trained into the arena of life. They carry with them the stuff of which the Christian and the citizen are made.

Training the Citizen

The school that neglects to prepare its pupils for the future, and sends them forth unlessoned in their civic responsibilities, privileges, and rights fails in one of its most important duties. Here again the parochial school teaches two things which are fundamental in the character of the true citizen, the spirit of self-control through discipline and respect for legitimate authority.

The religion taught in the parochial school is essentially one of self-conquest. It is in order to inculcate that lesson that the Cross is enthroned in the place of honor in the classroom. For in the midst of the inroads which selfish pleasure-seeking, frivolity, love of exciting amusement and worldliness are making in the hearts of the young, only one barrier is strong enough to resist the rising tide. At the foot of the Cross alone will the turbid waves be broken and the deluge stayed.

Supernatural faith lies at the very heart of the Christian life, but this faith rests on authority. It is natural, therefore, for the school to inculcate reverence for authority and thus develop in the pupils an instinct for obedience. Readily hearkening to the voice of the Church in her ministers and laws, won to her stern lessons by the voice of teachers clad with a special prerogative of authority by the garb they wear, and their close union with the Church, the pupils of the parochial schools easily give their allegiance to the civil power, not only because they have been taught that all legitimate authority is of God, but because the habit of obedience has been early formed. Mr. Taft once complained that the American boy and girl are allowed to do pretty much as they please. It is mainly because parents and teachers are afraid to say "Don't." The parochial school is not afraid to use that short word. By so doing it does not violate "the sanctity of the individual's rights," but enforces the privileges and sacred claims of authority, and places a fixed and irremovable bar to the whims of the individual. Obedience is the bond of authority, order and law. Nowhere is it taught with more insistence than in the parochial school. By so doing that humble institution is conferring a benefit of inestimable value upon the State.

John C. Reville, S.J.

ECONOMICS

Could a Democratic State Endure?

A CONSTANT criticism of the distributive State, about which I have written much of late years in article and book, that is a State in which property shall be widely distributed among the families composing the nation; is that such a State would lack stability. Now I wish someone to tell me why, in his opinion, a social system in which the legal control of the modern means of production was widely distributed among the citizens would not endure.

I have chosen the terms of that statement carefully, and I think it is a root formula. I say "legal control" because that is the essence of property. Someone must own, the State or John Jones, or somebody, must own every object that is not derelict, and the external conditions of ownership are the powers of control over the object guaranteed by the laws of the community; powers which the community will defend by the use of public force against the attempt at control by any other but the recognized owner.

Pertinent Terms

I say "modern" because, admittedly, the complexity and expense of our modern machinery, coupled with modern facilities of communication, have created the problem we are trying to solve: admittedly, high distribution is natural in the case of simple and inexpensive forms of machinery where communications are difficult. I say "means of production" and do not add "means of distribution and exchange," because the last two are but final phases of production. I say "widely" and not "universally" or "equally," because, *first*, it is not the satisfaction of every single individual but the health and happiness of the general life that counts; and, *secondly*, because not an exact level but a minimum of consuming power, and, above all, of security is admittedly the aim of reform.

I will repeat the root formula. Given a social system in which the modern means of production are widely distributed among the citizens, why should it not endure?

If any one will furnish a reply he will do the readers of this review and himself and me a great service, because he will be throwing light on what is likely to be the issue of the near future in Europe; but before any reply is begun, it would save

the readers trouble and the repliers trouble and myself trouble, if I bring the thing to an issue by excluding irrelevant and redundant matter. I will tabulate such matter. As to irrelevancy:

Irrelevant Responses

(1.) It is irrelevant to say, "Ah! there you are with your cut-and-dried formula! Not thus are large human things discussed! Practical conditions, etc., etc." It may be so. It may be that clear and hard thinking is no use. The history of the human race does not support the contention, but no matter! My question is an abstract one and contains a formula. It can only be met by a reply of a similar nature. You must show me how the known working of the human mind, the known process of history, certain ascertainable and definite economic conditions, will render such a social system unstable.

(2.) It is irrelevant to say that redistribution in a congested state is much harder to effect than further concentration.

Undoubtedly it is. It means much more detailed work, far more "hot-house" culture of origins, more devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of the pioneers, probably that terrible thing, violence. It would be slow, it would be exceedingly laborious, it would be partial, like every movement that has ever benefited mankind, but would it be unstable once accomplished?

If I show a man a way to get slowly out of debt and he says, "It wouldn't work, so I'll cut my throat," and then adds, "it would be quicker to cut my throat," his reply betrays muddle-headedness. Either it really *won't* work and cutting his throat is the only alternative, or it will, but he isn't patient enough to wait. Both can't be true. As to saying one "can't" sub-divide, that is mere balderdash. If a State can acquire, a State can sell again to the small man on any length of term it chooses.

Is Collectivism "Better"?

(3.) It is irrelevant to say "Whether it would work or not, Collectivism—a term I prefer to "Socialism," since the use of the latter in such a controversy inevitably leads to rhetoric and a lack of clear thinking—is much jollier." You can leave humanity to judge of that. It is universally true that mankind wants to *own* if it can. Not to "enjoy" but to "own." To some abnormal men, especially nomads, the idea of "ownership" is difficult. They think of property simply in terms of sensual enjoyment. But men normally and universally desire, if they can, to own. Now it is the whole force of the Collectivists that they can and do persuade many that a permanent subdivision of property, however desirable, however much the soul of man hungers for it, is impossible under modern conditions. They are reluctantly persuaded, they are persuaded against their will and affections, but they are persuaded, and mournfully conclude that Collectivism is the only alternative to our industrial hell.

Or "Necessary"?

(4.) It is irrelevant to talk of the Collectivist State as of necessity more democratic than any other conceivable State. The success of democracy depends ultimately on the spiritual condition of the citizens of the State. The centralization of property in a few hands, whether private, as now, or national as under Collectivism, will not of itself create a democratic State. A State in which property is widely distributed so that it reacts against the tyranny of officials is manifestly nearer the democratic ideal of economic organization than a State in which property is directly under the control of private individuals or State officials.

As to redundancy: It is redundant to say that there would be more friction and competition under such a system. I know that. It is simply a question of what price you will pay for an end you think desirable. It is redundant to say the idea involves an action revolutionary and mechanical. Of course it does. Any definite act accomplished with a very difficult and very definable object is revolutionary and mechanical; for instance, the Battle of Hastings.

Weasel Phrases

Lastly, I implore that phrases wholly meaningless be excluded, at whatever great a cost of nervous effort, and that errors in history due to dependence upon secondary, tertiary, and septuagesimary authorities be not cited in support. Don't, I beg of you, bring in the phantom Juggernaut called "economic force." Don't use the phrase at all, save of such factors in production as escape the human will, e. g., the necessity of the presence of capital or the law of diminishing returns. Don't say "the error of the last three centuries," etc., etc. It hasn't. I assure you, it hasn't. Don't say "the discovery of the trembling Jigger made the old catch-and-run Jigger worthless and *therefore* the small master necessarily fell to," etc., etc. He didn't "necessarily." There isn't any "therefore," unless you establish the truth that he was politically free and that his psychology was the common psychology of the race. If he was prevented in making laws, if his capital had been stolen or destroyed by unjust laws, or his philosophy and mental power destroyed in some anarchy, then all these, and not the mechanical accident, controlled him.

And don't say that Professor Pumpernickel is against me, for (a) there is no authority in matters of reason; (b) Pumpernickel is a fool anyhow, nowadays, even on guns and certainly on economics.

Hilaire Belloc.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The recent car strike in the city of New York prompted the New York *Evening Sun* to publish the following figures, showing the wage scale of motormen and conductors in different cities:

	Pay per Hour. First Year.	Maximum.
Detroit	.27½	.35
Pittsburg	.27	.35
Troy	.28	.30
Oakland	.30	.40
Hartford	.26	.32
San Francisco	.37½	.37½
Chicago	.27	.32
Cleveland	.31	.34
Boston	.28¾	.34
New York:		
Conductors	.25	.28
Motormen	.26	.29¼
Rates demanded	.30	.33

The approximate number of men involved in the city-wide strike was 17,368. Allowing for dependents, that would mean that about 86,840 persons were concerned on the employees' side. It is estimated that the number of people financially interested on the companies' side was three or four times as large. Taking both groups into consideration, about 400,000 people were financially interested in the controversy.

In the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, a Methodist Episcopal bishop gives a solution for the empty pew problem:

> The temptation of the church and the minister is to let down a bit during July and August. That is a mistake. They should, on the other hand, put on a double head of steam. The summer service should be somewhat shortened. It should be packed with vivacity and life. It should draw like a blister. To accomplish this it is unnecessary for the minister to descend to the grotesque and sensational. That gives only temporary and apparent success. The reactions from such a course are always distressing. Short, crisp, spiritual sermons; good music, with much stirring congregational singing; the outflow of Christian cordiality and an atmosphere of real hospitality; a spirit of downright earnestness and sincerity in everything which is said and done—these things will insure a respectable summer attendance.

Ways and means of "drawing" to church in summer or winter are much discussed in different religious journals, and expounded by different preachers in the non-Catholic pulpits of the land.

Maybe the crowded Catholic churches have the only method, though it is fearfully unmodern, and not at all sensational.

The following special announcement was issued by the National Reform Association:

> Following its annual custom, the National Reform Association offers to send appropriate literature, free of charge, to all pastors who will, on the second Lord's day of September, the day of prayer for schools, or a contiguous Sabbath, discuss in their pulpits the vital necessity of training the youth of our country in Christian morality to make of them desirable citizens. The literature proffered this year, as heretofore, is strictly undenominational yet specifically Christian. It consists of suggestive sermon outlines, carefully prepared articles in favor of Christian public education, historical sketches of, and comments on, various present-day plans for such education.

How the literature can be Christian and undenominational is a bit mysterious. It is akin to making morality always positive, and rarely negative. "How it can be either without being both" is beyond the ken of Chesterton. The Reform Association probably knows how to denominate Christianity without denomination.

The *Carpenter,* the official organ of the United Brotherhood of American Carpenters and Joiners, calls attention to the time loss in trades and the wage average, as reported by the Health Service investigators:

> Without taking into consideration the loss of working time for any cause, it has been found that during recent years, in the principal industries of the United States, between one-fourth and one-third of the male workers of approximately eighteen years of age and over earned less than $10.00 a week, and from two-thirds to three-fourths earned less than $15.00, and only about one-tenth earned more than $20.00 a week. In textile manufacturing and some other industries the wage level was very much lower.
>
> The wages of women workers were considerably lower than those of men. From two-thirds to three-fourths of women workers in factories, stores, laundries and in industrial occupations generally worked at wages of less than $8.00 per week. Approximately one-fifth earned less than $4.00, and nearly one-half earned less than $6.00 a week.

Interest in our industrial welfare demands that cognizance be taken of unhealthful living conditions, irregularity of employment and income, inadequacy of wages before beneficial legislation can be effected, and proper relations established between capital and labor.

The Wisconsin *State Journal* requested some of the professors of literature in the University of Wisconsin to pay tribute to James Whitcomb Riley in the pages of that paper. Most of the professors were away on vacation, but four excused themselves on the ground that Riley was not a poet:

> One said he was not a poet because he was not "constructive." We wonder if that "professor" who professes to know enough about literature to peddle his knowledge annually for a salary, would throw Wordsworth, Burns and Keats out of the poet class for the same reason. Surely he can accuse none of these of being "constructive." The truth is nine-tenths of the Bachelors of Art that go out from the University of Wisconsin make their own degrees a ridiculous decoration because they do not know the poets. And if we have professors who can't tell a poet when he sees one, what can you expect. Any college that will let students come to a B. A. degree without the culture of an acquaintance with the poets is sadly shy in the very essence of "college culture." All the University of Wisconsin needs in its department of literature is a "professor" who professes nothing but who can read the poets.

Aside from the poetic merits of Riley, "who kept close to the human heart," the *Journal's* strictures on university professors who dogmatize profoundly on all subjects because they profess one are interesting. A professorship at an American university entitles a man to say the last word on any question propounded, from health to religion. The fact is, the press of the country encourages them to do so. Only occasionally a paper like the Wisconsin *Journal* is brave enough to take issue with the infallible professor.

A writer in the Montreal *Star* urges women's societies to take up the question of moving-picture censorship. He cites the increase of juvenile crime in England as a result of uncensored films:

> Many have been averse to believing that pictures are to blame for the local increase in juvenile crime, but facts elsewhere appear to be against that view. In England, despite the war, the matter has been gone into more thoroughly than elsewhere, and it is the opinion of those who have studied conditions that pictures are the root of the evil. The increase in crime has again been discussed in the British House, and less than two weeks ago the Home Secretary stated in answer to a question that one of the causes of the undoubted increase was the character of the films shown. The Home Secretary has amplified this statement in a circular letter in which he points out that from December, 1915, to February, 1916, persons under sixteen years charged with punishable offences in seventeen of the largest towns numbered 3,596, compared with 2,686 in the corresponding period of 1914-15. This shows a grave increase in juvenile crime, larceny cases alone showing an increase of 50 per cent. Other charges included assault, malicious damage, gaming, and offences against the Education Acts. Chief constables in many large towns, the Home Secretary points out, believe that children are led to commit offences by witnessing cinematograph films depicting crimes, the use of firearms, etc. Children, in fact, often steal money in order to obtain admission to picture theaters.

Yet the "movie" interests in all countries oppose censorship, appealing to public good sense and decency as the proper safeguards, while the juvenile courts have to deal with the results of these dangerous safeguard methods.

The *Herald and Presbyter* gives the following report of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church:

> The total receipts of our Foreign Board from all sources last year were $2,287,398, and the preceding year they were $2,286,819, a difference in the two years of only $579. There must be an equal amount this year. The Board cannot do its work with less. Its administrative expenses are only 7 per cent. That is, out of every dollar provided for its use, from any and every source, it sends 93 cents to the field. But the 7 cents are not squandered. They pay all the office expenses, all the salaries of secretaries, all the expense of giving intelligence to the people and churches. By means of this expenditure much is done for the churches here at home in providing them with impulse and information, so that much that is of vital importance to the churches themselves comes out of this.
>
> Our foreign missionary work is done in Africa, where we had last year 58 missionaries and 6,554 members; in China, where we had 429 missionaries and 31,303 members; among the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans in the United States, with 7 missionaries and 1,118 members; India, with 195 missionaries and 7,350 members; Japan, with 75 missionaries and 11,971 members; Korea, with 127 missionaries and 46,804 members; Mexico, with 19 missionaries and 3,961 members; Persia, with 7 missionaries and 3,173 members; Philippines, with 50 missionaries and 12,500 members; Siam, with 107 missionaries and 7,753 members; South and Central America, with 90 missionaries and 7,716 members; and Syria, with 39 missionaries and 3,103 members.

Side by side with this statement is an appeal published in *The Good Work,* the organ of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, of the New York Archdiocese, asking for at least a few coppers in the mite box. More than $2,000,000 are given that the Presbyterian missions may succeed. "The board cannot do its work with less." A mite box for the Catholic missions!

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The Commission to deal with Mexican affairs, suggested by Carranza in his note delivered at Washington, July 4, has been appointed. The personnel is as follows: for Mexico, Luis Cabrera, Alberto Pani and Ignacio Bonillas; for the United States, Franklin K. Lane, George Gray and John R. Mott. Cabrera, who is a lawyer, was one of the many confidential agents of Carranza in the United States, but latterly he has been the Mexican Minister of Finance. Pani was director of the railways that Carranza at one time attempted to administer, and later was the First Chief's purchasing agent of rolling stock, in the United States. Bonillas, who is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is Carranza's Secretary of Communications, a position which gives him complete supervision over railways and telegraph lines. Lane is our Secretary of the Interior. In early life he was a newspaper reporter and correspondent and then became a lawyer. He was at one time corporation counsel for San Francisco, was Democratic candidate for Governor of California in 1902, and candidate for United States Senator in 1903. He served on the Interstate Commerce Commission for eight years, leaving it to join President Wilson's Cabinet. Gray, a jurist of ability, was United States Senator from Delaware from 1885 to 1898, and has sat in the Federal courts. He was a member of the Spanish-American Peace Commission in 1898, a member of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, known as the Joint High Commission, a member of the Hague Court, and chairman of the Commission for the settlement of the coal strike in 1902. Mott is Secretary of the International Young Men's Christian Association and since his graduation from Cornell in 1888 has been active in religious affairs. At this date the details of the problems to be discussed, if not settled by the Commission, are largely a matter of conjecture. No doubt the withdrawal of the American troops, already recommended by General Funston, and the protection of the border will come up for consideration. Then there are more fundamental problems to be settled, such as religious liberty, promised by Carranza, but never granted.

The Mexican Commission

Four very important bills were recently brought to the notice of the public in one way or another. The Army Appropriation bill was vetoed by the President because its Articles of War, i. e., the code of rules which govern the discipline of our armies and all persons subject to military law, exempted officers upon the retired list from military discipline. The veto was based on the contention that the aforesaid provisions would prevent that uniformity of military discipline, which makes the organization coherent and effective and engenders a spirit of cooperation and subordination to authority. The offensive clause will no doubt be excised from the bill in order to make it acceptable to the President. By a vote of thirty-seven to twenty-two the Senate has adopted the conference report on the Philippine bill. The measure does not provide for the independence of the Islands within a stated period, but its preamble declares the intention of the United States to grant complete freedom as soon as a stable government has been established. By the terms of the bill the Philippine Commission is abolished and provision is made for a Senate. Under the new law the electorate of the Islands will be increased from some 200,000 to about 800,000. The Senate has passed the Workmen's Compensation bill for Federal employees, drafted by the American Association for Labor Legisla-

Some Important Bills

tion. The bill grants to Federal employees, during sickness, two-thirds of their regular wage, medical attendance in time of sickness and death benefits for dependents. After many years of discussion the Senate has voted to authorize the Government to purchase or build merchant ships, for the purpose of developing and creating a naval auxiliary, a naval reserve and a merchant marine to meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States. The bill creates a shipping board and provides $50,000,000 to be raised by Panama Canal bonds. The measure runs counter in some respects to the bill passed by the House four months ago, but the joint conference is expected to harmonize the measures.

The Railway Difficulty

The railway difficulty, outlined in the chronicle of AMERICA for August 25, is still far from a solution. On August 27 the brotherhoods signified a willingness to accept the following provisions:

(1) That the men be granted an eight-hour day, with the present ten hours' pay for the proposed eight hours' work. (2) That overtime be paid for on a pro rata basis. (3) That all other issues between the railroads and the men, except these, be settled by a Federal commission.

At the same time the railways proposed this program:

(1) That the Interstate Commerce Commission authorize the railroads, starting at once, to keep two sets of maintenance books, one on the basis of the present rate of pay, and one on the basis of the men's original demands. (2) That the President name a Board of Arbitration to consider all the issues between the railroads and the brotherhoods. (3) That the difference in amounts shown by the two sets of books be subject to the draft of the arbitrators to pay the men whatever increase in wages they may fix, the eight-hour day proposition being left to the arbitrators.

The President on the other hand, though at first rejecting arbitration, demanded that all matters in dispute be submitted to arbitration. Pending a decision he asked Congress to reshape for this and similar emergencies the Newlands bill, which has already passed the House and is now before the Senate. His suggestions were:

(1) An amendment to the Newlands bill increasing the membership of the Interstate Commerce Commission by two, by which the Commission would be directed in considering rate cases to take wage schedules into account. (2) An amendment to the Newlands bill providing for a permanent arbitration board to hear railroad labor disputes. (3) A resolution declaring it to be the consensus of Congress that if the eight-hour day imposes a new and heavy burden upon the railroads, the railroads should have an increase in freight rates.

Finally the unions declined to postpone the strike and the President decided to address Congress on the affair.

The War.—The past week has been almost entirely without military developments. The only gains made have been unimportant in character. In France the British have made a little progress northwest and south of Thiepval, and the French have taken the entire town of Maurepas. In the Trentino, in the Goritz section and on the Carso the situation is practically unchanged. On the Albanian front, east of Avlona, the Italians report increased activity on the part of the Austrians. The Bulgarians have advanced south of Florina and taken the towns of Kastour and Kastoria, they have also gained possession of most of the heights west of Lake Ostrovo. Northeast of Salonica the Bulgarians have overrun and secured the Greek territory that lies south of the Bulgarian frontier. They have almost reached the sea on a line that runs from a point north of Orfano to the northern outskirts of Kavala. In Volhynia the offensive has passed to the side of the Germans, who have been endeavoring to recapture the positions recently taken by the Russians on the west side of the Stokhod. In Galicia no developments of importance have taken place, but in Bukowina the Russians have driven the Austrians from Fereskul. In Armenia the Russians have gained an important victory by recapturing Musch. Italy has declared war on Germany, Rumania on Austria, and Germany on Rumania. Fighting has already taken place on the Transylvania border at the Rothenthurm Pass and in the passes near Kronstadt.

Bulletin, Aug. 22, a. m.-Aug. 28, p. m.

Germany.—All Germany has been exultant over the safe return of the submarine trader Deutschland after her voyage of 4,200 miles from the shores of the United States to her home port at Bremen. The event has helped to further friendly relations between the two countries. Captain König and his crew were full of praise for the reception accorded them by the American people, and the strict neutrality maintained by the American fleet and the American Government. The *Münchener Zeitung* quotes United States Ambassador Gerard as saying:

The Deutschland in Port

Americans are convinced by nothing so quickly as success, and the captain and builder of this ship scored a great political success in America for the German people. The impression made by the Deutschland's arrival in American waters has proved strong and enduring, and now that the return voyage has been made safely under probably more difficult conditions, it will be harder than ever for persons who try to depreciate German achievements to convince my countrymen.

Though the authenticity of this declaration may be a matter of discussion, yet the statement is true in substance. Preparations for another voyage of the Deutschland are under way.

The president of the German Food Regulation Board has appealed to the peasant women of Germany to economize in food. The harvest in general has been abundant and the cattle have recovered from the fodder scarcity of last winter, but the produce, he says, must be rightly distributed:

Appeal to Peasant Women

Hundreds of thousands lie wounded in the hospitals and need abundant good food. Other millions of men and women in large towns and in mines are also working loyally for victory. They wish, like you, to have enough to eat in order to be able to work. Like you, they have children who cry when their mothers cannot give them necessary food, and their parents then lose the

strength and courage for work. Both for the soldiers and for those who fight in workmen's clothes we must provide nourishment. People on the land must give for that purpose all they can dispense with in their own households.

The peasant women are reminded that restrictions are necessary and that any one living on the land "who consumes even half a liter of milk or a quarter of a pound more of butter or even an egg more than is absolutely necessary sins against the Fatherland." An organization is being created to buy up all that can be dispensed with in the country to feed the army and the poorer families in the big cities.

Great Britain.—A report recently issued by the Board of Trade shows that women workers now occupy the places of 634,000 men who have enlisted for military service. In July, 1914, the number of women in the professions and in gainful occupations was 3,263,000; in April, 1916, this number had increased to 3,897,000. The following table which gives the statistics of women workers in the metal trades, shows how the exigencies of war have increased this class:

Women Workers

Trade.	July, 1914.	April, 1916.
Iron and steel	5,000	10,400
Tin plate	3,000	3,900
Wire drawing	15,000	20,600
Hardware	25,000	33,000
Engineering	12,000	80,700
Electrical engineering	13,000	22,300
Shipbuilding	1,000	2,400
Motor cycles	9,000	2,400
Carriages, carts, etc.	1,000	1,600
Cutlery, tools, etc.	21,000	22,400
Small arms	1,000	6,800
Scientific instruments	4,000	5,900
Other metals	14,000	17,900
Jewelry	10,000	10,000
Musical instruments	10,000	15,000
Totals	144,000	255,300

The report remarks that "always difficult to find, the domestic servant in war time may almost be termed a disappearing class." Nearly 15,000 women are employed in the building trades, 9,200 in the mines, 2,100 in quarries, and 137,000 in agriculture. In the synopsis at hand, complete wage reports are not given; but one large firm of boot-makers report that wages vary from $4.50 to $15.00 weekly, with a large number of women receiving $10.00, a high rate for women in England. The Board's conviction is that in many departments of labor, the substitution of women for men proved eminently satisfactory, and call is made for women "to take the place of men in vital industries," in even greater numbers. The Board obviously considers the system perfectly successful, but though a necessity of the moment, no doubt, the employment of women in factories, mines and quarries is not a development which any nation can afford to encourage.

Ireland.—In the midst of what *New Ireland* calls the "terrible waste of everlasting political conflicts" there is, according to the aforesaid journal, one hope of settlement—a conference, in Ireland, of Irishmen who are not associated with "political nationalism." How such a conference can be brought about, *New Ireland* does not find it easy to say, but believes that a few persons of a generous, energetic and broad-minded type should form a small organization and proceed to create a public opinion of the most vigorous kind demanding a conference.

An Irish Conference

New Ireland admits that there will always be a small residue of unintelligent and noisy opposition to Home Rule. But the large mass of Unionists, it adds, are capable of thinking and are not blind to the necessities of the situation. Coming to the practical view of the question, it suggests a plan of campaign to further the idea:

> A good deal of propaganda work of an uphill kind must be done. Handbills, pamphlets, circulars, a press campaign, these are the means we should suggest. Great initiative is demanded, and an energetic organization. Lists of those who would be likely to support the movement will have to be drawn up, and personal interviews will be necessary in many cases. Public meetings, too, must be held in order to arouse public interest in and support for the enterprise. The vast majority of business men are against exclusion, and even more are they against the financial instability caused by the everlasting political conflict. If it can be brought home to these people by Colonial and European examples that stability in the Irish State will follow Home Rule, much of their opposition will pass away.

Whoever, the paper declares, undertakes such a work, will win the gratitude of all Irishmen. For it is a great national work making the basis of a new Irish nation. It notes that throughout the country there is an unorganized mass of opinion with Unionist antecedents, which ardently desires domestic peace, and which is willing to see Ireland take its place as a unit with the Colonies. "The task is to organize that body into an effective force, a mediating party between National and Unionist." *New Ireland* does not believe that Nationalists can take the initiative in such a work. The duty must fall upon others. But if successful it will be one of the most glorious achievements "in the estimation of Irish, English and Colonial opinion, and indeed of all who have a care for small nations and in particular for the fate of Ireland."

An inquiry into the shooting without trial of three men during the recent uprising in Ireland was opened on August 23, in the Four Courts, Dublin. The cases are those of F. Sheehy Skeffington, Frederick McIntyre, and Thomas Dickson. The men were put to death at the orders of Captain Bowen-Colthurst who was court-martialed, found guilty but declared insane. When the trial was renewed on August 24, Mr. Timothy Healy, attorney for the Skeffington family addressed the Court, vigorously denouncing those responsible. He declared that the story would vibrate through the country for cen-

The Four Courts Inquiry

turies and that if the shooting had taken place in Brussels or Lemberg the world would ring with it. Among other things Mr. Healy said:

> The action of the captains of the guard in delivering their prisoners over to death was, if possible, more foul and criminal than that of Captain Bowen-Colthurst himself. He has been found a lunatic, but they are not lunatics. I give as the reason why Skeffington was done away with the fact that he was a witness to the foul and horrible murder of the innocent boy Coade.
>
> It was the intention of the authorities to bury this man out of sight in the same way as Coade had been murdered, and that not one word should escape outside the prison walls of what had happened.

The story of the death of the boy Coade referred to in Mr. Healy's speech was told at the inquiry by Lieutenant Leslie Wilson one of the witnesses. According to his testimony, the boy was shot by Captain Bowen-Colthurst after he had answered a question in an insolent manner and attempted to run away. Sir John Simon, Chairman of the inquiry commission read a report made by Captain Bowen-Colthurst, to the effect that he thought he had authority to shoot the prisoner and felt that he should do so, especially since he had heard 600 Germans were marching on Dublin.

Italy.—The *Giornale d'Italia* and the *Messagero,* the recognized organs of the anti-clerical Association the Giordano Bruno, and the Free Thought Federation, have recently given an account of a meeting of the latter association and of a reception given by the Giordano Bruno in honor of the Portuguese senator Magalhaes Lima, head of Portuguese masonry. The *Giornale d'Italia* mentions that two Belgian deputies, MM. Lorand and Destrée, were present at the meeting. The well-known mason and radical deputy La Pegna spoke against what he called "a mighty spiritual power" and against "the forces of the clerical reaction." As to the reception given by the Giordano Bruno Society, Caneppa, Under Secretary of State in the Agricultural Department, and the notorious Podrecca of the unclean sheet, the *Avanti,* openly expressed their sympathy with the movement. Some of the proceedings were an outrage upon common decency. A young girl, a mere child, was induced to read a speech on behalf of "anticlerical children," and a speech of welcome was given by a "professoressa" on behalf of the "anti-clerical" women of Rome. It is evident from the tone of the *Civiltà Cattolica* which records these odious events, that there is much indignation over the outrage thus perpetrated upon that national union and concord which Italian Catholics have tried to foster during the war. The *Civiltà* also protests against an attempt on the part of the well-known Orano amusement "centers" at Rome to undermine the faith of the Catholic children. Even if no positive attack is made on religious beliefs, there is danger in education that rests on a purely natural basis.

Masonic Propaganda

Spain.—The history of the abortive railroad strike noted in AMERICA some time since has been fully reported by the Spanish papers. The situation was rendered alarming by the sympathetic strike of the coal miners of the Asturias. This latter strike threatened the most disastrous consequences. The country was already suffering from a shortage of coal, many flourishing industries were in a precarious condition and shipping facilities had been greatly reduced. The action of the Asturian miners suddenly cut off the supply of the richest coal mines in Spain. To render matters worse, martial law had been proclaimed in several provinces and the constitutional guarantees had been suspended in all, while the orders issued to the officers just graduated from the military academies to proceed to their respective regiments and report for military duty set afloat the wildest rumors of a coming reign of the severest military repression. But it soon became evident that the strikers did not have the sympathy or the support of the country. Their action was considered unjustified, unreasonable and antipatriotic. Even the radical and revolutionary journal *El Pais* recognized this. In spite of the greatest difficulties the railroads kept up their service and the regular delivery of the mails was not seriously interfered with. The Government acted with energy and proclaimed martial law. But the Court from the beginning had been active in proposing arbitration, and the strike leaders, probably seeing their failure, at last agreed to submit the matter to the Institute of Social Reforms. Before agreeing to the negotiations they demanded that certain conditions be fulfilled, namely that all those imprisoned owing to the strike should be released and any proceedings against them stayed; that all the workmen's clubs and centers should be reopened; finally that all those on strike should be readmitted to their previous positions and that the company should not in any way retaliate. The first two conditions were readily accepted by Count Romanones on the part of the Government. The third was finally agreed to by the railroads under condition that the employees should be at their post at a time to be designated by them. The way was thus paved for a final decision of the Institute of Social Reform. This Institute or Board of Arbitration is composed of sociologists universally respected and has on more than one occasion rendered signal service to the Government. It has decided that in this case its duty is to give its opinion merely as between the two contending parties, leaving it to the Government afterwards to enforce its decision, if the Government thinks fit. The railway men have already appeared before the Institute. The Great Northern Railway has refused to appear, but has presented a memorandum. The whole matter has been carefully considered by the Institute and the Government seems disposed to enforce its judgment, should either side in the conflict refuse to accept it. Thus the main difficulties seem to have been settled.

The Railway Strike

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Stopping the Leaks

IN the course of time the ecclesiastical authorities of Pittsburgh became aware that there must be a vast leakage of Catholic children in the diocese. A large number of Catholic immigrants came to the city and surrounding towns to engage in the industrial pursuits so numerous hereabouts, but statistics showed that the growth in the number of the Faithful was not at all in proportion to the annual increase in population. This perceived, the next question to be solved was how to discover the leaks and how to stop them. The most obvious way, of course, was to investigate the public institutions for the care of children, ascertain the number of Catholic children who might be inmates and what became of their faith. A survey disclosed that among the public institutions of the city and diocese, a large number of the children who were inmates were of Catholic parentage, and that practically nothing was being done to conserve their faith. Indeed, perhaps direct efforts were being made to change their faith. To illustrate: Near St. Paul's Cathedral, there was a large institution, supported by public money and private charity, devoted to the education and training of blind children. The Catholic inmates did not attend Mass, received no Catholic instruction, and whatever religious training they did receive was of a distinctly non-Catholic character. The management was requested to send the children to Mass and Catholic instruction; the answer was that while there would be no objection to the children's attendance at Mass and Catholic instruction, none of the attendants could be spared to aid them in such purposes. The matter was laid before the local St. Vincent de Paul Society and was immediately and eagerly taken up by its members. A sufficient number of young men and young women at once volunteered to take charge of the work and it was placed in their hands. Since that time, these members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society go to the institution every Sunday morning, collect the Catholic children and bring them to Mass at the Cathedral. They also bring them to Confession and catechism classes. It is indeed an inspiring sight to behold these zealous, self-sacrificing men and women bringing their helpless charges to Mass on Sunday morning and on holy days and returning them to the institution. Prior to the advent of this efficient service, not one Catholic child left the institution professing the faith of its parents. Since that time, not one Catholic inmate has lost its faith.

Within the Cathedral parish, there was another institution taking care of crippled children. Investigation disclosed that a large number of the inmates were Catholic children. The superintendent was asked if Catholic instruction would be allowed in the home, and the inquirer was promptly informed it would not be allowed. The superintendent was then asked if he would permit the Catholic children to be taken to Mass on Sundays, and he promptly replied that he would not permit it. Proper representations were then made to the board of management, and the matter was promptly shifted back to the shoulders of the superintendent. It is unnecessary to recite in detail the moves and counter-moves made to adjust this difficulty. Suffice it to say that not only were the doors of the institution ultimately opened to permit Catholic instruction for these children, but permission was also given to take them to Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation. Moreover they were left free to receive the Sacraments as often as deemed necessary by their spiritual directors. The charitably disposed members of St. Paul's Cathedral congregation who owned automobiles volunteered the use of their machines and their chauffeurs for the purpose of carrying the children to church, to Confession, etc. The children are brought regularly to church on every necessary occasion; and thus another leak has been stopped.

In the course of the investigation, it was discovered that there were quite a number of Catholic deaf-mutes attending the State school for the deaf, and that many of the Catholic graduates of such schools became Protestant ministers. Under the auspices of the Bishop and the active management of the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, the De Paul Institute for Deaf-Mutes was started in 1908 in a rented dwelling, with one pupil. Since then, the work has grown to such an extent that a large building, especially suitable for such purposes, has been completed in a suburb of Pittsburgh, the total cost being about two hundred thousand dollars. This school now has eighty-six deaf-mute pupils in the care of ten Sisters of Charity and six lay teachers. The institution is still growing.

The more the situation was investigated by the diocesan authorities, the broader became the field and the more numerous were the causes of loss discovered. Among other matters, dangers to young girls were investigated. From reliable sources of information, it was discovered that about 8,000 young girls disappeared each year from the railroad trains running between New York and Chicago. A large number of these girls were immigrant girls and many of them undoubtedly of Catholic parentage. The Catholic Women's League was organized to solve this difficulty, and results have been most gratifying. Last year 668 delinquent girls and women were cared for by the League; 886 young girls were protected through its efforts; 275 children were cared for by it; and 410 immigrant girls were placed under its direction, a total of 2,239, representing sixteen different nationalities.

At the time the above-mentioned branches of work were being established, an effort was made to ascertain the status of Catholic children in the outlying industrial districts of the city, county and diocese. In this diocese, owing to the multitude of small industries scattered throughout its territory, such as coal mines, small iso-

lated manufacturing plants, etc., there are not in many places enough Catholics to warrant the formation of a mission or the establishment of a church; yet, the aggregate of such Catholic people and their children is quite large.

By direction of the Bishop, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine was formed and placed under the direction of Rev. E. P. Griffin. Young men and young women of the diocese who possessed sufficient zeal to aid in remedying these conditions were called upon to help in the preservation of the Faith in these small communities. This work has been carried on for a number of years, and like the other good works above mentioned is rapidly growing. Last year this Confraternity instructed 4,439 children; prepared for the reception of first Communion 225 children and six adults; prepared for first Confession 159 children; prepared for Confirmation 191 children and twenty-one adults; had six adults baptized, and distributed 20,000 pieces of literature among the people to whom it ministered. It has thirty-seven missions, having organized seven new ones during 1915, and possesses ninety-eight teachers. These teachers receive nothing but their expenses. They go wherever they are assigned and teach wherever they can find shelter from wind and weather. Sometimes they are allowed to use temporarily the local country schoolhouse; but in most cases the school authorities quickly eject them, and until another place can be found, they teach their charges beneath the forest trees or under the bald canopy of heaven. Work of this last variety appeals so to one's feelings, that if space permitted, an entire article could be written about it. But there is so much to be said about other equally important movements, that we are compelled to forego the pleasure of writing any more about the work of this Confraternity.

In the next article, further details will be given of additional leaks discovered in the diocese of Pittsburgh, and the steps undertaken to stop them.

CHARLES D. GILLESPIE.

Catholic Federation and "Catholic Week"

IN Madison Square Garden on the night of August 20, was held a public gathering of American Catholics that must be counted unique in the history of the Church in the United States. Seated on the stage, under the intertwined flags of Church and State, were their Eminences, the Cardinals, the Archbishops of New York, Baltimore and Boston, the Apostolic Delegate, the Acting Mayor of the City and the Governor of the State, with a host of prelates and Papal dignitaries; while in the body of the great building, more than fifteen thousand men and women had met to inaugurate New York's first "Catholic Week." To say that a congress such as this, was "notable" is to cheapen its importance. No thoughtful observer, no serious student of religious and social conditions, at present so perturbed in this county, could note this audience's manifestation of loyalty to all lawful authority, so patently sincere, or its determination, no less intense, to strengthen every agency for man's truest good, without the resulting conviction that here, in the very capital of America's physical wealth, was gathered a spiritual energy of singular force and untold possibilities.

That this manifestation of spiritual energy was never more sorely needed than in our own country and at the present time, can hardly be gainsaid. American Catholics have never shared with their brethren of other lands, the burdens of active persecution. Under the protection of the supreme law of the land, the Church has grown and thrived as have other bodies, yet with a surer and greater measure of stability and influence. Catholics are here, not as a tolerated class, humbly grateful for supposed governmental favor, but as American citizens, scorning favor yet insisting upon their rights, and banded together to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. And God has vouchsafed a wonderful increase. Where scarcely a century ago, the savage nomad prowled, Cathedrals raise their massive bastions to the sky. Nearby are reared our universities, defenders of knowledge, the handmaid of faith, while in a thousand schools and academies, the hearts of the coming generation are lifted in thanksgiving to God, the Giver of all good gifts. But if the hand of God has been manifest in the fortunes of the Church in America, His purpose in thus extending the power of the Church is plain to every loyal Catholic American citizen. For side by side with the Church has grown up the deadly spirit of liberalism, claiming, in a country dedicated to liberty, a special sanction for its masked, ulterior purposes, until today America is beginning to feed upon bitter fruits, matured in the continued sunshine of an easy public tolerance. Beyond the boundaries of the Church, liberalism may be said to dominate the thought and action of the day. The popular teaching, for which our secular universities must bear the largest responsibility, that in religion, positive final truth is unattainable, is a doctrine which makes religion not a conviction for which a man would gladly die, but an opinion lightly assumed, and because of its comparative unimportance, as lightly changed or discarded. In education, beginning with the denial that God and the claims of the supernatural need be considered in a rational program of intellectual development, liberalism has ended by sanctioning, in the name of freedom of thought, the denial of the fundamental rights of God, and, indeed, of His very existence. In the sphere of political and social science, rejecting the ancient Catholic teaching that religion is the permanent bond of society and that morality must be based upon religious conviction, liberalism has proceeded to legislate as if man were but an incident of time, and in every respect a creature of the sovereign State.

That this liberalism must, unless adequately resisted, culminate in religious and civil anarchy is plain; that the

only force which can meet and conquer it is the Catholic Church, is obvious. Yet the conflict is not without its peculiar difficulties. Loyalty to constituted civil authority is a duty strictly enjoined by the teaching of Christ and His Church; yet today in the United States, as in France, where it has won notable triumphs, liberalism plans to attack the Church through the State, hoping thereby, to throw some semblance of truth about the calumny, old as the Roman persecutors, that the allegiance of Catholics is necessarily divided. The position is chosen with a cunning that is exquisite, not to say diabolical. The Church, as Newman has said, has too often been in what seemed deadly peril, that we should now fear for her any new trial. In no event, will the gates of hell prevail against her, but they may well prevail, through liberalism, against her individual children and against a portion of that society which she would win for God. The ultimate triumph of the Church is certain, but unless Catholics as a body are keen to resent the further usurpation of government by liberalism, we may well anticipate within the next quarter-century, a suspension of our beneficent activities in education, charity and reform.

The strength, then, that has been added to the Catholic Church in this country, must be regarded as a vigorous force in the campaign against liberalism, and as such the Catholic Federation of the United States desires to use it. Holding aloof from all political parties, the Federation proposes to unite for the defense of the Church and all rightful authority, the numerous Catholic societies which have been formed under the Church's sanction, and to centralize and direct their efforts. In the eloquent words of Cardinal O'Connell, the Catholic Federation

> stands for obedience to law and respect for authority; it safeguards the sacred principles of government; it speaks out unflinchingly to the rich of their obligations in justice and charity to the poor, and it speaks with equal fearlessness to the poor of the sublime standards of the Christian life. It stands against anarchy, Socialism, and all disintegrating influences, and for the sanctity and unity of family life. In a word, it brings out all those fundamental virtues and principles upon which alone society can rest. To the laymen of the Federation is entrusted the privilege and the duty of bringing the efficacy of the Faith into action for the benefit of the State.

In pursuance of this policy, the Catholic Federation, through the various societies working under its direction, has adopted plans to further the influence of the Catholic press, to strengthen the Catholic educational system, and to widen the scope of Catholic social action. Detailed plans of action have not yet been submitted; such programs are, perhaps, beyond the proper action of a national convention. Under the direction of Catholic teaching, however, Federation can indicate the principles upon which detailed schedules, varying according to need and locality, may be safely based. To demand immediate and successful results would be unreasonable, but to expect less than ultimate victory would be weakness. The lesson that the Catholic Federation would teach American Catholics is that our success is conditioned by our clear knowledge of the work before us, and our determination to unite our forces to accomplish it.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

If Don Quixote Came Back!

NO one can understand history who does not enjoy anachronism. It is the most human thing in the most human of sciences; the camaraderie of the ages and a divine indifference to time. Patron saints or heroes defy the *Zeitgeist*, that rickety old pantaloon. Thus if a ballad speaks of St. Dunstan or Robin Hood going to the court of King Arthur, it means not so much that they were alive then as that they are alive still. But this is specially so of the shifting and dateless age of chivalry. It was not so much that knight-errantry was ever done, as that other things were done in the spirit of it. Chivalry filled the heads of even unchivalrous people doing unchivalrous things: much as a vague Socialist Utopia of health, pure water and public gardens fills the modern mind in Birmingham or Battersea, though, in mere material fact, the streets smell and the property is tied tighter than a miser's. That glimmering forest, emerald or ebony, in which we see the knight-errant wandering, was an enduring background. It was not so much a vanished custom as a permanent possibility. In the same way we find shrewd ambitious men like Robert Bruce or Henry Bolingbroke haunted by a crusade on which they never went; so that in all their battlefields there is a strange mirage of Palestine. So in the ballads and romances, we are always finding Saracens and Turkish knights in the most improbable places, comfortably established in Flanders or paying a prolonged visit to the Orkneys. It was the sense that chivalry, the Christian adventure, was everywhere, if only as a potentiality. It is urged in the "Bab Ballads," that masterpiece of modern rationalism, that

> In Turkey, as you're p'raps aware,
> Red Indians are extremely rare.

But if one of the unluckiest of the crusading ships, which had a habit of turning up in the wrong place occasionally, had by a slight miscalculation struck America and the red Indians, we may be pretty sure that they would have found some Turks.

This chivalric vision was an exaggeration of good and not of bad things on the whole; still it was an exaggeration, and therefore became in its time a mere nuisance. The Renaissance, which was an interest in the real world, found its conventional forests as tiresome as tapestries; it broke the beautifully blazoned windows and looked out upon the street. Law-givers in new and rational politics had no use for the knight-errant; the man who could only champion law by being a sort of outlaw. Real new countries of red and yellow men, of gold and silver moun-

tains, were more exciting to the intellect than the Prince of Muscovy delivering the daughter of the King of Ireland. It will not be denied that the breaking point, the point where the modern world broke away laughing from the lost medievalism, the symbolic act and moment, was "Don Quixote."

Now I want to ask here as clearly as I can what many will think a curious question. I concede at once that Cervantes and his contemporaries were justified in regarding Don Quixote as a more or less lovable lunatic in a world increasingly sane. I want to ask whether, if Don Quixote returned today, with the same wild ways of knight-errantry, it would not rather be the knight-errant that was sensible and the world all around him that was crazy? The poor knight's mockers were in the morning of the modern world; for them a more solid science, for them a more subtle statecraft, not merely growing but promising things. It was sane enough in them to say that Cæsar and Hannibal were better worth reading about than Amadis of Gaul; that making a gun was as soldierly as breaking a lance; that mere random personal romanticism was more likely to ruin than redress. It was true then; at any rate, it looked true then. It is not true now. It does not even look true to anyone who can open his eyes on that modern rationalistic world that the Renaissance has founded. The rationalistic world has turned out much more irrational than the Dark Ages. The Shavian idolatry of Cæsar as the Superman is much more fantastic than the boyish praise of courage in Amadis of Gaul. The nations have found more nonsense and nightmare in the build of guns than they ever did in the breaking of lances.

If a medieval knight, such as the Black Prince, rose from his grave and looked around at our institutions he would call us much more cracked than Don Quixote; and he would tell the cold truth. Suppose the Black Prince asked what had become of the trade gilds. He would immediately be invited to dinner with the "Worshipful Company of Green-Grocers," which he would find to consist almost entirely of aged and gluttonous colonels, spruce financiers, junior partners in entirely different businesses and dreary bachelors living on private means. The lion eye of that Plantagenet would roll over crowds of them without seeing a green-grocer or one who had ever known a green-grocer. He would think such a gathering more grotesque than a gargoyle. Or suppose, as seems more likely, the Prince turned his attention to modern knighthood. Suppose he expected Sir Thomas Lipton to watch his armor all night in the chapel of his order. Suppose he attempted to joust with Sir Edward Grey. Suppose he really required Sir Edward Carson to win his spurs. When he really learned what modern knighthood is, he would ask with great simplicity and violence, why in the name of the devil and St. Dunstan we gave a man military rank and hit him with a drawn sword, if swords had nothing to do with it? There would be no jest for Cervantes in a knight fighting a barber when so many baser trades are knighted and never fight anybody.

But there is a madder element in our world than this mere misfit of names and things. There is real delusion, deeper and darker than poor Quixote's. Take, for example, the most famous of his chivalrous failures; the affair of the windmills. Quixote is crazy because he thinks the mills are alive and evil. Well, we are crazy for the same reason; we also think the mills are alive and evil. Whenever we talk of machinery demanding this or creating that, whenever we say that it is the "fault" of machinery or that machinery has "come to stay," whenever we talk, as we most madly talk, about industrial clockwork as something that cannot be altered, but about marriage, liberty or the love of progeny, as something that might be altered, we suffer more than the stray delusion of the Don; we are making mills into ogres, the real old nursery ogres that grind men's bones to make their bread. We are seeing windmills awhirl with our own madness and alive with our own sins. The only difference is a somewhat important one. Don Quixote attacked windmills, but we run away from them.

But, above all, the return of Quixotry would be the return of sanity for this reason: that the knight-errant is suited to a lawless age, and this is a lawless age. Take another of the misadventures of the misguided Spaniard. If I remember right he attempts to free a gang of convicts under the impression that they were captive youths and maidens led away by bandits. Now what is the real implication of this rationalist satire? What is the difference between the convict in a gang and the captives in a bandit's castle? Cervantes knew too much of life not to know that there are good men among convicts and bad men among wardens, and that bandits do not confine themselves to capturing virtuous persons. Convicts are not mere captives, because convicts are convict, that is, convicted of something and sentenced to something. The point of the incident is the folly of casual justice compared with the possibilities of systematic public justice that can really clear up quarrels and fix public penalties. A man sent to prison may serve a long and cruel sentence, but a legal sentence is like a grammatical sentence: it should have a full stop. Even if you hang a man, you cannot extend his sentence. A man captured by bandits might, in comparison, have quite a pleasant time, certainly I would much rather live in a cave with Rob Roy than in a reformatory with a lot of police doctors and detectives. There is only one objection to being in a cave with Rob Roy, and that is that he keeps you there as long as he likes.

There is the same objection to make of the modern prisons. If Don Quixote stormed a modern jail with shield and spear, he would be apt to find a number of citizens kept there exactly as his own romantic robbers would keep them, under indeterminate sentence, and according to their own taste and fancy. Quixote's attempts to avenge personally a purely personal apprehension

would not be inappropriate now. By the Roman law of old Spain and Europe, he made a mistake. In modern England or America, he would be making no mistake.

G. K. Chesterton.

Adventures in Decency

As a coefficient of the law of supply and demand applied to theatrical productions the tired business man is no myth. Business men form a substantial part of the ticket-purchasing public, and if they are not always tired it is, perhaps, because they do not always patronize the entertainments designed for their amusement. The summer season now waning has been more than usually prolific in the mélange type of entertainment, where choruses substitute the strut for the strophe, and banality in gay attire is assumed to be more piquant than Attic salt. Authors of the legitimate drama seem to have over-extended their hibernation; not only are they decreasing in numbers, but their output is less, and apart from "Just a Woman," not what is technically termed a "hit," no serious effort has been made to swell the volume of American drama.

"The Boomerang" and "Fair and Warmer" have been the season's only successful productions of any histrionic value. The first-named is a comedy hinged upon a young physician's antics to create a clientèle, and possesses some merit as a piece of humor. "Fair and Warmer," like many other farces of the day, goes upstairs in a residence to find its fun; whereas on the stage it is well to observe the conventions that prevail off it, which do not sanction appearance in any but adequate and usual garments before casual visitors.

The midsummer crop of plays is composed of much farce, with three good melodramas. "Seven Chances," "Cheating Cheaters," and "The Silent Witness," are their titles, and they follow the American playwright's safest course, to surprise and sentimentalize his audience. It is well for us to recognize this characteristic evanescence of current American drama, for if we do not future generations will. Take half-a-dozen successes in as many years, and it will be found that they are compounded of surprise and sentiment, spiced with slang. Mr. Cohan is not the originator of this American theatrical ethos, but he stands as the typical manufacturer of clever entertainment, and no fairer definition can be given of our present-day dramatics.

The cinematograph scenario market, with its readier rewards, has long been accused of alienating playwriting talent from the legitimate stage; but visits to the leading picture-houses indicate that the stage is no great loser of talent now devoted to writing for the screen. Certainly technical presentation of the moving-picture has improved to a high degree, but the dwindling number of successful stories and plays suitable for translation to the film is causing producers to fall back on material that seldom rises above the mediocre. In fact, it seems to be well-established that a picturization of a famous book or play is a bigger attraction, and certainly a better production, than any of the syncopated tragedies invented by the new and rather crude school of scenario writers.

Serial films, with absurdly alliterative titles, are mere pot-boiling attempts to interest school-children and simple-minded adults from week to week. And simple-minded, in this connection, has no spiritual value. These serials are more flagrantly artificial than the tumbling ribaldries of the knockabout clowns. They usually depict a smart young woman with a beautifully childish faith in criminals that beset her, and the faith and the besetments are prolonged in jerky chapters until, in the end, a huge financial reward falls to the spotless hero, enabling him to buy the usual garage and runabout and live happily ever after.

This meager supply of plays and pictures, in addition to vaudeville and the more or less musical occurrences at nocturnal eating places, make up the metropolitan bill of theatrical fare. Before the war, and shortly after it began, an importation from England, or an adaptation from the French would receive hospitable boards. But the English are doing little enough exporting, and French plays, the sort usually adapted to the American stage, are fortunately depressed by the sober realities of war. And so, with a clear field hungry for their work, American producers send opportunity a-hunting and exchange mere froth for dollars.

This is a dark shame, but not altogether dismal. It is relieved by a streak of the right kind of light. Perhaps the spirit of penance that flies apace with the dogs of war is halting the headlong rush of our materialism, and quickening some sparks of the common sense that must abide somewhere at the base of even the most criss-cross democracy. Two years ago we were in the swamps of indecency, the animal-dance craze was at its height, and it seemed as if the police were the only curbs on a totally degenerate stage, for a public sense of decency to outlaw licentiousness seemed utterly lacking. A handful of writers, with more ambition than ethical discrimination, labored over problem plays that contained bright dialogue and admirably dramatic situations but made no popular appeal because they dealt principally with the lives of moral freaks. It seemed then, as it seems now, that when an American dramatist turns to writing problem plays he has only one problem in mind, the unsavory sex problem in all its ramifications. This problem, of course, is inseparable from decadence just as cause is always metaphysically inseparable from its effect; but somehow or other the conclusion will force itself upon us that when amateurs, bona-fide or otherwise, strive to solve problems that can only find their panacea in living religion, they either blow big bubbles on the surface, or dive deep and sink.

One would imagine that whatever improvement came to the stage would appear in serious work, dramatizations of real American life, not cross-sections of apartment-

house existence. "Erstwhile Susan" was encouraging, and it is possible that some of the plays already announced for the coming season will be pieces of true portraiture instead of strings of witty dialogue and more or less mechanical inversions of stock "scenes." But the first touch of the finger of betterment is upon air-weight forms of entertainment. The pretentious films have patriotism for their themes; a specious patriotism, it is true, but anything with a speck of serious purpose is more acceptable to intelligent people than the stale villainies and heroics of five-reel thrillers. Popular songs are almost chauvinistic. An amicable foreigner understanding our language, might gaze into a Broadway ragtime emporium and gather the impression that we were on the threshold of a determined campaign to obliterate all our enemies, real and journalistic. To bubble over with "patriotism" at the "movies" is much less wearing on the affections, of course, than is taking a few weeks' training at Plattsburgh.

Many of these patriotic pictures and most of these patriotic songs are undeniably bad, because they are conceived by dapper gentlemen, of uniform wit, who believe that no moment of inspiration is complete or efficacious unless it is photographed. But as a change rung on the "baby-doll" anthologies and marital relations films they can be tolerated, even welcomed. They are a tangible sign that even the men "out for the money" realize the limits of nonsense and lubricity, the public's faint, but real reaction from folly and filth.

Amusement houses notorious for insufficient costuming and degrading songs and dances, places from which poison has flowed all over the continent, are, this year, comparatively clean. The type of amusement they offer can never be wholesome, because its essence is the exploitation of the class of theatrical commodity called "show-girls." Yet there are degrees of unwholesomeness, and if we are to judge by the whispered disappointment of our friend the tired business man at his annual limelight carnivals we are entitled to the promising verdict that the managers, recognizing a growing demand for genuine entertainment as against picturesque suggestiveness, are obeying, as always, the order of mammon, and emphasizing the inventive instead of the exhibitory features of their shows.

World conflict, and national internal and external complications tend to abate the effervescence of American metropolitan life, and the interesting question is whether these evils upon the world will balance our heads in time to make us a more religious nation with hope in eternity to replace the mad, materialistic passion to make the most, in terms of excitement, of every half-hour. Perhaps it is only a vague public ennui at the old, *cliché* immodesties that is toning down the violence of rampant licentiousness. Whatever the mandamus there is some moral satisfaction in recording that the present run of theatrical productions is, as the cant phrase has it, half-decent.

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

On "Modern Religion"

WHEN scientists read a twelfth-century manuscript which is a copy of some ninth-century Life of a Saint, there are things that puzzle them. They stumble across all sorts of oddities which their ancestors took for granted, and they also find all sorts of palpable and ludicrous errors which their ancestors made.

If our civilization survives,—it is in peril, but it has won its way through many crises,—remote posterity will be equally puzzled by our contemporaries, their strange irrationalities, the things they take for granted, and the things, common things, they do not know.

Here I come upon, in looking over a paper of a year or so ago (to be exact, of 1912), a little discourse called "Modern Religion." It comes from a man who has not only one of the best brains of our time, but who is most typical of our time; it is Mr. Shaw's, and he delivered it apparently at the New Reform Club in London.

Since it was Mr. Bernard Shaw who delivered this address, and since it was republished in a Protestant journal of note and "broad" views, one makes certain, and so may posterity, that it is the "real thing." It is plumb "early twentieth-century British," just as the life of St. Germain is, by critical evidence, authentic fifth-century stuff. What with the Reform Club being new and the religion modern, we have the whole thing well hall-marked, and posterity, when it applies *apparatus criticus* to the document, will rest content with its authenticity. If posterity has any doubt, let it turn to the present article, which will certainly survive, and use it as corroborating evidence.

Now what does this discourse by a thinker, not only typical of modern England, but one justly renowned, take for granted? Into what errors does it fall? I mean, into what errors as to contemporary facts, and into what errors of common reasoning?

When a man picks up a narrative presumably of the ninth century, he begins, if such things are new to him, by saying, "This is all bosh." But next, if he be wise, he worries. He says: "The writer was a man and meant *something*. But he and I are on different grounds. Let me try to understand him. Let me carefully examine *what the writer took for granted*, and note, in passing, what obvious errors he fell into." Not only posterity, but many acute contemporaries, will pass a contemptuous and therefore useless criticism upon the huge mass of religious writing in England today, because they do not do this; because they will not be at the pains of that patient self-questioning and discrimination. The palpable errors into which the writer falls are errors of terminology and errors proceeding from an ignorance of the very matter under consideration.

The things he takes for granted are a sentiment among men which he presumes to be universal, but which, as a fact, is not at all universal. The conclusion the speaker reaches, therefore, is something so much beside the mark,

that posterity will wonder whether the speaker meant to hit the mark at all. Was he really aiming at the Faith? If he was, why in thunder didn't he get within fifty yards of it! But certainly he did mean to hit it. He meant to hit the mark of the traditional religion of Christendom, which he had never seen, and he meant to supply something in its place.

He first of all defines a religious person as one who perceives himself to be the instrument of some Purpose in the Universe; not God, note you, but Purpose. To the service of that Not-God-Purpose he attaches the word and the idea of religion. He next tells us that we may give this "feeling" very different names.

Well, of course we can. It's a free country! But what follows is bewildering.

One man may use religious terms, it seems,—here is the word "religion" playing traitor!—and say that he is here to do the work of "God." Another man calling himself an atheist may, we are told, simply say that he has "a sense of honor." Then we hear that the two terms are exactly the same!

We are assured that posterity will note that your God is not Purpose, but He is a sense of honor.

So far so clear; but not as clear as Duns Scotus. The twentieth century in England has its little way. It got tired of "formal logic." It wants to get back and ruminate, in the original sense of the word "'ruminate"; and the original sense of the words "I ruminate" is "I am a cow and chew the cud." Posterity will wonder, but we cannot help that; posterity must put up with it. The men of twentieth-century England are tired of thinking and they want to stop thinking. It strains them. Let us address posterity in terms like these:

"My dear Posterity, somewhere about the early twentieth century the brain had grown fatigued; the fatigue was most acute in the north; that is the explanation of the whole affair."

Posterity, that charming child, will see, as do those of us who still keep the gray matter going, that Purpose is a function of Personality, and that to use the word Purpose and yet deny Personality is a contradiction in terms.

Posterity will know, if it has any of the age-long documents of Christendom before it, that the Christian intelligence in its affirmation of the Deity, knowing that it was itself infinitely incapable of an intellectual apprehension of the Infinite, made a cardinal test to a belief in God a belief in a controlling Will. If there was Will there was God. But in the beginning of what promises to be a decadent age, one was allowed to believe in God on the strict condition that one gave God no plain title. It reminds one of the minister who spoke to a Bishop about St. Paul as "Paul"; to whom the Bishop answered: "You might at least have called him 'Mister.'"

But there is more than this deliquescence of the mind in all our decadent business. There is a great fundamental dogma upon which this Modern Religion with its empty "evolution" must stand. It is the dogma that something comes out of nothing. It is, I will repeat, the cardinal dogma of a mental phase at which posterity will stagger. Lest posterity should suffer so unfortunate a fate, I will explain to it the genesis of the doctrine. Attention, Posterity!

It comes from refusing to think out the ultimates of one's philosophy, as a man refuses to get out of bed. A generation grown tired will naturally accept its private explanations as the scheme of things; it will also think the limits of its own consciousness the limits of the universe. They cannot but believe that between their tenth and, say, their seventeenth year, all things grow. Thus Purpose, who, remember, is not God, but Mr. Purpose, is engaged in producing a "continuous ascent in organization, in power and life and extension of life." Mr. Purpose, whom even your atheist can accept without shame, hits off an oak-tree, although last Tuesday he had no conception of anything but an acorn, and then, seeing the oak-tree says: "Oh, I can make this more complicated!" What is more amazing still, the Modern Religion can conceive of no reversion in the scheme from the complex to the simple! It has never heard of rhythm! It is all go-ahead out of nothing into something, pouring water out of an empty pail.

There is more. This Mr. Purpose has to be helped by another active and wilful and benign creative personality called Mr. Time. "Time," says the sublime Bergson, who, in spite of his desperate efforts at seclusion, was forced into publicity by his transcendent merits alone, "is nothing, if not creative." A little more and we shall have Time with a little bastard theology all to himself, and scholastic discussions upon his Scythe and his Hour-Glass and his Forelock. I know them, the Anthropoids! My brothers!

"We must be the best that God can yet do; else He would have done something better." There is the rot posterity will have to handle if it is to understand how the brain went to sleep.

Of the positive errors it will be able to make nothing at all. The idea that the Darwinian hypothesis, which presupposed materialism, had, in 1912, convinced the European intellect, it will simply regard as unintelligible; just as we boggle at the ecclesiastical denunciations of Aristotle and even of the teaching of Greek in the twelfth century, at the very moment when both were about to become triumphant.

It will note, and with this let me end, that in England in the first few years of the twentieth century people thought "that in the Middle Ages men did not bother about the dilemma of Omnipotence and Benevolence." It may retain, may posterity, five or six thousand carefully printed volumes, French and Italian in origin, contemporary with or later than 1916, in which the whole of St. Thomas is spaciously set out fine in print and gloriously commented upon. Posterity will shake its head and say: "England was backward in those days."

HILAIRE BELLOC.

Our Soldiers' Letters

BEFORE me lies a big parcel of soldiers' letters, written by men, whose ages range from twenty to forty-five, little lads of the *classe* 15 and gray-haired *territoriaux*. Before the war they were artisans or peasants, in the French provinces, and the strongly marked characteristics of their different races were clearly perceptible in these Bretons, Normans, Provençaux and Burgundians, when they were with us in the hospital. In their letters these characteristics are less visible. The French peasant is not a fluent writer; he takes up his pen with difficulty and expresses himself awkwardly. The letters come from the *dépôts* as from the front, the most poignant from the trenches where a German shell may any minute smash the writer's pencil,—all trench letters are written in pencil—and put an end to his life. They are all addressed to the *Infirmière Major* of a Red Cross hospital in a Paris suburb, a warm-hearted Sister, whose long experience among the sick poor has helped her, not only to nurse, but also to influence and understand our wounded fighting men.

The hospital over which she presides has a singularly kindly aspect. It stands in a garden with real country-looking trees, and was occupied before August, 1914, by the novices of a popular nursing Order. When the Germans approached Paris, the novices were sent to Toulouse and their old home became a hospital where, for the last twenty months, there has been a steady coming and going of wounded soldiers.

Mother Josephine Louise, our *Infirmière Major*, keeps in touch with her former patients as far as her many occupations will permit and this spring, in honor of the approaching Easter time, she sent them a circular letter, to which the missives before me are the ready answers. A discreet reminder of the duties that Easter implies was accompanied by affectionate inquiries for news and by an assurance of the faithfulness with which the friendly hospital of the *rue* X—— keeps fresh the memory of its patients.

Surprise that any one should have taken the trouble to write to them, without any move on their part, is evidently the first impression of some timid natures. A young soldier from *les Landes*, slight and frail in appearance, reticent and shy, spoke so little that I remember wondering if my attempts to talk to him pleased him or not. This silent lad writes more willingly than he speaks. "Your letter touched me so much," he says, "that I seized my pen to answer you, to give you news of myself. I own that I never thought you would care to hear. I regret it now for I see that you have not forgotten me." He ends with grateful messages to everyone and particularly to the lady who "used to come every evening *m'addresser sa douce parole*." Another soldier, who was a clerk before the war, is more literary in the expression of his thanks. The mother's letter "sought me out in the darkness and brought me comfort," he says. Gratitude, heartfelt, if simply expressed, fills these crumpled pages. An elderly soldier from *les Charentes* writes that when at home "not a day passed without my speaking of your hospital with my family." "I shall never forget the hospital," writes a bright boy from Champagne; I shall eternally remember how I was nursed there." A "territorial" from Lyons says: I often speak of you with Corporal H——, who also was for some time with you, and I assure you that it does me good to remember the weeks that I spent in my other family, that is to say, in yours; that I can never forget." A peasant, who has evidently frequented the village school to some purpose, thanks the nuns for their "delicate" care of him. This grateful soldier is a prayerful Christian; "*Le bon Dieu* has never forsaken me," he says, alluding to the hardships of life at the front.

Sometimes our soldiers' gratitude is sharpened by the contrast that exists between the friendly hospital where they are treated as children of the house, and the military hospitals where they are merely *cases*. "How often," writes one who had been sent from the Sisters' care to a military hospital, "have I missed the gentle words and the marks of kindness that I received from you. I prayed hard to be sent back to you, but alas, I am always among *ces féroces*." Let us hope that our soldier's regrets for his soft-spoken nurses made him exaggerate the "ferocity" of which he complains.

All our soldiers are not heroes. They are magnificent under fire; this has been proved over and over again; but between whiles the remembrance of the wives and children, who are dependent on them, melts the hearts of these middle-aged fighting men. A middle-aged "territorial," whose helpfulness and good temper are remembered at the hospital, writes thus to Mother Josephine: "I must go back to the front as the war is not finished, *à la grâce de Dieu;* but I hope to get a good wound and to be sent back to the Sisters, who are so kind and so devoted to the poor soldiers." As a rule, however, our former guests are willing to return to the post of danger. At the hospital, the Sisters and their kindly chaplain do their best to fan the flame of patriotism in these ignorant, but sincere souls, and, by reviving their religious convictions, to strengthen and steady their patriotic feelings. A gentle-mannered vine-grower from *les Charentes*, the father of a family, writes that, being cured of his wound, he is now starting for the front, "but I go there as I did before, with courage and confidence." A Breton, who was so grievously wounded, that he still limps and cannot wear shoes on his maimed and swollen feet, regrets that he can neither fight nor work, but adds: "So many poor soldiers are mutilated, having lost their arms and legs or their eyes, they are far more to be pitied than I am!" Another, who came to the hospital in a critical condition, was nursed with such skill that he partially recovered; "I shall always feel grateful," he writes, "for the good you did me and for M. l'Abbé's good advice. He brought me back to the practice of my duties as a Catholic that I had unfortunately rather neglected." He goes on to say that, not being sufficiently recovered to fight, he is employed to prepare the wood that is used by the soldiers for their trenches; "We do the work with a great deal of zeal and we are happy to feel that we can thus help to save some human lives and make the lives of our brethren at the front less hard. Be sure that I shall fulfil my duty as a good Christian and a good soldier." A "territorial" from Lyons, whose sadness often struck us, touchingly expresses his child-like confidence in the Sisters' prayers: "I beseech you to pray for me, for my wife and children, they sorely need their father to bring them up. You who live so near to God cannot pray in vain."

The writer of another letter is a Breton, more sociable than his countrymen in general; his open countenance, gentleness, good temper and grateful recognition of the least kindness, made him particularly popular. From the sodden trenches, his thoughts go out to the big basilica that dominates Paris. He remembers how he and his comrades once went to "Mont Marthe," as he spells it, and how "proud" he felt to escort the Sisters on the occasion. "I never fail," he adds, "to say the prayer of the 'Association' in honor of the Sacred Heart."

Occasionally the soldiers' mothers take up their pen and between the lines, we read the pleasure with which they seize the opportunity of writing to the nuns, who nursed their boys back to health. A peasant woman touches a higher note and gives us incidentally, a side view of the

tragedy of war. Among the soldiers who left an excellent impression behind them at the hospital, was a certain Joseph ——; who had evidently been brought up by devout parents; he was, moreover, docile, civil and eager to oblige. In Mother Josephine's letter, addressed to her boy, his mother answers that "Joseph has been missing since June 6, 1915"; three months later, in September, his younger brother, aged 21, also disappeared; another brother is at the front; the rest are young children, who cannot replace their brothers at home, where the old parents, deprived of the assistance of their big sons, are grappling painfully with adverse circumstances. The writer simply and briefly states the facts, in answer to Mother Josephine's cordial inquiries, but there is not a word of complaint in her letter. "They have shed their blood to defend France, our country; they are now in paradise with Jesus and Mary, where I hope we shall one day have the happiness of meeting them again. May God's holy will be done here below and not ours!" Thus writes the peasant mother, whose strong and simple faith keeps her spirit centered on the realities that alone give suffering a meaning and a solace. B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Woful Waste

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In his preface to *"Pange Lingua,"* a book of Catholic hymns lately published by Burns & Oates, the Rev. Dr. Adrian Fortescue blames "the crushing blow which destroyed the beauty of all Breviary hymns" on four Jesuits,

> who in that faithful obedience to the Holy See which is the glory of their Society, with a patient care that no one can help admiring, set to work to destroy every hymn in the Office. No one who knows anything about the subject now doubts that the revision of Urban VIII was a ghastly mistake for which there is not a word to be said.

But an even lower depth was to be reached in our vernacular hymns, "the real badness of which surpasses anything that could otherwise be imagined."

Solomon, wanting to build the Temple, and knowing he had not competent workmen among his own subjects, did not hesitate to go where he could find them, which shows how he would set the people to "sing wisely." But the prevailing temper among us has been that, for Catholics' use, only Catholics may furnish tunes, or translations even of hymns by Saints and Church-Fathers. Taboo and bootless to us those literary marvels, Neale's devout and almost literal translations of the ancient liturgical hymns, in the original meters, and in choice and in admirable English verse. Likewise, for the same reason, namely, that he is not of the unity of the Church, Mr. Alan G. McDougall's translations in *Pange Lingua,* which, says *Catholic Book Notes,* "equal Neale's at his best." Only by an Episcopalian, the devout and Catholic-minded Samuel G. Baldwin, has Cardinal Newman's unique "Queen of the Seasons" been set to music or reprinted in a hymn-book.

This wanton waste of good things accounts for a large part of our choirs' ineffectiveness for teaching doctrine or arousing devotion. What choir of ours ever sends out "a verse to catch him whom the sermon flies," or any such influence as that claimed for

> that rhythmic word of Goethe, that little snatch of music, which has already sung itself in dark hours and in bright through many a heart, joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, finding it wholly veritable and creditable, full of piety yet free of cant?

From our choirs might come, but do not,

> Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
> Voices soft and deep and serious,
> Words that whisper, songs that haunt us.

But this concession to folly cannot always, nor very much longer, stand. Against it, besides such spirits as Dom Columba, O.S.B., in the Caldey *Pax,* and Dr. Fortescue, is the restless, indefatigable James Britten, in his little *Book Notes* and elsewhere; and the foremost of his great and continuous services to Catholic truth may well be to have brought about, in the words of Dr. Fortescue, "an end of the present odd anomaly that, whereas our liturgical hymns are the finest in the world, our popular ones are easily the worst." It is devoutly to be hoped that the much needed reform will speedily be forthcoming.

Mendota, Minn. MARTIN MALONY.

Catholic Physicians and Reading

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article in AMERICA of August 5, on "Catholic Physicians and Reading," by Edward Kelly Hanlon, interested me greatly. Everything he said in regard to the subject is true. But while laying bare conditions as they exist, he did not suggest any specific remedy for the difficulty. From a fairly large acquaintance with Catholic physicians, and a knowledge of the contents of their book-shelves, I feel I am in a position to offer a few remarks and make a few suggestions that may perhaps be of very practical value.

In many physicians' libraries, in addition to strictly technical books of the profession, may be found sets of the standard authors, so called. These will include Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Scott, and so on. As for these, well and good. But there will also be found sets of Balzac, Dumas, and others of their ilk, with perhaps Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." All of these in bindings more or less splendid, according to the taste and purse of the owner. If one should offer the information that these last-mentioned works are on the "Index," and should not be read, the retort will likely be, "What is the Index and who knows anything about it?" For it is a fact that, not only among Catholic professional men, but among the Catholic reading laity in general, as little is known about the "Index" as about the "Oxyrynchus Papyri," or the "Annals of the Four Masters." For those who believe that *legis ignorantia neminem excusat,* the "Roman Index of Forbidden Books," by Reverend F. S. Betten, S.J., will furnish all necessary information. This small volume may be obtained at any Catholic bookstore for a very modest price.

Many of our Catholic physicians are graduates of non-Catholic schools and colleges, and consequently have not had the advantage of a course in Catholic philosophy. For such, the possession of a good, working collection of books on Christian ethics is a matter of supreme importance. For it is well known that in many non-Catholic medical schools principles are taught that are widely at variance with Catholic teaching. To my mind the following books should be found in the library of every Catholic physician: "Essays in Pastoral Medicine," by Walsh and O'Malley; "Pastoral Medicine," by Alex. Sanford, M.D.; "The Right to Life of the Unborn Child"; "Death, Real and Apparent," by Rev. J. B. Ferreres, S.J.; "The Crux of Pastoral Medicine," by Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A.M.; "Moral Principles and Medical Practice," by Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. These all first-class hand-books of medical ethics, written from the Catholic standpoint. A knowledge of their contents would be of inestimable value to all Catholic physicians. Ignorance of such matters is something of a disgrace, for the *doctor* should be *doctus* not only in medicine but in Christian ethics.

Boston. E. J. CALLANAN.

AMERICA

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Sobriety by Conviction

IN an address delivered at the forty-sixth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America Archbishop James J. Keane emphasized a lesson that is much needed in these days of prohibition by civil statute. He warned his audience that men must be made sober by conviction, not by legal enactment which disregards the very crux of the whole problem, weakness of character.

The drunkard is such by an act of the will, and the will is an elusive faculty, far beyond the reach of statutes. Though law may prevent the sale of intoxicants, yet it does not abate the passion for drink. As a consequence, men who are sober by compulsion only are apt to give themselves to vices as destructive as drunkenness. They cannot indulge their passion in one way, but it will find an outlet in a thousand other ways. It would be a blessed thing if all people were temperate to the last degree, but this boon must be brought about by voluntary self-denial which is founded on love of God and not on fear of law. This has been the central idea of our most successful apostles both of temperance and total abstinence, priests like that flaming sword, Father Mathew, of whose work Archbishop Keane says:

> I saw communities in my boyhood who, when they wanted to reform, knelt down in reverence and pledged to God their word that they would never taste drink again, and today, throughout America, you can shake the hands of men who took the pledge from Father Mathew and have still kept it unbroken. It has made innumerable communities prosperous and honored, and it is winning favorable consideration from those outside our faith who are interested in movements for the betterment of man and for a truer and greater America.

Men knelt in reverence and out of the fulness of adoring hearts swore unto God that they would never drink again. Their souls hallowed by grace, they performed an act of religion which was at once a stay and an inspiration, and they went in honor to their graves under the protecting mantle of Christ, by whose power and for whose sake they denied themselves the least indulgence in alcohol.

In this they but reflected the spirit of the Church which has never ceased to urge her children to deeds of virtue whether by mere temperance or by rigid abstinence. But this urging, especially to the latter virtue, has been done through the breath of the Spirit of God, gently inspiring the soul to conquer itself.

This problem is not new to the Church. It reaches back to the first days of her existence. Her solution now is as it was then, prayer and the Sacraments, not statutes which drive the vicious to new excesses and deprive the virtuous of legitimate liberty. By prayer and the use of the Sacraments the self-indulgent Roman became the confessor of the catacombs or the martyr of the arena; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments the wassail-pledging Saxon was transformed into the gentle ascetic; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments all men will be rendered at least temperate. Thus does the Church work: of the half-brute she makes the whole man; of the whole man she makes the saint.

Charles George Herbermann

DEATH has claimed another loyal and eminent Catholic in the person of Charles George Herbermann, who died in New York City, on August 24. Coming from Germany in early boyhood, Dr. Herbermann entered the college of St. Francis Xavier in 1853, and five years later received his first degree from Fordham University. From that day almost to the hour of his death he gave himself to study with an ardor no less vehement than enlightened. In 1869, he became Professor of Latin in the College of the City of New York, and held the chair with distinction until 1914, when failing eyesight forced him to retire. But ill-health seemed but to whet his appetite for intellectual pursuits and though totally blind for the last two years, he continued his work and finished the "History of the Sulpicians in the United States" just before his last illness came upon him.

Dr. Herbermann was a rare type of person, at once a scholar and a man of affairs. He was the author of six or eight serious books, he was Editor-in-Chief of the "Catholic Encyclopedia"; President of the United States Catholic Historical Society; Editor of the "Historical Records and Studies"; member of the Archeological Institute of America, and of the American Geographical Society. He was also the first President of the Xavier Alumni Sodality, President of the Catholic Club, a Lætare Medalist, and a Knight of St. Gregory: activity and honor enough for any one man. Yet with all these distinctions he remained a plain, sincere, God-fearing man who avoided publicity, and with a true scholar's instinct abhorred the witchery of that folly which drives so many of our men to clamor in the high-

way and shout from the housetop that they may win a little cheap renown.

Dr. Herbermann's worth was inherent; it was not a factitious, but a real greatness which honored the honors that came to him unsought. Now he is dead and his friends, experiencing the *desiderium tam cari capitis*, pronounce his name with reverence and pray that God may soon raise up as great a Catholic scholar and publicist to take his place.

Cathedrals to Pray In

THE London *Times* recently called attention to the fact that the people of England, sobered and chastened by the war, have begun to frequent in larger numbers the fine old Cathedrals of the country and that too not only when services are going on, and not merely in the spirit of sight-seers, but for purposes of private devotion, slipping in for quiet prayer at all hours of the day. The *Times* in warmly commending the practice remarks that it is highly gratifying to see a good old custom being restored, for in former ages the Cathedrals of England were the people's houses of prayer all through the day.

The writer neglected to point out, however, what it was that made the Englishmen of the fifteenth century, say, throng their Cathedrals even when services were not taking place. But every Catholic understands what the attraction was. It was not merely the graceful Gothic architecture of the Minsters or their glowing windows that drew the worshipers but it was the Real Presence of Our Blessed Lord, as God and Man, in the Holy Eucharist which was of course reserved in the tabernacle of each of the Cathedrals. That was what then made England's Minsters such desirable places to pray in. But since the lamentable day when the Blessed Sacrament was removed for the last time from those tabernacles, the Cathedrals have become at best only splendid mausoleums, for in losing the Real Presence the religion of the English people lost its soul.

The Catholic Press Association

THE Catholic Press Association has just closed a most successful convention. As in former years so this year the editors who took part in the deliberations were inspired by a desire to give of their best to the service of God and the country. That they are accomplishing a great work few will deny; that there is room for improvement, the editors themselves freely admit. But at the same time these hard-working men are conscious of the fact that they have reached a position where progress depends not so much on their own efforts as on the support they receive from those who should be interested in the apostolate of the press. There is need for strong, intelligent, Catholic papers in this country, if for no other reason than that in this critical period of transition from an old to a new order, Catholics must be foremost in pressing a solution of the great problems which are bearing heavily upon the people.

Up to this Catholics have added little enough to the constructive character of the age; indeed strange to say the main currents of thought have swept by, leaving some of them all unconscious of the heaving torrent nigh at hand, carrying others onward to the dark fathomless sea of infidelity. This must change, the country needs our help and we are bound to give it, now more than ever before. For democracy has all but disappeared, and in its stead flow two streams equally noxious to the commonwealth, one directed by plutocracy, the other by a blatant, materialistic Socialism. And the vision of a prophet is not needed to foresee that, at the close of the European war, two at least of our serious problems will be accentuated a hundredfold. And whence is the solution for them to come? The depository of God's wisdom, the Church, holds that solution in her power, but papers, strong, fearless, brainy papers, are needed to press the lessons home both to willing and unwilling souls. This is the significance of the Catholic Press Association convention. Who will help?

The Mexican Commission

AT last the Mexican Commission has been appointed, three Mexicans and three Americans. As was to be expected the former are radicals of the most pronounced type, and the latter, strange to say, are Protestants, one of them a militant evangelist. Three radicals, two mild-mannered Protestants and an evangelist are to sit in judgment upon affairs that intimately concern the Catholic Church to which over ninety per cent of the Mexicans profess allegiance. This is perhaps the most remarkable phase of the whole Mexican problem, more striking in many ways than the arming of lust, vengeance and those other brutal passions which ultimately found vent in blasphemy and rape and murder and the desecration of holy places and things. Time alone will reveal the motives that led to these extraordinary appointments; at present one thing only is certain, the "gates of hell" shall not prevail against the Church.

Immorality Never "Beautiful"

ONE of the recent "best sellers," a book severely criticised in AMERICA, for its vivid portrayal of oriental indecency, has been excluded, and with justice, from the shelves of the New York Library. The author, who was interviewed on the subject, takes his stand on high moral grounds, cries out against the establishment of "school girl standards" in literature, protests against the prevalence of Calvinistic ideas, and ends with the following high-sounding but specious plea for unrestricted license in art and literature:

If truth be a virtue, why should the artist be prohibited in

telling the truth? This is what these people [his critics] would do—set up a standard which implies a lie. And untruth in life and art is the most pernicious of vices. . . . Shall we not adopt as our principle for the conduct of our individual lives and for the creation of art and literature that conception glorious, ennobling, trustful: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know"?

In all this, as is evident, the novelist is dealing in sophistry. The province of art is undoubtedly the representation of the beautiful. But immorality is not beautiful. It is essentially ugly; it fails to conform to the first canon of the beautiful. Disorder and beauty are insociable terms, they are mutually exclusive. But immorality of its very nature is disorder, just as all sin is disorder. Revolt against the law of God deprives an action of its moral rectitude, and this defect renders the action, no matter how it may be tricked out in graces of style, essentially inartistic. In every sin, be its physical makeup what you will, there is an element of moral ugliness which vitiates the action as a whole and makes it repulsive and productive of disgust, not final pleasure.

Passing over, therefore, the philosophical error that beauty and truth are convertible terms, an error to which the author commits himself unreservedly, the reader will see at once that the whole defense of the book in question is based on the assumption that phases of life, no matter how degraded or vile, if depicted faithfully and truthfully, take on the air of beauty. This is false. The ugliness of certain facts is positively aggressive, and if they are truthfully told they must remain what they are, hideous beyond words. The author of the banned book justifies himself on the score of beauty and truth, but he fails to see the dilemma in which he has placed himself. If he tells the truth he must describe immorality as ugly, and in taking the ugly for his theme he ceases to be an artist. If he paint immorality as beautiful, he fails in truth and on his own principle forfeits the claim to artistry. Art to be worthy of its name, must portray the beautiful, moral or physical according to its subject; in no case must it select for portrayal a thing that is essentially ugly. But such is immorality, and it is not a fit subject for art.

LITERATURE

The Genius of Oliver Goldsmith

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was twenty-eight years of age when he stepped on the soil of England for the first time. His biographer, Forster, speaks of this landing as "his return to his native land." Goldsmith was twenty-five when he left the Irish Midlands, where, after his failure at the University of Dublin, he had been living the idle life of the young "squireen"—playing cards in taverns and country houses, hunting otter, fishing in the Midland rivers, composing verses, and, as we may be sure, attending the dance-house and the wake-house. He once won a prize for throwing the hammer at Ballymahon Fair. At twenty-five he went to Edinburgh to attend medical lectures. From Edinburgh he jumped over to Holland. Then finding himself on the Continent he took his "wander year," playing the flute in Switzerland and France, and earning a meal and bed in Northern Italy by disputing in the convents. He thus obtained a view of both sides of European life and this enabled him later on to refer to policies and politics with insight and realism. He also brought back a degree from the University of Padua.

The Irish mind is slow to organize its powers, and Goldsmith was in middle-life before he could take credit for an exceptional work. At thirty-six "The Traveller" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" were made known, for the novel and the poem seem to have been written side by side. He was forty when "The Good-Natured Man" was put upon the boards, and forty-three when "The Deserted Village" was published. "She Stoops to Conquer" was produced when he was forty-five. He died at the age of forty-six.

In the eighteenth century the impulse that had made the spiritual force in man reveal itself was gone, and the new impulse that was to make a new revelation had not yet been felt. For the writers of the eighteenth century the visible world existed and the visible world had taken the pattern of the city, the court, the villa and the garden, and, as we look from society to the individual, they looked from the individual to society. The individual, man in relation to nature, they did not perceive, but the social type, man in relation to society, they fully observed. They created in literature, not the individual, but the social type. Society that is for us a series of dissolving views was for them a thing established. The protectors of the literary men were now the chiefs of political parties, and the rewards were places in the administration, State pensions, or positions in the Established Church. In letters the journalist had not been differentiated from the *littérateur*, and men like Johnson, Smollett, and Goldsmith were expected to deal directly with political affairs. The characteristic defects of the body of social literature are palpable to us now. In poetry the defect is an approach to eloquence, and in narrative it is a design to edify and an easy acceptance of temporary morality. Both these defects are marked in "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield."

When we are reading the first seventeen chapters of "The Vicar of Wakefield" we agree that the story is something supremely well done. "Such natural movement!" we exclaim. "Such pleasant irony! Such delightful writing!" And then we find that Goldsmith is unable to surmount the crisis, his only solution is to legalize the relation of a young woman to her seducer, and to have a general jail-delivery by a benevolent patron of the family. The second part of the "Vicar of Wakefield" might be a well-written tract with some such title as "A Present-Day Job and How He was Comforted." The mechanical movement of the second part is in relation to the design to edify, and we are spared nothing in the way of coincidences, deceptions, recognitions and discoveries.

In the theater Goldsmith was a brave, intelligent and successful innovator. The sentimental comedy had been long in the playhouse and the audience had been weaned from natural comedy. On the night of its first production the scenes in which the bailiffs figure in "The Good-Natured Man" had to be cut; such humor was low in the opinion of the pit. The publication of "The Good-Natured Man" was a declaration of war upon the sentimental comedy, and the production of "She Stoops to Conquer" was a decisive victory for the natural comedy. Another Irish dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was to take advantage of Goldsmith's victory.

"She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Deserted Village" are opposite expressions of the social idea. In the comedy there is an amused observation of manners and in the poem there

is the passionate presentation of the social conflict. Goldsmith understood the current economic doctrine, and he was affected by it as Dr. Johnson was affected by it. When he reasoned he accepted Adam Smith, and when he felt passionately he transcended him.

Across "The Deserted Village" in its ruin a gleam falls that lights up many places in the social fabric. But it is the village in its prosperity that we love. "The Deserted Village" is the equivalent in literature of one of the best Dutch pictures. We praise its animation, its variety, its color, and above all, the faithfulness and love with which its people and scenes are embodied. Goldsmith is always loyal to the average in humanity, and the thing that gives an hour's importance to the poor man's heart is important to him. Auburn is in Goldsmith's heart. It is the village in which his brother and the friends of his childhood dwell. The countryside that Goldsmith knew had been cleared by a General Napier to give space for a park. His love for his own people and his remembrance of the Napier evictions are the roots of "The Deserted Village." It might be described as the first Irish agrarian poem. When his thesis was questioned Goldsmith simply said "I remember it in my own country, and I have seen it in this."

Oliver Goldsmith has been too often arrayed in scarlet and plum-colored garments and presented as a character in a sentimental comedy. He radiated happiness and simplicity, and for that reason his friends gave him a comedy part to play. It was made authentic by the figure which we can so easily recall: the broad and bald forehead, the pock-marked features, the short nose, the mouth with its long upper lip and its pouting under lip. The part he was expected to play was always very familiar to him, and he created it often for the happiness of his friends. They offended him sometimes by laughing at him instead of laughing with him. "I said this as a good thing at table, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing," he writes in a letter. Very often what he said as a good thing was misunderstood, and recorded against him as a piece of vanity or folly. But we should not let ourselves be taken in by rambling tales about peas and Turnham Green. "The poor soul had sometimes parts, but never common sense," Horace Walpole wrote.

Let us note some occasions when he showed his parts outside the world of his imagination. He anticipated a prison system in which there should be rewards as well as punishments, and he advocated a relaxation in the penal code. His political judgments would have given Swift or Burke the reputation of being masters of reality. Thirty years before the revolution he wrote that "The French were vindicating themselves into liberty." He foretold that the consolidation of the Russian Empire would be a menace to the liberties of the Western nations. He watched the game running tame about the environs of Paris, and he observed that it was significant, not of social security, but of social decay. The critics who have patronized him speak of Goldsmith as one whom they could love but could not possibly respect. We can respect the man who knowing the hunger that breaks the spirit and the heart could yet remain cheerful, patient and amiable, and who, living among the beggars of Axe Lane, could discipline himself to "strike for honest fame." His political histories and his natural histories may be inaccurate, but they are not false as "Taxation, No Tyranny" and "The False Alarm" are false. Goldsmith labored at his histories when he might have drawn easy pay by writing venal pamphlets. Mr. Basil Montague who called to offer him *carte blanche*, was astonished and indeed made indignant by his refusal to write in support of the administration. Mr. Basil Montague heard Goldsmith's declaration of independence and wrote him down as absurd. Perhaps it was this instance of absurdity that made such an impression upon Lord Macaulay. Goldsmith was the second of the great Irishmen who brought a new reality into English literature.

PADRAIC COLUM.

REVIEWS

Society and Prisons. By THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35.

One More Chance. By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE and JAMES P. RAMSAY. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

The title of Mr. Osborne's book sufficiently indicates its subject; "One More Chance" is a discussion of the value of "probation" for older as well as for first offenders. To the extent that these books plead for justice and humanity, even for criminals, they are worthy of all approbation. The law-breaker, within prison walls or without, whatever his red record of crime may be, whatever the depths of his degradation and dishonor, is still a human being, not a hopeless beast. He has undoubted claims upon society, as Mr. W. S. Lilly, no lover of the new penology, is careful to point out; he has rights upon which no State or individual may infringe, simply because he is a being made to the image of God. Whatever, then, will improve society's methods of dealing with the delinquent, and tend to throw about the stern dictates of bare justice the robe of mercy woven by the gentle hands of the Saviour of mankind, who came to teach *misericordiam et judicium*, "mercy and judgment," deserves the sympathetic cooperation of all who love God and erring man. St. Augustine sums up the spirit of Christianity when, speaking of the sinful woman dragged before Our Lord by the Pharisees, he says that, in the judgment of Moses the law-giver, she should have been stoned; but *Christus indulget ut rex*, "Christ the king, is full of gentleness."

With all this admitted, and, indeed, insisted upon as a dictate of justice and Christian charity, it must be said that there is little of real value in either of the present volumes. Each betrays the tone of the special pleader; each is thoroughly unscientific in generalizing freely from narrow and particular premises, many of which, in truth, seem to represent subjective impressions rather than objective realities; each champions a fundamental misconception of the meaning of reformation, and consequently of the means by which it is to be effected. In modern penology, the reconstruction of the individual is too largely esthetic and economic; its aim is to make the erstwhile criminal a self-supporting member of society, or, at least as little of a burden as possible to the State. Granting, for the moment, that the true purpose of law should exclude the idea of retributive justice and aim purely at reformation, the new penology makes true reformation impossible, by rejecting the absolute need of supernatural agencies of reconstruction. Raise the standards of comfort in human estimation, persuade the crowd that goodness is an economic asset, and that waywardness leads inevitably to want, and you may, possibly, lessen the number of men and women behind prison bars. But does the process reconstruct the soul that has sinned? The new penology readily meets this question by answering that there is no such thing as "sin." Why, then, talk of "reconstruction"? If sin is a fiction and crime a disease, why not abolish law and the Church, and instead of prisons, rear roomy mansions in sunny climes where these sick members of the race may be surrounded by all manner of luxuries denied their honest brethren who eat their bread in the sweat of their brow? Happily, there are indications that sanity is replacing the once popular craze for "prison reform." Mr. Osborne himself, who is probably not responsible for many of the vagaries ascribed to him by the Sunday supplements, is learning that even if "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," these grossly material substances are sometimes

necessary, if honor members of Mutual Welfare Leagues are to be kept within ascertainable bounds. P. L. B.

The Founding of Spanish California. By CHARLES EDWARD CHAPMAN, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

In an age of loose thinking it is a real pleasure to happen on a book definite in aim, precise in treatment and reliable in its sources of information. "The Founding of Spanish California" is not a general history of California, nor even of its missions; rather it is a highly specialized, but none the less interesting, study of policies. Dr. Chapman proposes to investigate the movement of Spanish colonization in Upper California, and never forgets his resolve through the whole volume. What purpose the Spaniards had in settling their far-western territory, and how the officials understood the policy of the government and attempted and effected settlements: this is the theme of the work. Bucarely is praised, as he richly deserves, and Croix is blamed, as he justly merits, but Dr. Chapman seems the least bit fearful lest Father Serra be accorded more glory than the strictest justice demands.

Original and hitherto unused documents in the Archivo General de Indias, Seville, Spain, and Bancroft's History, form the groundwork of the study; yet Bancroft, as Father Engelhardt well shows, is not the unbiased historian he should be; no, nor Hittell, either. Footnotes abound, references are clear, the bibliography is excellent; the whole is a splendid example of critical research, and, fortunately, is but the first of a series of similar works. Z. J. M.

Prose Types in Newman: a Book of Selections from the Writings of JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. Edited by GILBERT J. GARRAGHAN, S.J., St. Louis University. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. $0.75.

Catholic teachers will joyfully welcome this new text-book for the English class, as we cannot well have too much of such a consummate master of his language as was Cardinal Newman. Father Garraghan, whose text of the renowned Oratorian's "Literature" is doubtless familiar to many of our readers, has now made a good choice of thirty passages from Newman's writings, and arranged them under the five captions: Narration, Description, Exposition, Argumentation, and Persuasion. Preceding each division is a clear explanation of the form of discourse illustrated by the selections, and at the end of each passage are found excellent paragraphs of "Questions and Studies" which will force the pupil to think hard. "Topical Analyses" of the forms of discourse, followed by "Glossary and Notes" arranged alphabetically, complete the volume. As the boys and girls who are victims of the "best-seller" and the cheap-magazine habit can have their taste in literature corrected most effectively by giving them in the classroom a constant regimen of such stylists as Newman, Father Garraghan's admirable text-book should be widely used in our Catholic schools. W. D.

Browning: How to Know Him. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. $1.25.

In this volume, one of a series, Professor Phelps has done good service in introducing the poems of Robert Browning to readers who might otherwise be deterred from enjoying them. The author devotes the initial chapter to the life of Browning, a sober estimate of his character and genius. In the subsequent chapters such interesting subjects as his theory of poetry, his optimism and his poems of paradox are carefully studied. In the course of the volume Professor Phelps quotes in complete form over fifty of the better poems. An outline of the circumstances of composition and the meaning of the poems, will, in accordance with the purpose of the volume, remove many difficulties which the beginner may have in wrestling with the close-packed and sometimes cryptic passages. The comments of the author stamp him as an enthusiast. While for the most part agreement with him is an easy task, enthusiasm should not blind us to a defect. Every sane reader will admit that Browning, in spite of his broad mind on other subjects, expressed some unjustifiable views about the Catholic Church. It is impossible then, to agree with the author in his attempted justification of such poems as "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's," and "Fra Lippo Lippi," or to subscribe to the morality voiced in "The Statue and the Bust." With these reservations, all readers of Browning, incipient or otherwise, will find the book stimulative of serious thought, literary delight, and conservative admiration for a great poet.

W. J. H. McE.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Bookman's* list of the six novels that were most widely read during July contains no book that has not been noticed already in these columns. These are the stories: "Seventeen," "Just David," "Bars of Iron," "The Prisoner," "The Border Legion" and "Nan of Music Mountain." Among the non-fiction books that have had a wide sale are Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico" and Agnes Repplier's "Counter-Currents," both by Catholic authors and well worth reading.

"Abraham Lincoln," by Daniel Wheeler (Macmillan, $0.50), is one of the "Great Americans" series. These little books try to put before the youthful mind, in an interesting way, the lives of those who have helped to make the history of our country. The present volume, like the other volumes of the series, has been written with the child's viewpoint in mind, and those events in Lincoln's career have been emphasized which bear a special appeal to the young. ——Alice Louise Thompson's "Catechism of Patriotism" (Murphy), aims to teach the young of our country the urgent need of universal military training. The author emphasizes strongly as well as popularizes the opinion that the future of our nation will be secure only when "every American boy and girl is being taught that they owe the State an obligation as binding from the military as from the civil side."

"Tish" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50), by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a collection of short stories about three elderly maiden ladies who engage in pursuits not commonly favored by persons of matured years and an established position in society. Here and there the fun is a bit forced, but the book will do no harm, and many readers will probably find it amusing.——As William McFee's novel "Casuals of the Sea" (Doubleday, $1.00) is largely concerned with a very "psychological" description of how a girl of the humble classes became a rich man's mistress, with an account of her subsequent career, the reviewers have, of course, been lavishly praising the author's "artistry." His picture of a stoker's life is also quite "uplifting." Unfortunately it is becoming increasingly difficult to learn from the secular press the true value of a "popular" novel.

George J. Hagar's "Plain Facts about Mexico" (Harper, $0.50) is well described in the foreword as a "convenient summary of the salient facts regarding Mexico's natural, racial, and economic features and plans of government and finance." The book seems to be meant for the American business man whose interest in Mexico is chiefly commercial, for the country's history and present troubles are not touched upon. Mexico's

greatest natural asset are its vast oil fields, which cover some 17,000 square miles, and the struggle for their possession has doubtless had more to do with the revolutionary movements of the past few years than is commonly supposed. In naming Mexico's institutions of higher education the author mentions none that are strictly Catholic, but he could excuse the omission by truthfully saying: "There are no Catholic colleges in the country now, for the revolutionists have ruined them all."

"When a Man's a Man" (The Book Supply Co., $1.35) is the latest of Harold Bell Wright's rapidly growing list of books. Unlike his last literary effort the present volume makes no pretense at solving problems, but is a simple, clean, interesting story of a man's struggle to rise superior to an effeminating environment of wealth and ease, and to make himself a man on his own merits. The hero wins the immediate sympathy of the reader and holds his attention throughout, but there are some weak places in the plot, and the development of the story and the characters is marked by haste and lack of artistic finish.——The jacket of Sylvia Lynd's "The Chorus, a Tale of Love and Folly" (Dutton, $1.35) solemnly announces that the novel is "one of the most remarkable 'first books' ever offered to the public." But as "sympathetic" stories of seduction and adultery have long ceased, unhappily, to be "remarkable" for anything save the frequency of their publication, that would appear to be the only reason "The Chorus" deserves the epithet.

"Short Sermons on Gospel Texts" (Wagner, $1.00), by the Rev. M. Bossaert, is a little volume of instructions for Low Mass, arranged for the entire ecclesiastical year. Each sermon contains two or more sharply defined points, in each of which is given a practical lesson, based on a dogmatic or moral truth, suggested by the Gospel of the Sunday. The topics selected cover a wide range and are clearly developed.——"A Retreat for Women in Business" (Wagner, $0.75) contains fourteen conferences designed by Rev. J. A. McMullan, C.SS.R., to meet the needs of those who like Martha are busy about many things. Sin and its consequences, including hell, which is treated calmly and without exaggeration, the spirit of Christ, and the means of grace are the subjects which the author has arranged in the form of a retreat. The talks are direct, clear and practical.

Boyd Cable left the trenches last spring and returned to England to see how the munition workers were "Doing Their Bit" (Dutton, $1.00). He shows that almost all the industrial forces of Great Britain have practically been conscripted and are now manufacturing guns, ammunition and military supplies. Thousands and thousands of old men and women work long hours making shells and cartridges. But the author reminds the hands of a factory which turns out 5,000 shells a week that one insignificant battery of field artillery sometimes uses up in one day that amount of ammunition.——In another war book S. Parnell Kerr undertakes to tell "What the Irish Regiments Have Done" (T. Fisher Unwin). The author owns that little official recognition has been given to deeds of Irish heroism, and that "the names of the units engaged in military operations of the most brilliant kind have seldom been mentioned in dispatches," so he undertakes to supply the omission. The reader will gather that, with remarkable frequency, the Irish troops were generously allowed to lead desperate attacks or to defend hopeless positions. Their battle-cry "A Nation Once Again!" seems a striking commentary on what is taking place in Ireland just now. The author praises the heroism of Catholic chaplains.

M. D. Huger fittingly dedicates "Adelicia of Louvaine, the Rose of Brabant" (Longmans, $1.00) to the Belgians, comparing the virtues of that good queen to the heroic qualities now distinguishing the people of Belgium. The whole is a blank-verse poem of five cantos, each preceded by a prelude in one of the conventional verse forms. These latter surpass the former in poetic merit. "The Legend of Strong Arm" is a good ballad, and "Beyond the Bourne" is a rondeau with some fine lines in it. Adelicia's whole life is unfolded until her martyr's death of leprosy, but the whole seems too quiet and undramatic for a long poem. The frontispiece is very artistic.——"Ships in Port" (Putnam, $1.25), by Lewis Worthington Smith, is a not unworthy contribution to this year's fruitful production of poetry. The title of the volume, taken from the initial poem, does not indicate the wide variety of subject-matter through which the author ranges. He colors such ordinary subjects as "The Workshop" and "The Power House" with real poetic imagination, and is as emotional in such longer poems as "Convalescence" and "Facing the Verdict" as he is delicate in the smaller gems like "The Lost Arcady" and "Whither Away?"

"Heroes of the Mission Field" (Mission Press, Techny, $0.50), by the Rev. H. Wegener, S.V.D., translated by E. McCall, is a book of 300 pages containing biographical sketches of famous nineteenth-century missionaries and martyrs. Abundant quotations from the letters of these heroic souls reveal the noble sentiments, the zeal, the charity and the self-sacrifice which prompted and sustained them until the last drop of their blood had enriched the soil of their labors. The reader of this opportune book cannot fail to imbibe some of the true missionary spirit.——In a handy octavo volume of 263 pages "Catéchisme de la Profession Religieuse (d'après les *Normæ*)" (Toulouse: Edouard Privat), written by a member of the Congregation of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, presents for ordinary use an ample fund of practical information upon the religious state. Many of the considerations on poverty, obedience, and the obligation of the rules apply only to the members of the Congregation of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, for whom the book is primarily intended, but as a whole it will also be found, as stated by Dr. Albert Battaudier, in his endorsement of it, to be a "very useful vade-mecum for all those who have embraced the religious life."

At a recent meeting of the Poetry Society in London, G. K. Chesterton, who has been a Vice-President of the Society since its birth, made a speech in reply to a vote of thanks for the President. In the course of his remarks he observed:

> It was often said that poetry had to do with symbolism. The whole of life was one perpetual symbolism and the tendency of that symbolism was to become oppressive. The most complex ritual that existed in any religion was simple compared with what we went through in the ordinary course of life, and its tendency was to become more and more heavy, exacting and complex. One of the purposes of poetry was not so much to make symbols as to point out that they are symbols and to create the spirit behind them.

Mr. Chesterton then said that he had recently come across a line by a Frenchman which was the clearest, highest expression of poetic beauty and patriotism: "Happy is he who dies for his earthly city, for it is the body of the City of God." Nothing could be finer than that, thought the speaker, except the fact that the man who gave it utterance was subsequently killed in the battle of Verdun.

"La Guerre en Artois" (Téqui, Paris) is not a military history but a simple exposition of the happenings during the war in Artois, the sufferings of the non-belligerents, the desecration of churches, etc. The collaborators were either witnesses or actors in the carnage in that section of the country, and they have recited in a simple style what they know. A witness tells

us that for many weeks two voices were heard in the Catholic churches, one, of the little children reciting the beads; the other, the loud, terrible booming of the enemy's cannon; the one imploring life, the other announcing death. Many extracts are given from the letters of priests and seminarists in the service, and also are narrated the indefatigable labors of the holy Bishop of Arras and the military chaplains.——"Saint Thomas d'Aquin et la Guerre" (Téqui), by R. P. Thomas Pègues, O.P., is a little book in which the true doctrine on war is clearly and briefly explained. The publication is timely, for the only true course must be steered between the Scylla of extreme pacifism and the Charybdis of extreme militarism, and what better chart can we follow than that mapped out by the Angelic Doctor, the principles which must rule all those who would be governed by the dictates of truth and justice?

Julian W. Abernathy's "English Literature" (Merrill, $1.35) is primarily intended as a text-book for schools, but it may also serve the needs of the general reader. The author catches the spirit of each age and writer, giving their historical setting, showing with insight the contrast or harmony between the authors' lives and writings, and describing the growth of the English drama, essay, novel, etc. All through the book are sprinkled telling bits of criticism. Of Shakespeare the author says: "He thinks in metaphors and speaks in pictures"; he dismisses the Cavalier poets by calling them, "care-free children of the fleeting day, with no yesterdays or tomorrows in their thought." The Catholic reader will miss Southwell, De Vere, Thompson, and will deprecate the omission of the last the more because Shaw, Wells, Masefield, Brooke, Watson, Bridges, come in for treatment, will question the statement that Elizabeth's policy was one of "wise toleration," and in face of the recent revival of scholasticism will repudiate the dictum that "Scholasticism, the unfruitful scholarship of the Middle Ages, lost forever its dignity and power."

Here is "A Song of Colors" from "Laughs and Whifts of Song" by Thomas Maynard, the Dominican poet:

Gold for the crown of Mary,
Blue for the sea and sky,
Green for the woods and meadows
Where small white daisies lie,
And red for the color of Christ's blood
When He came to the Cross to die.

These things the high God gave us
And left in the world He made—
Gold for the hilt's enrichment,
And blue for the sword's good blade,
And red for the roses a youth may set
On the white brows of a maid.

Green for the cool, sweet gardens
Which stretch about the house,
And the delicate new frondage
The winds of spring arouse,
And red for the wine which a man may drink
With his fellows in carouse.

Blue and green for the comfort
Of tired hearts and eyes,
And red for that sudden hour which comes
With danger and great emprise,
And white for the honor of God's throne
When the dead shall all arise.

Gold for the cope and chalice,
For kingly pomp and pride,
And red for the feathers men wear in their caps
When they win a war or a bride,
And red for the robes which they dressed God in
On the bitter day He died.

EDUCATION

Naturalistic Aptitudes

I HAVE been reminded recently, that I know very little about the true inwardness of education. This is indeed true, but why the barbed and whistling arrows of tart criticism should impinge upon me as a target, it were bootless to inquire. Lay and professional, hitherto most of us have clung, sometimes in a kind of despairing stupor and often with the energy of despair, to the older ideals which first allowed the child to have a soul, and then pictured this soul as a plot of arable land with ourselves for husbandmen. We took for granted that, allowing for accidental differences, every child was like every other child, just as one field is like another. Perhaps we undervalued the significance of accidental differences. Wheat land is not oat land, and potatoes, I am told, will flourish exceedingly in soils which cause a well-bred tobacco plant to slip prematurely into the sere, the yellow leaf. But in the main we were right. The science of agriculture is not a fable, simply because I am a very unlucky husbandman, with slow-moving wits, and thumbs for fingers.

Hardening the Plastic Child

But I am told that all this picturing is but a Cubist masterpiece. "The plasticity of the child must not be hardened artificially and prematurely into a philosophy of life," is the dictum flung at my head, "but experimental naturalistic aptitudes shall constitute the true education." Far be it from me to harden little Cissy's plasticity, either prematurely or artificially. I do not know how to do it in the first place, and next, even if I had the knowledge, I should as soon think of hardening the child's arteries. But in the presence of this admonition, I am abashed, silent, cautious, like a poodle with a new bug, for I am not quite sure that I know what "experimental naturalistic aptitudes" are. An aptitude means a fitness, I suppose, together with a yearning, to do something; a sort of inner urge, such as Diogenes had for his tub, or Huck Finn for his hogshead in the tan yard. "Naturalistic" has a suspicious sound, but it implies perhaps, that this fitness is genuine, not forced; and "experimental" adds, it may be, that the existence and trend of the fitness are discovered "by dint of failure and noting successes." Thus developed, the film loses some of its fog. As a picture of true education, it would seem to convey the impression that education ought to run along smooth and easy grooves, hollowed out by toleration of the pupil's likes and dislikes.

Desires and Capabilities

If this interpretation is correct, one need only strip off the new and gaudy verbal rags to be brought face to face with an ancient, chattering sophism. Do not quote, or misquote, Carlyle to the effect that our desires are the presentiments of our capabilities. Though that grim and dour Scot once wrote that Newman had the brain of a rabbit, he was never foolish enough to use his pen to prove that in the absence of a ladder or a flying-machine one could get to the top of an oak by merely wishing the ascent; nor did he believe that children are best trained to meet life's burdens by indulging whim and fancy.

Cissy's present wishes are for a new doll, ice cream, soda water, chewing gum, and to have her own way; they are of the earth earthy, the toy shop, the confectioners, and untrained human nature. And I have heard of a bold adventurer, *ætas* 2, whose harassed relatives were continually on the watch to bar his progress, triumphal as he doubtless pic-

tured it, up a flight of stairs, dragging after him, an opened umbrella. His passion and unconquerable inner urge led him to steep stair-cases which may have marked out in his youthful fancy, a new and glorious pathway to the stars. Foolish father! Timorous mother! The new parent could have told them that in thus prematurely hardening their son's plasticity, they were dimming forever a spirit, fellow to that which urged Columbus across the pathless seas, and drew stout Cortez to his "peak in Darien"; and they could have cited Aschaffenberg to this effect, and much more. Johnny, on the other hand, longs to be a bandit; and one Johnny-on-the-East-Side, not many months back, procuring a revolver, pursued a perfectly strange boy down the fire-escape, and ended the perilous descent by shooting the perfidious red skin in the shoulder, bidding him bite the dust.

Individual Differences

I cannot think that humanity rises to the culmination of its unrealized perfection on the wings of naturalistic aptitudes. Let it be admitted at once, and indeed postulated, that the system of education which does not regard every child as an individual, or which does not discover and allow fully for real differences in capability, is a source of danger to the community as well as to the pupil. But this is not the old system. It is precisely the American heresy of making education a fetish which has led the public mind to consider the school as a kind of preternatural minting machine which, from any kind of material, can turn out a bright shining coin of any desired denomination. He would be a bold man who today would hint a fallacy in the claim that every avenue to education should be open to every child. Yet an avenue is not open and cannot be open, to the child whose intellectual vision is by nature, dim. The most hopeful sign in modern education is to be found in the manual training school. If judiciously employed, it will in future replace some of our bungling physicians, muddle-headed lawyers, and half-educated Bohemians, which is a polite term for weaklings, by deft, capable, expert machinists and craftsmen. But it must not be regarded as a refuge for the lazy. Too many callow youths are thought by their fond parents to have a genius for "electricity," or for what, in their simplicity, these same parents consider "engineering." To permit a boy whose only recognizable sign of genius is a high degree of skill in avoiding all varieties of mental exertion, to dabble with dry batteries and electric bells, will not make him another Maxwell or Ampère. But it may result in a pauper or a life-long dependent.

Educational Truisms

Trite, but none the less true is the saying that training means repression as well as development. Labor and pain are always the price of great achievement. Power is riot unless curbed; economy, reticence, restraint, guide the production of every masterpiece. What system of education would be best were we dwellers in the moon, it is difficult to say. Perhaps if all our impulses were for good and none for evil; if all our desires were constructive and if nothing in man tended to make him less a man, we might endorse the theory that "experimental naturalistic aptitudes shall constitute the true education." But we do not live in the moon, and we cannot change, if we would, our nature. Man is an earth-dweller. Capable of undreamed heights of noble achievement, he always bears about him traces of the earth from which he has been drawn. He is not evil, but he is prone to evil. Education must have its repressive, purifying processes if it is to help him to look upward to the stars.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Central Verein and the Pillars of Hercules

"WHEN Alexander thought of the Pillars of Hercules," said his Excellency Mgr. Bonzano at the sixty-first annual convention of the Central Verein, "he wept because, as he presumed, there were no more lands for him to conquer; but you have not yet reached the Pillars of Hercules."

The Apostolic Delegate had spoken of the great success which crowned the sixty years of earnest work accomplished by the Central Verein in the religious, educational and social field. He had referred to the high praise accorded to it by members of the Hierarchy who saw in it the model of efficient Catholic organization. He had described its spirit of discipline and union which helped to give it effectiveness in the realm of social endeavor. He had lauded above all its absolute loyalty to the representative of the Vicar of Christ and the prelates of the Church who were unanimous in their esteem of it. Yet it was not so much to extol the record of its glorious past that he had come, as to point to the still greater efforts he wished it to make in the future: "But you have not yet reached the Pillars of Hercules."

What are those Pillars of Hercules, the twin pillars that stand as the terminus of the world of social enterprise, beyond which there is nothing further to be achieved by the social propaganda? Evidently they are the twin virtues of social justice and Christian charity, in their ultimate perfection, made universal upon earth. These Pillars of Hercules have not yet been reached.

A Path in the Wilderness

The field of Catholic social work in the United States, to which the Central Verein has particularly devoted itself, in which it has been the unquestioned pioneer, and to which it is now giving its energy with a thoughtfulness and determination that are receiving merited recognition, is all but boundless. Discouragement at the vastness of his task might indeed naturally be the first sentiment oppressing the heart of the Catholic social worker.

In the dense wilderness of social conditions the Central Verein found the right path leading to success, and persevered in it. Its leaders were content with modest results in return for great labors. Cheerfully they gave their full attention to the working out of small details. But their work was purposeful. Though the social wilderness was dense about them, shutting out the wider view, the eyes of their spirit never failed to behold afar, glorious in the splendors of the rising sun, those Pillars of Hercules that ever were their goal: social justice and Christian charity made perfect upon earth. This was one secret of their success. The other was beautifully pointed out by the Apostolic Delegate. It consisted in their perfect spirit of obedience to divinely constituted authority. In all the records of his predecessors, he said, he could not find a single instance where a member of the Central Verein had opposed their authority. The obedient man shall speak of victories.

The Vanishing Pillars of Hercules

Well did the leaders of the Central Verein know that those Pillars of Hercules, the universal reign of social justice and Christian charity upon earth, would never be reached by them. But it was sufficient for them to know that every day brought them at least one step nearer to their goal. The poor we shall always have with us, do what we may, but their need is doubly urgent in a society that has cast aside the sweet yoke of Christ. Human passion will continue to the end, and the effects of original sin will never pass away

while man dwells upon the earth. Hence social justice will stand imperiled. Our duty is to do what lies in us to fulfil the commandment of brotherly love which Christ Himself has given. This implies social and economic service rendered in all good faith to our neighbor. To one or all of these ends every Catholic society should devote itself. The Central Verein has in particular become a model for Catholic organizations.

The Central Bureau of the Central Verein

Readers of our diocesan weeklies are familiar with the signature "C. B. of C. V." They know that over it there is always to be found information that is timely, pertinent and often highly important. It is the news letter constantly sent out, free of charge, in the interest of the Church and society by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein. Though it alone would be sufficient to justify the Verein's existence, yet it is far from being its only achievement.

Besides publishing valuable leaflets and pamphlets, the Bureau issues an excellent and scientific social monthly, representing the most advanced stage of Catholic social thought, the *Central-Blatt and Social Justice*. It furthermore constitutes itself into a bureau of Catholic information and to answer the needs of the times is conducting a bureau of public speakers. It furnishes illustrations for lectures and offers the loan of social library sets to study-clubs. It encourages social study circles among the members of the Central Verein and interests itself in the development of workingmen's associations. In the domain of personal charities it personally conducts the St. Elizabeth settlement and in the field of social legislation it is prepared to draft social laws to be submitted by the various State leagues of the Central Verein to their respective State legislatures. It is no less active in directly influencing social legislation and in cooperating with other organizations such as the American Association for Labor Legislation, the National Child Labor Committee, the *Centralstelle* of the *Volksverein* and the Catholic Social Gild of England.

When the Esch resolution was made a law by Congress, Mr. J. B. Andrews, Secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation thus expressed his appreciation to the Bureau: "We are very grateful to you for the splendid work you have done in support of this meritorious measure." No less deserving of praise are the study courses conducted under the auspices of this Bureau, while its great ambition is the foundation of the Ketteler House of Social Studies for which it is gathering contributions.

The Frauenbund

With its finger upon the pulse of our times, the Central Verein has not overlooked the need of Catholic women's organizations. After the model of the society itself it has formed a national women's league which holds its convention at the same time with the men's association. The plan is to gather everywhere the local German Catholic women's organizations into State leagues and to unite the latter into a national federation, which is thus to be, after its own way, a replica of the great Central Verein with its 160,000 members. "Father," said one of the men deeply interested in this movement, "we have not yet achieved so very much in organizing our German Catholic women; but watch us ten years from now when our work will bear its fruit and our Catholic women will be organized and educated for the accomplishment of their task throughout the entire United States."

The women's union, already solidly established, is non-political. It is not seeking the ballot, but will know how to use it intelligently wherever it may be called upon to do so. Its aims are the same as those of the Central Verein, with a special emphasis upon Christian charity in those many phases of the work wherein women most excel by their own God-given endowments.

The Hope of the Future

The Central Verein is growing like a giant in membership as well as in efficiency. Nevertheless it cannot leave its perpetuation to chance. The Church has need of the Central Verein, now as in the days when it stood forth as the leader in the great parochial school movement; in the future it will perhaps have need of it even more than now. Wisely therefore the younger element is being organized into an association which in its turn is likewise a copy of the Central Verein and is intended as a preparation for it, the Gonzaga Union.

"Shall we set the dagger of disappointment to the breast of our fathers by relinquishing the great tasks they have undertaken and the high ideals for which they have striven, or shall we gladden them by following in their footsteps and continuing after them the work they have so nobly begun?" Such was in substance the question addressed to the young men by their President in Cooper Union Hall. The enthusiastic applause that came in reply was sufficient answer. They too are to learn the meaning of sacrifice for the sake of Christ and of His Church and to continue in the cherished traditions of their fathers to bring the world daily nearer to the universal reign of social justice and Christian charity for which their forbears labored so faithfully and successfully.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A very good war story in the August *Atlantic*, entitled "The Vineyard of Red Wine," describes a rescue from a ruined trench:

> After a short search they found the man. . . . They were dragging him out when a German, hideously wounded, begged them to kill him. He managed to make the lieutenant see that if he went away and left them they would all die in the agonies of thirst and open wounds. . . . "Shut your eyes," said the lieutenant to the German. The Frenchmen scrambled over the edge of the crater with their burden, and then from a little distance threw hand grenades into the pit till all the moaning died away.

If this is fact, the deed was cold murder. To relieve suffering and pain is a God-like act. To end it by deliberately taking a life is to usurp God's dominion over human destiny and incur the brand of Cain.

Charles Grant Miller writes in the *Epworth Herald* about a young man who brought suit to gain possession of three million dollars as his share of his father's estate, giving as a reason his inability to live on less than $34,500 a year:

> Of course, there are different grades of living. What are luxuries to some are necessaries to others. So one's necessities of life form a complicated question that each must settle for himself in his own mind and in his own pocketbook. . . .
>
> He charges himself with $12,000 a year for clothes. To the average man this might seem too much. But we must remember that it is "clothes that make the man," and in some instances it takes a lot of them.
>
> But one item that does not quite explain itself is, $1,500 for three servants and a man. The distinction between a servant and a man is not altogther clear. It is a fatal admission. Having conceded that a "man" may live on a share of $1,500, he might be forced by the court to make a man of himself, and thus live within reasonable income.

The late James J. Hill, a railroad king and a very wealthy

man, said that the high cost of living was no problem at all in America. The real problem was the cost of high living. This is true in many instances.

Exaggerated Americanism is well illustrated by the un-American discrimination exercised against a former United States soldier:

> Max Costrich, of New York city, is a Roumanian by birth; he came to this country in 1905, became a naturalized citizen, enlisted in the United States army, served seven and one-half years, was three times commended for bravery and honorably discharged. Last week an advertisement appeared offering remunerative positions to fifty ex-soldiers for special guard duty in connection with the manufacture of munitions for the Government. Costrich is refused a place because he is not a native-born American.

Seven and a half years with the Colors, and still not an American! The Rochester *Post Express* calls his Americanism better than some that is native born. In event of war it would be considered good enough.

Educational reforms were discussed recently in the English House of Lords and, according to the Associated Press report, the American educational system was quoted in support of both the scientific and classical curriculum. In the course of the debate, Lord Haldane asserted that the "secondary schools are the pressing problem in England":

> In England, out of 2,750,000 boys and girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen years only 1,100,000 get any education after the age of thirteen. Of the remaining 1,650,000, the great bulk are educated only for a very short time, mostly in elementary schools, up to the age of fourteen. Only 250,000 go to proper secondary schools, and most of them only for a short time. Thus quantity as well as quality is deficient. There are in England and Wales 5,350,000 who, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, get no education; only 93,000 have a full-time course at some period, generally a very short one, and 390,000 a part-time course at evening schools. In England 18,000 and in Scotland 7,770 enter university institutions each year.

The debate centered on a comparison between the British, German and American schools. Lord Cromer, Egypt's ruler for a quarter of a century, made a plea for the classics, while Lord Haldane urged scientific training and more schooling. The discussion, which embraced topics from Greek to rowing, was concluded by Viscount Bryce. The more radical views expressed are said to be an indication of the educational changes that are bound to follow the conclusion of the world-war.

San Francisco *Town Talk,* usually sane and often forceful in a surprising degree, makes these very pertinent remarks apropos of the attempt to insert an anti-Catholic plank in the Prohibition platform:

> Some of the Eastern dailies have been expressing astonishment at the strength shown in the national convention of the Prohibitionists by the anti-Catholic movement. It will be remembered that the advocates of the so-called anti-Catholic plank almost won their fight and that only after an all-night session were they defeated. Now the astonishing thing is not that the bigots should have shown so much strength, but that they should have failed to carry their resolution. As a matter of fact, prohibition is for many a cloak for anti-Catholicism, and doubtless many Prohibitionists opposed the resolution because it would mean the removal of the cloak and their exposure in their naked skin. Yet their general character is obvious enough. Prohibitionists would prohibit the manufacture of wine, and wine is essential to the practice of the Catholic religion. If they permit the sale of wine for the sacramental purpose it is because under the Federal Constitution the statute would be pronounced invalid, but the hope is cherished of some day amending the Constitution. Now it is not at all singular that men and women who are so fanatical as to be eager to destroy personal rights that were once thought to be indestructible, and who have great enthusiasm for the regulation of our inner lives in our own homes should desire to dictate in the matter of religion. The very essence of prohibition is intolerance, which is the mother of religious bigotry, a harlot that haunts dark places and hates the light.

It is difficult to see what good can come from a movement which fosters an intolerance which would interfere with the very essence of Catholic worship. Prohibitionists would further their cause by an explicit declaration that they have no idea of interfering in any way with the use of wine for Mass.

In a little cemetery, on the hill behind his Indian school at Banning, California, were recently laid to rest the remains of Father B. Florian Hahn, side by side with his red-skin children. He had been one of the oldest, best-known and best-beloved priests of the Southland. Born in Germany and ordained at Carthagena, Ohio, in 1882, he came to Los Angeles in 1890, and was there placed in charge of St. Boniface Indian School at Banning. His labors among the Indians of the different reservations of Riverside and San Diego Counties were crowned with great success. With his own hands and the assistance of his Indians he built thirteen small churches that there might be everywhere "a little home for Jesus Christ." Automobile roads did not connect the various reservations in the early days of his apostolate, of which the *Tidings* writes:

> His stations and missions were many, and the roads between them hazardous. Nothing deterred this zealous priest. From Banning eastward to the desert, and south to the Mexican line, riding, driving, and sometimes on foot, he made his way in sunshine and in rain from one Indian home to its neighbor, administering the Sacraments, instructing in the catechism, and gathering these forlorn souls beneath a brush ramada to assist in the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It mattered not to him how far the call of the sick or dying came. If it was one of his Indian children, he went. He not only administered spiritual consolation, but gave liberally of the little he possessed to clothe the needy and feed the hungry.

"Father Florian," as his Indian children lovingly called him, was not only a devoted missionary but a man of singular intelligence and learning and a highly skilled musician. His declining years were spent as pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, after mission work had become too arduous for his advanced age. His last hour on earth was passed, as he might well have wished it, before the Blessed Sacrament.

One of the rarest curiosites of the scientific world and an invaluable aid to medical study and research is the "miniature botanical garden" in one of the tower rooms of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Professor C. E. A. Winslow thus describes it in the *Museum Journal:*

> All that the casual visitor would notice in the large concrete closet which forms the inner sanctum of this unique laboratory would be rows upon rows of test tubes in neatly arranged and classified wooden racks. A somewhat closer inspection would show in each tube a sort of jelly. On the slanting surface of the jelly is what looks like a smear of whitish paste in some tubes, while in others the paste is more abundant and yellowish, and in still others it looks like a wrinkled mass of moist brown paper. The smear or the wrinkled mass in each case is a growth of microbes, millions of them, and the collection is a museum of living bacteria. . . . There are now about seven hundred different strains of living bacteria in the Museum collection, representing practically all known types of this diverse group. Bubonic plague has alone been excluded on account of accidents which have occurred in other laboratories with this peculiarly deadly germ. Typhoid and diphtheria germs, however, are to be found with those of whooping-cough and cholera, meningitis and leprosy, influenza and pneumonia, and a dozen more of such pathogenic forms. The original strain of tubercle bacillus isolated by Robert Koch is there,

with one of the most recently discovered of disease germs isolated by Plotz, and believed by him to be the cause of typhus fever. In the collection, also, are the bacteria which cause plant diseases and those which decompose foods. There are strains of the Bulgarian bacillus which makes buttermilk and the lactic acid bacteria utilized by the tanner. One germ that infects sugar-cane came from Louisiana, and another was found fixing nitrogen in the soil of a bean-field in the Middle West.

Sub-cultures from the strains of bacteria in this collection, which is unequaled elsewhere, are distributed free of charge to responsible persons and institutions. Special teaching sets are made available for colleges.

Mr. Joseph V. McKee, answering in the September *Catholic World* a protest made by a committee of New York Jews against his assertion that public-school teachers of their persuasion "do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines" in the classroom, forcibly repeats his statement, saying:

I declare again, and in the strongest words at my command, that this charge is true. It is true that a number of teachers in our high schools do use every opportunity to advocate Socialism and other radical doctrines in the classroom and out of the classroom. It is a fact among the students that the way to win favor with some of these teachers is by showing zeal for socialistic tenets both in written and oral compositions. It is a fact that a number of these men constantly give topics for classroom discussions which stress the inequalities existing between the social classes, and by this means sow the seeds of Socialism. It is a fact that a number of these men are Socialists themselves, have become known as Socialists throughout the schools, and use their influence to win others to their way of thinking. It is a fact that the books given by them for outside reading, in a great number of instances, are by authors who are Socialists or extreme radicals. It is the duty of a teacher to make the pupils better citizens, to inculcate patriotic ideals, to implant in their scholars love of country. How is it possible for these men, some of whom have made attempts to hold public office as Socialists and who contribute money and articles to the support of Socialist papers, how is it possible for these men, subscribing as they do only to internationalism, and other unpatriotic fundamentals of Socialism, to teach patriotism? How can these men, who feel that nationalism is essentially wrong, teach love of country? How can such men, who think that our Government is conducted solely for the rich, give the proper perspective to thousands of immigrant Russian boys and immature children of foreign parents? There is only one answer. They cannot, and, moreover, they do not.

Mr. McKee's meaning this time cannot well be missed. Will his assertions have any influence on Catholic parents who are sending their children to public schools?

Soldiers and piety are not convertible terms, nevertheless the El Paso *Herald* for August 7 bears testimony that there are many pious warriors. The paper described in detail the dedication of a new chapel and altar, in the camp of the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, mobilized at El Paso. Soldiers constituted the choir, a lieutenant was chief altar "boy," and an orderly was the chaplain's color-bearer. The *Herald* remarks:

This regiment is said to be almost solidly Catholic and the attention of the men to the services, though the weather was warm and the sun was shining down strongly, was close and earnest. The signs of devotion were executed by the men in military unison, adding much in themselves to the impressiveness of the ceremony.

Good for Massachusetts; but then, Pennsylvania is not far behind in good works. A turn of a page brings this edifying story under the eye:

To the 30,000 troops now on the border things unusual are happening daily, but in none of the camps, it may be honestly averred, did a more inspiring and edifying occurrence take place than that which was witnessed Sunday morning by the Catholic members of the Pennsylvania regiments at the newly-erected building of the Knights of Columbus at Camp Stewart. For there, surrounded by several hundred of the soldier boys attending Mass, was to be seen Brigadier General O'Neill serving at the altar in the capacity of altar "boy." An inspiring sight it was and one never to be forgotten, to see that sturdy and loyal son of Uncle Sam's army, kneeling in the dust, surrounded by his soldier boys, doing homage to his King and Maker. Well might his prayer have been those martial lines:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

The lesson was a good one and an attractive one, too, and in perfect harmony with the sermon of the day, in which the chaplain strongly insisted on the necessity of pious works and the force of good example, which is ever more cogent than mere persuasive human words.

Nor was the example lost on the boys for as soon as the services were at an end numerous young men presented themselves and begged to be allowed to serve Mass and follow the splendid example of their General, who, when in the future seeing the effects of his firm manifestation of faith, will be able to enjoy with unspeakable satisfaction the words of Our Lord, *exemplum enim dedi vobis.*

But hush! the *Menace* may wake up.

Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding, who died at Peoria, Ill., August 25, was one of the most widely known of our American prelates. He was descended from a family conspicuous in the annals of the Church from the days of the Middle Ages, when Spalding Abbey was founded in Lincolnshire, England. His writings and his interest in public events made of him a national figure. In 1902 he was appointed a member of the anthracite coal-strike commission by President Roosevelt. Though the two men had never met each other, it was said that the then President had been attracted to Bishop Spalding by the intense patriotism expressed in his writings. The future Archbishop was born in Lebanon, Ky., June 2, 1840. He studied at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, at Louvain in Belgium, and at the American College in Rome. Only a few months after his ordination he was chosen by Archbishop Blanchet as his theologian at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. At his own request he later took charge of the work of founding a church for negroes in Louisville, Ky., and served as its pastor. When the death of his uncle, Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, occurred, Father Spalding took up his residence in New York and there wrote his first book, "The Life of Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, Archbishop." He remained in New York City until May, 1877, when he was consecrated first Bishop of Peoria. His small diocese soon grew into a large and powerful see, which he ruled with success until illness induced him to resign his bishopric in 1908. The following year he was created titular Archbishop of Scyphopolis. The dead prelate lived a busy life. He was intimately connected with the founding of the Catholic University at Washington, and interested in social and educational movements. He wrote many volumes of prose and poetry, and the late Edmund Clarence Stedman referred to him as "one of the most refined and imaginative of latter-day meditative poets." His works include: "Essays and Reviews," "America and Other Poems," "Education and the Higher Life," "The Poet's Praise," "Things of the Mind," "Songs, Chiefly from the German," "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education," "Religion, Agnosticism and Education," "Means and Ends of Education," "God and the Soul," "Opportunity," "Religious Mission of the Irish People," "Lectures and Discourses," "Aphorisms and Reflections," "Religion and Art and Other Essays," and "Socialism and Labor." He published "The Spalding Year Book" in 1905.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—Whatever slight hopes were entertained last week of seeing the proposed railway strike averted through the mediation of the President were shattered by the statement made by the executives of the railroads, after a final stormy meeting in the White House, to the effect that they would not yield on the eight-hour day unless it were decreed by a tribunal of arbitration. The brotherhoods then issued a general strike order which was to take effect on the morning of September 4. Thereupon the President announced his determination of invoking the aid of Congress to provide a legislative remedy for the *impasse* by making the eight-hour day the legal day for labor on trains engaged in interstate commerce. Meanwhile the railroad officials began to issue orders forbidding the acceptance of freight to be delivered after September 3.

The Railway Strike

On Wednesday Mr. Wilson called a joint session of Congress, and undertook to justify his advocacy of an eight-hour day. He said he had promised that he would appoint a commission to investigate the working of the change with a view to a future arrangement of unadjusted matters. The representatives of the brotherhoods, he said, had agreed to accept the plan, but the representatives of the railroads declined to do so, basing their decision in this matter "upon their conviction that they must at any cost to themselves or to the country stand firm for the principle of arbitration which the men had rejected." Accordingly, he recommended this legislation:

(1) The enlargement and administrative organization of the Interstate Commerce Commission. (2) The establishment of an eight-hour day as the legal basis alike of work and of wages in the employment of all railway employees who are actually engaged in the work of operating trains in interstate transportation. (3) The authorization of the appointment by the President of a small body of men to observe the actual results in experience of the adoption of the eight-hour day. (4) Explicit approval by Congress of the consideration by the Interstate Commerce Commission of an increase of freight rates, should the facts justify the increase. (5) An amendment of the existing Federal statute which provides for the mediation, conciliation and arbitration of such controversies as the present by adding to it a provision that in case the methods of accommodation now provided for should fail, a full public investigation of the merits of every such dispute shall be instituted and completed before a strike or lockout may lawfully be attempted. (6) The lodgment in the hands of the Executive of the power, in case of military necessity, to take control of such portions and such rolling stock of the railways of the country as may be required for military use and to operate them for military purposes, with authority to draft into the military service of the United States such train crews and administrative officials as the circumstances require for their safe and efficient use.

Anticipating the need of having recourse to the power asked for in the last provision, Secretary of War Baker ordered home portions of the National Guard to prevent disorder at the great railway terminals, and the railroads began to apply to State and Federal Courts for injunctions against the trainmen, intended to delay the concerted strike contemplated.

The legislation, proposed by the President, was not accepted in its entirety, but was set before Congress in the following curtailed form under the name of the Adamson Bill:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives:

Section 1—Beginning December 1, 1916, eight hours shall in contracts for labor and service be deemed a day's work and the measure or standard of a day's work for the purpose of reckoning the compensation of all employees who are now or may hereafter be employed by any common carrier or by any railroad. . . .

Section 2—That the President shall appoint a commission of three which shall observe the operation and effects of the institution of the eight-hour standard work day, as above defined, and the facts and conditions affecting the relations between such common carriers and employees during a period of not less than six months nor more than nine months, in the discretion of the commission, and within thirty days thereafter such commission shall report its findings to the President and Congress. . . .

Section 3—That pending the report of the commission herein provided and for a period of thirty days thereafter the compensation of railway employees subject to this act for a standard eight-hour work day shall not be reduced below the present standard day's wage and for all necessary time in excess of eight hours such employees shall be paid at a rate not less than a pro rata rate for such standard eight-hour work day.

Section 4—That any person violating any provision of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined not less than $100 and not more than $1,000, or imprisoned, not to exceed one year, or both.

This bill passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 239 to 56, but not until two amendments had been adopted, namely, one, changing the date on which the bill was to become effective from December 1, 1916 to January 1, 1917; and the other exempting from the bill certain short-line railroads, and also electric street railways and electric interborough railways. The bill as thus amended, passed the Senate by a vote of 43 to 28; thereupon the Brotherhoods revoked the order for the strike.

Mr. Wilson Accepts

The President's speech of acceptance on September 2 was a vigorous defense of the Democratic party's record. This record includes the new Tariff Board, the Federal Reserve and Rural Credits Acts, the Income Tax and Child Labor laws, equitable labor legislation, and an adequate national defense. The Government has been guided in its foreign policy by principles of neutrality, "simple, obvious, easily stated and fundamental to American ideals." Defending his refusal to recognize "the unspeakable Huerta," the President reaffirms his determination not to allow "outside influences" to block the quest of "the Mexican people" for an emancipation "that they are seeking, blindly, it may be, and as yet ineffectually, but with profound and passionate purpose."

The men who overcame him [Huerta] represent at least the fierce passion of reconstruction which lies at the very heart of liberty; and as long as they represent, however imperfectly, such a struggle for deliverance, I am ready to serve their ends when I can. . . . Mistakes I have no doubt made in this perplexing business, but not in purpose or object.

The comments of the metropolitan press exhibit the customary divergence of opinion. "Mr. Wilson speaks the language of constructive statesmanship," writes the *World*. "The Republicans will make no answer to this speech," says the *Times*, "they can not"; and the *Evening Post* opens a somewhat qualified endorsement by stating that "Mr. Wilson never penned a more brilliant document." On the other hand, the *Herald* considers the document boastful rhetoric, and the *Tribune* calls attention to its "fantastic idealism and Utopian topsyturvydom." "No argument," says the *Tribune*, "can dispel the impression made by Mr. Wilson's failure all along the line as a clear-sighted, constructive statesman." "This is what comes," concludes the *Sun*, "of entrusting political power to Intelligence without Character."

The War.—The Allies have made further gains in Picardy. Advancing simultaneously on a front of six miles north of the Somme, the British and French took Ginchy, Guillemont, Le Forest and Cléry. Later the Germans recaptured most of Ginchy. In the Trentino and in the sector of Goritz the situation remains unchanged. No important military developments have taken place in the Balkans; but in Greece popular uprisings, occasioned by the entrance of Rumania into the war and by the occupation of Greek territory by the Bulgarians, together with pressure exerted by the Allies, have resulted in further concessions to the latter by the Greek Government and a promise to reconsider the Greek policy. In Volhynia and Galicia the Russian drive is at a standstill. In Armenia and Persia minor victories are claimed by both Russians and Turks. Both Bulgaria and Turkey have severed diplomatic relations with Rumania, whose troops, according to an unconfirmed report, have crossed the Danube and taken Rustchuk. Bulgaria and the Central Powers have crossed the Dobrudja border between the Danube and the Black Sea, and fighting is in progress along the entire frontier.

Bulletin, Aug. 29 a. m.-Sept. 4, p. m.

The Rumanians have moved quickly during the past week. From both east and south they have invaded Transylvania for a considerable distance, having experienced very little opposition, for the Austrians have been retiring from the Carpathians and falling back to their second line of defense along the Moros and Cerna Rivers, thus shortening their line in Transylvania by more than one-half. The Rumanians have crossed the eastern Translvania boundary through the Tolgyes and Oitos Passes and have occupied Borszek, Szent Lelek, Kezdi-Vasarhely and Sepsi-Szent Georgy; they have also penetrated the southern frontier of Transylvania, have followed the Austrians through the Tomos, Rotenturm and Vulkan Passes and taken possession of Kronstand, Hermannstadt, and Petroseny, all of which places the Austrians evacuated without a battle. Further to the west the Rumanians, after five days of severe fighting, have forced the Austrians to retire to the west bank of the Cerna River in the Orsovo district.

The Rumanian Invasion

France.—The patriotic, and in countless instances, the herioc devotion to duty of the French Bishops and their clergy is becoming gradually better known. Even M. Clémenceau has been forced by the facts to recognize their services. Writing in the *Catholic World* for

A Splendid Record

September, Mr. Charles Baussan has gathered together a few striking instances of their truly admirable devotion to duty. We select the following:

When on the approach of the enemy, the civil authorities had departed from Meaux, the Bishop, Mgr. Marbeau, remained with his flock. He quickly organized a Committee of Public Welfare, and thanks to his initiative and his executive abilities, soon became the leader and the mainstay of his suffering people. At Reims, Cardinal Luçon; at Arras, Mgr. Lobbedey; at Amiens, Mgr. Dizien and Mgr. de la Villerabel; at Verdun, Mgr. Ginesty; at Soissons, Mgr. Péchenard; at Nancy, Mgr. Turinaz; at Saint-Dié, Mgr. Foucault, faced the dangers of the firing-line, lived with the people in cellars and dug-outs, raising the courage of all, attending to the wounded and the sick, and assuring food and shelter to the poor.

In every work organized for the national defense, the Bishops and the clergy have collaborated and this collaboration, in many instances, has proved to be of capital importance. When it was decided to increase the gold reserve of the Bank of France, the Government called upon the Bishops. And Bishops, priests and people answered generously to the appeal.

The wounded seem in a special manner to belong to the clergy and the Sisters. In Paris alone, and its suburbs, 955 beds have been placed at the disposal of the wounded in 11 Catholic hospitals; 437 beds in 8 sanitariums; 2,189 beds in 20 educational establishments; 954 beds in 18 settlements; 1,058 beds in 21 religious communities. In all 5,633 beds have been set aside for the wounded soldiers by Catholic institutions in the diocese of Paris, and out of 12,700 beds which the three societies of the Red Cross have in Paris and the suburbs, 6,200 are cared for by religious. All through France the rôle of the Bishops, priests, religious and devoted Catholic laymen is of the same importance in the service of the wounded, the sick, and in the maintenance of every work of charity. On the Committee of the Secours National, we find the name of Cardinal Amette side by side with that of Chief Rabbi Lévy, and of the Socialist, Dubreuilh. The war orphans and widows have not been forgotten. To help the former the "Family Adoption" has been established in the offices of *La Croix* on the initiative of "Noël," and the "Association of War Widows and Orphans" has been founded under the auspices of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris. In the field, in the ambulances, in the hospitals, in the Red Cross and relief work, Bishops, clergy and religious are everywhere doing their share. But they are especially solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their people. In the great majority of cases these have responded to their appeal.

Germany.—The German Government has addressed a sharp protest against Russia because of "the barbarous treatment of prisoners of war" and threatens reprisals, since diplomatic representations are said to have been without result and prisoners are treated worse than common criminals. A considerable amount of money has been transmitted to those protecting German interests in Petrograd to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners. The following are in substance some of the charges made by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, under the heading, "Hell in Russia":

"Hell in Russia"

The Russians abuse their prisoners, compelling them to work without sufficient food or clothing. In winter, with the temperature fifty degrees below zero, the prisoners, including the sick, were forced to work in the open when barefooted and dressed in rags, until arms and legs were frozen. Rheumatism, typhoid, tuberculosis and other diseases have caused the death of thousands of prisoners, and medical aid is entirely insufficient. At Urgum 3,000 prisoners are reported to have died of typhoid in a short time. Many become insane. In one instance 250 insane prisoners were flogged and driven into a room large enough for only 100, containing no bedding, after which the doors and windows were boarded up. They were left there twenty-six hours without food or water. Sick prisoners have been transported in cattle cars to hospitals, where the treatment was so poor that the death-rate was ninety per cent. The punishment of prisoners is so barbarous that some Russian soldiers have refused to carry out the orders given them.

Sandetmeki, the commander of the Moscow district, is said to have issued a public order prohibiting humane treatment of prisoners, especially officers, in consequence of which prisoners, it is claimed, were slowly tortured to death.

The German people have acclaimed with enthusiastic satisfaction the appointment of Field Marshal von Hindenburg as Chief of the German General Staff. The reason for the removal of General von Falkenhayn is not likely to be made known. The Emperor merely states in his order that he does not wish to oppose the General's desire to be relieved of his office and profusely thanks him for the great services he has rendered. His message to von Hindenburg reads:

A Popular Promotion

I appoint you Chief of the General Staff of the field army and am convinced that I could not intrust this office to better hands. I confidently expect you will render the best service imaginable to my army and the Fatherland. I seize the opportunity to express to the victorious protector of the eastern front my heartiest thanks for all he has done for the Fatherland during the two years of the war.

The appointment of von Hindenburg as Chief of the General Staff offsets the depression naturally caused by the entrance of Rumania into the war.

Great Britain.—An editorial in the *Times* for August 18, reviews the recent parliamentary questions on the proposed reform in education. In the opinion of this writer, the matter of the curriculum, so frequent a topic of discussion in the United States, is of secondary importance. Nor is anything like a revolution in scholastic methods called for. While the work of the schools

Educational Reform

is to be brought to bear more closely upon the newer problems of society, "the broad lines" of reform "have already been laid down by the pioneers."

Neither we ourselves nor any others who have studied the subject exhaustively are crying aloud for a root and branch destruction of our national system of education. The council schools, the public schools, the universities, are proving their value today under a supreme test as the training grounds of character. It cannot be too often repeated that national salvation is not to be found in the substitution of one item for another in the curriculum. Some cry aloud for more time for the humanities; others for more teaching of science. It is a false antithesis.

The real problem is apprehended neither by the politician nor the professional program-maker. The reform that must precede questions of detail is thus stated by the *Times:*

Of two and three-quarter million English children between the age of twelve and sixteen, only 1,000,000 get any further education after the age of thirteen. No change in the curriculum is going to make good citizens of the remaining to whom no curriculum is applied. To alter these figures is the main task of the committees to be set up.

The writer admits freely that many other reforms are necessary and must be considered. "But all are subsidiary to this, and all are blocked unless this obstacle is removed."

Private Charitable Funds

A report published toward the end of August, shows that during the first two years of the war a quarter of a billion dollars were raised by voluntary subscriptions to support the work of the various relief organizations. This report does not take into consideration the great number of gifts sent to the front, or the more valuable personal services rendered by volunteer nurses, visitors and physicians. The Prince of Wales's Relief Fund which has gathered about $30,000,000 was the first of many similar organizations. In banks, offices, collieries and other establishments, systematic arrangements were made by which employers and wage-earners offered regular contributions to help the families of men who had gone to the army. The total of these contributions is said to be in excess of $50,000,000.

A Plea for Harmony

Ireland.—Sir James Carroll, K.C.M.G., New Zealand, speaking some time ago at a reception of twelve members of the Empire Parliamentary Association, at the Mansion House, Dublin, said that great events were about to happen, which would marshal the Irish cause into the list of affairs which must be considered in the great Supreme Court that will follow the war. Ireland, he declared had been trying to get Home Rule by her own unaided efforts, but she needed Federal company.

Commenting on the words of the distinguished visitor, the *Irish Weekly Independent* says that Irish Nationalists and Unionists would do well to ponder them. According to the Dublin paper, the British Dominions regard Home Rule as inevitable "because it is a question of imperial moment." Continuing, the paper declares that even the Ulster irreconcilables should weigh well what that means, for they cannot really expect the act to be repealed, as it is evident that Messrs. Balfour and Bonar Law will not take any responsibility for such a course. The *Independent* then refers to the views expressed by the *Church of Ireland Gazette,* which plainly told its readers that Unionists must recognize that they cannot expect Ireland to stand in a different position under an imperial scheme from that in which England or Scotland will stand.

If Home Rule, continues the *Independent,* is inevitable, it is surely better for Unionists as well as for Nationalists that a measure should be got worth the taking and not a miserable makeshift which would be regarded merely as an instalment by the great majority of Irishmen, and on that account, be used only as the starting point of a new agitation. Irish Unionists are then reminded to take to heart the words of Dr. Plunket that "Unity is the only secure basis on which the future government of Ireland can ever rest." Nationalists on their part, adds the *Independent,* must learn to trust and work amicably with their Unionist compatriots, and refuse to lend an ear to any professional politician who for his own ends advises the ostracism of the minority

Fathers Jogues and Cottolengo

Rome.—The cause of the beatification of the Venerable Isaac Jogues, Apostle of the Mohawks, and of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo is progressing favorably. In a solemn audience lately given by the Holy Father, Mgr. Verde, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, read the decree approving of the miracles wrought by the latter, a priest who was one of the most practical social workers of his time, and founder of The Institute of the Little House of Divine Providence at Turin. After the reading of the decree the Superior of the Institute expressed to the Holy Father, on behalf of the sons of the Venerable Joseph Benedict, the joy they felt at his coming beatification. He recalled with gratitude the fact that the Little House of Divine Providence at Turin still experienced the same marked protection from Heaven which it had experienced under its founder. Helped by that Providence alone and without settled revenue, it has been enabled to spend for its many works of charity no less than $400,000 a year. In his reply, the Holy Father expressed his satisfaction at the thought that he was now able to announce to the Faithful that the miraculous cures attributed to the intercession of Joseph Benedict Cottolengo presented such unmistakable characters that they must be called the work of God. As miracles, said the Pontiff, such cures in themselves deserve the highest admiration. But they are still more admirable he added, if we consider the circumstances in which they were wrought, and which constitute a special mark of the Divine favor.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Humor, Wit and Comedy

THE term humor is derived from the old notion that a man's temperament, whether phlegmatic, sanguine, or melancholy, is influenced by the preponderance in his body of one of the Hippocratic humors—phlegm, blood, or bile. Since temperament is a source of the ludicrous, humor, the supposed origin of temperament, became the name for the mirth-provoking quality in certain human actions. Wit and humor are contrasted as opposed mental activities, but they are not always separable. For wit is commonly an evidence of the intellect in a playful mood, but it may be an expression of a very serious mood; it is primarily intellectual; whereas in humor the emotional content vastly preponderates. The demarcation between wit and humor is further widened, accidentally, by the fact that wit is commonly satirical, mordant, while humor ceases to be humor when it grows uncharitable.

When we insist upon the meaning of the term wit as such, it seems to be a quick and unexpected revelation between things apparently unlike. Humor is a display, not necessarily a sudden revelation, of incongruity between compared objects, such as an affectation and the truth, a person's conceit and his actual condition, and the like; and this lack of harmony is sufficient to cause an emotional shock provocative of kindly laughter. When a perception of incongruity excites mirth that is contemptuous, or exultant, or victorious, or revengeful, the emotion may be satire, cruelty, revenge, but it is not humor. Contempt, cynicism, satire, irony, perceive incongruity that may start laughter, but they see only the defect, they miss the underlying good, they are vices of the observant mind, the bitterness of Jacques. Humor is aware of the incongruity, the defect, but it also uncovers the underlying good. Contempt, satire, and the like, curve the lip downward and say, "You fool!" Humor curves the lip upward and says "You dear brother fool!" In the first group the purblind mind alone laughs, in humor the clearly seeing mind and the heart laugh. George Eliot's humor was false because she stood above rather than beside the imperfect folk she described.

Humor is so honest and just that it laughs at itself almost as readily as at its brethren. Satire is bitter, irreverent, cruel. You see the lip curl in disdain of the victim, and the spectator unconsciously takes on the spirit of a man at a gladiatorial combat. It has degrees from petulance to horror. Irony, the use of speech in a meaning opposite to the literal sense, has an element of treachery in it; it smiles, caresses, but under the smile it strikes. The more subtle it is, the greater the deceit and the more bitter the reaction of discovery. The use of irony is not absolutely incompatible with humor, but a very little of it goes a long way.

The laughter of humor is not merely reflex, unpremeditated; it is a consequence of an incongruity uncovered so far that it is qualified in the observer by humility and charity. It is a sentiment, but it supposes a mental comprehension of incompatibility, imaginative reflection, a sharpened sense of contrariety in certain grouped objects of vision. This intellectual insight tones down its laughter even to pathos at times. Defect underlies humorous laughter, but that lack stops short of painful ugliness or evil; yet enough of the defect is seen in many cases to mitigate the ludicrousness with seriousness.

Humor is very practical. It is opposed to sentimentality and sham. It is an instinct against all excess; the governor, the balance-wheel on the vital engine; a proper exaltation and appreciation of the proportion that should obtain in all things; neither optimist nor pessimist, but, as George Meredith would say, a benign nemesis laughingly checking all asymmetry. It is the sane rational mind laughing justly and kindly at irrationality.

Amplification enhances humor, it commonly destroys wit. Humor is imaginative and intellectual at the same time; wit is either wholly intellectual, or secondarily at most, and slightly, tinged with imaginative qualities. Humor deals with the characteristics of persons, with incidents; it describes, it is diffuse, erratic, fantastic; wit, like a poet's intuition, leaps at conclusions; it is brief, rapid, terse; it is accompanied by surprise, while humor and surprise are but accidentally related. Humor is seen in youth before wit; but humor lasts to age, and grows broader and deeper than wit. Humor may use wit as an instrument of expression.

Wit is by no means always provocative of laughter. In itself it produces an emotion of pleasure like that experienced when we see an ingeniously contrived instrument or machine, or hear a strong argument which masterfully breaks through absurdity or fallacy. An aphorism, which puts the truth in a striking, condensed form, no matter how grave the subject considered or how sad the emotion evoked, is wit, as much as any saying that is a cause of laughter. Brilliant phrases, happy illustrations, apt comparisons, may all be wit.

As humor has grades from farce up to the poetical fun of Cervantes and Shakespeare, wit may vary from grotesqueness to distinction. The humorous imagination may invent incongruous relations in degrees from classic restraint out to the wildest romance; it may show human oddity, perversity, extravagance, conceit, all departures from reason, as they actually are, or as enhanced by fanciful caricature. As the humorous vision evokes sympathy for an irrational person by recognition of the good below the incongruity, this vision also is a cause of content in irksome conditions through disclosure of latent good. Humor tones up some kinds of evil to mirthful charity, and it tones down other evils to content. It is a fusion, then, of play and kindliness; essentially an intellectual recognition of a laughable incongruity; and it is always accompanied by a genuine gentlemanly regard for the person we laugh at. As Uncle Remus said, "When

wit and tenderness go into partnership in the same mind, the product is humor." Humorists like Irvin Cobb, Tom Daly and Frank Ward O'Malley are all kindly men who never say mean things to anyone even in everyday life.

Comedy is a term that has been so covered with accretions of meaning that it is used for any fiction in which the chief character escapes final calamity, from the "Misanthrope" to a poem like the "Divina Commedia," or a series of novels like the "Comédie humaine." Tragedy is the overthrow of something great, comedy is the overthrow of something petty, imperfect, irrationally deordinate, by exposure to laughter. If the laughter is unkind, the composition is satire, not comedy, strictly speaking, but comedy can survive a large addition of satire. We may judge a man by what he laughs at, and we can best get at the nature of a play classed as comedy by examining the tone of the laughter it excites. Some of Molière's later plays, "Malade Imaginaire," "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "George Dandin," are too often bitter with satire to be genuine comedies. The tone may be ironical, a common evidence of the laughter of satire, and therefore not comedic, or, as with satire, a certain adulteration of irony may be permitted in comedy provided the general method of treatment remains comedic.

Comedy differs from humor. Comedy laughs from a neutral intellect, humor from a partisan intellect and a kindly heart. Humor may be tender as a mother that laughs at her child; comedy is kind also, but only because kindliness is a characteristic of high breeding. Humor may be capricious, fantastic; comedy, as it is the reproduction of the life of a cultured society, dares not be capricious, fantastic, extravagant, enthusiastic. The former strays out to regions of idealization far beyond the actual facts of life; the latter never leaves the fashionable quarter of town. Humor laughs with no little abandon and familiarity, it may let emotion run almost away from control; comedy smiles, or laughs with respectful restraint, with distinction, like the laughter of a lady. Amiel said: "In society persons are expected to behave as if they lived on ambrosia and concerned themselves with no interests but such as are noble. Care, need, passion, do not exist. All realism is suppressed as brutal. In a word, what is called *le grand monde* gives itself for the moment the flattering illusion that it is moving in an ethereal atmosphere, and breathing the air of the gods. For this reason, all vehemence, any cry of nature, all real suffering, all heedless familiarity, any genuine sign of passion, are startling and distasteful in this delicate *milieu*, and at once destroy the collective work, the cloud-palace, the imposing architectural creation raised by common consent." This is an exact description of the comedic style.

Comedy is intellectual like wit, rather than emotional and intellectual like humor. It is the fine art of disillusion, and in showing forth wherein an object is below the standard it may even forget laughter in speculation; humor may also forget laughter, but in pathos and tears, not in speculation. In pure comedy there is no association of mirth and pathos as may happen in humor. The comedic spirit is one of gay observation, to the exclusion of indignation, pathos, or any other grave emotion; it is an intellect contented with amused speculation. It is social rather than moral. It does not gravely judge conduct; it laughs at aberrations from the standard of social values, and it deals with morality as if it were also part of the customary in civilized society.

This check of the emotional quality is a cause of the lack of pure comedy in the literature of certain races. Sentimentality, which is sentiment overblown, is essentially opposed to comedy, and the Teutonic races, for example, are sentimental, therefore there are no pure comedies in Germany. The adulterations found in English were written by the Irishmen, Goldsmith and Sheridan, or by Congreve, who grew and was educated under Irish skies. Shakespeare's comedies are romantic comedies, not pure comedies. The best evidence we have of the comedic spirit in English are the novels of George Meredith and he was a Celt, a Welshman with an Irish mother.

"The Comedy of Errors," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Critic," and "The Rivals," are farces, not comedies. The license permitted in the fantastic and laughable plot of a farce is so great as to be improbable; it requires only the possible as a foundation, and after the audience accepts the possible fact, the situations follow readily. The laughter is likely to be primitive, below the plane of humor, but it may arise from excellent humor.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

Stopping the Leaks

AS the survey of the diocese of Pittsburgh progressed and more knowledge was gained of the situation, the necessity became apparent of organizing some central body wherein all the charitable work of the diocese could be focused; the work of the respective charities coordinated, their efforts united, and a combination effected which would insure that strength which comes from unity of action and interchange of knowledge. Accordingly, the "Conference of Catholic Charities" was organized, of which the Bishop, by virtue of his office, is president, and the Rev. Thomas Devlin, director.

Practically all the Catholic bodies engaged in general charitable or social work in the city of Pittsburgh, comprising forty or more, are represented in this Conference. By uniting in a central body the multitudinous works of these various bodies, the Conference has become extremely beneficial. The founding of the Conference might well be said to be one of the most, if not the most important work, established here in recent years. The various Catholic bodies engaged in charitable and instructive work have a central meeting place, where they can become familiar with the necessities of the dio-

cese in the various lines above mentioned, and can coordinate their knowledge and their efforts towards definite purposes. It is a harmonizer, an organizer, and a constructor.

In their different fields, the workers of the different bodies often meet problems which are not within their respective scopes. These problems are referred to the Conference, the proper organization or society which has charge of such matters is given jurisdiction over the case and a report is made to the Conference as to what disposition has been finally made. The public offices, magistrates and officials of State institutions use the Conference as a medium for their operations with almost all the Catholic charitable bodies of the diocese. These public institutions and officers, whenever they discover a Catholic case needing attention, instead of referring it to some non-Catholic organization, now assign it to the Conference, and the Conference in turn assigns it to some Catholic organization or institution especially engaged in carrying out the particular class of work under which the case has been classified.

In addition, the Conference gives regular courses in sociology by means of lectures to the Catholic public, wherein the Catholic idea of social service is demonstrated; and thus those who are interested but not actively engaged in the work, as well as those who are actively engaged in it, are educated to the necessities of the diocese, and to the way of meeting all emergencies, charitable and social. In its operations the Conference is necessarily compelled to give a certain amount of emergency relief. It discovered that when Catholic people applied to non-Catholic relief associations they were given the option of sending their children to the public schools and non-Catholic Sunday schools, or starving. Of course, in many instances, the necessity for material aid overcame religious scruples, and on this account a large number of children were losing their faith. The attention of the Conference, therefore, was directed toward saving these children, and its efforts have met with splendid success. In the year 1911 it saved 23; in 1912, 39; in 1913, 86; 1914, 212; in 1915, 382; and it is believed in the present year it will save 450 or 500. The number of families attended in 1915 were 1,665. It worked on 4,346 different cases, and disposed of about $1,200 in emergency relief.

The Conference works in particularly close harmony with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society has been found to be a most valuable help. The members of the latter society appear to be filled with the zeal of the apostolic spirit which moved the first Christians, and they are always willing to sacrifice their time, leisure and money to save the souls of Catholic children, as well as those of adults. Last year the St. Vincent de Paul Society of this diocese spent upwards of $15,000 in charitable work. Without the aid given by the society, many of the children saved by the Conference would otherwise have been lost.

The Conference of Catholic Charities made a partial canvass of the maternity hospitals of the city and discovered that over 300 Catholic babies were inmates; that they were being placed indiscriminately throughout the city and country. The attention of the diocesan authorities being called to this fact, the necessity became apparent of establishing some home or institution that would undertake to care for these babies. The members of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association became interested in the project and took it up with enthusiasm. The result was the establishment of St. Rita's Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association Home for Infants, wherein there are at present thirty-one Catholic babies. Its work is becoming so great that it will be necessary shortly to find new quarters, and tentative arrangements are already being made to meet the situation and increase the home's capacity to 125 or 150. Since it was established in March of 1914, 198 Catholic babies, comprising thirteen different nationalities, have been cared for in the home, and placed in Catholic hands to be reared. The Bishop is president of this institution by virtue of his office.

It was discovered that a great need existed in the congested district of the city for a Catholic day nursery, where women who were supporting themselves and their children could leave their babies during the day and take them home with them in the evening. Upon invitation of the Bishop, the Salesian Sisters of the Holy Eucharist came to Pittsburgh to establish themselves. A number of zealous, charitable Catholic women of the city provided them with a place in which to begin work and furnished the house. This work is growing very rapidly. In the first six months of its existence the Sisters had 105 children under their care. During the past six months they had 205. In the first six months they served over 18,000 meals, and in the past six months over 29,000. The Sisters made about 2,600 visits to the homes of the poor in the first six months of the nursery's existence, and in the past six months over 4,300. Instead of being amused all day long by pagan games, those children who are old enough spend part of their spare time in singing praises to the Most Blessed Sacrament. The results speak for themselves.

Although the survey is not complete, and all the leaks have not been discovered, the diocese of Pittsburgh is at least honest with itself and is conducting its self-examination with candor and zeal. To those engaged, it appears to be an enormous task. No sooner is one source of leakage discovered, than it extends in endless ramifications and leads to other sources of leakage hitherto unknown. With few workers and meager means, great results have been achieved; and this realization encourages those who are engaged in the work to continue their efforts, in hopes of a complete consummation.

The writer does not conceive that conditions are different in the other dioceses of the nation; he has reason to believe that they exist in a minor or major degree

all over the country. The Catholic population in the United States has not kept pace with the number of the Faithful coming to this country, nor with what should be the normal or natural increase. Doubtless it is because of the existence, everywhere, of leaks similar to those mentioned in these articles. If all the proper authorities would undertake to investigate, reliable data could be gathered upon which to base a systematic and energetic campaign to stop the loss of faith. But until this is done, the proportion of Catholics to the population of the country will continue to be much lower than it should be.

CHARLES D. GILLESPIE.

Old Irish Church Terms

IT must often seem a real pity that so many of the old Irish phrases and words sanctified by the lips of saints and the use of centuries should have passed away. Old Celtic words and customs were slowly dropped from the time of the Norman invasion. The Normans of course were stanch Catholics, but they were perhaps a little over-strict in upholding the letter of the Roman rite. Hence much that was thoroughly Celtic and yet no menace whatever to Catholic unity was set aside by them. Typical is the story of the Norman Archbishop who put out the perpetual fire of St. Brigid because it had come down from pagan times.

How eagerly one searches the old books and manuscripts for hints and survivals! Gerald Cambrensis tells us that the statues of St. Kevin in the Ireland of his time always had a blackbird in one hand: a symbol, which modern church artists invariably forget. St. Columba too, is generally portrayed as a friar with a round tonsure, whereas "the family of Hy" (Iona) wore the Irish tonsure "from ear to ear" across the head. Only in the old books does one find the old phrases dotted here and there, and they are worth noting. From a number of annals I have collected the makings of a Celtic calendar, some of which are still current in Gaelic Ireland though most have succumbed to modern expressions. For example Christmas was called *Nodlaig,* (Noel); Quinquagesima, *Domnach Qinqisi;* Pentecost, *Domnach an Spiraid Naem* (Sunday of the Holy Spirit); Sunday in Patrick's Week, *Domnach Padraig;* Palm Sunday, *Domnach na Imrime* (Riding Sunday); Rogation Sunday, *Domnach na rogaidi;* Patrick's Day, *Feil Padraig;* Brendan's Day, *Feil Brenaind;* St. John's Day, *Feiltin Seaain;* Holy Cross, *Feil Cros;* Vigil of Holy Cross, *Iche Feile na Croiche;* Lady Day, *Feil Muire;* Vigil of Lady Day, *Iche Feil Muire,* and Ascension, *Deasgabail.* There is no need of pointing out that Irish is the only language in Christendom, which sets aside a special word for the Virgin Mary; *Moyra* is for earthly Marys but *Muire* for the Mother of God.

The word for vigil varied, *troscad* (fasting) being often used, and Holy Week and Lent possessed an array of such terms. For instance: Shrove Monday was *Luan Inide;* Shrove Tuesday, *Mart Inide;* Ash Wednesday, *Cedaione in Tuaithrid;* Tuesday in Holy Week, *Mart roime Cedaoine in Braithi;* Wednesday in Holy Week, *Cedaoine in Braith* (Wednesday of Betrayal); Maundy Thursday, *Dardaoin Aluinn* (Lovely Thursday); Good Friday, *Aoine an Cesda* (Friday of Passion); Holy Saturday, *Iche Casg* (Night of Easter). Needless to say the Irish were not content with one Easter but must needs have three, for besides Easter Sunday, *Casg,* there was "Little Easter" *Min Caisc,* or Low Sunday and the sixth Sunday after Pentecost was called *Samh Chasg* or "Summer Easter."

All through the year were kept feasts peculiar to Celtic devotion. January 6 was the "Great Baptism of Mary's Son," *Baithis Mor Meic Muire;* February 2 the Purification was called "Mary's Son's Reception in the Temple," *Airitiu Meic Muire i Tempul;* Mayday too had a peculiar name, being called the "Beautiful Preaching of Jesus," *Praicept Alaind Issu.* The feast of the Assumption was expressed by a typical compound, "Great Feast of Our Father's True Mother," *Mor Feil fir-Mathair ar Nathair;* and August 16, was the "Birth of Mary" *Gein Muire,* while it is interesting to find that St. Joseph was remembered on March 19 as "Jesus' beautiful Fosterer" *Aite aluinn Issu.* Not only was the Birth of the Baptist kept but on February 2 was celebrated the "Finding of John's head" *Airec cinn Iohannis.*

Very striking too were the Celtic phrases for God, who was generally mentioned under metaphor. For example He was called *Ri Greine Gile,* "King of the White Sun"; *Coimde Seacht Nime,* "Lord of Seven Heavens"; *Ri uas Nelaib,* "King above Clouds"; *Ri Recht,* "King of Laws"; *Coimde Nandoine,* "Lord of Folk," and *An Ti Ta,* "He Who Is." The last expression is as simple as the common phrase used today in Ireland: "the Man Above."

For the Trinity there was the circumlocution, "the Unity that is nobler than every Unity." A Church student was called "son of purity," "son of learning," or "son of the Church," *mac ecelsa.* What we call a holy death was known as a "free death" or "a death of oil and penitence." The devil was humorously known as "the Abbot of Hell" and indeed the peasantry have never ceased to make fun of him, which is a little unchivalrous to a worsted antagonist.

A great deal of piety was communicated not in sermons but in triads, which could be easily memorized. For instance in Colman Mac Beognac's "Alphabet of Piety" we find: "The three enemies of the soul: the world, the devil and impious teacher. The three things where the devil shews in man: face, gait, speech." From the *Labhar Breac* "Speckled Book" we learn: "The three things the Son of the Living God is not grateful for: proud piety, harsh reproof, false witness." From a Celtic manuscript in Edinburgh we may learn: "The three things the King of the Sun is grateful for: union of brethren, upright talk, serving God's altar." The

Celtic mind was also acutely interested in theology even unto riddles. Marvan for instance was asked by a poet: "What goodness did man find on the earth which God did not find?" "His sufficiency of a Lord, for He Himself is Lord of Lords," was the answer. But most unique and beautiful was this appeal to Christ, which is found in an old Litany: "O Thou who wert fatherless on earth, motherless in heaven." How much theology lies in that address! SHANE LESLIE.

The Railway Problem

AS these lines are written the country faces a great strike of the railway employees. By the time they are in print, the strike may be a reality. The newspapers have made particular phases of the controversy between the workers and the owners familiar. But certain facts and principles fundamental to the problems have scarcely been touched upon. These facts and principles may be stated briefly.

(1) The first necessity of human beings who wish to live as a community in a given territory is roads. If they have not roads they might as well be living scattered in different lands separated by the sea. They cannot be called a community unless they have communication. They cannot have communication unless they have roads.

(2) On this principle it has always been the first aim of a community, large or small, to establish roads, national roads. We were once very energetic in the building of highways and waterways.

(3) Owing to the rapidity of development and in view of development the central government and State governments discontinued the construction of public thoroughfares and allowed private companies to make a private business of supplying and controlling national communication by constructing railroads.

(4) To these companies were given grants of land with right of way. The nation ceased to make or manage the primary instrument of national coherence. Railways were constructed solely by private enterprise encouraged and privileged by legislation. The main material instrument of national life was thus abandoned to private initiative.

(5) The whole people were obliged to apply to the private companies for service in the primary national necessity of highways and for service in the peculiar vehicles and steam-motors required on these highways. The private companies controlled transportation and all that it implies for the farmer, the miner, the forester, the merchant, the traveler. The Government of the nation itself had thenceforth to deal with private companies for every slightest use of the indispensable instrument of its efficiency.

(6) The relation between the owners of a railway and their employees was the same as the relation between the owners of a factory and their employees. There was no thought of national interest on either side. The company ran its business to make money, and the employees arranged their strikes opportunely for an increase in wages. The officers of the road tried to keep up the market value of stock by paying good dividends. The employees tried to get a greater share of the earnings by demands for higher pay.

(7) The entire body of the people is now dependent on these private concerns for arteries through which the life blood of the nation has to flow. The companies own the whole arterial system. If there be internal disagreement as to the policy that should be pursued in distributing receipts, the sovereign people may be told that the system is withdrawn from service. If boards of directors of roads, on the one hand, and councils of railway brotherhoods, on the other, disagree as to the proportionate application of net earnings to be made to dividends, to wages, and to the upkeep and safety of the roads, then that may happen which has been threatened, namely, that no wheel shall move on the highways. This will mean paralysis of commerce, abandonment of industries, hunger in the cities.

We are not considering the point now in controversy. We are made to feel by both parties that it is a matter of private business. And so it is. But we are very much concerned over this very fact that the entire arterial system of the body of the people should be so strictly a private business that it might be purchased and owned even by foreign governments. The condition is unnatural. We may admit that it came first by necessity. But it has outgrown necessity. It has grown into a peril. It was established by Congress. Congress alone can do away with it. WILLIAM POLAND, S.J.

Their Souls Shall Meet

THEY closed the door ever so softly behind him, and he stood alone in the dim bed chamber. He did not move a step. Every power of mind and body seemed stricken with a fatal listlessness, a languor that numbed all but the terrible sense of pain in his heart. Four calm candles burned with a motionless yellow flame; he noted irrelevantly that not the slightest flicker stirred their oval contour and that the light they shed upon the tall silver crucifix and on the calm face of the woman in the canopied bed was steady and meltingly soft.

In spotless white they had laid her body, the shimmering folds of her delicate wedding gown. She looked much as she had looked then, the smile was almost the same. But now the hand which had rested so trustfully in his, lay in maternal pressure upon the still child at her breast.

A terrible sense of loneliness swept over him, and he fell heavily back against the closed door, his hand to his eyes. Gone, the wife of a blissful year; gone, the child he had never kissed; gone, into the inky blackness called death, like shadows that vanish in the fall of a winter

twilight. The rush of memory flung over him the thousand trivial details that had made her infinitely precious: her quick sympathy, her sweet forgiveness, the blush that sprang so swiftly to her cheeks; and all were gone, forever. She had died because she had loved him in the child at her breast. The flame of the candles swayed as he rushed forward in the wild impetuosity of grief. The smooth folds of her wedding gown fell in disorder as he buried his face in her dress, sobbing in gasping, masculine sobs; "Gone, gone, gone!"

Time passed unnoticed, swallowed up in the fathomless abyss of grief. Then a gentle knock at the door roused him slightly, and kneeling, he bade the visitor enter. The door swung without sound, and he struggled to his feet, her dress still clasped in his hand, turning to greet the intruder.

It was a small, smoky-complexioned man with the nervous step of a student, and in his eyes burned keen intelligence, but a keener despair.

"I had heard of your loss," said the stranger, "and I came to offer my sympathy."

The man stretched forth his hand to this friend. He had not seen him since the days when, a callow but clever youth, he had sat at the elder man's feet in a musty room, and listened to his enthusiastic explanation of the works of Buechner, Haeckel and their school. The old man had turned the youth from religion to a materialistic philosophy, and then vanished into the maelstrom of a great city, always pitiless toward the dreamer.

Now he moved across the room and stood over the quiet woman and her babe.

"She was fair," he murmured. "You were happy to have possessed her even for a year."

The man almost tore the dress he still clasped, in his gesture of passionate repudiation.

"No, no; that was not enough. We had just begun to love. I want her still; I shall always want her. Shall I never see her again?"

The look of despair in the old man's eyes deepened. He slowly shook his head.

"To believe that is to hug to your heart a beautiful dream. It cannot be. The physical forces cease to act; the chemicals are dissolved; atom slips from atom and the eternal cycle of nature's laws proceeds. But she has gone forever."

"Not that!" cried the man; "you cannot talk of her as a meaningless jumble of atoms and forces. It was not the atoms, the laws I loved. It was a personality, a woman. You offer me sympathy, you whom I counted among life's few friends, and you say she is gone forever? Give me hope of her, or I want neither you nor your philosophy of despair."

He sank to the ground, his face buried in her dress, his body throbbing with the rhythm of his sobs.

And then a hand rested on his shoulder. He shook it off angrily, but when its reassuring pressure was renewed, he turned his face up through the faint light, and then, from force of habitual respect, sprang to his feet.

The tall, stately man, whose hair shone white and silken in the candle light, was little changed since the days when he had thrilled the youthful undergraduate with his spectacular reasoning, his daring speculation. Now as then his eye was kindly, his hand clasp reassuring.

Side by side, professor and former pupil stood above the peaceful woman. The man felt his visitor's silent sympathy too vast to be couched in the broken utterances of a death chamber. The professor's eyes dwelt long on the beautiful face before him, and then traveled inconsequentially toward the silver crucifix.

"She was a Catholic?" he asked. "It is a beautiful faith—if it were only true."

The man's agony burst forth afresh.

"But you believe in immortality, do you not? I cannot give her up; love like hers cannot die. Her purity, her devotedness, her gentleness cannot be lost forever!"

He felt once more that reassuring pressure on his arm.

"We are immortal," said the low, firm voice that had so often gripped him with its vibrant power, "but not as personalities. The great world soul, whose fragments form our thoughts, our emotions, is immortal. We live forever because the world soul shall never die. But as individuals death ends all."

"But it is *she* I want. I did not love a world soul; I loved *her*. Shall I not see and recognize the wife I loved again?"

"I wish I could say yes; but it cannot be."

"Then," cried the man, "what do I care for your world soul, your great, selfish monster that swallows up all we love and sinks them in an ocean of oblivion? I want the woman I loved, the woman who died because she loved me. If you cannot give me her, you cannot give me anything but bleak despair."

Once again he sank to his knees, borne down by an overwhelming sense of desolation. Then, of a sudden, he felt upon his hair the touch of a loved hand.

"Mother!" he cried, turning his face upwards in wide-eyed surprise; I thought——"

The white-haired woman, whose face bore his own features softened and feminized, smiled.

"Death," she said, " is the mother of miracles."

He leaped to his feet, and, quite unafraid, placed his arm about her waist. Together they looked into the calm face of death.

"My son's wife," she said, and her voice fell soothingly on his wrenched heart. "She was beautiful and, better still, she was good."

"But she has gone from me forever." Anguish made poignant his tone. But the mother's hand closed upon his as it rested on her waist.

"My son had forgotten much as a man that he knew

as a child. Can death end love? Do not the good deeds begotten of purity and self-sacrifice and gentleness cry out for a reward? Shall son be torn from mother, and wife from husband when a lifetime of service shall have linked them together with bonds stronger than steel? My son, is the cold, lifeless form before you your wife? Was it merely this that you loved? Was it this only that loved you? Or was it rather the warm, vital soul that has left you and that waits and watches for you beyond?"

"Mother," he cried, "shall we then meet again?"

"As surely as heart cries to heart, as love demands fruition, as goodness and purity cannot perish in vain. Faith joins hearts separated by the abysses of death. Faith unites time with eternity. The woman you loved lives and loves you still."

They found him crouched at the side of his dead wife, his lips close to her free hand. Grief, they said, had mercifully been swallowed up in sleep. Then they noted how like to the smile of the dead woman was the smile which softened his lips. And they said:

"Perhaps even in death their souls shall meet."

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Drink Traffic in England

IN England before the great war, though some Acts of Parliament were passed to check the evils resulting from the drink traffic, drastic legislation on the subject was practically impossible. This traffic was very large. In 1913 the excise duty on spirits produced a net revenue of nearly twenty millions sterling. The duties on beer produced a further sum of nearly fourteen millions. Four millions and a half more were raised by import duties on wine and spirits. In all, the duties on alcoholic drinks produced a revenue of more than thirty-seven millions sterling, or about one-fifth of the whole revenue raised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The champions of the trade used to declare that any serious interference with it would cripple the Government. It used to be said half in jest, half in earnest, that the British Navy was "floated on beer," meaning that the excise duties produced enough money to build all our dreadnoughts.

Hundreds of millions were invested in breweries, distilleries, hotels and public houses. Huge fortunes were made by the brewers and distillers. Not a few of the Peers owed their position indirectly to their eminence in the trade, and it was strongly represented in the House of Commons. Temperance legislation was met at elections by the cry that an attempt was being made "to rob the poor man of his beer," and a favorite argument of the opponents of reform was "One cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament." Indeed one famous politician, himself a man of very temperate habits, and with no interest in the drink trade, declared that he would "rather see England free, than England sober," if the choice had to be made.

But now, the war has brought with it restrictions on bars, saloons and clubs, breweries and distilleries, such as even the most daring temperance agitator would not have ventured to propose in the days of peace. This has been done, not by direct legislation, but by proclamations issued in virtue of the exceedingly wide powers given to the Government under the Defense of the Realm act. The direct object of these new regulations is not to promote any scheme of temperance reform, but to prevent drunkenness among soldiers in training or on leave from the front, and to reduce to a minimum both inefficiency and loss of time among factory, munition and shipyard workers. This last point is important. The new orders are aimed at drunkenness, but still more at the harm done by what is described as "moderate drinking."

The accepted theory in England used to be that men worked all the better for having good beer, and even an occasional "nip" of spirits. Beer was regarded almost as a food. In saying that this was the accepted theory, I mean of course that it was the popular view and the view strongly put forward by the opponents of temperance legislation. It is quite true that large numbers of doctors and other scientific experts had for years been trying to convince men in general that alcoholic stimulants did not help, but rather tended to hamper energetic, accurate and efficient work. This view was accepted by many great organizers of labor and by eminent soldiers who had to conduct campaigns under exceptionally trying circumstances. But the old idea was too strong, for any new views to meet with general acceptance. However the stress of war has brought home to public opinion that hard work could be best done if the use of alcoholic drinks was either abolished or at least reduced to a minimum.

The series of new regulations which have gradually restricted trade in alcoholic drinks includes restrictions both upon their production and their sale. The output of the breweries has been diminished, although this curtailment had for its additional purpose to economize the available supply of grain. Much greater restrictions have been put on the output of the whisky distilleries, and by an Order in Council, the strength of the spirits, before they leave the distillery, has to be considerably reduced. A large number of distilleries have been closed down, so far as the production of drink is concerned, but are still at work producing spirits to be used in the manufacture of high explosives. The most sweeping of the new changes have been the limitation of the hours, in which drink can be publicly sold, and the abolition of the practice of "treating."

In all the large cities and towns and over the greater part of the country, no public house can now be opened and no drink sold, except for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, the dinner-time of the workers, and for about three hours in the evening. No drink can be bought or sold before 11 a. m.; all bars and saloons close in the afternoon, they reopen for about three hours in the

evening, closing at 9.30 p. m., which under the new "summer-time" law, is equivalent to the old 8.30 p. m. This rule applies not merely to the bars and saloons of public houses, it is also enforced for hotels, for the refreshment rooms of theaters and railway stations and even for the great political, military and professional clubs in the west-end of London. Outside the appointed hours, it is illegal even to bring drink previously purchased to a public dining-room. A man was recently fined for producing a flask of spirits outside the regulation hours, when he was having an early dinner at a restaurant. To understand how great is the change, one must note that public houses in London used to open at 6 a. m. and close half-an-hour after midnight. The new system stops the workers' early drink of spirits or beer before he begins his work. It also puts an end to the custom by which men broke off for another drink about 10 o'clock, or hired a boy to bring a tray of pots of beer into the workshop. It stops late drinking in the evening and tends to put an end to belated supper parties. The chief idea was to prevent early and occasional drinking during the day and late drinking in the evening among the munition and shipyard workers. It was found that the practice led to loss of time, diminished output, and less accurate production on the more skilled work. After one or two purely local protests, the new state of things was everywhere accepted. It was declared to be necessary for the winning of the war, and in the face of that argument all opposition was silenced.

A still more sweeping revolution was the abolition of "treating" by an order, which made it an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment, and at the same time intimated that any dealer in drink who permitted it, would risk the loss of his license. Treating used to be regarded, especially among the workers, as a kind of sacred tradition of British hospitality and good fellowship. It was abolished in a single day. The order was drafted with ingenious care to prevent any evasion. A man must pay only for the drink he actually consumed himself. He must not give or lend money to another to pay for his drink, and the dealer must not give credit for drinks consumed.

I may mention here another very practical regulation. England is at the moment something like a huge hospital. In every city and town and in many of the villages, there are huge numbers of wounded and convalescent soldiers in the ordinary hospitals or in special hospitals organized since the outbreak of the war. One meets them everywhere walking out in their blue hospital uniform. There is a regulation enforced by high penalties that alcoholic drink of any kind must not be supplied to men wearing this uniform.

All this legislation is a vast experiment in the promotion of temperance. What are the results? There has been already an enormous decrease of drunkenness, a marked falling off in all crimes of violence and disorder, and a notable increase of efficiency in the workshops. The experiment has been a triumphal success. It would be easy to give statistical proof of this.

The Metropolitan Police-Area, otherwise known as Greater London, includes London itself, and large suburban districts. The total population is estimated at 7,600,000. In the month of March before the outbreak of the great war the convictions for drunkenness were 6,059. In March, 1915, when the new legislation was only partially in operation, the figure fell to 4,859. In the March of the present year, with the new legislation fully in force, the convictions were only 2,508. A decrease of more than 3,500 in the two years, and this is but one of many similar examples.

The regulations discussed are declared to be in force only for the duration of the war. But a large and growing body of public opinion is in favor of at least their partial continuance after peace has been made. It is rightly pointed out that any sudden reversion to the old system would, in all probability, lead to an enormous increase of intemperance, and the good results so far obtained, might be sacrificed in a few weeks. The question of a modified temperance legislation, to be enforced after the war, is being considered and urged upon public opinion by a group of men who cannot be described as "teetotal fanatics." Last summer an organization was formed which is known as "The Temperance Council of the Christian Churches." One may judge of its importance from the fact that its presidents are the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, representing the Established Church, Cardinal Bourne, representing the Catholics, Dr. Selbie, for the Non-Conformists, and General Bramwell Booth for the Salvation Army. The secretaries are a Catholic priest, a Church of England clergyman, and a Wesleyan Methodist minister. It is carrying out its work by conferences throughout England, and the publication of useful literature. Its chief policy is to take advantage of the great test experiment of war time to secure continued temperance reform in the future days of peace.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Child Labor Bill

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Far be it from me to presume to criticise AMERICA, but does it not appear that in the issue of August 19, 1916, one article contradicts another, thereby causing AMERICA to appear inconsistent?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his paper "Don't," very properly decries the principle that "we must not forbid Arthur to pull his uncle's nose," yet the editorial "The Child Labor Bill," after inveighing against the deplorable existence of child labor, continues, "Child labor is bad for any community, but a monarchical government at Washington is worse." Naturally I assume that AMERICA concurs with the views of its contributors. Mr. Chesterton, in his article, favors the clear-cut admonition to Arthur that he "shalt not pull" his uncle's nose, and the same article would lead us to conclude that it would be fatuous to speak of

the good resulting from no child labor, as he says it would be foolish to expatiate on the beauties of the uncle's nose in its unpulled state. Following out this theory, AMERICA, I think, is forced to voice its belief that Washington should pass a law plainly prohibiting child labor; in other words, it is another case where "thou shalt not pull" is the only sane remedy.

Or have I erred in my interpretation of either or both articles?

Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. R. A. M.

[Quite obviously, "thou shalt not pull" is not the *only* sane remedy for child labor, and just as obviously the editorial criticized did not object to "thou shalt not pull" as a remedy. The point stressed was this: Had the State legislatures, and not Congress, said "thou shalt not pull," the law would be in no danger of being declared unconstitutional.—EDITOR AMERICA.]

"Don't"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Without wishing to take issue with anything said by the author of "Don't" in a recent issue of AMERICA, I wish to offer a plea in favor of the "positive" command. The positive command as I learned it and have always understood it, is merely "Thou shalt," whereas the negative command is a "Thou shalt not"; and there is much to be said in favor of the relative value of "Thou shalt." For example, it is better to say, "Arthur, eat with your fork," rather than "Arthur, don't eat with your knife"; or, "Oswald, be polite," rather than "Oswald, don't be rude." In many instances, it is restriction of liberty that is desired. For example, "Gwendolyn, hold your pen this way," and not "Gwendolyn, don't hold your pen that way."

Nearly always, there is something more convincing and effective in the positive command compared to the negative command under the same circumstances. I know a woman in whose family is an inherited tendency to tuberculosis, and besides, they live in Indiana, the State of high death-rates from this disease. This woman told me that her father always insisted that she stand erect, hold back her shoulders, put back her chin, always breathe deeply, take care of her lungs, etc., and that today her physicians say she has excellent lungs and need not fear tuberculosis. She attributes this to her father's "positive" commands. Possibly the same good results might have been produced by saying, "Don't contract tuberculosis," but I doubt it.

Further, compare the relative values of the following positive and negative commands: "Keep to the right" is certainly better than "Don't drive to the left"; "Be on time," than "Don't be late"; "Hold all women in esteem," than "Don't speak ill of any woman"; "Be temperate," than "Don't go into a saloon"; and "Be a good Catholic," than "Don't be a Protestant."

I myself favor the positive command wherever it can be used, for a positive command nearly always includes the negative, whereas the negative command may not include the positive.

Indianapolis. S. K.

"Blest" or "Bless-ed"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I had no intention of arousing contradiction or controversy on the subject of the correct pronunciation of the word "blessed." Cardinal Gasquet's letter is authoritative and final. It is not a question for "private judgment." Our language is the *English* language, and not that terrible *farrago* of misused words and vulgar slang, which has sprung up in this generation like cockle in a field of good grain. The authority of Cardinal Gasquet is not a thing to be disputed, nor is the authority of the "Oxford Dictionary" quoted by him. It will be a "bless-ed" day in this country for the dignity of the Church and of the language, when one shall always hear, wherever English is spoken in the liturgy, the word "bless-ed," and not "blest"—usually pronounced "blust"—which jars the ears like a false note in music. Cardinal Gasquet was selected by the Holy Father to be at the head of the Commission for the new English translation of the Vulgate, not only for his learning in ancient languages but for his eminent knowledge of his own, the *English* language. I should not have made this part of his letter public had I supposed that it would expose him to depreciatory criticism from anonymous sources.

Cincinnati. M. L. S.

Minister-Slanderer of Central-American Women

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The Catholic press has been somewhat hard on the Rev. Mr. J. L. Morrill, of Minneapolis. May I say a word in his defense? It is true that the gentleman has had the bad taste to tell the world how much he dislikes Central-American women. But is it strange after all that a member of his reverend profession shouldn't have much of an eye for such sweet and lovely things as the Spanish-American women? And, at any rate, is it fair that a busybody in the Republic of El Salvador should have made a travesty on Mr. Morrill, rendering him thereby an object of pity and commiseration? For it may surprise you and it will shock Mr. Morrill's ministerial soul to know that on June 22, 1916, under the caption of "Yankee Priest Slanders Central America" there appeared in the *Diario del Occidente*, of Santa Ana, a longish article introducing Mr. Morrill as the "Yankee Priest" in question. Just fancy good Mr. Morrill *en soutane*, a breviary in his hands, on his head—what do you call that kind of clerical "shako" priests wear at church?—I say, just imagine Mr. Morrill thus decked telling Central-American women what he thought of them. And then, when Padre Morrill, with an accent on the *ill*, had got through his speech, there followed Protestant Mr. McAdoo giving Padre Morrill the lie.

The people down there may be rotten, as Mr. Morrill confidently assures us, but they have all the sensitiveness of the swarthy Latin skin. That Protestant Mr. McAdoo should defend them, while a priest whose lips are daily wetted with the Blood of Christ should utter such foul things against Latin-American womanhood, ah, this was the most unkindest cut of all. By a happy coincidence, however, the Bishop of Santa Ana had just received letters from the United States. The Bishop called the editor of the *Diario del Occidente* and asked him how he had managed to ordain Mr. Morrill a priest overnight. Here the editor told his tale: he informed the Bishop of Santa Ana how a Protestant minister in that locality had called his attention to the statements of Mr. Morrill and Mr. McAdoo, and had assured him that Mr. Morrill was a Yankee Padre. The trick was somewhat clever, no doubt, as the local preacher could hardly find a better expedient to indispose the people against the Church of their fathers and to predispose them in favor of some Protestant sect. But the editor of the *Diario del Occidente* apologized manfully for his mistake by publishing the Bishop's protest on June 23, and on June 24 a very careful statement about religious conditions in the diocese of Santa Ana. Mr. Morrill said, I believe, that at least one hundred per cent of the Catholics in San Salvador are liars. It is regrettable that some Protestant ministers in Central America are just as bad as the natives; and personally I regret immensely that this letter of mine will never be read by my Protestant friends,—generous souls and noble minds who would lay down their lives sooner than utter one wilful untruth, and who, still, by their generosity and sacrifices, are financing the work of such creatures as the preacher of Santa Ana.

St. Louis, Mo. JULES SAINT-JULIEN.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Who Is Safe?

THE indictments returned by the Grand Jury now investigating the alleged "trade in white slaves," are sufficiently horrifying. The "sob sisters" of the metropolitan press can add no detail of fact that will deepen the horror. That is almost beyond telling. But their foolish sentimentality can do very much to obscure the real remedy.

The most notable story upon which an indictment has been directed, tells of a young woman who two years ago dragged the robes of her womanly virtue in the mire. She knew perfectly well what she was doing. She had long allowed herself an easy contempt of what she termed the laws of conventionality. She acted under no compulsion whatever. Flouting the counsel of parents, of her own free choice she went away with her miserable partner to live the life of sin. That later she led a life whose sordid vileness she had never dreamed possible, cannot obscure the fact that her first steps in the downward path were taken willingly.

It is well to keep our heads. New York is not infested with beasts who prowl the streets by day and night in search of innocent little schoolgirls. But New York has more than its share of hunters who ensnare those who in some degree are willing to be ensnared. So far as the facts have been made known, the "victims of the slavers" are disobedient girls, girls who frequent the dance halls and the nightly streets, girls in search of pleasure at whatever cost. That is, the victims are girls who think that modesty in speech, dress and carriage is "prudery." Lax parental care is usually responsible for girls of this type; but not always. In any case, we cannot solve the problem of lessening their number, if in our pity for sin's miserable victims, we ignore the fact that the initial sin was willingly prepared for and freely embraced.

We have had a surfeit of sex-hygiene. If new proof were needed, that knowledge does not restrain from vice, volumes could be furnished by the New York Grand Jury. Let us teach our girls modesty; the modesty that is the guardian of all womanly virtue; the modesty that is learned in the sanctuary of the home and preserved in the sanctuary of God. Our children may then be called "old-fashioned," but they will be safe, for with modesty destroyed, the horrors of the pit are at hand.

Shall Women Preach?

ONE of the many by-products of the war in Europe, is the discussion of the advisability of allowing women to preach in the pulpits of Protestant churches. Conservative England has been recently stirred and shocked by the proposal that the prohibition of the Apostle be set aside, and that the devout female sex be no longer debarred from expounding the truths of the Gospel before assembled congregations. Two arguments have been advanced, namely, that this will leave the men free for other work, and will materially raise the standard of sacred eloquence. It is claimed that it is a huge detriment to religion not to permit "women to use their beautiful gifts." The Anglican Church, although the project seems to have originated with the Rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in London, has set its face sternly against the innovation. Naturally the suffragettes find it hard to reconcile themselves to this exclusion. They have taken men's places in so many other fields of endeavor, they do not see why they should not take their places in public ecclesiastical functions.

Certainly those churches that have given up belief in the Divinity of Christ and the commission He gave to His Apostles to preach His doctrine are not altogether logical in restricting the preaching office to men. Who shall or shall not preach is largely for them a matter of custom and traditional discipline; why they should insist on carrying out the letter of St. Paul's mandate, "Let women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith," is not quite clear.

The position of the Catholic Church is not involved in these difficulties. Possessing by Divine commission the right of jurisdiction over the mystical Body of Christ, she is well within her powers in declaring that men and men only shall teach publicly in the churches; it is hers to rule the Flock of Christ, hers to speak in His name. She is vested with the same authority that was in St. Paul when he excluded the women of Corinth from addressing the Faithful. This is the foundation of her position. She speaks with authority from on high. She is not merely a slave to custom, she is not an individual or a group of individuals of more or less prudence, she is the Divinely appointed representative of Jesus Christ, gifted with supreme power to govern the members of His Church. This is only another instance of the security of the grounds on which the Church takes her stand, and of the insecurity of the stand taken by the sects.

Twilight Musings

"TWILIGHT sleep" seems to have slipped into a nightmare of the most horrifying variety. A few weeks ago, this poetically christened procedure was barred by the Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore. It can hardly be said that this hospital was led to its decision by a dominating spirit of "bigoted ecclesiasticism." On the other hand, it is probably on good grounds that the high reputation of this institution is founded. Its action, therefore, will cause many a "popular" practitioner to regard his former devotion to "twilight sleep" as a period of blackness which he would fain forget.

Reviewing the history of this movement in the United States, one must perforce pay tribute to the genius of the American advertising agent. He can do anything when strengthened by an invigorating draught of printer's ink. Given a page in the metropolitan dailies, and suitable space in the country weeklies, and the mountain moves towards Mahomet. Archimedes announced that, given a fulcrum, he could move the world. The advertising agent outdoes him. He announces that he has found the fulcrum.

It is enthusiasm, perhaps, that dims his vision. Time usually hints an error in his claims. Appointed some twenty months ago as the American apostle of "twilight sleep," the advertising man piled columns into the dailies, pages into the weeklies and monthlies, and supplied many a hard-pressed clergyman with a "sermon" preached, often enough, to persons who had no children and wanted none. Nor was the *odium theologicum* neglected. Certain of the clergy and of the medical fraternity, were gently urged to see a profit in attacking the Church of Rome as an enemy of the new humanity. That as an anodyne measure, "twilight sleep" had no more connection with the Catholic Church than it had with spectrum analysis or the Panama Canal, mattered little. It pays to advertise.

More than a year ago, Dr. Austin O'Malley pointed out the hysterical character of the propaganda, and the scientific shortcomings of the method itself, in the columns of AMERICA. Attacked as a "reactionary," time has justified his criticisms. It has also shown that the higher the altitude the harder the fall. It is just possible that the long-haired cranks and short-haired women who saw in "twilight sleep" woman's "emancipation from ecclesiastical thraldom," have learned a lesson. But it is not probable.

The Fate of "Grinds"

"SHOULD students study?" is the whimsical question to which William Trufant Foster, President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, gives a satisfactory answer in a paper he contributes to the current *Harper's Magazine*. He advises undergraduates to remove from the walls of their room that popular motto, "Do not let your studies interfere with your college education," and to substitute for it, "Do not let your college life interfere with your life's ambition." Mr. Foster bases this counsel on the results of investigating more than one hundred American colleges which he sought out along 25,000 miles of travel, in an endeavor "to determine from what students do the country over, to what extent they deem study worth the effort." He discovered, as was of course to be expected, that those who win high rank at college stand a much better chance of gaining distinction in after life than do those who are content with gaining merely a "gentlemanly mediocrity" in their studies. The statistics the investigator gathered ought to be particularly stimulating to the students in the Catholic colleges, for their education, as a rule, costs greater sacrifices than does that of youths attending non-Catholic institutions.

From the results of Mr. Reed's researches in various high schools, colleges and professional schools are cited the following statistics which indicate that the despised and unpopular "grind" sometimes does amount to something after all:

> Are good students in high school more likely than others to become good students in college? Prof. Walter F. Dearborn tried to answer that question for the State of Wisconsin. He compared the records of hundreds of students at the University of Wisconsin with their records in various high schools. He found that above eighty per cent of those remain in the upper half of their classes who were in the first quarter of their high-school classes throughout the four years of their university course, and that above eighty per cent of those who were in the lowest quarter in their high-school classes failed to rise above the line of mediocre scholarship in the university. . . .
>
> I then had the entire undergraduate records of these [twenty-three "successful"] men accurately copied from the college records and compared with the standing of twenty-three men chosen at random from the same class. The result was striking. The men who were thus named as most successful attained in their college studies nearly four times as many highest grades as the random selection. To the credit of the successful men are 196 "A's"; to the credit of the other men, only 56. . . .
>
> Of the men now living who graduated from Wesleyan University between 1860 and 1889, 16 per cent are listed in "Who's Who"; of those who received high honors in scholarship during this period, 50 per cent; of those who attained no distinction as scholars, only ten per cent. . . .
>
> Take, for example, all the students who graduated from Harvard College during a period of twelve years and entered the Harvard Medical School. Of the 239 who received no distinction as undergraduates, 36 per cent graduated with honor from the Medical School. Of the 41 who received degrees of A.B. with high honor, more than 92 per cent took their medical degrees with honor. . . .

Such facts as the foregoing would be too commonplace and obvious to merit citation and comment were it not that hard study is in such bad odor nowadays with countless young Americans who attend college chiefly to win social distinction, or renown in athletics, and are so successful in keeping their studies from interfering with their college education, that, after they graduate, the

world seldom hears of them again. When a German lad in one of our American colleges began to cry because he had failed in a recitation, it caused amused surprise, but that a big half-back should burst into tears because he missed kicking a winning goal astonished nobody. His fellow-"students" judged, no doubt, that that football-player had abundant matter for manly grief, but that wretched little "grind," who cried because he missed his lesson, acted like a baby. But why was the lost goal more worthy of tears than the lost recitation?

The Catholic Women's Missionary Association

THE important step of founding a Catholic women's missionary association in the United States has at length been taken. Protestants have long since found such organizations indispensable for their missionary activity, and millions of dollars have poured into their mission funds through this agency. This is a work for which women are particularly fitted and which should intensely appeal to them. Catholic women cannot fail to be profoundly moved by conditions existing in heathen lands, by the sufferings and privations of our heroic missionaries, by the degradation of their own sex under the heavy yoke of paganism, by the cry of millions of starving babes exposed to perish in the streets or in the wilderness, without receiving the blessing of Baptism, by the loss, in fine, of countless souls through the sad indifference of Catholics at home. Urged by such considerations the Catholic women of Europe had organized for the support of the missions before the great war began, and in these disastrous times their work will now be continued by their American sisters. So the burning torch of charity, kindled at the heart of Christ, is handed across the seas to our Catholic women of America.

The newly founded organization, under the direction of Miss Mary Gockel of Milwaukee, is known as the American Missionary Association of Catholic Women. It has been enthusiastically welcomed by Archbishop Messmer, and invited by him to establish its headquarters at Milwaukee. Affiliated with the original European society, it partakes of that organization's spiritual advantages, while preserving its national autonomy. Though mainly intended for the foreign missions, supplying them with money, vestments and religious articles, it will not neglect home missionary enterprise. One of its statutes expressly provides that from one-fifth to one-third of its income is to be devoted to the latter purpose. The obligatory dues are limited to twenty-five cents a year in order to enable every Catholic women in the United States to become a member of the Association. Twenty-five dollars admits to perpetual membership.

A society so urgently needed at the present time and containing such mighty possibilities for the promotion of God's Kingdom upon earth should find no difficulty in establishing its branches in every diocese and in counting its members by the hundreds of thousands. Here is a new sphere of activity opened to our Catholic women to exercise the noblest functions of mercy. The great power of this organization will lie in bringing the Catholic mission idea more intimately into the Catholic home. Other missionary organizations will therefore find in it a valuable ally. Our mission literature will be more widely diffused, new fervor will be aroused, and new vocations fostered. It is to be hoped that circles of active workers will be formed within every branch of the new Association. Their purpose should be to exercise their zeal on a larger scale and with that tireless energy which has characterized the work of the Protestant women mission workers who have helped most materially to make possible through their many societies the collection of almost twenty million dollars for the Protestant missions during the past year. God's blessing will rest upon the work.

A Novelty in "Social Notes"

THOSE who are familiar with the "In Catholic Circles" department of our diocesan weeklies or who peruse the "Doings of Society" columns in the Sunday papers, must have read with amusement in the *Catholic Advance* of Wichita, Kansas, a recent list of things "We Never Read About in Society Notes." Attention was called, for instance, to such unusual items as these:

Miss Mildred Mordaunt of Pine Avenue, has recovered sufficiently from her recent illness to begin a novena in gratitude for her recovery.

At a little house-party given by Miss Jennie Waterman, after partaking of a generous allowance of ice cream, all present went together to the Cathedral for the Holy Hour.

One of the most hospitable homes in this city, and, of course, one most frequented, is that of Mrs. Amelia Havensworth of North Belmont Avenue. An admirable custom in her "at homes" is the introduction of a cash-box labeled "For Charitable Work," to which all are invited to contribute.

Roderick O'Connor, Floyd Wilkins, James Raymond and John Weber went to St. Marys, Kans., to attend the week-end retreat given by the Jesuits.

Our "society editors" should act on the *Advance's* hint at once for such titbits of news as the foregoing would be very refreshing after reading about certain doings of Catholic "climbers" who sometimes figure with more prominence than edification in the social chronicle. How much more soothing to Catholic ears do the *Advance's* items sound than does such "social intelligence" as the following? "Mrs. Gerald Green, who is so well-known in Catholic circles, chaperoned five débutantes and their escorts at last evening's performance of 'The Yellow Screen,' which the censors, it will be remembered, tried in vain to suppress." "One of the chief attractions of Mrs. George Brown's recent week-end party were the graceful classic barefoot dances given by Misses Gladys, Evelyn and Dorothy White, who are among the most accomplished young ladies of St. Evodia's parish." "One of the pretty afternoon weddings of the season was cele-

brated last Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Black, when their daughter Muriel, a graduate of St. Agatha's Convent School, was married to Mr. Thomas Cranmer Sibley, the eldest son of the Rector of St. Jude's Church."

Instead of being offered such dubiously Catholic "social notes" as those, we should be allowed to read more frequently items based on the suggestions of the *Catholic Advance*. Then should we joyfully learn of more Catholic men, who before they die, devote half their large fortune to the cause of Catholic education; of more rich women who leave in their wills a generous legacy to some Catholic charity; of more of society's lionesses who devote their leisure to giving Italian children catechetical instruction; of more social leaders who help maintain Catholic settlement houses; of more lectures being given, under fashionable auspices, to build churches in South Carolina; and of more concerts being announced by Catholic societies in order to raise funds for the foreign missions. Catholic readers would then find the "social notes" highly interesting.

LITERATURE

Apologetics Old and New.

A LITTLE book, entitled "The Spirit of Christianity," (Longmans) just published posthumously, but written forty years ago, is a striking example of the apologetic attitude adopted by timid souls. The author, finding himself face to face with the clamorous outbursts of rationalists, higher critics and the other modern iconoclasts, instead of clinging fast to the beliefs of centuries, taking his stand on the ground of legitimate, long-continued possession, and demanding of those who would deprive him of his faith that they prove and not merely assert their statements, weakly acquiesces in their pretentions, whittles away Christianity until it means nothing more than "the moral trust in a Divine Being of perfect moral goodness," gives up the Redemption, the inspiration of the Bible and other cherished tenets, and puts himself to infinite pains in order to save out of what he believes the general wrack and the ruin of faith, such a poor remnant of revealed truth as may be accepted by all men of whatever mental attitude. The writer, though a man of religious instincts, is not of course a Catholic; but his timidity has its counterpart in the unspoken, but keenly painful fears of many children of light.

To such Catholics the word, "apologetics," suggests all sorts of compromises. Mistaking the meaning of the term, which they somehow confuse with the popular but derived significance that implies having been in the wrong with the consequent obligation of making amends, they are inclined to be broad and not to insist too much on doctrines which are out of joint with the spirit of the times. The very mention of such things as paleontology, geology, Biblical criticism, and especially the theory of evolution, gives them a cold shiver of apprehension. Hearing of the discarded theological environments of Christ's teaching; of pure Christianity, stripped of its grave-clothes; of the supplanting of the priests of dogma by the priests of science, and learning at the same time of the existence of such Catholic books as "A Christian Apology," "Apologetic Dictionary of the Catholic Faith," and the like; they begin to think that the Church has been obliged to strike her colors and come to terms with modern skeptical, agnostic or even atheistic teaching.

Nothing could be further from the truth. There never was a time when the Church looked the scoffers at Revelation more steadily in the face. Her savants have not closed their eyes to the results of recent scholarship, but have carefully studied them, sifting the wheat from the chaff; and in no instance have they found any reason for giving up any single dogma of the deposit of faith. Furthermore, so far from frowning on research, the Church encourages every legitimate form of inquiry; for it has been her constant experience that real "finds" have served only to confirm her position, not to weaken it. The opinions of individuals or of particular schools within her fold, and without it, have led to useful discussion, and the result has been only beneficial.

Naturally different portions of religious truth have been called into question at different periods. Thus in the time of the Apostles the demonstration of the Messianic character of Christ, as evidenced in the fulfilment of prophecies and in the working of miracles had to be insisted on against the Jews; later the Christians had to be cleared of the charge of immorality and atheism brought against then by the pagans; later still the humanity and Divinity of Christ had to be proved against domestic enemies. In the Middle Ages the Mohammedans and Jews attacked the Messiahship of Christ, and Christians had to show that Mahomet had utterly failed to make good his claim to a Divine mission, whereas Christ had abundantly established His. After the Protestant revolt the defense of the Church became a more complex task; free-thinkers, skeptics, deists, rationalists, encyclopedists, indifferentists, and unbelievers of all kinds had to be refuted. In their wake came traditionalists, ontologists and liberals.

In our own days the enemies of the Church have attempted to undermine the very foundations of faith. Realizing that Christian belief was built on the fact and content of Revelation, they have disregarded particular tenets and struck at the base of all revealed doctrine, in the hope that if the grounds of faith could be destroyed, the entire structure would inevitably crumble into ruins. Accordingly they asserted that Revelation was impossible; that the proofs hitherto accepted as evidence of it, and especially miracles and prophecies, are valueless; that the Scriptures have no human historical authority, and much less can they be regarded as the inspired Word of God; that Christ was not an accredited ambassador of God, but a mere man, who had no credentials whatever for founding a new form of worship in which alone God was well pleased, or for promulgating doctrines which had to be believed under pain of exclusion from eternal beatitude. In other words they have attacked what are technically known in the schools as the motives of credibility.

Nor have they done this in a perfunctory manner. On the contrary they have brought to their task so much learning, so much mental acumen, so much patient research, that they have forced the Church to develop and put on a scientific and historical basis, many truths that in the past were generally accepted as undeniable and were not thought to require exhaustive treatment. The result has been that the defense of the Church has been crystallized into a permanent, accurate, scientific form which constitutes the specialized province of apologetics. Well-informed Catholics are no longer in a flurry of nervous excitement, when rationalists, Biblical critics and the rest, make bold and destructive statements, for they know that an answer to

their difficulties has already been given or will soon be forthcoming. And their confidence is well founded.

Ample provision is being made by the Church for investigation into modern difficulties. Tribunals such as the Biblical Commission and schools like the Biblical Institute, both composed of men endowed with subtle and comprehensive scholarship, have been established by the Holy Father to deal with questions concerning Holy Writ. Theologians and historians in many countries have studied the similarities between Christianity and primitive cults, much vaunted in our times, and are assigning to them their real significance and their true value. Severe scientific treatises on the ground-work of the Faith have been written for students of theology; and for laymen popular answers to popular difficulties have been prepared by competent scholars. Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets on vexed points of controversy, on Scriptural, doctrinal, philosophical and theological questions are being scattered broadcast; and fuller treatment of current objections are being made accessible to the general public in books which leave little to be desired except that they are excessive in price.

The most ambitious effort to provide the Church with a thoroughly satisfactory apologetic properly so called, in the vernacular, comprised within a single work but in a manner that is acceptable to both specialists and Catholics in general, has been undertaken in France under the direction of Père A. d'Alès, S.J., with the assistance of a large number of collaborators. Written in French, it is appearing in instalments under the title of "Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique," (Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris) and has met with the unstinted approval of learned authorities, for in almost every instance its articles have been prepared by acknowledged masters of their particular subject.

While by no means a complete treatise on theology, it deals with many questions of fundamental theology, but always from the standpoint of apologetics. The article on the Gospels, for instance, enters into modern theories on the composition of the four Gospels, discusses them, and leads the reader to the firm conviction that the historical value of the testimony of the Evangelists is unassailable. In the same way the article on Jesus Christ, in whose nature, personality and mission there is today such poignant interest, appeals to no other witnesses but historical documents and historical facts, and builds up step by step with calm judicial treatment, the inevitable conclusion that Jesus of Nazareth was sent by God to found a Church, and that he was not merely man, but God and the Son of God.

The attitude of the Church towards Biblical criticism, towards immanence, towards the modern denial of the unity of the human race, a denial that strikes at the roots of the dogma of original sin, and towards other questions of similar nature, often scornfully on the lips of the incredulous, are treated with a dispassionate scientific appraisal of truth and error that vindicates for the Church the honor she has always had of being the home and the nursery of scholars. Exploded calumnies like that of the end justifying the means, the threadbare legend that Pope Calixtus III anathematized Halley's comet, are passed in review and shown to be gross distortions of fact. At the same time philosophical truths that are presupposed in the very concept of religion, such as the freedom of the will, are sanely discussed and firmly established. From all which it appears that Père d'Alès's dictionary is not confined to the limits of apologetics in its narrowest signification but embraces the broad field of general apologetics.

Attention has been called to this work because it is typical of the best results of modern ecclesiastical scholarship; but it is after all only one of countless studies along the same lines, some appearing in books, others in reviews, and still others in voluminous encyclopedias and dictionaries. The literature of apologetics is growing with surprising rapidity; and while it is becoming more exact in method it is also widening its scope. The possibility of the perpetuation of such foolish myths as the denial of a soul to woman by the Church is becoming more remote. History, archeology, ethnology and kindred sciences have opened their secrets to Catholic scholars, and they in turn are making them known to the Catholic public. It is only ignorance that causes certain Catholics to blush or tremble for their Faith. The Church needs no apology, at least in the current sense. In the strict sense of the word, her apologists are legion.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Century of the Renaissance in France. By LOUIS BATTIFOL. With an Introduction by JOHN EDWARD COURTNAY BODLEY. New York: G. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

M. Louis Battifol has had the pleasure of seeing the present volume crowned by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The distinction is in many ways well deserved. In his preceding book the "Duchesse de Chevreuse," the author had shown marked qualities as an historical writer and scene-painter. These qualities are even more evident in this clear and animated narrative of events, which carries the reader from the death of Louis XI in 1483 to that of Henri IV in 1610. Few periods of French history could be selected more teeming with interest, dramatic incident, dark tragedy, and far-reaching consequences. The short-lived Italian conquest of Charles VIII and of Louis XII, the rivalries of Francis I and of Charles V, the glories of the court of Francis, the rise of Protestantism, the protracted civil wars which desolated France, the plots and counter-plots which form the dark background of so many stirring episodes, the murder of the Duc de Guise, the tragic deaths of Henri II, and Henri IV, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, afford splendid scope to an historian of the most commonplace ability. Under the pen of M. Battifol, they glow with life. The book, with a few exceptions, has all the accuracy of history and the interest of a dramatic story. The writer is not a mere chronicler of events and a registrar of dates. He knows the period of which he writes most intimately. The almost inexhaustible bibliography of the subject has laid bare its treasures to him and he seems to have employed them wisely and with the one purpose of throwing more light on his subject.

The book palpitates with human interest. The pages in which the author sketches such fascinating but complex characters as Louis XI, Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, Francis I, Sully, Henry IV remind the reader of those portraits of Rembrandt or Holbein, which seem, just for a moment, in the glance they fix on the beholder, to yield their hidden secrets.

M. Battifol has not been satisfied to write of kings and princes, of art and letters and the splendid achievements of the Renaissance. He has studied the life of the people, their religion, their sports, their trades, their material conditions. While under Henri IV, there were still some poverty and misery consequent upon the wars of religion, the lot of the peasant and the laborer was not altogether an unhappy one. A pleasant picture is drawn of the household of a country gentleman, Monsieur de Gouberville, who though he could beat his servants when occasion required, nursed them devotedly when they were sick. It will be a surprise

to American readers to learn that outdoor sports were at that time exceedingly popular in France, tennis especially being played with skill and enthusiasm.

Thorough as M. Battifol is in sifting historical documents and in utilizing them to the best advantage, it is to be regretted that in representing Pope Gregory XIII as radiant with triumph over the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, he leaves a false impression of the Pontiff's views. It is quite well proved that he had been deceived by the dispatches received from France, and that if he did rejoice, and order a medal to be struck with the inscription *Ugonotorum strages,* it was because he thought that the life of Charles IX and the royal famliy of France had been saved from a foul political conspiracy. In estimating the number of the victims of what all condemn as a foul political murder, our author says it is impossible to tell the number exactly. He adds that De Thou, a Protestant by no means favorable to the Church, says about 2,000 Huguenots perished.

J. C. R.

The Register of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury. Edited by G. J. TURNER, M.A., and REV. H. E. SALTER, M.A. Part I. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.25.

This register, commonly known as the "Black Book" of the Abbey, is most interesting to the historian, inasmuch as it is a practical exemplification of what so many know in theory only, the old land tenures of Kent, the titles of the Abbey to its estates, and the custom of the manor as the foundation of a tenure. The general impression one gets from it after making due allowance for the difference in money value, then and now, is that the tenants had a very easy time under their ecclesiastical landlords. In his account of the Abbey estates Mr. Turner has some very judicious remarks on the "forged charters." He finds it impossible to believe that even monks could have been so silly as to imagine that a document written frankly in a fourteenth-century hand, in a fourteenth-century style, with a fourteenth-century topography and nomenclature, could be passed off as an original charter of the eighth century or the ninth. He concludes, therefore, that many documents assumed to be forgeries, are merely summaries of older ones worn out with age, with the specifications of places, their boundaries, etc., put for convenience sake in contemporaneous terms. There are several obvious errors which detract from the value of the work. Thus on page 3 is a statement of wax to be delivered amounting to "cccc *li.*" The editors add a note "including £15 in the first line." Yet clearly there is question of pounds avoirdupois, not sterling. On page 163, the eleventh year of Henry III is put down as 1267; on page 347, 1833 is put for 1333; and on page 351, 1649 for 1349, while on page 370, "XVo de Februarii anno XX mo" of Edward III appears inexplicably as "9 December 1320." The reader will suspect very much the note on the proper name "Beiot," page 49, "an error for 'Benoit'" (*sic*) and still more the explanation added, "a diminutive for Benjamin." In a book such as this, in which accuracy is everything, such blots are apt to make one doubt the rest.

H. W.

Priests in the Firing Line. By RÉNÉ GAELL. Translated by H. HAMILTON GIBBS and MADAME BERTON. With Eight Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.

There is no right-thinking Catholic who does not deplore the fact that thousands of priests whose hands were anointed to bless, absolve and consecrate, are now fighting with rifle and bayonet in the trenches of France and bringing their fellow-Christians' lives to a violent end. But since this must be so, we may find a little comfort in the thought that the presence of the priest on the firing-line has made it easy for many a soldier, who would otherwise die unshriven, to go to judgment well-prepared.

The author of this powerful book which contains, he says, "nothing but the truth, written amid suffering and blood," vividly describes the heroic deeds of the soldier-priests at the front. He shows that as combatants, as stretcher-bearers or as hospital nurses the clergy of France have never avoided the posts of greatest danger, and in the persons of Abbé Duroy and of Abbé Marny he portrays Frenchmen in whom the priest and the patriot are magnificently blended. "Oh! that Mass under shell-fire!" quotes the author from a priest's letter. "It was I who had said it, and it was I who had promised heaven, in the name of God, to all those who made their halting-place of hope and faith around the altar. I shall never live through such glorious hours again." "I went off because it had to be," said another young priest as he died, "in order to be a priest such as we all are nowadays; to preach my last sermon, which I had long prepared, but which I had not thought to preach so soon." Here is the author's fine description of a soldier-priest's last absolution of his comrades:

> He [the Colonel] called the standard-bearer, a young second-lieutenant, without a mustache, who three weeks before had been singing Mass in his village church. The officer, his eyes aglow, advanced, the staff proudly borne against his breast, shaking the colors fringed with gold, which trembled in the gentle breeze whispering over the plain. Quite near there was a mound, which seemed to offer itself as a pulpit, a pedestal or an altar. With a sign, the Colonel points out the place, and the lieutenant who has understood, climbs the slope, slowly, with the recollection with which he had in times gone by carried the monstrance. It was already a festival for the regiment to see, framed in bayonets, the sacred emblem which floated in the air, in the hands of a man to whom God had entrusted His omnipotence.
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> "Father," said the Colonel, "those who surround you are believers. They know that the next hours do not belong to them, and that soon a certain number of them will perhaps be lying on these fields, where a grave will be dug for them. Tell them that there is another life, other hopes after death, a reward for those who are brave. Do your duty as a priest!" Then, speaking to his men: "All those among you who wish to die as Christians, close up round the flag."
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> A movement of the mass of human beings drew the ranks closer, and grouped together the soldiers, gaitered, girded, accoutred, their haversacks on their backs. Not one was lacking. They were all there, their eyes raised, fixed towards the two living realities raised on the hillock and which towered above them. They listened to that manly voice speak to them of eternity, of the great truths which rise above human fears, of things so lofty and so solemn, so sweet and consoling, that even the voice of the cannons screaming death are but far-off echoes, dream-voices almost unnoticed.
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> The gestures of the priest caress the folds of the flag, and his appeals harmonize with the tricolored silk whose flutterings seemed like the breathings of a troubled breast. One felt that courage flooded these hearts, poured out as from a generous source, from the living emblems which exalt sacrifice and make it resplendent with definitive beauty. From his eminence, the second-lieutenant greeted the living, and blessed those who were to die.
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> Then the Colonel, in his commanding voice, announced to his companies: "Now for the absolution!" By instinct, and without having to be told, these men uncovered as one man. For the order has come down from on high, and it is their faith which they obey and no longer man's commands. "File off in sections!" The defile began. Kneeling on the grass, each group in its turn received absolution, then got up. And it lasted for half an hour, in the silence of which the emotion of so many souls dilated by this new baptism, trembled.

There are many passages in the book quite as good as

the foregoing, and others would be too harrowing were we not so accustomed now to such descriptions. The fact that a certain priest strangled an unsuspecting sentry and then said Mass for the repose of his soul indicates what the conscription of the clergy means. Let us hope that when the war is ended the Government will be properly grateful for the sacrifices these priests have made. The book has been well translated, though it seems odd to make French chaplains use such expressions as 'jolly well." W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Michael Wood, a High Church Anglican whose novels have been noticed in AMERICA, now has out a small volume of short stories entitled "The Willow Weaver and Seven Other Tales" (Dutton, $1.00), which for the most part are psychical and eery in character. They are written with great care and delicacy, the description of scenery and its influence on the mind of man being particularly well done. The best stories in the book are "The Willow Weaver," "The Bending of the Twig," "The Excellent Versatility of the Minor Poet," and "Forty-Eight Hours." The author's meaning, however, is not always clear. Some passages, for instance, of "The Tree of Beauty" read like pantheistic rhapsodies. In "The Mystery of the Son of Man" Mr. Wood describes how a faithless monk narrowly escaped being immured: all according to the old Protestant tradition. The little volume makes good reading.

Bertha Condé, author of "The Business of Being a Friend" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.25), is Senior Student Secretary for the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association. This may have something to do with the choice of the title of the book. If so, it is unfortunate, for the true principle of friendship, "God at the center," which the author presents as the fruit of her experience, proves that she has made something more of friendship than a mere humanitarian enterprise. The book is addressed "to her girl friends . . . and to all other girls . . ." It reads like the reflection of a college student, growing up among her college sorority, and has the value and the failing of such, being truly wise and rather obvious at the same time.

Nineteen hundred and sixteen is an important tercentenary year for the literary world is observing the three-hundreth anniversary of the Catholic-minded Shakespeare and of Cervantes, the renowned Catholic romancer of Spain. But little attention has been paid to the fact that the gifted Jesuit ascetical writer, Father Alphonsus Rodriguez, died at Seville on February 21, 1616, so this is also his tercentenary year. The current number of the *Catholic Mind* reprints from the *Irish Monthly* Father George O'Neill's, discerning study of Rodriguez's famous work "The Practice of Christian and Religious Perfection," a book which for almost three centuries has been the daily food of nearly every novice of that period, and has prepared for a high place in heaven numberless religious men and women. This issue of the *Catholic Mind* also contains Father Reville's excellent sketch of "Cervantes," and Father Thurston's conclusive investigation of "Shakespeare's Religion." It is a good tercentenary pamphlet for literature classes.

"Sweet Olde Irish Songs" (Charles A. O'Connor, New York), edited by Robert J. Cole and Harry C. Phibbs, is a collection of fifty-two Celtic airs and ballads, calculated to reach the hearts of those who would keep alive and fresh their memories of Erin. The old folk-songs, although many are of little musical merit, have a redeeming touch in the words, and, in this respect, are typical of Celtic faith, purity and good humor. It is to be regretted that the collection could not include the best modern Irish songs.——The third volume of "Fireside Melodies, a Collection of Beautiful Songs for Home and School" (Mission Press, Techny, $0.15), has recently been published and contains the words and music of twenty-five "good old songs" which the compiler, Father Lynk, prescribes as an antidote for acute attacks of the "ragtime" malady.

H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes have added to their growing list of text-books "Intermediate Algebra" (Allyn and Bacon). In schools, however, where geometry is not taught until after intermediate algebra, there might be serious objection to the geometrical terms and figures here used. Teachers of algebra who peruse the book will like the clear and brief statement of the rules and the simple explanation of each step.——"The Rational Memory" (Cosmopolitan Press, New York, $1.35), by W. H. Groves, is the second edition of a practical book. Most works on memory-training are artificial, many are fantastic. But Mr. Groves, without claiming originality, has formulated a clear and logical system for developing and strengthening the memory. After showing how ideas may be retained, by concentration, association and classification, he establishes the best method of recalling them. Though the book is interesting and helpful, the thought and expression are sometimes crude.

Those who have determined to do their Christmas shopping exceptionally early this year will be interested to know that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's charming Christmas short-story, "The Little Hunchback Zia" (Stokes, $0.75), tastefully illustrated by Spencer Baird Nichols and W. T. Benda, is already out as a holiday book. The author's beautiful description of how the little deformed and leprous beggar boy, after being driven from home by cruel old Judith, found favor with Our Lady, whose young face was "pale with the pallor of lilies," and whose "eyes were as stars of the morning," could not easily be improved.——Those who are willing to accept as a heroine a girl of ten who talks with a mature woman's wit and wisdom, will enjoy Louis Dodge's story of "Bonnie May" (Scribner's, $1.35). She is a bewitching stage-child to whom the life behind the scenes is the only real life, and who becomes a kind of feminine Little Lord Fauntleroy with the unconscious mission of humanizing the prim and very correct family into which she is accidentally introduced. The situations are amusing, the dialogue clever and the characterization well done.

The July *Dublin Review* opens with appreciations of the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., and by Gilbert K. Chesterton. The first writer considers Ward as "an apologist of the theory of development applied by Cardinal Newman to the teaching and life of the Catholic Church," and in Mr. Chesterton's study, which is more personal than the other, he writes:

> I do not know at what exact period in Protestant England appeared the extraordinary notion that manliness has something to do with muddleheadedness. But it is in the rooted and instinctive sense of the contrary that I always felt the kinship between what I knew of him [Wilfrid Ward] and what I have read of his father. But in each of them I feel also something native and simple which makes one think of an intellectual Englishman, but not of an English intellectual.

There is a good historical sketch of "The Russian Church" by Rothay Reynolds and W. S. Lilly contributes a learned and clever "Plea for War." He undertakes to prove that war is "the creative spirit of everything": in animate life, in intellectual life, in the sphere of the affections, in social life, in the world of commerce, in the spiritual life and in national life. Mary Segar has a paper on "Medieval War

Poetry," full of quaint quotations. Martin Haile gives some entertaining "Memories of O'Connell" and Dr. William Barry examines the question "Is Turkey Doomed?"

Charlotte Holmes Crawford contributes to the September *Scribner's* a stirring war-poem of which the early stanzas are these:

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.' "

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France! . . ."

And Margaret Sherwood writes four good lines that any of the belligerents could well repeat.

August for aye in courage without flaw,
Crowned with the best that mortal lot may give,
O soldiers dead, in envy we, and awe
Salute you,—we who are about to live.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
The Sailor. By J. C. Snaith. Illustrated by W. A. Hottinger. $1.40.

The Arnold Press, Baltimore:
Echoes of Destiny. Clarence Stone. $0.40.

The Century Co., New York:
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated with Photographs by the Author. $2.00; Our Eastern Question. By Thomas F. Millard. Illustrated with Photographs and Maps. $3.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
A Woman's Diary of the War. By S. MacNaughtan. $1.00; Songs and Ballads from Over the Sea. Compiled by E. A. Helps. $1.25; Nearing Jordan. By Sir Henry Lucy. With Frontispiece. $3.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
The Grizzly King. By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated by Frank B. Hoffman. $1.25; The Bird-House Man. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty. $1.35; The House of Fear. By Wadsworth Camp. Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. $1.35.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Great Push. By Patrick MacGill. $1.25; Michael Cassidy, Sergeant. By "Sapper." $1.25.

Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia:
History of the Jews in Russia and Poland, from the Earliest Times Until the Present Day. By S. M. Dubnow. Translated from the Russian by I. Friedlaender. Volume I.

Longmans, Green, & Co., New York:
The Essentials of Teaching. By T. J. Burnett, M.A. $1.20; Serbia in Light and Darkness. By Fr. Nicholas Velimirovic. With 25 Illustrations. $1.20; Some Experiences in Hungary, 1914-1915. By Mina MacDonald. With 15 Illustrations. $1.25; Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor. By Beatrice Chase. $0.35; The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, the New Testament, Volume I, Part II, The Gospel according to St. Mark. By Rev. Joseph Dean, D.D., Ph.D. $0.30; Volume IV, Part III, The Apocalypse of St. John. By Rev. Francis Gigot, S.T.D. $0.30.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Little Beloved. By W. L. George. $1.35; Petey Simmons at Siwash. By George Fitch. Illustrated by G. W. Widney. $1.25.

The Macmillan Company, New York:
The Brook Kerith, a Syrian Story. By George Moore. $1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Physics and Chemistry for Nurses. By Amy Elizabeth Pope. Illustrated. $1.75.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston:
Ballads and Lyrics. By Eldredge Denison. $1.25; The House on the Hill. By Fredrick A. Wright. $1.00.

EDUCATION

The Catholic Medical School

A LARGE number of young men and women are planning to enter medical school this fall. Many, no doubt, have investigated to some extent the advantages of different schools, their reputation for good work, their university and hospital connections, their standing with the American Medical Association and the various State health boards, together with the matter of preliminary educational requirements and the question of expense involved. Yet it may be that very few have given any thought or consideration to the atmosphere of the school or its probable effect on faith or morals. Nevertheless, an uplifting moral atmosphere is at least as important in a medical school as in any other educational institution. Indeed there are good reasons to believe that it is more important.

PHASES OF SECULAR INFLUENCE

Of the ninety-six American medical schools, six, Georgetown, Fordham, St. Louis, Creighton, Marquette and Loyola are controlled by Catholic Universities. Of the others, a few, the so-called "independent" schools, are frankly commercial. The rest are allied with various State and privately founded universities. In many of these schools the atmosphere is aggressively materialistic and atheistic; in others religion is entirely ignored or treated with the good-natured tolerance accorded childish beliefs. This amused tolerance is often infinitely more dangerous in its insidious undermining of faith than is the open attack of aggressive atheism. Under its influence the young Catholic is almost certain to become demoralized, and, even if he does not entirely lose his faith, his moral stamina is sadly impaired.

TYPICAL STUDENT ERRORS

The ordinary medical student has reached a phase of development where he prides himself on his keen intellect and scientific habit of thought. He overrates everything presented in the name of science and underrates everything presented in the name of religion. He attributes to his teachers a degree of wisdom and authority that they themselves never dreamed of possessing, and he wonders if, scientifically at least, the Church isn't just a little old-fashioned. Really, what can the Pope know of evolution or eugenics?

He has yet to learn that our modern germ theories as well as our most recent discoveries that domestic animals and insects may be disease carriers were thoroughly worked out by a Jesuit, Father Athanasius Kircher, a contemporary of Galileo. He has also to learn that it was in a Papal school that Colombo discovered the pulmonary circulation, that Cæsalpinus discovered the general circulation, that Lancisi conducted his epoch-making researches in the anatomy and physiology of the heart and discovered the use and value of percussion in cardiac diagnosis; and that it was in the anatomical laboratories of these same schools that Vesalius, Morgagni, Eustachius, and Malpighi carried on their wonderful researches. He has yet to learn that one of the Popes was a professor in a medical school, and wrote a distinctly creditable monograph on ophthalmology, before he became Pope John XXII. In the non-Catholic medical school the student will hear much of Darwin and his unproved theories. In the Catholic school, he will learn of the laws of heredity discovered and demonstrated by the Augustinian, Gregor Mendel.

HIGH QUALITY OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

There is no question as to the character and quality of the scientific instruction given in the Catholic medical schools. It equals the best, but in addition, the student receives a thorough grounding in ethical doctrines of the greatest value in his practice. He is taught his moral obligations, his responsibilities to his patient; he is taught the sacredness of human life and the dignity of the human body; and he is made thoroughly conversant with the principles on which he must base his action in individual cases. The graduate from a Catholic school is not found in the ranks of the eugenist propaganda, he does not advocate the mutilation of the unfortunate and defective. His respect for his Church is increased and his moral fiber is strengthened when he finds a priest on the faculty of a medical school, listens to his lectures and discovers that this priest's opinions command the respectful attention of men of unquestioned scientific attainments.

A HIGH MISSION FOR GOOD

The Catholic medical school may also be considered in the light of an especially efficient mission. Loyola University, Chicago, during the past few years has had on its register not only Catholic students but Protestants, Jews, Hindoos and a Buddhist; yet all of these students enter practice with ideals that are strongly, though often unconsciously, Catholic. These young men have been trained in Catholic ethics; they cannot help being influenced thereby in their work. Their entire practice has been put on a higher plane both morally and professionally, for their training has inspired them with the Catholic spirit, and given them the correct attitude towards the practical problems of a physician's life.

ALFRED DE ROULET, M.S., M.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Catholic Social Work: Boston

THE Ladies' Catholic Club Association, founded by the late Rev. David A. Merrick, S.J., primarily for the establishment of girls' clubs in sections of Boston where they were needed, was the pioneer in this kind of effort. It was not long before the work of this foundation club became so extended that the efforts of members were sorely taxed to meet it adequately. A few rooms sufficed at first, but year by year the number of girls wishing to avail themselves of the advantages offered grew steadily until a clubhouse became necessary, and the present building was purchased in 1908. This settlement house is in the Cathedral parish of Boston, in the very heart of the city, and its activities are many and varied.

OUTLINE OF ACTIVITIES

Three hundred members are registered in the Girls' Club, and all are supposed to pay a small fee for the privileges of the classes. There are sewing and embroidery classes every afternoon, except Saturday during the school year, for the younger children, and on one afternoon each week there is a dancing class. Piano lessons are provided by a good teacher at twenty-five cents a lesson. A number of children embrace this opportunity, as well as that of practising on the pianos in the clubhouse. A sewing school for small children is held during a morning session from July 1 to August 1, and during this month the children also enjoy several picnics.

From October until late in June there are evening classes for the older girls in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, cooking, dancing and dramatics. The dramatic class gives entertainments at the exhibitions of the work done during the year, at Christmas, when the Christmas-tree festivities are a special feature, and at the closing of the evening classes in the summer. A kindergarten, taught by trained teachers, is maintained and has been very successful.

TEACHERS AND CLASSES

There are ten volunteer and four paid teachers, all trained in their special subjects and all under the direction of the paid head-worker, who has charge of all the activities of the house. The head-worker tries to make each girl take an individual interest in the club, and to regard it as a place where she is always welcome. She also tries to understand the needs and problems of each girl and to have each feel that in her she has a special friend.

The clubhouse is open from 9 A. M. until 9.30 P. M. In addition to the maintenance of the classes and a clubhouse for registered members the Association renders assistance in response to varied calls for help. In fact, the house has become a Catholic center in the district, and the priests in the Cathedral parish so recognize it. The splendid co-operation of the priests of the Cathedral has been a very great assistance.

THE VACATION HOUSE

The maintenance of a vacation house is a very special work of this Association and one which it is desired to extend. Each year the house which our finances justify hiring is found too small to accommodate all the girls who would like to have vacations under the club's auspices. The vacation house is open from July 1 to September 1, and during that period the girls, in groups of twelve, are sent there for a ten-days vacation. In special cases this time has been prolonged to help a girl in poor health to recover her strength, but much encroachment on the allotted time is not possible because of lack of room and money.

The matron of the city house takes charge of the cottage. The head-worker accompanies each new group to the seashore and the departing group to the city. The girls feel they are accountable to her for their conduct while on vacation, and that their future standing in the club will be affected by their behavior during this time. But there is little cause for discipline. The older girls pay $4.00 for ten days, the younger $3.00, which amounts include railway fare. If any of the girls cannot pay, provision is quietly made for her.

This vacation house is a great boon to girls who cannot otherwise get the benefit of a stay at the seashore. Many of them are girls who have been obliged to go to work before they gained a woman's strength, and they need the rest sorely. The Association, therefore, hopes and prays that some friend interested in our Catholic girls will give a summer house large enough to allow a larger number to have a longer period of rest and pleasure than is now possible.

AMUSEMENTS AND FINANCES

The members of the evening classes are girls working in factories in the district or in the department stores in the city, and a number are students of the neighboring high school. Some of the girls are not in need of any financial aid, but come to the clubhouse as to a social center where they meet their friends, profit by the classes and enjoy innocent amusement. Others come from very poor families living in the tenements in the district, and are glad of the help the

club can give them, not the least of which is a place where they can spend their evenings in a refined wholesome atmosphere.

There is no question or knowledge among the girls as to who pays, or who needs financial assistance. Comradeship and their own Catholic interests draw them together, and a fine democratic spirit prevails. The work is financed by the fees of the two hundred members of the Association, and by the profits of parties and entertainments. Each year his Eminence Cardinal O'Connell has made the club a substantial donation.

THE INDIVIDUAL PROBLEM

Much has been done for the young boy by Catholics, but little for the young girl who has the same desire for amusement and companionship. This Association offers in its settlement house a place where the young girl of the crowded neighborhood can meet her friends, amuse herself, sing or sew, embroider, or make her clothes and hats, as she elects.

These paragraphs give but an outline of the work of the Association. It is in the individual problem that the toil and worth of a work of this kind are to be found. In this work, of undoubtedly greater importance, substantial and lasting progress has, we hope, been made.

EMILIE G. DOWD, *Head-worker.*

NOTE AND COMMENT

Dr. Russell A. Jewitt, special agent of the American Embassy at Petrograd, tells how he found on a Russian desk calendar the following interesting item describing a baby market in the United States:

> In America, in the city of Cleveland, there is a custom of selling children. Every day a great number of women go to the market carrying cradles with infants. A special market is built by the city for the sale and purchase of children, where poor parents bring their offspring, willingly bought and at once adopted by wealthy people. The child traffic is under the supervision of a special patronate, collecting information about the adopting parties.

This is doubtless interesting news to Cleveland citizens. Dr. Jewitt believes that it is the Russian version of a report of the work of the Cleveland Humane Society.

The passage in the Senate of the McGillicuddy-Kern workmen's compensation bill marks the end of a campaign begun eight years ago. It extends the present Federal act, which applied only to those engaged in hazardous occupations, to all the 400,000 employees of the Government.

> The bill just passed provides that in case of death the widow shall receive 35 per cent of the monthly pay and 10 per cent additional for each dependent child under 18, same to continue until death or remarriage. In case of injury, benefits shall be at the rate of two-thirds the wages lost during disability, with a maximum of $66.67 a month, and not less than $33.33, unless the employee's wages are less than that amount, in which case he shall receive full pay.

The House had previously approved this bill by a vote of 286 to 3.

A movement to limit the height of buildings according to the width of the street on which they are constructed is meeting with popular favor in New York. The need of providing sufficient light and air and of preventing congestion has made such action imperative. The following rules are to be enforced:

> In the office-building section of lower Manhattan buildings will be allowed two and one-half times as high as the width of the street; in the strictly residential sections buildings will be permitted only as high as the street is wide; tenement or apartment houses can be built one and a half times as high as the width of the street, and a height of twice the street width is allowed in the more intensely developed business sections below Central Park.

It is hoped thus to prevent accidents, to provide better for the public health, to keep congested manufacturing zones under more perfect control, and to improve in general the appearance of the city.

Education *à la carte* is to take the place of the education *table d'hôte* that has been given our children, according to Dr. Dean, chief of the vocational division of the New York State educational department. The Rochester *Post Express* declares:

> The phrase is quite pertinent to the change which so many communities are now making or considering. The *table d'hôte* of bygone years is still existent in name, but the function itself is really a restricted *à la carte;* the diner of today would resent a *menu* that did not give him considerable selection even at a moderate price. The educational parallel suggested by Dr. Dean seems justified; the mind should be fed with the opportunity of choice as to the food provided. And the parallel is justly made when one point is noted, that Dr. Dean and his associates sometimes forget. The people who choose their food *à la carte* are grown up; they know, or suppose that they know, what the food they choose is and how it agrees with them. Under the same conditions of choice reasonable people will admit the justness of Dr. Dean's parallel.

The "one point" is just what those who are in positions to experiment on the minds of American youth forget. It is the basic fallacy of the elective system, the right to choose before the mind is capable of choosing.

An interesting human document, which can be appreciated by all without regard to partisanship in the great world war, is a letter from Field Marshal von Mackensen referring to his recently departed mother. It was written in answer to the dedication of a volume of poems to him by the German poet, Father Seiler:

> I heartily thank your Reverence for the collection of your war poems sent to me together with a copy of a letter from my beloved mother, now in eternity. I thank you likewise for the deeply thoughtful verses on her home-going, verses which no less deeply affected me. I now no longer feel the touch of her hand, and I learn to understand how nothing can replace a mother's love. I am profoundly stirred with ardent gratitude for the singular goodness of God to me. A happy circumstance brought it about that after the Serbian campaign I was able to visit my mother for a few hours. Her "My dear son!" wherewith she received me upon the threshold of the house indicated a supreme moment in her life and in mine, which can hardly be surpassed and which is sufficient to counterbalance the genuine grief I feel.

There is nothing more beautiful upon earth, in the natural order, than a mother's love and the true child love that answers it in turn, a love which can never grow old but waxes more tender with the years. Here all the world is kin, but Christianity alone can make us feel the full depth and undying power of that love and lift it into higher spiritual spheres. What better apologetic argument than this letter for the Catholic's confidence in the intercessory power of Mary with her Divine Son?

A writer in *Our Town* of Greenwich, Connecticut, has a bright suggestion to make which would lastingly banish the ennui and heart-weariness which society today is madly, but vainly, striving to overcome by its thousand fads and follies:

> Amongst all the fads that encrust us it is a great pity that the fad for children has never developed. It would come nearer to emancipating the human race for a while from its worst fetters than anything else could. The most vicious idlers and wasters could not remain worthless during such a fad. I know of nothing that would reduce gambling, drinking and real vice so thoroughly as such a fad.

As pets children are really far superior to dogs, cats or wild birds. They are susceptible of much greater training. Their habits and traits are much more worthy of study and of being put into a book. Even such insects as bees and ants, highly interesting as they are, are less deserving of lifelong study than children. So a child fad would by no means be a bore.

Children are about the best that there is to life. If they outlive their parents and have babies of their own, it is the surest perpetuation of self that anyone has knowledge of. If God takes them away, they have at least brought out the best there is in one's character, and that best can never be wholly lost again.

Unfortunately for this suggestion, a "fad for children," if we may so speak, would be no fad at all, but the normal observance of the law of nature and God. It is not therefore likely to find acceptance at the hand of those who are society's leaders in the fads and fashions of the day. But some at least may not refuse to take this counsel to heart. Those who can have no children of their own will find the world full of little ones on whom they can lavish their love and care in Christ's name, assured that He will receive it all as given to Himself.

Under the title, "The Superficial Age," *Collier's* weekly review offers a description of the time in which we live as seen from the editorial sanctum:

The most striking characteristic of this age—some observers say—is its amazing disregard of the past. We live in the present—of art, of literature, of history. Nobody quotes any more—at least not exactly—and precedent is rarely invoked on any question. Accurate verbal statement of any question is unusual. The daily—that is to say, the hourly editions of the newspapers—the never-ending moving pictures, the rapid-fire book and magazine presses are united to destroy memory and prevent reflection. Discussion is of the topical, the minute, and serious words are a bore. All of which means that in our rebound from old-fashioned pedantry we have fallen into an almost idiotic superficiality of memory and emotion. What is to be the end of all this memory-destroying art? Any man of middle age can test in himself this decay of the faculty of exact reproduction of past learning, past perception. Names of books and of authors are bungled in the telling, figures are given with reckless slovenliness, and only the vaguest outline of any philosophic principle gets representation.

Over many of the superficialities of our self-conceited age we might pass with a smile, but the consequences of this trait in the non-Catholic sociological, philosophical and so-called theological literature of our day are too serious for merriment. Under an overwhelming apparatus of modern learning we find the most puerile superficialities of thought regarding morality, religion, the Scriptures and Christ Our Lord. Success in mere mechanical invention is apparently believed to qualify a man to speak with authority on the most profound problems concerning God, the soul and eternity. Where knowledge most abounds wisdom is often most sadly wanting, and the greatest superficiality of our age is perhaps its confusion of these two concepts.

A recent editorial in the London *Daily Telegraph* will not meet with the approval of the "movie" interests that are clamoring against censorship:

The main character of the shows to which decided objection ought to be taken is that they deal with crime, crime of every kind, theft, burglary, blackmailing, murder, and that the heroes of these exploits are by no means always exhibited as suffering their proper deserts. What sort of unconscious education does a child get from experiences of this quality, unless it be a distinct inducement to him or her to wage war against society in order to enjoy a romantic career of more or less prosperous villainy? The truth is, of course, that an enormous industry has been allowed to grow up without any proper supervision of its tendencies and effects. All over England and throughout the suburbs of London, as well as in London itself, picture palaces exist, allowed, apparently, without any definite censorship, to produce anything they like without the slightest thought of the harm that such pictures may entail. It is an old experience that we cannot leave to impresarios themselves the decision as to what should be or should not be exhibited in public. They may begin with the best intentions, but the managers of picture palaces are out to get money, and in many ways it is to be feared that financial considerations are the only ones which weigh in their mind.

A social force of terrible strength may be terribly misused, and we do not hesitate to say that evidence exists to prove that in certain definite ways this social engine, with its wide and universal appeal, has been perverted so that in many of the exhibitions the youth of the community, for it is of them that we are especially speaking, are likely to form entirely wrong ideas about life.

The effect of the film drama on the child's imagination is unquestioned. At the recent convention of moving-picture managers every phase of the industry was discussed except the vital question of the morality of the cheap popular films that make their appeal especially to children. Are morals and money synonymous?

In language not to be commended for entire coherence, the *Free Methodist* has an indictment of labor unions, and an expression of the attitude of the Methodist Church toward unionism: It reads in part:

The most gigantic, unscrupulous and dangerous trust in the world today is the labor trust, and it is doing more to disturb the industrial world and interfere with the legitimate channels of business and hinder prosperity than all other organizations combined.

We have not a single word, except of condemnation, of any trust, corporation, or combination in the world that will grind down the laboring class; and we believe that the latter have suffered great and grievous wrongs at the hands of the former. Neither would we for a minute deny the laboring men the right to unite themselves in proper organizations for their protection and for their economic and social betterment. To do this is their duty without doubt. But in organizing themselves they have no legal or divine right to interfere with the constitutional rights of their fellow-men, and to forbid them the right to make a living and to care for their families, unless they see proper to join with them in their organization. This every labor union in the land, as now constituted, does; and the one-tenth would dictate to the nine-tenths as to where they shall work, and for whom, and for what price they shall sell their labor, as to the amount of work they shall perform in a day, as to how many hours they shall labor, and, unless they agree to make slaves of themselves and stultify their conscience, and do their bidding, then they propose to boycott them, call them "scabs," "rats," "parasites," etc., break up their business and endeavor to starve them out and not let them work; and if this form of inhumanity and coercion fails, the strike, the bludgeon, the slugging, the dynamite, are often used to take life and destroy property.

Hundreds of lives and millions of properties have been sacrificed through the effort of this gigantic labor trust to dominate the labor market of the world.

Literally thousands of instances of the abominable treatment of their fellow-workmen who went to work when they were on strike, or of those who refused to join their union and carry their button, the badge of slavery, can be told and are a matter of record.

The spirit of intense hatred, and such hatred as often stops not at the destruction of property, but takes human life, is in every labor union, and only needs occasion to materialize into actual demonstration.

It is regrettable that, in its denunciation of unionism the *Free Methodist* failed to distinguish between the good and the bad. A Church that claims to have the interest of workingmen at heart should not launch such a bitter attack on associations that in many instances have legitimately and legally benefited the working classes. In scoring the abuse of unionism it is only fair to censure the crimes of capitalism that are really responsible for the unions' existence.

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The sixty-fourth Congress adjourned on September 8 after passing some 500 bills and disbursing about $2,000,000,000. The session lasted 245 days, including Sundays and holidays, and money was spent at an approximate rate of $8,150,000 a day. Of the total sum appropriated $50,000,000 is for a government controlled merchant marine, $11,000,000 for a government armor-plate factory, $45,000,000 for Mississippi River improvement, $85,000,000 for good roads and $20,000,000 for the improvement of Southern rivers. Before the closing session the Senate passed the bill for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, but Denmark has not yet made up its mind about the sale. On September 8 an effort to agree on the matter, by the formation of a coalition Cabinet, failed, and it now seems probable that the question will not be settled till the next general election.

Congress Adjourns

The Democrats are well pleased with the record of Congress, and President Wilson issued the following statement in regard to it:

> A very remarkable session of Congress has just closed, full, as all recent sessions of the Congress have been, of helpful and humane legislation which constitutes contributions of capital importance to the defense, the economic progress and the wholesome life of the country.
>
> It is to be regretted that the session could not have continued long enough to complete the program recently projected with regard to the accommodation of labor disputes between the railroads and the employees, but it was not feasible in the circumstances to continue the session any longer, and therefore only the most immediately pressing parts of the program could be completed.
>
> The rest, it is agreed, has merely been postponed until it can be more maturely deliberated and perfected.

I have every reason to believe that it is the purpose of the leaders of the two Houses immediately upon the reassembling of Congress to undertake this additional legislation. It is evident that the country should be relieved of the anxiety which must have been created by recent events with regard to the future accommodation of such disputes.

The Republicans on the other hand condemn the Congress for extravagance and denounce in vigorous terms what they are pleased to turn its "pork-barrel" legislation.

The War.—In France the Allies have made considerable progress. North of the Somme they have taken the entire village of Ginchy, the Leuze Wood, and all the intervening territory. South of the Somme they have driven the Germans from Ommiecourt, Berny, Soyecourt, Vermandovillers and Chilly. They have also succeeded in cutting the important railroad communications between Chaulnes and Roye. In the Verdun sector the French have recaptured the ground between Fort de Souville and Vaux. Nothing of importance has taken place in the Trentino, or in the vicinity of Goritz. East of Avlona the Italians have crossed the Voyusa River and taken Kuta. German and Russian troops have been engaged in heavy fighting in Volhynia, but neither side has gained any marked advantage.

Bulletin, Sept. 5, a. m.-Sept. 11, p. m.

In Galicia the Russians have crossed the Theniovka, and have been vigorously on the offensive south of Brzezany to the Dniester. As a consequence of very heavy pressure the Austrians have fallen back to the Gnita Lipa and the Naraiuvka. Halicz is surrounded by the Russians on three sides. The Rumanians have joined forces with the Russians at Kimpolung, and with them have been endeavoring, without success, to gain possession of the Dorna-Watra Pass. Further south, in

Eastern Transylvania they have seized Borszek, Olta Toplitza, the Gyergyo-Ditro Pass and Csik-Szereda. On the southern frontier of Transylvania they have occupied Herkulesbad and Orsovo.

Continuing their invasion of the Dobrudja, the Central Powers have captured Tutrakan, Silistria, Akkadunbar, Kurtbunar, Dobric, Baltjik, Kavarna and Kali-Akra. The Russians report that they have recaptured Dobric. In Armenia and Persia only unimportant engagements have taken place. In German East Africa the British have taken the town of Dar-es-Salaam, and have driven the Germans further south to Matambo, Kigumi and Neuringi.

Japan's New Demands

China.—On August 13 a clash took place at Cheng-Chiatun in Eastern Mongolia between some Chinese and Japanese troops and seventeen of the latter were killed or wounded. The cause of the quarrel, it is reported, was the resistance offered to Chinese soldiers by armed Japanese pedlers who were selling weapons to Mongolian outlaws. On September 4 came the news that Baron Gonsuke Hayashi, the Japanese Minister to China, presented to the Chinese Foreign Office the following demands:

(1) Dismissal of the Chinese officers in command of the troops. (2) The withdrawal of Chinese troops from the district in which the trouble arose. (3) Indemnification of the families of the Japanese killed. (4) The granting to Japan of police rights in Inner Mongolia.

It is the fourth demand that the Chinese will find hard to comply with for it would mean the end of their authority in Inner Mongolia, and South Manchuria, for China was ready to go to war with Japan last year rather than grant a similar demand. In the famous "group five," it will be remembered, the Japanese insisted on having joint control of police in various large Chinese cities, the appointment of Japanese advisers in all Chinese affairs and that China purchase munitions from Japan and grant commercial concessions. Owing to China's firm stand the demands in "group five" were withdrawn, but now that the power of Japan has been strengthened by her recent alliance with Russia, Baron Gonsuke Hayashi has apparently seized this occasion for again presenting them in a modified form. It is also reported that the Mikado's Government is urging the appointment of Japanese military advisers in the large Chinese centers and of Japanese instructors in China's military schools. No reply has been made as yet to Japan's demands. The matter will probably be laid before ex-Premier Tang Shao-Yi who is to become Minister of Foreign Affairs. China's desperate need of money makes her present situation more critical still. Regarding the attitude of the United States toward Japan's new move, it has been announced at Washington that the Government will take no action unless it becomes clear that Japan means to depart from the understanding reached in the Root-Takahira correspondence of 1908, when Japan and the United States agreed among other things "to preserve the common interest of all powers in China by supporting by all pacific means whatever the disposal and independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that empire."

The Depopulation Peril

France.—The depopulation peril, already serious before the outbreak of the war, has naturally become much more so during the hostilities in which such a large number of men have lost their lives. The situation before the war can be judged by the fact that in 1911 deaths exceeded births by 34,869, and that, if in the following year the birth-rate surpassed the death-roll by 57,911, this was chiefly, if not entirely, due to the exceptionally low mortality, as the deaths numbered 84,243 fewer than in the preceding year. Since the invasion of the north of France by the Germans, very few statistics, and these incomplete, have been published. However, the latest statistics published in the *Journal Officiel*, April 22, 1916, show that the population of the seventy-seven departments, which were not entirely or partially in the hands of the Germans, amounted to 33,073,354 souls, and that the registered number of births in the first six months of 1915, was only 251,599, whereas the deaths amounted to 368,712, or a decrease in the population of no fewer than 117,113 in half a year.

Many proposals have been made to check the cause of the low birth-rate. Among them is a bill just presented to the French Chamber by M. Benazet, Deputy for Blanc, in the Department of the Indre. M. Benazet believes that in order to foster the growth of families it is necessary to make the possession of children profitable to their parents from a pecuniary point of view. He asks Parliament to make a law in virtue of which the State would pay to the mother $100 each for the first and second child, $200 for the third and $400 for the fourth. Two hundred dollars would also be paid for each child born subsequently. To insure proper care being given the infants, the premiums would not be paid till the expiration of one year after birth. According to the bill, the father of four children who have been properly cared for would receive a reward of $400. M. Benazet holds that no pecuniary consideration should stand in the way of measures destined to insure the increase of the population. To provide the necessary funds for the application of his proposed law, he suggests the creation of a natality tax to be paid by all persons, men or women, who at the age to be fixed, should have no child or only one. Objections could be brought against the proposed measure, but its author has at least pointed out a great national danger. Only when the sacred nature of the Sacrament of Matrimony, its responsibilities, duties and dignities will have been fully realized by the nation, will the evil be remedied entirely.

Germany.—The progress of the fifth German war loan is marked by large individual subscriptions, many of them reaching from ten to fifteen million marks. Single subscriptions have risen as high as 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 marks, which in American money would be equivalent to $12,500,000 and $15,000,000 respectively. It is likewise announced that the amount raised by German municipalities for the relief of soldiers' families has reached 2,000,000,000 marks. The Federal Treasury will at a later date turn over to the municipalities about 500,000,000 marks. These great subscriptions and gifts, in addition to the four large war loans previously made, indicate "the unshaken confidence of the people in their armies." In a special conference of party leaders, Dr. Bethmann Hollweg stated that both Hindenburg and Ludendorff viewed the general military situation as good and saw in it no cause for alarm, though the entrance of Rumania had made it more difficult, without however influencing thereby the final outcome of the war. He construed as a specially favorable sign the fact that the extension of the age limit for military service from forty-five to fifty years was not even considered. Socialists in the meantime are continuing their agitation in the press and in public meetings at which, according to the *Vorwärts,* the Berlin Socialist organ, "the demand for speedy peace without any annexations is received with thunderous applause."

War Loan and General Situation

Great Britain.—Several English journals, among them the *Tablet,* note that "the striking decrease in drunkenness demonstrated by figures just published, would seem to prove that if people cannot be made sober by legislation, they can at least be helped to less drunkenness by the removal of temptation." The statistics which have been compiled by the Liquor Control Board show that, while the convictions for drunkenness in London for 1913-14 were 45,540, they dropped to 37,570 in the following year, and to 20,477 in 1915-1916. The figures also show that the decrease in male convictions is larger than that in convictions of women. Moreover, according to the *Tablet,* it is a belief stated by many clergymen, magistrates and chief constables in various parts of the country, that, despite the decreasing number of convictions, intemperance among women of a certain class has increased with the allowance of war pensions. This, however, is denied by Lord d'Albernon who holds that the figures issued by him tend to disprove the charge. The chief constable of Manchester agrees that "the community as a whole is better off for the restrictions, especially the working classes," but he believes that the restrictions cause many "to take drink home in greater quantities than formerly and consume it secretly. The police have opportunities of observing the effects of home drinking, especially among women, and these are apart from the offenses of drunkenness shown in the records of conviction." But it is probably true, as the Manchester *Guardian* says, that "The nation is becoming more sober, and it must be inferred that the result is due, apart from the harder work and enhanced seriousness of war time, to heavier taxation and contracted facilities."

Decrease of Intemperance

It is reported that the Government intends shortly to raise the military age limit to forty-five years. This belief is based on several declarations recently made by Sir William Robertson, coupled with the refusal of Lloyd George to give any pledge not to raise the age limit. At the same time, efforts are being made to turn some of the reserves now in England to service more directly connected with the war. An infantry battalion has been formed from the "Household Battalion," troops who play a part in the army that is largely ornamental, leaving only a force sufficient to mount guard at Whitehall and provide royal escorts when required. Mr. Lloyd George is also considering the charges made by Winston Churchill that too many men are being kept from the trenches for routine duty.

Raising the Military Age

Hungary.—Discussing the entrance of Rumania into the war Count Julius Andrassy, during a session of the Hungarian Diet, described the situation of the country as serious but not critical. He found fault with the Government for a lack of foresight, but expressed his confidence in the outcome. Premier Tisza believed the attitude of the Rumanians to be without precedent in history. "Rumania," he said with assurance, "will not escape her fate. I am confident that we shall win this war on all frontiers. Our duty is to maintain the unity of Hungary in its fight for existence." Of the four opposition parties three remained quiet during his speech, while only the ultra-radical party of Count Michael Károlyi greeted him with shouts of "Resign!" The Vienna *Information* compares those who credit Károlyi with heading an important political movement to Haeckel and his followers who can construct an entire antediluvian monster from a small bone dug up out of the earth. It describes the "Budapest Correspondence" of the allied press as being composed in Switzerland or Italy, and then continues:

Rumania's Action Discussed

> Count Károlyi is a naive hothead whom some political heelers have persuaded that he is a brilliant statesman, and who is vain and foolish enough to believe them. The fact however that he does believe them is his great mistake, and is counted as a virtue in the camp of the Entente Allies. We may even take for granted that it is far from Count Károlyi's ambitions to be considered an Hungarian quasi-confidant of the Entente Powers.

Deputy Mihali, a Rumanian member of the Hungarian Diet, has announced in behalf of the Rumanian-speaking Hungarian citizens that the entrance of Rumania into the war "leaves unshaken our patriotic attitude, traditional fidelity and inviolable loyalty." The Rumanian

Club in the Austrian Parliament has similarly declared that Rumania's accession to the Entente is a national disaster for that country, since the very existence of a Rumanian-speaking nation would become doubtful in case of a Russian victory. The Rumanian Club then renewed its declaration of loyalty to Austria-Hungary and Emperor Francis Joseph.

Ireland.—The Liverpool *Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion*, one of the most logical and steadfast upholders of the just demands of the Irish people, believes that the signs which portend the establishment of an Irish Parliament are becoming more and more numerous. And one of the most remarkable of these signs it adds, is the "conversion" of Lord Derby. After the speech recently delivered by him at a meeting of the Lancashire Division of the National Unionist Association, there will be few, it says, except among the most irreconcilable enemies of Home Rule, who can imagine that it is possible to prevent the concession of self-government to Ireland. Lord Derby, whatever may have been his views in the past, seems now to entertain no such illusion. He spoke as a Home Ruler: "The bill is on the Statute-book and I do not think that you will have a man to fight to wipe it off. Therefore I ask you whether we cannot now arrange some terms which will be acceptable to both parties."

A Convert to Home Rule

According to the Liverpool journal, there are few men in public life in England who have a better knowledge of the views of the English people than Lord Derby. He is alive to the trend of public opinion and when he asserts that he will support Sir Edward Carson in any other move he may make to find a solution of the Irish question, it may be safely assumed that he is convinced that a settlement is earnestly desired by the majority of Englishmen. The *Catholic Times* says in conclusion: "Perhaps after all, Sir Edward is working for the best solution of the problem, Home Rule for the whole of Ireland without the exclusion of any part or parts. If he is, and should succeed, he will prove a benefactor to Ulster as well as to the other provinces."

Mexico.—Conditions in Mexico continue as bad as ever; the persecution of the clergy is unrelenting and violent and the Carranzistas persist in placing every possible obstacle in the way of freedom of worship, even descending to the wretched expedient of disbanding cathechism classes taught by young ladies. There is absolutely no hope for religion under the rule of the "First Chief." Meantime the Zapatistas have reached San Angel, half an hour by rail from Mexico City, and a letter received from the Mexican capital, on Aug. 26, relates that the Felicistas have overrun Chiapas and Oaxaca, and are now making for the Tehuantepec railway. The following is an interesting extract from the aforesaid letter:

General Conditions

> On the whole we are in the same position, though it would appear that of late the United States has been instrumental in mitigating the ferocity of these devils. Louis and Rafael Elguero who were arrested as soon as they reached the city, though they had every guarantee imaginable, have been set free, apparently at the request of your State Department. The Carranzistas are beginning to give back some of the confiscated houses to their owners . . . The financial situation is at its worst. Carranza is printing millions of one and two peso notes. He is harassed on all sides by his enemies in arms and his ammunition appears scarce. We unfortunate people can but exclaim: "How slow the remedy for our sad condition!"

Meanwhile the United States is lending moral support to banditry by appointing commissioners to confer with representatives of a Government that knows no law save that of passion.

Rome.—The question whether the Holy Father should take part in the coming European Congress still continues to excite attention in Italy. The evidence that opinion is in favor of an invitation being given to his Holiness is becoming clearer and stronger every day. Signor Goffredo Bellonci, one of the editors of the *Giornale d'Italia*, which is in close touch with the Government, has just contributed a striking article on the subject to the *Ora* of Palermo. If his attitude may be taken as an index of the view held at the Quirinal, it is not probable that any objection to the Pope's participation in the proceedings of the Congress will be raised by the Government. Signor Bellonci has but little regard for the opinion of those who maintain that the Italian State has some great and undefined danger to apprehend from the Vatican. He contends that a step will be taken towards the solution of the Roman problem when the representatives of the Quirinal and the Pope will sit together at the Congress. The advantage for Italy, according to him, would be twofold. In the first place, the relations between the Church and the State would probably be placed on a stable basis by mutual agreement, and secondly, Italy would profit by an agreement which would assure religious peace. After the war, says Signor Bellonci, Italy's international influence must naturally be extended and it will be of decided benefit to her if she secures the sympathy of a spiritual power exercising world-wide authority. Indeed, he concludes, the presence of a representative of the Pope would be for all the nations concerned one of the surest guarantees of the success of the Congress.

The Pope and the Peace Congress

Still stronger reasons might be added to those given by the distinguished editor. Such as Signor Bellonci's arguments are they seem to have been favorably received by the daily increasing number of Italians who realize that both in virtue of his high office and because of his personal qualifications as a peacemaker, Benedict XV should be represented at the Congress. Millions of Catholics throughout the world would deeply resent the Pope's exclusion.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Progress and Decadence

LAST year I reviewed in AMERICA the question of progress, studied from the standpoint of recent scientific contributions to the course of human thought. A corresponding set of ideas might now be grouped together with reference to decadence rather than to progress. As a rule men of the present time unquestioningly assume and freely assert that progress is the rule of human life. This perhaps is a hope rather than a conviction. For vast numbers seem to have given up the idea of personal immortality; they appear satisfied with the thought that man has no future existence except inasmuch as his actions during life may influence the human race for betterment. They maintain that a time will come when man will be happier, even though personality is "swallowed up in death."

Anyone who thinks such expressions exaggerated, should ask groups of serious university men, not directly connected with church work, what they hold on this matter. Few of them will express belief in personal immortality. Evolution of humanity and a future of happiness for the race has replaced the older notions in their mind.

The race is to progress ever higher and higher until humanity will gradually become so much better that the millennium will dawn and there will be a heaven on earth for those fortunate enough to be alive at that time. This is the only kind of heaven admitted by many. As to progress, not personal but racial, they are quite sure of that. Modern science and scientists, too, seem to be entirely committed to the same idea.

It is interesting then to observe the curious expressions which some recent scientists, especially the archeologists, use in connection with the subject. These men are by no means agreed as to the existence of such progress. On the contrary, most of them hold that in spite of the almost universally accepted opinion as to man's development, it is difficult to find the evidence for it in written history or even in those monuments which give us the history of man before the invention of writing. Take, for example, Professor Flinders Petrie, a recognized authority in all that concerns Egyptian history and archeology. In an article on "The Romance of Early Civilization," he writes:

> We have now before us a view of the powers of man at the earliest point to which we can trace written history, and what strikes us most is how very little his nature or abilities have changed in 7,000 years. What he admired we admire; what were his limits in fine handiwork are also ours. We may have a wider outlook, a greater understanding of things, our interests may have extended in this interval, but as far as human nature and tastes go man is essentially unchanged even in this comparatively long period.

Now what would the progressivists say to this? There is no doubt that Flinders Petrie knows what he is talking about. What about progress in every generation or decade or century, if in 7,000 years man is essentially unchanged and his "limits" in fine handiwork, and his tastes and abilities are always the same? We have heard so much of man beginning low down in the scale and gradually ascending that it would seem as though in 7,000 years there ought to be some noticeable advance in taste and ability. But perhaps the period is too brief. Perhaps we should stretch our investigation over a longer time. But in that case what are we to think of the immense number of educated people, who are so perfectly sure of progress from century to century? Here are seventy centuries, and an archeologist *who knows* can find in them no modification of man. Gradually this idea of the absence of progress in human history is filtering into many minds in our generation.

The other day I was present at one of our university clubs at a friendly discussion on this subject of progress. Two editors of a prominent magazine held that while in art and the sense of beauty, man has not changed for some thousands of years, there is progress in certain of the intellectual departments of human achievement. For instance, as one of them said, in philosophy man has made great advance. As the philosophy of our generation is to a great extent a joke, I wondered just what the speaker meant. I asked him if he thought that anyone had ever surpassed Aristotle and Plato in power of philosophic thought. He replied, without the slightest hesitation, "Oh, but Aristotle and Plato belong to our generation."

It was startling to have our generation thrown back for some 2,500 years, yet it was easy to appreciate the speaker's viewpoint. Men of our time had assimilated Aristotle and Plato, therefore those philosophers belong to our era. It would appear then that the requirement for a further extension of our era to a period 3,000 years before Christ, would be a knowledge on the part of some of the code of Hammurabi, the book of Job, the epics of Homer and the Instruction of Ptah Hotep.

What is more interesting, however, than these examples of achievement in humanity in the long ago, is the fact that those nations which produced intellectual achievements equal to or superior to our own, have all descended to a plane where what they now produce has no artistic or literary value. For a time each nation or people expressed some of the ideas common to the race in a marvelous way. Then after having produced these models which it might be expected would facilitate their continuous progress, they inevitably declined. And today the descendants of some of these highly intellectual races are almost completely without intellectual cultivation of any kind. The Fellahin in Egypt are a typical example. Even the Greeks would not think for a moment of considering themselves the equals of their forbears: decadence and not progress has been the historical rule for these people.

In America we have the typical example of the Maya Indians. They made a magnificent exhibition of artistic ability in their architecture and of intellectual talent in their calendar. When the Spaniards landed four hundred years ago in Mexico, with a calendar ten days away from the seasons, the Maya Indians had a perfect calendar. Their descendants still live in certain parts of Guatemala. But these descendants represent the very lowest type of natives on the American continent. They had their period of efflorescence but they have left the world only a few doubtful blessings, the now universally accepted habit of smoking tobacco and the "art" of chewing gum. They had a ball game also to which thousands crowded, and on which they risked in betting everything they had in the world: they are now uncivilized and lawless savages.

The inscrutable mystery of human history is not progress but decadence. A certain amount of progress may come to a nation but decadence inevitably follows. When the energies of a nation culminate in achievements that must surely be models for succeeding generations, something happens by which national taste is vitiated. The extent to which the descent may go seems to depend on the selfishness of the people.

The hardest thing in the world for the historian is to tell why this decadence takes place. It is practically universal. Herbert Spencer once said that practically all the savage tribes of today give evidence of having been in a higher state generations ago. Max Müller declared that there are few if any of the most degraded races of mankind whose language does not suggest a larger vocabulary than the one now in use. The rule of decadence is apparently without exception.

The less a man knows about history the easier he finds it to explain why a nation became decadent. There are people who say very glibly that Spain's decline was due to the expulsion of the Moors, or the institution of the Inquisition. As a matter of fact Spain's greatest century of achievement, the period from 1550 to 1650, when Cervantes, Lope de Vega, St. Teresa, Calderon, Murillo and Velasquez were doing their work, when her universities were leading the education of the world, and her architecture was developing marvelously, when she was the leader of Europe in every respect, came within about half a century after the Moors were expelled and the Inquisition founded. Mommsen, the German historian of Rome, who probably knew the history of Rome better than anyone else, after having written the story of the Roman Republic, refused to write the story of the Roman Empire, because he could not make up his mind just why Rome had decayed. When we recall how many people are ready to tell at a moment's notice the reason for Rome's decadence, Mommsen's reluctance is all the more interesting. The one thing we know, but are not always ready to confess, is that decadence is the rule. The reason for it, is quite another thing.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

Some Reflections on Strikes

THE multi-millionaire, J. P. Morgan, and the Socialist *Call* of New York, professed organ of the radical proletariat, are in intimate agreement. Their definitions of sufficient wages, the very heart of the labor controversy, harmonize wonderfully. Calmly and deliberately the great Wall Street king has in substance given his own testimony to this effect and the *Call* has solemnly subscribed to it. The spectacle may appear strange, but it is not surprising.

Asked before witnesses whether he thought that ten dollars a week was enough for a longshoreman, J. P. Morgan is reported to have replied that he believed it was, *if that was all he could get and took it.* The principle here laid down is clear: "Sufficient wages," as the *Call* has briefly summed it up, "are all that the working class can get." Radical capitalism applies this principle at one end of the scale, and radical Socialism, with the same consistency, applies it at the other. "If the formula is good for a longshoreman, it is good for the entire labor class," writes the Socialist organ. "All they can get! And that is only limited by what they produce."

Here then is a clear and concise statement of a radical principle to which neither Catholic capitalist nor Catholic laborer can ever subscribe. It gives in a nutshell the entire kernel of the labor and strike problems in as far as they have become a menace to the world.

In the mind of the radical capitalist this principle means that the laborer need be given no higher wage or better conditions of work than economic necessity, fear or prudence dictates: "All he can get." In the mind of the radical workingman it means that there is no limit to what he may demand, short, perhaps, of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, though Socialism would not hesitate at that. The labor problem thus narrows down on both sides to a question of superior force. Strike will follow strike on the part of the laborer as long as there is any hope of another penny to be gained by him: "All he can get." Radical capitalism has long ago set the example and what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. "This really great man," the Socialist organ says of J. P. Morgan, "is of opinion that a wage worker is justified in taking all he can get, and that, when he takes it, it constitutes sufficient wages. And we are decidedly of that same opinion also."

What happens to the common people is matter of no concern either to liberalism or to Socialism. The principle of radical capitalism is not merely to keep its wages within the minimum of economic expediency or necessity but likewise to raise its prices to the maximum of economic expediency or possibility. A sufficient profit for the radical capitalist as well as a sufficient wage for the radical laborer is defined by the same brief formula: "All he can get." Public sentiment cannot entirely be ignored, but that is included in the philosophy of expediency, fundamental with both parties, though often

they may overleap their mark. Beyond this, however, the public good is not consulted either in amassing profits by watered stocks and exorbitant prices or in screwing up wages by strikes and intimidation.

It would be pessimistic and unwarranted to say that the picture here given describes the entire situation. It is the writer's conviction, however, that it accurately portrays those elements, on the part of capitalism as well as of labor, which are the real menace in the great social unrest of our day. There are many degrees of radicalism, and those who consider themselves safely removed from either liberalism or Socialism are often more or less deeply tinged with their unholy principles.

In contrast with the views of radicalism, Catholic social doctrine gives liberty without license to both capital and labor and so, if adhered to, will remove all unjust strikes at least, though it would not necessarily abolish strikes altogether. They were not unknown in the Middle Ages when the labor problem had at length arisen with the growing complexities of civilization, and the journeymen's gilds had sprung into existence. Many such strikes were doubtless due to the violation of Catholic principles by Catholic subjects, but it is in nowise impossible that both parties to a strike may have been fully justified, objectively as well as subjectively.

A sufficient wage, according to the Catholic ideal, is not "all a man can get," provided he takes it; nor all a man can take, provided he gets it, as the Socialist version might read; but a wage which can decently maintain the laborer in frugal comfort, enabling him to support his family in as far as they rightly depend upon his labors, and making it possible for him to actualize the conception of a true Christian home. If with ten dollars a week a longshoreman can realize this ideal, then ten dollars a week is a sufficient wage; if not, then ten dollars a week is insufficient, whether he takes it or not. There may be conditions, it is true, making it impossible, under circumstances, to pay this wage. To these conditions labor and capital must then adapt themselves to the best of their power, according to the law of Christian charity which bids us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

But between the minimum wage, which the laborer will rightly seek to obtain even at the cost of a strike, when other impediments are not in the way, and the highly variable maximum of a just wage to which he may aspire, there lie the possibilities of strikes that may be fully justified on the part of labor, but to which capital is not in justice obliged to yield. The laborer who is not defrauded of his hire may yet demand a wage more in proportion with the value of his labor or the value of his production. Similarly he may seek a reasonable reduction of working hours, though not actually employed under oppressive conditions of labor. In all cases conciliation and arbitration are, as far as possible, to be used. A strike should be the last resort, and neither the rights of others nor the demands of charity may be violated by it.

Thus full justice is provided within the Church for both labor and capital while ample liberty is accorded to both, yet of neither is it simply true that they may have "all they can get." The adoption of this principle by capitalistic liberalism no less than by Socialism is the main cause of our vast social discontent and has girded the earth with labor wars to which there is no end. "All we can get" is the legend written alike upon the banners of both these belligerent armies, and the interests of neutrals are of no concern to them. Godlessness is at the heart of the great unrest, godlessness which means anarchy in the moral order, and this same anarchy is bound soon to spread into the social and economic world as well. Such is the crisis we are now facing.

But what if the interruption of work, brought about by a strike, seriously interferes with the public good as in the strikes of railroad employees or of those entrusted with the necessary provisioning of a city? Clearly it is then the duty of the State to do what lies in its power to avert the disaster, for it has the obligation as well as the authority to safeguard the common good. Indeed it is the duty of the State under all circumstances to seek to remove occasions that may lead to strikes. On this subject Pope Leo XIII wrote in his Encyclical on the condition of "The Working Classes":

> When work-people have recourse to a strike, it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long, or the work is too hard, or because they consider their wages insufficient. The grave inconvenience of this not uncommon occurrence should be obviated by public remedial measures; for such paralyzing of labor not only affects the masters and their work-people alike, but it is extremely injurious to trade and to the general interests of the public. Moreover on such occasions violence and disorder are generally not far distant, and thus it frequently happens that the public peace is imperiled. The laws should forestall and prevent such troubles from arising, they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which lead to conflicts between employers and employed.

The Church does not encourage strikes, but permits them in a just cause when no other solution can be found and justice and charity are duly preserved. Conciliation and arbitration are the natural means to be suggested in their stead. Boards for this purpose should be freely appointed by capital, labor and the State. In cases where the common welfare is seriously threatened, moral coercion should at first be used, and if this is unavailing legal coercion may become a necessity. One thing, however, is certain, that the Gospel of Christ and the authority of His Church alone, with their impartial laws of justice for labor and capital, and their golden rule of charity for all, can definitely calm the unrest that is everywhere culminating in the struggle of class against class. He alone who calmed the angry waves can speak to the modern world the reassuring words: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Its return to Him will constitute the true Social Revolution.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Irish-American Socialists

OF the hundred or more Irish-Americans of Catholic parentage who are active in the Socialist parties it is doubtful if more than one or two can be found whose writings or speeches give evidence of a real intimate understanding of the Socialist mind. Yet these men are most effective propagandists. This is much to the Socialist's liking, for it is an open secret that it is enthusiasm for the "cause," not a knowledge of its philosophic principles that counts. Hence the more temperament the better. "We need nothing so much as Irishmen," said Robert Hunter, "and the more Socialists we make out of them the better." The native wit and eloquence of the Irish; their intense emotions and their aggressive spirit make them splendid instruments for carrying a message to the hearts of the people. But the Irish have the Faith ingrained, the spark of Catholicism burns in all of them, however low the sacred fire may be at times. It is this inborn faith that prevents them from accepting deep down in their hearts Socialism as it really is. To this do I attribute my success in bringing back to the fold those whom the seductions of Socialism have enticed into its camp. Prove conclusively to the Irish Socialist that Socialism is in fact founded upon anti-Christian premises, that its materialistic principles if put into operation would inevitably disrupt the family, and he will make his peace with God. To do this it is first of all necessary to gain his confidence, to get a sympathetic hearing. Once this step has been made, his would-be adviser must go on to show a complete familiarity with the tactics of Socialism, its personnel, its inside party history, its economic and philosophic basis. When he realizes that you know what he knows, and much more, then you can feel that you can make headway with him.

Some instances illustrating the return of Irish Socialist leaders to the Church may prove interesting to readers of AMERICA.

At the close of my address on "The Tactics of Socialism," in Quincy, Illinois, the local Socialist leader, J. H. Hanly, requested fifteen minutes in which to reply. The time was granted; and then I showed Mr. Hanly's strictures to be incorrect. I went again to Quincy to speak on "Christianity vs. Socialism." On the platform I used twenty-five books, officially circulated by the Socialists, to prove my contention that they advocate principles subversive of Christian doctrine. Evidently this set the fire of Catholicism in Mr. Hanly's heart aflame. Under the headline, "Goldstein's Great Lecture Converts Socialist Leader," the press announced that Quincy's foremost Socialist had withdrawn from the Socialist party. Mr. Hanly's letter of resignation is in part as follows:

> I still believe that public ownership of large industries is the only remedy for the conditions complained against by all good citizens. But having tried and failed to get you to quit the circulation of books and papers which reach into the discussion of religion and morals, in a very unpopular way; and believing that unless that part of your propaganda is stopped, you will not be able to build a party of the size necessary to accomplish the industrial changes you desire, I feel that to continue with you would be a waste of time and postpone the realization of the remedy. I know how you explain your attitude towards the books and papers, but I prefer a plan that does not require so much explaining.

Perhaps the most boisterous, vicious and vulgar audience I ever encountered was in Vancouver, B. C. Pender Hall was crowded. The Socialists had led in about 1,100 followers and had shut out all but 300 opponents. A most dramatic leader was H. M. Fitzgerald. He openly professed his belief in all the irreligious teachings of Socialism, and I was continually interrupted:

"Socialism is based upon the materialistic conception of history which denies the belief in God and of everything of a supernatural character."

"Hear! Hear!" came back the shout led by Fitzgerald.

"A Catholic cannot consistently be a Socialist."

"You're right! You're right! You're right!" resounded the turbulent response.

"Socialism is atheism in its modern garb."

"Good! Good! We're all atheists!" bellowed Fitzgerald, and a storm of Socialist applause endorsed the statement.

"I have to prove that Socialists are atheists to an audience in the United States!"

"Not here! not here! We are real Socialists!" So it continued for two long hours, when the Socialists, led by Fitzgerald, marched out of the hall, singing the Marseillaise.

But by God's grace the Catholicism which seemed dead in the heart of Fitzgerald lighted up, and the foremost leader of Socialism in Vancouver is back in the fold of the Good Shepherd, most anxious to repair the damage he has done.

In a letter expressing remorse H. M. Fitzgerald writes:

> It has been forced upon me that materialism, such as is preached by many propagandists, and was preached by myself for many years, is far from being a satisfying doctrine on philosophy, and sooner or later becomes an excuse for all those contemptible actions to which man, when separated from God, is prone.

"The Tonsorial Terror of Pottsville, Pa." Con Foley, "Eat Him Alive Con," the man who, the Socialists said, gave "Goldstein a terrible skinning," is no longer with the party. He ignored the summons to appear before the local "Investigating Committee" upon the charge of "associating with a former Socialist, David Goldstein," to whom he is alleged to have shown the records of the party.

In 1915 at Woonsocket, R. I., I met a young man, who, as he traveled day in and out from city to city selling books, made it his secondary business to propagate Socialism. His evenings were given over to "soap-box campaigning," which was a grief to his wife and children. After a long talk with him I succeeded in getting him to

promise to attend my meeting one night, to listen seriously to what was said, to weigh the arguments and to consider the consequences of a fundamentally irreligious movement. Harris Hall was packed to its capacity. It was, I think, providential that the "State Secretary of the Socialist Party of Rhode Island" came forward loaded to the muzzle with questions that were supposed to turn all tables to the Socialist advantage. Of course the Socialist leader's questions gave me additional opportunity to drive home the truth of my contentions. When the meeting ended the first man to press forward was the young Irish-American Socialist who had promised to listen with an open mind to what I had to say. He called out loud enough to be heard all around: "I am convinced." A year later the Catholic fire was burning brightly, when Joseph M. Flynn, who has succeeded in persuading several of his friends to withdraw from the Socialist movement, sent me the following letter:

Woonsocket, R. I.,
Feb. 19, 1916.

Mr. David Goldstein,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Friend:

I take the liberty of addressing you in this way because you have indeed proved a friend to me and mine. Just about one year ago you gave a lecture in this city, and at that time I had the privilege of meeting you, as you may remember. I was then tottering on the brink of an abyss of moral and mental ruin, the horrors of which I dare not now review. There is no more stubborn man in this world than he who once rejects the truth of our Church and allows his mind to be filled with the poisonous fumes of so-called Socialist philosophy. Such a man I was, but thanks to you and the able manner in which you drove home fact after fact, I was able to see Socialism in its true light and the delusion under which I was laboring.

My mental attitude was reflected in my family life and was the cause of unhappiness to my wife and children, as you will well understand. I am not writing this as the result of a moment's enthusiasm, but as a result of one solid year of deliberation. During that year I have been to Confession and made my peace with God, and I wish I could express to you the peace and happiness that have ensued, not only to myself but to my wife and children as well.

Being a workingman myself and having been a member of the Socialist party, I am in a position to realize to some extent the success of your work here and I can assure you that the effect was very great indeed, not alone on some self-styled Socialists, but on a great many who were half-persuaded that Socialism was a very fine thing, and who now realize the insidious falsehoods of the Socialist propaganda.

Your lecture this year on "Peace and War" was, as you said, of a somewhat different nature, but, nevertheless, it was one of the finest expositions of Catholic faith it has ever been my pleasure to hear, and my one wish is that God will bless you in your great and good work.

I take this means of thanking you for what you have done for me and if in my humble way I can by word or deed assist you and the Knights of Columbus in that work, you can rest assured I will do so. With the greatest of respect,

I remain, sincerely yours,
JOSEPH M. FLYNN.

While it is sadly true that the number of Irish-Americans in the Socialist movement is quite large, and that a rebellious spirit smothers their inborn love for the Faith, these experiences, together with many others, give me great hope that all may be won back to the bosom of Mother Church. DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

Fear as an Immoral Issue

THE martial noises from across the Atlantic have been causing our country to quake with fear. But a reaction has already set in; due principally to our weariness from thinking about the war. Having preserved peace for ourselves and put profit in our pockets at the same time, we are now nigh to that sweet state of mind which prompts us to smile and say: "How foolish to have feared anything at all!" That is a natural sentiment, the appearance of which has always, historically, followed the disappearance of any great danger. But Dr. Frank Crane waxes extremely enthusiastic over the advent of this, our new national feeling, as though it marked some really significant turn in our American civilization.

He glowingly opines that "the present campaign against fear is the greatest movement of the race"; declares that fear is "the child of half-knowledge," and believes, with Alexander Pope, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Thus far his doctrine is as harmless as commonplace. Everybody realizes that excessive fear is not a desirable condition for either an individual or a nation. The Doctor might be pardoned for dangling a set of platitudes in the public's face; he might even be commended for his concern for our common sense. But certainly he merits neither pardon nor praise when he composes sentences which, plausibly couched, can cling tight around the casual reader's thoughts and stifle noble aspirations.

Dr. Crane frankly tells us that, "When men half-knew gods they trembled at them," and quotes Lucretius's belief that *timor fecit deos*. It is to be hoped that the Doctor does not share this pagan's view of the origin of religion. Could it be that the peoples of old made Zeus and Jove, because these gods made them tremble? He who can cause one to tremble does not need to be "made," being very evidently "made" already. If the early peoples feared the phenomena of nature, it was because their minds saw a great Master behind and in these phenomena, ruling the universe. Fear did not make God; it was the tremendous visible work of God, whom the human intellect made men perceive and appreciate in it that made fear. Lucretius put his cart before his horse; Doctor Crane does not seem clearly opposed to a similar proceeding.

Nations that only half-knew God, trembled at Him, not because they only half-knew Him, but because He was God. Was not that single fact sufficient to set them aquiver with reverence and awe? Does the Christian, who knows twice as much about God as the early Israelite knew, being fully impressed that He is infinite

charity as well as infinite justice, fear His power the less because he appreciates His love the more? If so, he sins by presumption, and incurs the condemnation of his faith. Fear never made gods, except in the minds of those who would make the world godless. Half-knowledge never made men fear God; for, the better God has become known, the more majestic has appeared His might and glory; consequently the more reason has there been to fear Him.

But the Doctor confidently assures us that we dread God less today because we know Him better. As a nation? Hardly. Truly, his is a sanguine estimate of a country in which sixty per cent of the inhabitants profess no religion at all, in an age which is permeated by aggressive atheism and indifferent agnosticism, and in an epoch which is remarkable for its materialistic ideals! His dictum is clearly disproved by history; nations have always feared God most when they knew Him best; feared Him least when they had forgotten Him most. Is it not an exploded assumption that science and reason have torn God from the "interstellar void" and found Him to be nine-tenths imagination?

On the contrary, it is self-evident that we know more about dollars than the Deity; more about matter than spirit; more about our human selves than about our supernatural duties and destiny. The world has run ahead of the Middle Ages in many things; but, in knowledge of God, which, after all, is wisdom *par excellence*, it has fallen lamentably behind. It is a pity that Dr. Crane should teach that God is not to be feared so much as loved. To what sort of civilization would such a doctrine lead? The little remaining fear of God among men is the loop of steel which has kept this planet from falling apart long before now with the decay of iniquity. Would Dr. Crane loosen or remove this band?

His alluringly perilous doctrine is somewhat akin to that which Luther wrote in his celebrated letter to Melanchthon: *Pecca fortiter, crede fortius.* The Erfurt professor did not emphasize the need of fearing God, but over-emphasized the need of trusting in Him. As a result, his eyes were forced to witness the moral degradation into which his unbalanced teaching brought the people. "We live in Sodom and Babylon," he bitterly complained, "affairs are growing daily worse."

"Strange!" Dr. Crane exclaims. "Men have thought that fear helped morality! They tortured, imprisoned, killed, to cure criminals. They beat children. They burned heretics." His remarks, of course, ring with an up-to-date plausibility which ensures their wide currency. But, as Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy long ago informed us: "The lie that goes farthest is the lie that has a little truth in it." It is true that men have often exploited the element of fear unjustly and excessively. But it was not the fear of God that animated them, but sordid self-interest. When they used the motive of fear with prudence and moderation, history shows that it has been conducive to the common good.

The sentimental folderol of today which bids us clap the criminal on the back and cry "Hail fellow, well met!" is an insult to ourselves as well as a menace to the State. This fact is plain, except to persons whose mental vision is glossed over with sentences from special articles, scribbled off by the gifted "sob-artists" of our dailies. The modern parent who gives the child sugar, when it deserves slaps, is training up a selfish, inefficient little monster for the nation. Today heretics are not killed, but let us not plume ourselves on our superb advancement. Was it any less legitimate and exigent for the folk of old by publicly ushering him into eternity to prevent the propounder of false doctrine from throwing Medieval Europe into convulsions, than it is for us to punish treason by death, or the death of a single man by the death of his slayer? To any but a positivistic mind, the slaying of a soul is a greater crime than the killing of a body. Over and above being social disturbers, heretics were spiritual murderers.

Dr. Crane ignores the fact that history and psychology combine to show that many a murderous hand is weakened from murdering, by the fear of condign punishment. He sets himself against the testimony of two sciences, and seems to think nothing of it. Thus he prepares us for the reception of further extremes. For he writes: "The most amazing creation of the human imagination is hell." Cold consideration, nevertheless, indicates that the inferno is neither "amazing" nor a "creation of the human imagination." The Bible shows the latter; the fearful iniquity in the world, the former. But, unfortunately, the only part of the Bible which the sects of our separated brethren are all agreed upon, is, as some writer has observed, the covers. And today, when criminology has become identified with physiology, and the supposition is abroad that virtue can be put into the miscreant's soul by using a scalpel on his brain, the justice of punishing a bad life with flames is no more apparent than that of doing the same to a bodily disease. Hell disappears in the confusion. When the religious and scientific atmosphere has cleared a little, however, is may well become clear again that Christ knew somewhat more about the avenues into which this life leads than Dr. Crane and his contemporaries. Let the latter raise the dead and rise from the dead, before they dare to pluck the force out of the solemn text: "Depart from me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels."

When Doctor Crane and his class speak as mere men on merely human affairs, they may be listened to with patience, pleasure, deference and, frequently, profit. But when they try to inspire our country with fearlessness by destroying religion's sources of salient fear, they are not really America's friends, however much they may appear so to be. When all spiritual fear shall pass from Columbia, in that day her doom is signed and sealed.

EDMUND E. SINCLAIR.

The Peasant Women of France

THE peasant women of France, on whom, for the last two years, has rested a heavy weight of anxiety and labor, have, as a rule, proved themselves equal to the claims made upon their endurance.

On August 2, 1914, when the church-bells rang over the fields of France the call to arms, the women, stifling their sobs, bravely faced the future. They too were to have their share of sorrow, but even the most pessimistic among them failed to realize the extent of the responsibilities that the war was to entail. Since then more men have been summoned to join the army, so that today all those who are over nineteen and under forty-eight years of age are militarized. In many cases both father and son are serving at the front, and in consequence the portion of the women is the heavier. In many homes there are empty places that will never again be filled, and to physical weariness is added anguish, bereavement and desolation. Two years of war have greatly increased the labors of those at home, yet the peasant women of France have not faltered, they are grappling bravely with the hardships of their lot. From Auvergne, Savoy, the Pyrenees, from the hilly districts of Central France and the plains of Flanders, we hear of them bringing in the hay and the harvests, assisted by feeble old men and small children. It is a pathetic sight to see how they fight against discouragement and fatigue, against disappointment, and against the secret grief that is eating out many a heart. France's women are as brave as her men.

The wounded peasants, who fill our hospitals, have proved themselves brave soldiers, steady under fire, uncomplaining and patient; but when they are lying, still and stricken, on their hospital beds, their whole souls go out to their native villages. The love of the French peasant for the particular portion of French soil that he calls his own, for the corner of land he himself has tilled, is extraordinarily deep and tender; few realized before the war its strength and its tenderness. Maimed by his wounds, he wonders how the fields are looking at home; his anxiety for the harvest becomes a fixed idea, a haunting fear. He knows how feeble are the hands that are striving to care for the interests that the war has obliged him to desert. But it is here that the women's courage and activity come in as a glad surprise. A farmer from the country near Bordeaux showed me a letter from his wife, in which, with honest pride, she told him how, assisted by her husband's aged father, she had got in the harvest and was then ploughing the fields: "It may be that the furrows are not quite so straight as when you were at home, but you must not mind this, for the work has been done, and I may say that nothing has been neglected." This letter is one of many.

In Poitou, young girls have learned to use the plough, which in this particular district is drawn by six oxen. They were awkward at first but have learnt by experience, and last year a traveler in Poitou was amazed to see two young girls of seventeen and eighteen manage their team of oxen as if they had never done anything else. In the hospital, where it has been my privilege to make closer acquaintance with our wounded fighting men, lay a farmer from Central France who had lost his leg. One day, lately, when I visited him, I was surprised to see, fastened to the head of his bed, some fine ears of corn. "I was very anxious about the harvest," he explained, "and kept asking my wife, who has to work our farm alone, how she managed. The other day she came to see me. 'There,' she said, 'is a specimen of the corn that I sowed in the field you know of. It is, I think, quite a credit to me, and you must not worry any more.' With that she pulled out the bunch of corn that you see. It comes from our own field and I like to look at it." The good man, for the time being, forgot his infirmity, between his pride in his wife and in his corn. The product of his own little field was a potent solace for pain. It was a message of sympathy from the land itself.

Sometimes the work is carried on not only under difficulties, but in the teeth of positive danger. Only yesterday, an English officer told me he was sent to buy a large crop of clover, standing uncut in a field not far from Arras and close to the firing line. The proprietress of the field was a young woman of twenty-five, a widow of the war. The officer and his interpreter concluded the bargain in the field itself. The clover was being mowed by a machine in charge of a very old man, and the young woman walked close by, carefully watching the ground. She explained that this particular field was close to a high road, where troops passed continually, and that the soldiers often threw bits of iron, empty tins and other rubbish into the clover. She herself picked out these bits of metal, which would have injured the mower. The officer and his companion watched her stooping at every turn and diligently picking up the dangerous refuse. Suddenly a shell, first one, then a second, then a third, swept across the sky above the group. The horses, mad with fear, reared and kicked; the Englishman and his interpreter threw themselves at their heads and with difficulty restrained them; a dog, trembling with fear, crouched low, almost under the machine; the young woman and her aged companion never turned a hair. When there came a pause, she quietly said: "We might go on now," and the feeble old man and she *did* go on, regularly, slowly, methodically. She continued to watch, to stoop, to pick up the objectionable bits of iron, as if no shrieking message of death had disturbed the peace of that summer afternoon. "I shall never forget that woman's pluck," said my informant. In certain parts of the front, the women creep out at night to bring in the harvest; during the day they lie low, while the German shells spread terror and destruction. At night the danger is generally less, and these tenacious workers do their best to save the crops from loss and waste.

Instances of their steady courage might be multiplied indefinitely, to their honor and that of France. In a certain village near Chartres, a humble peasant woman does another kind of work. The *curé* of this particular village is engaged in military service and his parish is cared for, in consequence, by an old priest, who, being already in charge of another village, can say Mass for his new parishioners only on Sundays. This being the case, there was difficulty about reserving the Blessed Sacrament. The village, though situated in a district that is far from religious, has an excellent spirit and the people are constant in their attendance at services. A quiet old maid, a peasant by birth, who earns her bread by ironing at the "château" close by, came forward and promised that on four afternoons a week public prayers should be recited before the Blessed Sacrament. We assisted at one of these services. Léonie arrived, a small, slight figure, with a pale face framed in the peasant *coiffe* of the women of La Beauce. With her came old men and children, and women, old and young. She knelt in their midst and led the prayers: the rosary, the Way of the Cross, litanies to the Saints of France, who were called upon to assist their country in its hour of supreme necessity. The people present answered earnestly, and one felt that through the lips of these untutored peasants spoke the real soul of France, the devout, the simple, the believing soul, which the tragedy of war has brought nearer to God and to the old Faith, inherited from generations of believing ancestors.

B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

"Character and Temperament"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Under the caption of "Character and Temperament," Austin O'Malley, M.D., furnished to the readers of AMERICA for August 26, some very interesting reading. He describes character to be "The result of all the internal and external forces that have been working on a person from the moment his life began, and later." Assuming that this is true, is it possible to apply the definition to national character? If so, how does the writer establish the fact that the "Irish national character" is essentially no more religious than that of any other nation, contrary to public opinion? The good doctor also states that at the end of the sixteenth century Ireland turned to religion in opposition to the enemy, and that because of that opposition, continuous on the part of the Irish, religion has become a national habit.

The logic of the doctor's article would seem to establish the fact that the people of Ireland have been religious, not through conviction, but because of the implacable hatred of a foe. Yet the chief glory of Ireland as narrated by the panegyrists and the apologists of the Isle of Saints, has been, and is, her steadfast adherence to Christianity, through persecution without parallel. May a people be rightly blamed for what overpowering invaders do, and may the genuine stock be justly charged with the derelictions of those, who while holding the land, never had valid claim to the name "Celt"? If so, the crown of Erin seems to be a little tarnished and if she is made to suffer for the sins of others, it should be the work of alien enemies, and not of those who are of the household.

Dorchester, Mass J. D. RUSSELL.

Who Is to Blame?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For several years I have heard the Catholic laymen of the United States berated for their spinelessness. Thinking over the charge, I myself am somewhat disposed to blame them. On investigating, however, the stanchness with which the Catholics of Austria, Germany and Belgium have frustrated attempts to deprive them of religious liberty, attempts which have been successful in Italy and France, and which are beginning to be made in all parts of our own country, I am inclined to the conclusion that what the Catholics of America need is leadership, not intermittent, individual and local leadership, but well-organized and coordinated, unremitting guidance throughout the length and breadth of our land. Does it not seem that I am supported in this opinion by the Bishop of Marseilles, when he says, as quoted in AMERICA for July 22, 1916:

> We can hear the ready answer: "It is not our fault." Alas! it is the fault and the iniquity of us all. Because all this evil which has been, and continues to be committed, would not have run its course unhindered, had we ourselves, who refrained from being accomplices, rightly understood its gravity and its fatal consequences, and if we all, as was our duty, had opposed to it a solid phalanx which would have proved an insurmountable barrier. Every one of us has had his share of the responsibility for the situation in which God has been placed in our country.

The *Catholic Mind* of July 22, 1916, also says, in part:

> We have none to fear but ourselves. . . . We are going the way of France and Mexico. Indifference was responsible for the revolution against the Church in both these countries; indifference is growing in America; like causes produce like effects.

In how few parishes are the people acquainted with conditions in Mexico? How seldom have they been counseled to attend lectures or take up reading which would inform them of those conditions? When politicians, bigots, or religious bodies other than our own, see their interests menaced, their leaders act in *unison.* Our leaders seldom or never speak in *unison.* We are an army without a head, and the laymen have to suffer for what is, no doubt, in great part their own fault, but this fault is, in my opinion at least, shared to a large extent by our leaders. If I am right, why is not something done; if I am wrong, where is my error?

Brooklyn, N. Y. F. M. FIELD-MCNALLY.

"The Audibly Devout"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *Catholic Mind* for July 22 are to be found two very interesting and significant papers, one on "Saying My Prayers in Latin," the other on "The Audibly Devout." The Latin of the Mass! Millions enjoy its uplifting beauty, and its sublime language, when the priest observes the rule of the Church and lifts up his voice in sympathy with Catholic tradition for the consolation of devout worshipers. But often we are disappointed and wronged by a mere whispering of the words. Is it any wonder that Protestants sometimes accuse us of mere formalism in our religion? The short turn, the scarcely extended hands, the indifferent attitude, when we are looking forward to the pleasure of a conscious salutation of *Dominus vobiscum,* are not calculated to awaken a sympathetic *Et cum spiritu tuo.* This may seem complaining to some, but it is a legitimate complaint. The sublime Mass, when read by an earnest, strong priest, even if it be a low Mass, is full of glorious inspiration and uplift. Kneeling, listening, and assisting! No wonder saints have been inspired to write of the depth and strength of its sacred healing virtues.

The *Confiteor,* the *Gloria,* the responses to the divine *Sursum corda,* and the comfort in the priest's confession, *Nobis quoque peccatoribus* and his penitential striking of the breast! What could be more suggestive of holy thoughts and emotions than the *Orate fratres,* following the *Lavabo,* when in the turning of the priest toward the people, so lovingly and solemnly, we seem to see the Divine Saviour extending His arms and saying, "Come unto Me"? Who has not enjoyed looking up and repeating distinctly *Suscipiat Dominus?* Shall the "audibly devout" be restrained? "If these hold their peace," says Christ, "the very stones will cry out." "Sing unto the Lord." It is a shame that, instead of the impressive glory of the *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,* we should be distracted from the words by mere noise, made by those who seem to think now, and not till now, is the time to kneel. The devout little acolytes have been kneeling from the beginning, a sign that *all* devout Catholics should be on their knees and not leaning against the heads of those who would bow in penitence and adoration.

Then the full glory advances, and the soul is deeply inspired as the sacred words increase in solemnity. The Sacred Host in elevation, the precious moments for our most earnest prayers for special needs for ourselves and those we love best; the uplifting of the Chalice, and our prayers for the washing away in the cleansing Blood of Jesus of our deep stains of sin! The priest's communion after "O Lord, I am not worthy," and our own partaking of the Heavenly Food, or at least a spiritual communion, and finally the blessing we beg for ourselves and friends and fellowmen! It is all beyond words. If we have recognized and appreciated what the Divine Saviour is doing for us through the power of His most holy Church, then we shall be able to recite our *Sacrosanctæ* with a joyful heart, provided that those at the other end of the pew do not fairly jostle us off our knees in their rude, selfish hurry to get out of church as soon as possible. Why is it that devoutness and devotion at Mass are so

seldom taught, or even referred to, in some of our Catholic churches?

And on top of all this comes an article concerning the "audibly devout" in which it is stated that "the audible fervor of the worshiper actually becomes to his weaker brethren a proximate occasion of *sin*"! For me there is joy in the music of the rattle of the blessed beads against the wooden seats, and in the devout whispering or even muttering of those earnest, pious souls whose holy, God-given faith I sincerely enjoy. Deep religious fervor can never be overdone in these days of indifference and misbelief. "Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

Northampton, Mass. WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M.D.

Where Is Today's "Well of English Undefiled"?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your anonymous correspondent who deprecates anonymous criticism is rather emphatic in his assertion that Cardinal Gasquet's letter about the pronunciation of *bless-ed* is "authoritative and final," but surely the pronunciation of a word is a subject about which others may be just as authoritative and final. In a matter of this kind *Tantum valet auctoritas quantum ratio allata.* The thrust at our *farrago* comes with bad grace from one who is defending the English of England. That bonnie land is filled with impossible dialects and slang. I wonder if M. L. S. has ever compared the English of our Bowery with that of Billingsgate or Houndsditch? I am afraid not. Personally I find very little difference between the English of educated Britons and Yankees, but I do find that the language of the uneducated Briton is worse than that of uneducated Yankees.

New York. E. L. F.

Hoboken and "Devout" Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One of my friends has just sent me a copy of a Western paper containing some comments on my letter about Bandelier. The irate editor quite discourages me by covering my poetic and beloved Hoboken with an avalanche of scorn. As if that were not heartbreaking enough, he then proceeds to tell me that any parochial school child could have told me that Bandelier was a devout Catholic. That is extremely interesting. I knew Bandelier and worked with him, and yet I never saw any evidence of his devotion or Catholicism. Has wisdom proceeded once again from the mouths of babes and sucklings and editors, or have the parochial school children and the editors been overtaught? It is all very interesting. Who will instruct us? Was Bandelier a devout Catholic?

Hoboken, N. J. J. L.

"Sobriety by Conviction"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read your excellent editorial "Sobriety by Conviction," in which you quote some recent words of Archbishop Keane's. It is all very true; but the fact remains that Father Mathew is dead and deeply buried, while "Fogarty's Buffet" is running seven days in the week. The men the Archbishop refers to lived in a day of vigorous action, and whilst they used a tin dipper and drank their whisky straight, they generally got their doctrine the same way. Today we sip highballs between inhalations of cigarette smoke, and hear mighty few temperance sermons. Where we have quit drinking, it has been due chiefly to the "prohibitory" orders of the railroads and other corporations. The temperance hall in my old town, erected in the 70's by our fathers, now houses the I. O. O. F. It was thought not worth while to preach temperance to the second generation, so they took to the "regulated" saloons with the usual results. A young friend of mine, who resides in one of our flourishing cities, which has a beautiful Cathedral and well-regulated saloons, writes me that, out of a class of fifty-one young men who took the pledge with him in 1909, twenty, to his knowledge, have already fallen in the struggle. Contrast that with Father Maher's statement that in his Wichita, Kans., parish, located in the stockyards, he has no trouble with drinkers, young or old. Will you permit me to quote a few words of Archbishop Ireland?

> Still—mystery passing strange! The Theobald Mathews are few. We philosophize at times, of course, over the evil which we cannot totally conceal from ourselves; but very strange the cogitations by which we excuse our do-nothing policy. In other countries, say we, drinking goes on, and no noise is made about it. Others drink as much as our own people do, and maybe a good deal more than they; and, if they are more temperate than our own people, they have vices more hideous than intemperance, from which ours are free. By opposing intemperance too strongly, we might drive men into Manichæism, and at any rate we would offend the generous brewer and the jovial-faced bartender, men whose dollars are never held back from the charities of the Church. Total abstainers are moody, dangerous men, hypocrites and misers. The proper remedy for intemperance, if a remedy is needed, should be prayer and the Sacraments; but the drunkards will not come to the Sacraments, and our obligation toward them ends. Thus do we act, thus do we argue, thus do we joke, and meanwhile the Church of Christ droops her head in shame, legions of poor people rot in sin and misery, and immortal souls are precipitated into hell.
>
> Oh! for a solemn and enduring awakening from slumber and sloth, by virtue of the sacred memory of Father Mathew. Why dilly-dally another day with this monster evil, which is desolating the land? Why, when the enemy is upon us, slaying neighbors and friends, and damning souls, lose a moment in idle discussions and heartless pleasantries? For once let us be serious-minded, and zealous and active in well-doing. One decade of years in earnest warfare—the battle being general throughout the field instead of being confined to some isolated bands of sharpshooters—and victory brilliant and complete shall be ours.

These words were spoken in the "good old days." They might be repeated with profit in our own.

Omaha. J. J. FITZGERALD.

Magazines for a Poor Mission

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would you have the kindness to do a great favor to a poor missionary, who is not asking for money, but only for a little help which can easily be given. I have under my charge 12,000 Christians, mostly Catholics, and an enormous lot of pagans. The only school here is the public school, in which boys and girls receive no religious training whatever. Most of our people think that the United States is a land made up exclusively of Protestants. They do not even suspect the existence of a Catholic newspaper or magazine. Would you be so kind as to ask one, or if possible many, of your subscribers to send me their Catholic paper after they have finished reading it? They will never realize the enormous good they will do to my mission. I need Catholic literature, but have no money to pay for it. The war has left us Belgians poor in the extreme, and Belgium can help us but little. The subscribers to AMERICA can help us greatly if they will only do so. They may send their magazine, when they have finished reading it, to Rev. Father Morice Vanoverbergh, Bangar, La Union, Philippine Islands.

Bangar. (REV.) M. VANOVERBERGH.

AMERICA
A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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The Stage and the Clergy

THE promoter of a film or play of the variety known to the man on the street corner as "shady," likes nothing better than a eulogy signed by some simple clergyman or aspiring uplifter. The eulogy is sweet to his ear and profitable to his pocket, and considering the "intensive criticism" of the day, he secures it with surprising frequency. True, some shrewd campaigning is needed at times, including, it may be, a dinner to the dominie. But usually the promoter's toil is no greater than that of his elder brother, who a generation ago, quietly peddled gold bricks to bucolic visitors astray on Broadway.

The intentions of these clergymen may be beyond reproach, but not their wisdom. They trust not wisely, but too well, to the siren eloquence of the promoter who assures them that his production "teaches unforgettably a deep moral lesson." They forget, what their experience in the ministry in a large city should have impressed upon them, that in the vivid portrayal of vice the lure may obscure the moral, and that, with adolescent minds, it usually does. George Moore, no clergyman, but a frank pagan, can teach these shepherds practical wisdom:

> "The Church," writes the decadent Mrs. Forest, "merely sketches the cold thin outline of humanity's passion in its appeal to its reasoning power of discrimination between right and wrong, while, on the other hand, the Stage takes into its picture of appeal all the vivid coloring of truth, etc."
>
> "I know four pages more of that rot; none of that for me," said Dick, as he put the letter into his breast pocket.
>
> "There is something depressingly naive in the Socratic assumption of addled ministers and half-baked reformers that knowledge is synonymous with right living," writes a critic in the *Dramatic Mirror*. "But who today will be so simple as to believe that such an object-lesson ever acts as a permanent deterrent? Libertines are notoriously conversant with the results of their immoral actions, yet this knowledge restrains them not a penny."

The notable increase of these "half-baked" persons within recent years, imposes an added duty upon all good citizens to protest against the exploitation of vice upon the stage. The modern stage is neither a pulpit nor a school; it is a commercial enterprise plain and simple. In its proper sphere it has its uses; but in essaying to preach a sermon on the text of a grand jury investigation, it only adds hypocrisy to the catalogue of its vices.

The Log-cabin of Hodgenville

AS long as a nation is loyal to the principles and ideals to which it owes its birth and its original greatness, and gratefully preserves the names and the memory of its illustrious sons, we need not despair for its future destiny. When the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon will not longer reecho to the pilgrim footfalls of his countrymen and the day comes when Americans tread with heedless steps and dull hearts the hallowed dust of Bunker Hill or Chalmette, then may the patriot look with dismal foreboding into the future.

We can thank God that we have not as yet reached this last stage of national degeneration. For with deep emotion and gratitude, the whole country, men of the North and of the South, gathered in spirit a few days ago in a little Kentucky village and stood with bowed head at the doors of one of the humblest homes ever reared on American soil. That home was a rude log-cabin, eloquent in every joist and beam, of rugged toil, of hardship, of danger, of poverty, of the hard battle of man against the forces of nature and the nameless perils of the wilderness. But it was the birthplace, the home of Abraham Lincoln. And the country has now sheathed the humble dwelling in a casket of granite, typical of the strength of the man, in order to save its crumbling rafters from the ravages of the storm and the gnawing tooth of time. While doing so it has laid up the lessons of the humble but noble log-cabin where the great President was born, in the casket of its heart.

That humble home should be dear to every true American. For all our citizens it has its lessons. It speaks of heroic struggle and splendid victories, of poverty and suffering overcome and made stepping-stones to the highest honors which the nation can bestow. The North, which Abraham Lincoln unified and led to battle for the Union, the South, for which he ever had words of mercy and peace and which has chivalrously recognized the inborn nobility of his nature, have side by side laid their wreaths and their homage at his humble shrine.

With them the whole country has once more realized the true nobility and greatness of the man who was born in the log-hut of Hodgenville. In his nature there was the ruggedness of the primeval forests of his native State and the kindliness of its skies. He was gentle and he was strong. He was a statesman without the pettinesses of party, a leader of embattled hosts without cruelty, a

victor without rancor or hate. The nation was truly well inspired when it reared a fitting memorial to Abraham Lincoln on the spot where he was born. It should be no meaningless monument. Its purposes will be completely fulfilled only when every American will take its lessons to heart and live them in his daily life as a citizen of the great Republic for which Lincoln so nobly sorrowed and toiled. The lessons of the log-cabin of Hodgenville are needed today.

Will Catholic Trade Unionists Surrender?

THE indorsement of the leading Socialist organ by the New York Federation of Labor is a decided triumph for radicalism and irreligion within this great body of organized labor, and the *Call* gloats over it with delight. Catholic unionists are to be informed in every local throughout the Empire State that the inveterate enemy of their faith, which has long maligned and blasphemed what is most sacred to them and more dear than life itself now "merits their moral and financial support." The advocate of birth control and race suicide and of countless forms of radicalism which religion condemns, whether in the moral or economic sphere, is to be recommended to them as a friend and a fireside counselor. Will Catholic unionists tamely submit to this insult to their intelligence and their faith? Do they realize that with this indorsement, if not recalled, they are casting aside the principles of unionism to which they had subscribed and are hitching their hopes to the meteor of radicalism?

We can readily understand the reason for this act of treason to trade unionism, but it does not excuse its perpetrators, and a severe account should be demanded of them if Catholic trade unionists would again lift up their heads like men and unflinchingly stand by their principles. We know that there is no strike or labor trouble in which the *Call* will not defend every action of employees against their employers. It will find labor blameless under every circumstance, and the more radical the actions of labor the more enthusiastic will their defense be. Like the witches in Macbeth the *Call* rejoices "in thunder, lightning, and in rain." Labor troubles are its delight. It would stir them up and revel in them, hoping surely to profit by them, whatsoever else may be the result,

> "When the hurlyburly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won."

It is easy for the laborer, therefore, to mistake it for a true friend. It has supported his cause, right or wrong. But at what a cost! It demands that the workman should sell his soul to it in return. Never! is the only answer the Catholic trade unionist can give. He can win in a just cause without such an ally. His object is a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. Such an object is not attained by cowardice and disloyalty to sacred principles.

Eleven large labor organizations, the *Call* informs its readers, have been rallied to its support during the past year. Clearly there is need of Catholic vigilance. It is evident that the spiritual guides and lay leaders of our organized Catholic working men have too often overlooked their most important duty in this regard. Our Catholic trade unionists have not received sufficient attention and intelligent instruction or such things could not come to pass.

Are we prepared to go the way of Portugal and Mexico? If so we have begun well, for that is the avowed ideal of the *Call*, indorsed within a single year by eleven great and powerful labor organizations.

Shortening the Commandments

"BACK to Paul," and "Back to Holy Church" have been expressions of growing frequency on the lips of those outside the Church. Another instance, though one of minor importance, is now engaging the attention of a commission that is to recommend certain changes to the Protestant Episcopal Church at its convention to be held in St. Louis next month. The suggestions are concerned mainly with the ritual, but there is one that has to do with the Ten Commandments. The new form which the commission plans to have the convention adopt is an abbreviation of the form found at present in the catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church and one that approximates, in its brevity, to the form found in the catechism of the Catholic Church. A glance at the two places in Holy Scripture, where the Commandments are recorded, Exodus xx:1-17 and Deuteronomy v:6-21, shows that the new form, while retaining the Scriptural wording, does not reproduce in their entirety the Tables of the Law given to Moses. It omits the reasons given for the Commandments, and the details of their application, and confines the wording to the actual precepts, positive and negative. The abbreviated form has distinct advantages, especially for pedagogical purposes, for it throws into bold relief the essentials of the precepts, and prevents the confusion likely to arise in youthful minds. In adopting the Catholic practice, the convention will give another testimony to the Church's practical wisdom.

Will the next step be to return to the classification of the Commandments, which most Protestants abandoned at the time of the so-called Reformation? The Lutherans clung to the old Augustinian division, in spite of the fact that it was used by Catholics, for it had the sanction of centuries of Christian practice, but the other sects almost without exception, in this as in other things, broke away from the traditional "Roman" practice and took up with the less correct and discarded classification of Philo. Certainly long centuries of honored possession ought to weigh strongly in favor of the classification of St. Augustine. Perhaps, however, this is too much to hope for. But it would seem that the Church's teaching that the First and Second Commandments of the Philonic

classification are but two aspects, the negative and the positive, of one and the same precept, should commend itself to the consideration of logical thinkers, especially nowadays when it is no longer believed, commonly, at least, that Catholics worship images.

There is a very particular reason for desiring that Protestants should revert to the practice of their Catholic ancestors, because by doing so they would give to the Ninth Commandment, in the Catholic classification, the prominence it needs. Hitherto most of the sects have relegated "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" to a secondary position, as a part of their Tenth Commandment and it is now proposed to further obscure it in the catechism of the Protestant Episcopal Church by allowing it no other mention than is implied in "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's." This is to be deplored. If there ever was a time when unruly desires, whose illicit and immoral end is the divorce court, called for explicit prohibition, that time is the present. More not less insistence on the sinfulness of adultery in the heart is demanded by the trend of twentieth-century morals.

The Fordham School of Sociology

ON November 6, 1916, Fordham University in the City of New York will open a School of Sociology. This is the simple announcement authorized by the university. The importance of the enterprise cannot be overestimated. It is the happy realization of a hope long cherished by our Catholic social workers, and by the clergy of New York. It is the fruition of the prayers and aspirations of our devoted Sisters, our self-sacrificing Brothers, of all who are interested in the welfare of those countless institutions which prove beyond refutation, the faith and charity of the Catholics of this great city. During the last decade, the need of a Catholic school of sociology has been felt to be particularly pressing. Because of favorable local circumstances, it was thought desirable that our young men and women of suitable character and talent, should be induced to take up as a profession some phase of social work. But where was the school which, while possessing all the really valuable resources of the non-Catholic school, could train the aspirant in the principles and practices fundamental to genuinely constructive social work? The excellent School of Social Science conducted by the College of St. Francis Xavier supplied this need to a certain extent; yet none realized more keenly than the authorities of this School, which is now merged with the new foundation, that work of a more extended and intensive character was required for the thorough training of the Catholic sociologist and social worker.

This sore need has now been met, and met well. The staff of the Fordham School of Philanthropy and Social Science will be composed of men who are masters in their respective courses, the courses themselves will be thorough and comprehensive, while the opportunities for field work will be practically inexhaustible. The very locality of the school, in the heart of New York, is highly favorable to varied and accurate sociological study. New York is not so much a city as a vast cosmopolitan commonwealth, remarkable alike for its opulence and its poverty, for its zeal in the cause of learning and religion, and for its pursuit of the perishable things of time. To the earnest student, the value of these opportunities is obvious.

The new School is happy in the patronage of the venerable Cardinal of New York, whose beneficent rule has been the source of countless blessings to his vast diocese, and in the hearty approbation of the zealous Auxiliary of New York, the Right Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, D.D. Fostered by the care and wisdom of a noble university, may the Fordham School of Sociology become a great training center from which will issue forth many a Catholic hero of charity to lead God's suffering and stricken children into the paths of true redemption.

For a Father's Eye

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am a lad of eighteen and I want to enter a Catholic college. But my father won't hear of it. He is a good Catholic and quite well-to-do, but he thinks that the time passed at college is generally wasted. So he wants me to go to work in a bank this fall and begin to earn my own living. Do you think there is any way of getting my father to change his mind? E. P.

YOUR case, my dear "E. P.," is not uncommon. For there are many worthy Catholics who share your father's views regarding a course at college. Men who have faced life without the advantages of birth, wealth or education and who from their earliest years have had to fight hard for success, are disposed to set little or no value on higher education. They believe that their sons should begin life pretty much as they themselves began it. They like to see a lad start in his early teens to be self-supporting, for then he will probably "amount to something" by the time he is thirty.

But if self-made men who set little value on a college education are only honest with themselves, they will be forced to own that the average college-bred man of their acquaintance possesses striking advantages which they lack, and that he is "getting more out of life," as the phrase runs, than they are. In the first place the man who finishes a college course with credit learns to write well, for the earlier studies of the curriculum, particularly in a Catholic college, are admirably designed to develop in the pupil a correct taste in literature and to teach him the art of writing with clearness, force, and elegance. The college-bred man has also learned how to speak well, a distinct gain, as those will admit who have heard many self-made men address an audience. Men who have had a year of rhetoric, particularly as it is taught in our Catholic colleges, learn how to grace rather than to dis-

grace the rostrum. But best of all, the graduate of the Catholic college has learned how to think and to live. Two years are devoted to a thorough training in logic, metaphysics and ethics; physical science is not neglected; the student acquires as his Alma Mater's most precious gift, a grasp of Christian evidences and Catholic apologetics combined with a four-years' training in the practice of his religion, that will be to him a possession forever.

With intellect and will thus equipped, the earnest college graduate who adopts any honorable profession, can be confident of soon outstripping, as a rule, the men of untrained intellects who have entered commercial or professional life much younger than he, but without the advantages of higher education. Moreover his mind to him a kingdom is, so he can find in the world around him a thousand pure pleasures that the self-made man is quite incapable of enjoying.

A "student" can of course dawdle through college, and devote himself while there so exclusively to athletics, social activities and idle reading that after four years he will leave his Alma Mater worse fitted than ever for success in life. But on the other hand, as was proved by statistics quoted in last week's AMERICA, a remarkably large proportion of the young men who are graduated from college afterwards win distinction in their chosen profession. So suppose you leave this editorial, "E. P.," where your father will see it. Perhaps he will then reconsider his refusal to let you enter college.

LITERATURE

Orestes A. Brownson

AS September 16 of this year is the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of Orestes A. Brownson's birth, a paper on the genius of that great American convert to Catholicism may not seem untimely.

As much of his literary work was devoted to abstruse metaphysical questions that are of interest only to trained philosophical minds, for general readers Brownson at his best is the collection of "Essays and Reviews" selected from the twenty crowded octavo tomes embracing his life's work. In the volume there are only sixteen essays but we shall find in it the words of a skilled physician prescribing ancient remedies for modern ills, an arsenal of unanswerable arguments against heresy and infidelity, profound observations on the origin and constitution of government, the principles of authority and liberty, the sacredness of law, the duty of loyalty, and the madness and danger of Socialism.

The Catholic Church in the United States has never had a greater apologist than Orestes A. Brownson. He became a convert late in life, and during his intellectual and religious wanderings for forty-odd years, he had been a conspicuous leader as a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, an infidel, a Unitarian, and a social reformer. In his politics, he changed front with the same facility with which he altered his religion. But throughout his aberrations, there is a steady progress, a movement toward the light, there is a definite direction and purpose in his vagaries. He is always seeking the truth, forever testing the grounds of his position, continually reviewing the foundations of his faith, or lack of it, and instantly rejecting, with courage, energy, and disinterestedness, whatever does not stand the impact of the rigorous natural logic and the innate force of his mind.

Only a man of great physical and mental resources could bear the sustained burden of the literary activity he displayed for over half a century. Frequently every page of his *Quarterly Review* came from his prolific pen. The well-springs of his genius seem never to have dried up. Always serious, terribly in earnest, he never descends to the frivolous, the superficial or the commonplace. He always felt and wrote strongly: hence his impetuosity, his enthusiasm, his restlessness. As these were the qualities that lay at the heart of his strength and his greatness, they were also the source of his weakness. They made him impatient, robbed him of calmness, deprived him of a due measure of deliberation, made him appear unsteady and devoid of a judicial habit of mind. Such were the striking features of his career during his earlier years.

It was only when he found eternal truth itself within the bosom of the Catholic Church in 1844 that he rose to his full stature. He then gave up roving without a pilot on the high, uncharted seas, his oscillations ceased, his course of thought was no longer erratic, and for the thirty long years that God spared him after his conversion, he devoted himself with tireless energy to the work of making the Catholic religion better known and better loved. The one dominating idea that filled his mind was to build up a popular exposition of the relations between faith and science, reason and revelation, dogma and philosophy.

It will always be a matter of regret that Brownson was a self-made man. He had no systematic training in scholasticism. Had he been equipped with the keystone of thought, such as a solid training in Catholic philosophy and theology would have afforded, had he been sure and certain in his aim, had he laid broad and deep the imperishable foundations on which truth reposes so securely, his works today would not reveal such irregularity of plan, or such incompleteness in detail. A first-hand acquaintance with the still unrivaled masters of medieval learning would have given him just what he needed, consistency of view, power of discrimination, and capacity for patient and minute analysis.

His teeming brain was so overflowing with profound ideas, the caliber of his mind was so remarkable, his gifts of intellect were so splendid, that had he been properly educated in his youth, had all his faculties been given an opportunity to develop harmoniously, and had they then been placed at the service of truth, he probably would have left behind him a synthesis of Christian doctrine that would stand for all time as a work worthy of being compared with the productions of the classic masters of Catholic thought.

Such was the magic of his name, and such his influential following, that at one period of his career he was looked upon as one of the most implacable and dangerous foes of Christianity in the English-speaking world. His conversion, consequently, was an epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in this country, just as that of Newman, which took place a year later, is a milestone in the history of English Catholicism. Of all the distinguished converts to Rome in this country, Brownson is easily the first. In him the submerged Catholics found a champion who in intellectual power was the superior of any publicist in the land. His conversion fixed once for all the attention of the American non-Catholic world upon the fact that Rome could lead into her fold and win to her cause one of the great intellects of the nineteenth century.

Brownson's literary style is the expression of the man, strong and massive, but extraordinarily flexible. He uses words like a giant, conscious of his strength, and his rhetoric, direct and forceful, conjures up visions of the austere beauty of an old Doric temple, serene and stately. Lights and shadows play about his balanced periods, and when it serves his purpose he

can use with telling effect delicious humor, playful wit and biting sarcasm. He has seldom been excelled for the skill with which he could mobilize a whole army of arguments to attack an opponent or defend a position. His contributions to English literature must be numbered among the permanent assets of the language. There are whole passages in his finished essays that for sweep and range of vision, profundity of thought, and purity of diction, rival the productions of the acknowledged masters of English prose, and our ears at times fairly ring with the majestic cadence of his finely chiseled sentences. Memories of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church will often recur to those who read Brownson, for he seems to share the energy of a Tertullian, the fire of a Cyprian, the polemic ability of an Athanasius, and the eloquence of a Chrysostom.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

REVIEWS

The Brook Kerith: a Syrian Story. By GEORGE MOORE. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. Moore has trailed his gifts in the mire too often for any Catholic to be interested in what he writes, but his last book is especially objectionable, not so much because it outrages the decencies of Christian reticence, though it has a number of vulgar passages, but because it is an affront on what Christians hold most dear, the sacred memory of Jesus Christ. Having tired, apparently, of the portrayal of illicit passion, and seeking a new subject for his unconventional and daring pen, Mr. Moore happened on the "swoon theory" of Christ's Resurrection. This is an absurd hypothesis, which had its little day some eighty years ago but was soon consigned to an inglorious grave. Even men like Strauss, who were much concerned to show that Christ had not risen from the dead, treated it with contempt. Nothing daunted, Mr. Moore saw in it possibilities for an experiment in simplicity, and at the same time for making a systematic attack on the Christianity at which he had so often sneered in passing. Accordingly he set himself to give by sheer literary cleverness to the discredited dream of Schleiermacher, Paulus and the rest, an air of reality that would compel attention. The tale, which is the result, is rather dull for the most part, "deadly dull" in places, contrary to fact almost throughout, and constantly shocking to the convictions and sensibilities of all true Christians.

"The Brook Kerith" has been much heralded as a new story of the life of Christ, and of important historical value. It is nothing of the kind. It is the story of a creature of Mr. Moore's own imagination, it is in frequent contradiction to the many historical data that we possess with regard to the life of Christ; and its only claim to recognition is the fact that it is a more or less laborious working-out of a blasphemous hypothesis. In it Christ is described as a poor impostor, recognized as such by Himself, ignorant and dirty, crude in the beginning, repulsive toward the end of His public life, but rather attractive during the twenty or more years of penitential regret spent in tending sheep after He recovered from His swoon on the Cross. The moral of the book is that Christianity is a colossal fraud, initiated by a poor shepherd's fanatical delusion, based on an absolute but not altogether conscious lie, and perpetuated by deliberate though somewhat reluctant collusion on the part of its author. And all this has no other foundation than the whimsical fancy, the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Moore.

The book will do little harm. Its complete disregard for authentic sources, for the author would appear to have no other knowledge of the Gospels than the slender residue of a hazy recollection from the days of childhood; the confusion in the chronology and details of such facts of Christ's life as are introduced into the narrative, and in geography, which he went to the Holy Land to study, but which is not always beyond suspicion; the intrinsic incredibility of the story as it is told; its identification of Christ with the Essenes, in spite of the complete opposition between Christ's doctrines and habits of life and theirs, an opposition which the author might have learned from Harnack, who asserts it explicitly; and the palpable fact that Mr. Moore's Christ is in no sense the Christ of history: all this stamps "The Brook Kerith" as a work of fiction, pure and simple. It is not an historical novel; it adds nothing to our knowledge of contemporary conditions, political, social or intellectual; and emphatically it is not a book that any Catholic or any Christian can read except with feelings of revulsion.

J. H. F.

French Policy and American Alliance. By EDWARD CORWIN. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

The distinguished author of "The Doctrine of Judicial Review" presents us in the present volume with conclusions so valuable that they will have to be woven into the texture of true American history.

The question treated is of peculiar interest in our days of pacifism and preparedness. What was France's motive in intervening in the American Revolution? American writers usually present French intervention as an episode in the British-French struggle for colonial dominion in the Western Hemisphere; but France's motive was not territorial expansion, nor was intervention brought on by the "admiration for liberty and intellectual freedom," as many would have us believe; nor was "mercantilism" the main motive, for, as the sagacious Count De Vergennes, Louis Sixteenth's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, said:

> American trade, viewed in its entirety and subject to the monopoly of the mother country, was undoubtedly a great object of interest to the latter and an important source of the growth of her industry and power. But American trade, thrown open as it is to be henceforth to the avidity of all nations, will be for France a very petty consideration.

That the policy of a nation is mainly shaped more by diplomacy than by philanthropy or philosophy, is a truism now, as it was in the times of Louis Sixteenth. "France's intervention in the American Revolution was motivated primarily by her desire to recover her lost preëminence on the Continent of Europe." Her commercial ambition, therefore, was subservient to her political motive of enfeebling England. France aimed at the curtailment of British power through British trade, because a balance of trade meant a balance of power.

That the results of the French program were neither solid nor durable is immaterial to the fact at issue. Professor Corwin has made so exhaustive and comprehensive a draft upon the historical sources of the period, particularly upon Henri Doniol's monumental work on the "Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique," has sifted the evidence so thoroughly and judicially and has so skilfully arranged the fruits of his labor into a readable form, as to give his book that air of authority and finality which carries entire conviction. Though the term "Jesuit," as applied to De Vergennes, is of course found in our dictionaries, the impartial student of history, knowing the word's false and calumnious origin, should avoid its offensive usage.

A. H. R.

The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard. By GRACE KING. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

Every reader of the "Balcony Stories" will welcome this

volume from the pen of their gifted author. "'The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard' used to be as far away from Canal Street, the center of life in New Orleans, as a slow-moving mule could drag a car in an hour's time." Thanks to the skill of the writer, St. Médard, its tragedies, its beauties, its laughter and tears have been brought very near to us in these delightful pages. The atmosphere of the South lingers with all its charm over every chapter of the book. Its misfortunes and its chivalries, its patriarchal life, customs and polity, its racial difficulties and problems, the aroma of its culture and ideals, all live again in this simple story.

The book, if the reader looks for startling situations, tense passion or violent exhibitions of feeling, will disappoint him. But if he has ever drifted under Southern skies with the witchery of a Southern moon poised above him like a ball of lambent silver, he will be reminded of one of those softly flowing, gently murmuring Louisiana streams gliding to the more turbulent waters of the Gulf under its arches of cypress and giant oaks bannered with Spanish moss. The author is a daughter of the South. She knows its ways; she loves its history, and with penetrating insight she knows how to interpret its inner life. All the winning graces of its people have been rendered with a subtle skill. At a time when there is so much pseudo-psychology flaunted in the pages of our "best sellers," it is a welcome surprise to have in the little world of the Parish of St. Médard such a true picture, never exaggerated in tone or coloring or atmosphere, of the lives and the inner workings of men and women drawn as nature made them, without masquerading or posing. The great lawyer ruined by the Civil War, the faithful clerk, loyal and true to the fallen fortunes of his master's house, Père Philéas, the shrewd and kindly *curé*, the doctor, the lazy Cribiche, who in his hour of sorrow learns how to pray, Mademoiselle Mimi, the San Antonios and their daughters, the crafty and worldly minded Madame Doucelet, the good and unworldly Ursuline nuns, these and many others are drawn with rare delicacy and skill. All the tricks and the treacheries of death and the sudden change of fortunes are handled with the same deft fingers. Catholic life and Catholic practices are touched on in many passages. With few exceptions they have been described with reverence and sympathy. J. C. R.

"America" in the Classroom. By the Editorial Staff of AMERICA. New York: The America Press.

Perhaps there is no complaint more often heard from our Catholic editors, publicists, and educators than that the common run of Catholics show little interest in Catholic literature. Catholic periodicals, it is asserted, always have to be content with a small circulation, excellent Catholic books remain unread, and men and women who from their position and antecedents would naturally be expected to be familiar with Catholic publications, and to be enthusiastic supporters of the Catholic press, are not ashamed to know nothing about current Catholic literature, to be ignorant of what the Catholic's attitude should be toward questions of the hour, and to do nothing to promote the spread of Catholic reading matter. If these charges are true, those against whom they are made have now grown so old in iniquity that there is probably little prospect of bringing them to repentance. Therefore it is the men and women of tomorrow, the boys and girls, the youths and maidens that are attending our Catholic schools, academies and colleges, who must be made zealous readers and intelligent promoters of Catholic literature.

With a view to furthering this object, the Fathers on the editorial staff of AMERICA have prepared this attractive thirty-two page pamphlet for free distribution among the Catholic teachers of the country. "AMERICA in the Classroom" contains three very practical papers giving directions how to use the review profitably in English classes, in history classes, in sociology and pedagogy classes, and there is a fourth article entitled "AMERICA and Current Problems" which explains how this Catholic weekly offers "first aid" to perplexed teachers. As one of the writers well says:

> It is often bewildering and humiliating to note the un-Catholic views adopted by men favored with a Catholic education, and to realize the harm they may thus cause or the good they will in consequence leave undone. The situation is easily explicable. Their Catholic education has to no small degree been neutralized, only too often, by the non-Catholic daily press, the journals and magazines which constantly represent the questions of the day as viewed in the light of a false and worldly philosophy.
>
> It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that during their college days our students be brought under the influence of a Catholic literature dealing with the problems of the day on the same high educational level to which the best secular current literature aspires. They are thus familiarized with the soundest Catholic thought upon all these subjects and trained to follow the trend of events in after years under the same intelligent and loyal Catholic guidance. To spare no efforts in seeking to answer these needs and to become a suitable text-book of current problems in the hands of all our Catholic students is the aim of AMERICA.

In the pamphlet's foreword is given an imposing list of AMERICA's chief contributors, letters of approval from the Holy Father, Cardinal Farley and Archbishop Bonzano are then published, and the brochure closes with some of our subscribers' opinions of AMERICA. W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Edith Barnard Delano's "June" (Houghton, Mifflin, $.25) is a pretty story for girls in their teens about a Southern maiden who had been brought up by a darky mammy and was then suddenly transplanted to the home of some Northern cousins. There she learns to make her own living, but the book ends with a fairy prince and a modest fortune not far away.——In "The Sailor" (Appleton, $1.40) J. C. Snaith describes, without sparing sordid details, the career of 'Enry 'Arper, a boy of the London slums who goes to sea, returns after seven years of untold hardships, educates himself, becomes a living author, and is tricked into marrying a worthless woman, but she considerately dies so he can wed the fair Mary Pridmore. 'Enry was fond of Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisk."——"The Little Beloved" (Little, Brown, $1.35) is a new name for W. L. George's "The Making of an Englishman," a novel which was reviewed in our issue of April 18, 1914. It is the story of a philandering French youth whose admiration for everything British grows rather tiresome, and it is not a highly edifying tale.

The fulfilment of the prophecy contained in "Richard Raynal, Solitary," by Mgr. Benson, forms the theme of "The Hermit and the King" (Herder, $0.75), by Sophie Maude. It is a quaintly written tale of the days when England was divided between the Red Rose and the White, and Henry VI was suffering that martyrdom, so like the passion of His Master, which the Solitary had foretold. The King, touched with that "divine madness" which breeds saints, is a pathetic figure in history. Mrs. Maude has treated him with remarkable insight and sympathy and has thrown a strong religious atmosphere around her recital of his reign. Henry, Earl of Castle Avon, who turned hermit, is an interesting and edifying character, like the King in his sorrow and saintliness.——Mrs. E. V. Lucas has adapted and translated from the German of Julius Stinde "The Hausfrau Rampant" (Doran, $1.30), selections from the opinions and adventures of Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz, the meddlesome head of a sort of

German Peterkin family that furnished the Fatherland of some thirty years ago with great amusement. As the absurd Frau has two lovely daughters to marry off, a husband to reduce to submission, and a hated rival Frau to keep in her proper place, she is kept quite busy. The chapters give an amiable picture of middle-class Prussia, but American readers will hardly find Herr Stinde's character-sketches as laughable as his countrymen do.

Father Roderick MacEachen, the zealous publicist of the Columbus diocese, has ready a "Baby Catechism" with a big picture and three simple questions and answers on each of its sixteen pages, and a book of "Little Rhymes for Little Christians," which describe in easily remembered jingles the main events in Our Lord's life. There are numerous pictures to go with the verses. (The Catholic Book Co., Wheeling, W. Va., $0.10 each.) ——Johanna Spyrl's "The Rose Child" and Nellie M. Leonard's "The Graymouse Family" are attractively illustrated and interesting fifty-cent books which the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. has recently published for small children to read. Rose's story teaches the value of kindness, and the adventures of the five little mice certainly emphasize the importance of watchfulness. ——"An Alphabet of Irish Saints" (Kenedy, $0.40), suggested by the late Mgr. Benson's somewhat similar booklet, is a result of the combined work of Sir Henry Bellingham, Douglas Hyde, Charlotte Dease, "Torna" and Lucas Rooney. The pictures, titles and sketches of the ancient Saints of Erin are excellent, but the English rhymes, it would seem, could easily be improved. The Gaelic verses which follow them no doubt are better.

Here are three works of fiction from Doubleday, Page & Co.: Walter Prichard Eaton's "The Bird House Man" ($1.35) has for its central figure Alec Farnum, of Southmead, a little New England village, who does more than make bird's houses, as each chapter of the book will show, for the whole is a series of connected love stories. Mr. Eaton writes in a poetic way, in keeping with the idyllic romance he portrays, but his powers of description are used to less good purpose when he portrays certain dancers. In the second of the books, James Oliver Curwood tells in rapidly moving, short-sentence narrative, an interesting romance of the wild Canadian Rockies, where roams in savage supremacy the greatest grizzly, until hunters come and hunt, and for the first time Thor, "The Grizzly King" ($1.25), sees and hears man. The third story is as realistic as the first and second are romantic. "The House of Fear" ($1.35), by Wadsworth Clamp, is an old ramshackle theater being repaired for the revival of a play which had made it famous forty years earlier. The attempts to act a certain scene are met with supernatural reverses at each rehearsal, and a startling dénouement is reached when the manager insists on a public performance of the play. The suspense is well maintained to the end of the book but the explanation of some of the eery phenomena is rather trivial.

Four of our Catholic lecturers, Mr. Louis H. Wetmore, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, Dr. Condé B. Pallen and Dr. James J. Walsh announce the opening of their fall campaign. Mr. Wetmore's subjects include: "St. Francis and Medievalism," "The Follies of the Moderns," "Modern English Writers: from Dickens to Henry James," "Catholicism and Socialism," "Why I Became a Catholic," etc. In Mr. Kilmer's course are lectures on "Francis Thompson and Swinburne: a Study in Contrasts," "Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley and Ernest Dowson," "Hilaire Belloc and His Poetry," "The Renascence of Spiritual Poetry." "Poetry: the Democratic Art," "John Banister Tabb," "The War and Its Poets," "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" and "Some Modern Manias, Literary, Artistic and Social." Besides the lectures Dr. Pallen gives on the "Catholic Encyclopedia," he will draw on his varied repertory of literary, historical and biographical subjects which include studies of Shakespeare, Dante, Crashaw and modern Catholic poets, literary craftsmanship, lectures on "Columbus," "Spanish Pioneers" and "French Pioneers" and on such timely subjects as "Bernard Shaw, *et Al.*," "Maeterlinck" and "G. K. Chesterton." The large public which Dr. Walsh's excellent books have made his friends, will listen with pleasure to his lectures during the coming season.

The war, from the viewpoint of a Red Cross nurse and a novelist, is presented in "A Woman's Diary of the War" (Dutton, $1.00), by S. MacNaughton, one of the first English women to leave for the Belgian front. Speaking from the experience of four campaigns in various parts of the world, she characterizes the present war as the most deadly and most charitable of all. The tragic book is written with literary skill. Amid the uninterrupted procession of wounded men that came to her and went, she knew not where, she has time for poetic glimpses of the weather. Neither does she forget the birds that sing louder and more beautifully when shells are bursting over men's heads, nor the peonies blooming amidst the carnage. Humor and pathos pace side by side through her pages, with the recital of heroic deeds, based on the whimsical notion that "the English are too well-bred to show fear of death."——The excellent stories that "Sapper" tells in "Michael Cassidy, Sergeant" (Doran, $1.25) are, as announced by the publishers, just plain tales of the great war. Therein, however, lies the secret of the grip they take upon you as you read them. The incidents upon which the stories are based come evidently hot from the front, and they seem to speak their own humor, pathos, tragedy, through the rare reserve of the true story-teller's art, doubly delightful for the surprise of finding it in a soldier. In view of this strong interest of the book, we can pardon a little weariness in the Sergeant's flirtation practices, and his habit of helping himself to another man's cigarettes.——"The Great Push" (Doran, $1.25), by Patrick McGill, another soldier-story of the war, lack this artist's power in the telling. Instead of adding a thrill to the big events it tells about, the ambitious striving after effect merely takes away the thrill that was already there.

While Robert Louis Stevenson lived at Saranac in the Adirondacks during the winter of 1887-88, and took Dr. Trudeau's consumption cure, he wrote "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Christmas Sermon," "The Lantern-Bearers," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Beggars," "Gentlemen," and "A Chapter on Dreams." A very artistic bronze tablet designed by Gutzon Borglum now adorns the cottage he lived in, and Stephen Chalmers in a little book entitled "The Penny Piper of Saranac" (Houghton, Mifflin, $0.75) has gathered together the well-known sanatorium's recollections of Stevenson. Lord Guthrie attests in the preface that there is not a "chestnut" in the essay.

The following sonnet "To a City Pigeon" is from Gilbert Thomas's "The Further Goal and Other Poems."

Born to the boundless kingdoms of the air,
Granted by God the freedom of the sky,
Thou choosest not, ungrateful bird, to fly
Unfettered thro' the heavens fresh and fair,
Preferring, in the gloomy city square,
Where women weep and little children die,
Remorselessly to lay thy freedom by,
And feed upon the refuse wasting there!

Have we not scorned our heritage as well?
We, too, have wings—to mount with fancy free;
But rather than to soar, we choose like thee
To hide in squalor from the sunlight beams;
And for a mess of pottage still we sell
The birthright of a boundless world of dreams!

EDUCATION

The Catholic Law School

THE average law student begins his studies with the conviction that he will find the legal profession congenial as well as remunerative. He has endeavored to elect an occupation which will yield him a comfortable income, and whilst conforming to his tastes and temperament, will offer ample opportunities for the exercise and development of his native talent. Perhaps, too, in his more pensive moments he has reflected on the extensive sphere of influence and broad field of usefulness which lie open to the successful attorney.

The Higher Purposes

Though it is but too apt to be regarded as a consideration of secondary importance, the prospect of a larger life for God and his fellow-men should be kept constantly before the student's mind. It will quicken his energies with the hope that fosters high resolve. It will encourage and inspire him from the beginning of his professional studies. Certainly the Catholic student, desiring something higher than national success and political preferment, should endeavor to make and keep himself a loyal, zealous and useful disciple of the Church. Thousands of our forbears have thought our faith worth dying for. We should all think it worth living for.

What a layman may do for God and his fellow-men was finely demonstrated in the career of the late Dr. John B. Murphy. That illustrious life is proof of the fact that a man may be a model Catholic and yet attain and hold a place of preeminence in his profession. The Church and the world need lawyers of high character and first-class ability, who will be to the legal profession what Dr. Murphy was to the calling he so signally honored. Opportunities present themselves in abundance to the lawyer as well as to the physician, and if they are but grasped and improved, they will lead not only to a career of great usefulness but to the highest success in professional life.

The Basis of Law

At a law school under Catholic auspices a student may expect instruction in Christian ethics and natural law, which are and must ever be the only sound foundation of his legal studies. He will be taught that law and authority are from God, and that human enactments and regulations derive their force from the eternal law which the Author of nature has written in the hearts of men. The fundamental notions of Christian ethics offered him will not prove burdensome because they seem religious, but helpful because they are true. One who wishes a convincing proof that law and order must be traced to God need not be referred to De Harbe's large catechism. He may be directed to the chapter in the introduction to Blackstone's "Commentaries," which treats of the nature of law in general.

By applying himself diligently to the study of ethics and natural law, a student will make the best possible preparation for his subsequent studies in jurisprudence. This is but an application of a familiar principle, as true in the study of civil law as it is in the pursuit of any other science, that it is better to explore the sources of a stream than to lose one's self in the windings of its branches. The author of "Night Thoughts" has said that the undevout astronomer must be mad. He might have said that the man who seeks or professes a knowledge of the law and ignores the almighty source thereof, is at least strangely inconsistent.

A thorough study of civil law must bring one face to face with many mooted questions of history which seem to be kept in a kind of perpetual obscurity by writers who prefer to reconstruct and rearrange what others have written, rather than investigate for themselves the subjects they assume to treat. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that the Roman civil law exercised its extensive and beneficent influence upon English law, largely through the efforts of cardinals and bishops who acted as chancellors of England during those centuries of slow development when English jurisprudence was in its formative period. The character and influence of the chancellors, the purpose and attitude of the ecclesiastical courts, and the substance and scope of marriage legislation in the Church, are subjects which writers of great reputation, whether intentionally or not, have grievously misrepresented. A careful study of these questions from a Catholic standpoint would not only evince a commendable diligence in the interests of the Church, but would prove profitable to any fair-minded student in his earnest quest of honest truth. It would be difficult to overestimate their importance in view of the fact that a knowledge of the history and development of the law is essential to its proper appreciation. The Catholic student who devotes time and energy to a thorough investigation of those historical questions which affect both his profession and his Church, will make himself a better equipped lawyer as well as a better informed Catholic.

The University Law School

Among the Catholic student's opportunities for usefulness must be reckoned his association with his fellow-students. Cardinal Newman in his "Idea of a University" calls attention to the value of association and companionship in university life. There is probably no department of a university in which students can be more helpful to one another than in that which is devoted to preparation for the practice of law. At a law school the Catholic student will meet young men of other creeds or of no creed, who come from communities where Catholicism is little known, and whose only ideas of the teachings and practices of the Church have been derived from decidedly biased sources. These young men are generally energetic, upright and fair-minded, though often ill-informed, or misinformed, on many subjects directly concerning the Catholic Faith. It should be the aim of the Catholic student and, to some extent, the office of the law school under Catholic control, to send them back to their homes with their prejudices removed, and their false impressions corrected. In view of the fact that a lawyer may wield a very potent influence in his community for good or ill, it must be admitted that far-reaching results may be accomplished by giving non-Catholic law students broader and more liberal notions of Catholic doctrine and Catholic interests.

Although a law school was established in 1843 by St. Louis University, it is only within recent years that this faculty has found an honored place in many other American Catholic institutions. Situated for the most part in our larger cities, these schools are easily accessible. In the East are located the Georgetown school, by far our largest law school, the Catholic University school and the Fordham school. Duquesne University, Detroit University, Marquette University (Milwaukee), St. John's University (Toledo), Loyola and De Paul Universities (Chicago), Notre Dame University, St. Louis University, Creighton University (Omaha), Loyola University (New Orleans), St. Ignatius University (San Francisco), Gonzaga University (Spokane), and St. Mary's College, (Oakland, California), complete the list of law schools conducted under Catholic auspices.

Why a Catholic Law School?

It is assumed, of course, that the Catholic student will faithfully practise the religion he professes; in other words,

that he will be a Catholic in earnest. Such he should endeavor to be, not only for God and his fellow-men, not only for his own spiritual welfare, but even for his temporal advancement and material success. A lawyer has especial need of a strong personality, and the student will find that he has admitted a dangerous and weakening element in his character when he allows himself to be half-hearted in regard to any of the important interests of life. The Catholic student who grasps and improves the opportunities offered him at an institution where his faith is held in becoming reverence, will find in the tenets of that faith the foundation of his legal knowledge; he will prepare himself to defend religion against insidious inference and half-truths, and make it known and honored even by those who do not embrace it. He will thus prove himself a more loyal Catholic, make himself a more useful citizen, and train himself to be a more capable lawyer. LINUS A. LILLY, LL.M., S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Mrs. Dorr and the Den

IT all began out in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. On June 12, by some unfortunate oversight, The Harrisburg *Patriot* published an article written for the "New York Evening Mail Syndicate" by Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr. What happened after the publication of this tear-stained tale, I have told in AMERICA for July 29. Briefly, it is this. The Syndicate gave what publicity it could to a story of shocking cruelty inflicted upon a little girl in a New York Catholic institution. When challenged, the Syndicate refused absolutely either to prove its charges, or to allow me to investigate them. Although I did my best, I could obtain neither the name of the child and the institution, nor the date on which she was "rescued." All that persistent questioning could wring from the manager, Mr. V. V. McNitt, was "Mrs. Dorr does not recall the name of the little girl that she removed from the home on Madison Avenue." In a final communication however, Mr. McNitt vouchsafed the information that the New York *Evening Mail* had also entered the "sob sister" class by publishing this mournful story.

THE TEARFUL TALE

An analysis of Mrs. Dorr's exceedingly offensive article will prepare us for a proper valuation of the defense offered by her and by the *Mail*. An ignorant Lithuanian woman places her little girl of seven in a Catholic institution for children. "A month went by before she was allowed to see her child. No reason, just rules." Anyone at all acquainted with the quarantine regulations of well-conducted institutions, may infer a "reason"; not, however, Mrs. Dorr. "What the poor woman saw when her child came into the room made her burst into weeping." This weeping, it must be allowed, was amply justified. For (1) "The child was chalk-white, emaciated, shrinking and terrified"; (2) "She had not been given a full meal in a month"; (3) "For a little mistake" this child of seven had been forced "to kneel on the floor with arms held out" and when exhausted by this torture, "beaten with a ruler"; (4) "She was not hungry, she was starved"; (5) She had been "immured" in a den with others "and there was no way of getting them out." This last does not seem to be true; for Mrs. Dorr, at least so she tells us, rescued the child very readily. (6) "There was more of the story of which the above is merely a mild sample."

DR. RUMELY AND THE TELEPHONE

After an interchange of letters, in which my requests for the name of child and institution with the date of rescue, were countered by the canny Mr. McNitt's panegyrics of Mrs. Dorr, I began to perceive dimly, that questioning Mr. McNitt was a process closely akin to that of pumping a dry well. On July 28 I gave over my efforts, and addressed to Dr. Edward Rumely, Vice-President and Secretary of the *Evening Mail*, these three questions: Name of institution criticised? Name of child "starved and beaten" in this "den"? Date of "rescue"?

Up to the present Dr. Rumely has favored me with no specimen of his epistolary style. True, on July 29, a voice purporting to emanate from him, conversed with me over the telephone. But I am not familiar with Dr. Rumely's proper tones; our conversation, therefore, while interesting, especially in that part on which I unwittingly eavesdropped, was not conclusive. For all I know, it may not have been Dr. Rumely at all, but some Inspector of Police trying out my telephone. If not precisely public, telephonic communication in New York may be safely deemed unprivileged. More than once has a perfectly innocent conversation, say about the price of eggs, been spread on the minutes of a Grand Jury, or of some similar formidable body. Hence I place no confidence in my conversation with the alleged Dr. Rumely. However, what passed over the wire on that occasion was the Voice's mild deploring that I should have taken any offense at the outrageous charges in the *Mail*, coupled with praises of Mrs. Dorr; and from my side, a steady request for an answer to the three questions I have stated above. I was not particularly interested in anything else; but need I say that I got no answer?

THE CATEGORICAL MR. STOCKBRIDGE

On July 29, Mr. Frank Parker Stockbridge, Managing Editor of the *Mail*, addressed me in the following manner. He was in possession of my three questions. Note how precisely he answers them.

> Your letter addressed to Dr. Rumely has been referred to me as Managing Editor of the *Evening Mail*. The article in question was furnished us by Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, whose reputation as a writer in this country is well known. Mrs. Dorr's record for accuracy, reliability and honesty of purpose is such that we accept and have found ourselves able to rely upon, the material submitted by her. In this case Mrs. Dorr's position has already been outlined by her in her letter of July 25.

With this brief, direct and completely satisfying reply to my three questions, Mr. Stockbridge sent me a copy of an editorial appearing in the *Mail* for July 21. Its subject is, partly, the "Committee of Thirty" and, partly, standards for child-caring institutions; and Mr. Stockbridge informs me that it "outlines the editorial position of the *Mail*." Perhaps it does; but it has no more bearing on my three questions than it has on Jupiter's fifth moon. It was in this sense that I answered Mr. Stockbridge by again proposing my three questions. I still await an answer.

THE PANEGYRIZED MRS. DORR

In the meantime, Mrs. Dorr had broken the silence by sending under date of July 25, the following notable communication.

> Mr. V. V. McNitt, managing editor of the "Mail Syndicate," has shown me a letter from you in regard to an editorial article written by me, into which you have read an attack on the Catholic Church. [The "attack" probably consisted in my three questions.] If you will be so courteous as to read the article again, with special reference to the concluding paragraph, you will see that I made no attack on any Church. [This is mere dust; I never claimed that she had.] My attack, or criticism, was directed against the system of caring for dependent children in institutions. I asked of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and all philanthropic people if they could devise no better way of caring for children than putting them in institutions and then forgetting them.

If Mrs. Dorr thinks it will strengthen her case, I will gladly

print the concluding paragraph. I omitted it from my article of July 29, out of "pity" for its sheer fatuity.

> Catholic, Protestant, Jew, philanthropist, social worker, charity agent, in your divine pity for helpless childhood, can you find no better way of expressing that pity than by building huge institutions? And is your sense of duty satisfied when you put children within the walls, and then go away and forget their existence?

After announcing that "all" institutions are "bad," and stating her determination "always to help abolish orphan asylums and other institutions of whatever denomination," including no doubt private hospitals and nurseries, Mrs. Dorr goes on:

> You ask for the date of the incident referred to, and the name of the child I helped remove from one of your institutions. [I also asked for the name of the institution, but this has escaped this lady's remarkable memory.] I *cannot give you either* and I most certainly would not if I could. The incident was a passing one in the life of a very busy woman. The mother of the child was a maid in my hotel, known to me only by her given name. When the child's records were looked up I learned her surname, but it was a long and difficult Lithuanian name which I did not remember overnight. I repeat that I would not under any circumstances reveal the identity of the child, partly because to do so would be a violation of all newspaper ethics and also because the mother is poor and obscure and might be forced to apply for public help again. Knowing charitable methods, both public and private, I should not care to jeopardize her chances in such case.

"What a princely mind!" one recalls from Newman, on reading this license of insinuation, "How loyal to his rash promise; how delicate towards the subject of it; how conscientious in his interpretation of it."

NEWSPAPER "ETHICS"

I have said that it all began in Harrisburg. "Harrisburg" naturally recalls Mrs. Harris, and from this mythical personage who, probably, is in charge of Mrs. Dorr's "den," it is but a step to that paragon of nurses, Mrs. Sairey Gamp. "I am glad to see a parapidge," she observes, preparatory to a night of nursing, "in case of fire." Mrs. Dorr, too, has found her "parapidge." It is "newspaper ethics," and surely no one ever crossed to safety on a stranger bridge. It is according to newspaper ethics, as understood by Mrs. Dorr and the *Evening Mail*, to make charges of the gravest nature against a Catholic institution; and a violation of that high code to prove the charges when challenged. The position leads to odd conclusions. By countenance of this code of honor, not only am I justified in publishing that "the editor of an evening paper with offices near Broadway, murdered his wife last week and buried the body in quicklime," but when I positively refuse to give any proof of my sensational statement, I am upholding the rights and dignity of the profession.

I sum up, then, the outstanding facts in the case of Mrs. Dorr and the "den." Through the "Mail Syndicate" and the *Evening Mail*, Mrs. Dorr publicly prefers charges of a scandalous nature against a Catholic institution. On challenge, all parties to the accusation persistently refuse to prove their statements. Finally, with equal persistence, Mrs. Dorr, the *Evening Mail* and the "Mail Syndicate," refuse to allow any investigation by me of serious charges publicly made against a Catholic institution, basing their refusal, first, on the basis of Mrs. Dorr's uncertain memory, and next, on the unimpeachable dictates of "newspaper ethics."

Although my three questions remain unanswered, I cannot regard my correspondence with the *Mail* and Mrs. Dorr as fruitless. It has given me, somewhat in detail, the "ethics" of the recent newspaper campaign of calumny against the private charitable institutions of New York. "Accuse boldly, never prove your charges, and above all, never retract, except when threatened by a libel suit." PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The recent convention of Catholic societies at the New York Catholic Week has naturally aroused the interest of non-Catholics. The *American Israelite* writes:

> What strikes us above all as important is the statement made by Joseph T. Brennan, who protested against the use of the word "toleration" by Colonel Patrick Henry Callahan. The latter said that five-sixths of the non-Catholics of this country have been very tolerant to the one-sixth who are Catholics. Mr. Brennan claims that it is not a fact and we are inclined to think he is right—and furthermore, that the word "toleration" is a misnomer. No Church has a monopoly on Americanism. We are glad to indorse this statement.

Other points are likewise mentioned as offering "a useful lesson to the Jews."

Fully in conformity with the bigotry displayed by the Legislature of Georgia in passing the Convent Inspection Bill is its attitude towards lynching. The Rochester *Post Express* writes:

> It is discouraging to believers in the sincerity of Georgia's will to put an end to the lynching outrages that have soiled her reputation to note that the legislature failed to pass the bill authorizing the governor to remove from office any sheriff who fails to perform his duty. This measure had the earnest support of the Atlanta *Constitution*, and other papers of reputation; it was in line with recommendations made by the southern states which met some months ago to discuss means of stopping this evil. But it was overwhelmingly defeated in the Georgia legislature although unanimously endorsed by the judiciary committee.

Thus, as the paper rightly says, "the good faith of the State is impugned by the action of its legislators." These brave defamers of the virtue of Southern women have however made it a felony to steal an automobile and "a serious offense," Bishop Keiley believes, "to allow hogs to run at large."

The present year marks the second centenary of the foundation by the Jesuit missionaries of the Indian village of Caughnawaga or Sault St. Louis on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Montreal. The idea of Father Raffeix, S.J., was to gather together the Iroquois converts in order to save them from the contamination of paganism, to which they were exposed. The first site chosen was at Laprairie in 1667, thence the Indians moved farther from the whites, who proved to be the next source of danger, to a site now marked by a granite monument erected in memory of the saintly Iroquois virgin, Catherine Tegakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, who lived and died in that place. After two more migrations a satisfactory settlement was at last established in 1716 at the present location of the Iroquois reservation known as Caughnawaga. The Jesuits remained in charge of the mission until 1773, after which it passed into the hands of the diocesan clergy and of the Oblate Fathers, reverting again to the care of the Society of Jesus in 1903. A monument dating back two hundred years is the presbytery built in 1716, while the church constructed in 1719 likewise remains to bear testimony to those days of heroic struggle and stanch Christian faith.

The Fathers of the Divine Word at Techny, Ill., have begun gathering means for the building of the first church in the United States directly intended for the apostolate of the world missions. Their small, narrow chapel will soon be inadequate for the increasing number of mission students. As their entire course is not yet completed, a new class will be added each year until the future mission priests can be ordained, it is hoped, in the new mission church.

The new church is to be a temple in honor of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit of God who in the beginning moved

over the waters and brought light and order out of darkness and chaos, the same Divine Spirit whom the Saviour gave to the Church and to us as Guide and Teacher of the truth, is to bring into life the mission spirit in our own America. From a sanctuary specially dedicated to Him the light of truth is to be carried forth unto the nations still sitting in pagan darkness and the shadow of death.

The earnest labors of the Fathers deserve to meet with heartiest support from all sides, so that the Church of the Holy Ghost may in reality become, what they desire it to be, a national world-mission church.

Ninety-three labor laws were passed by Congress and the State Legislatures during the past legislative year. The summary of the more important items of labor legislation in the various States is thus made by the American Association for Labor Legislation:

Three States, Maryland, Massachusetts and South Carolina, concerned themselves with the legal regulation of collective bargaining. In Maryland a State Board is authorized to prescribe rules of procedure for arbitration of industrial disputes, including power to conduct investigations and hold hearings, to summon witnesses and enforce their attendance, to require the production of books, documents and papers, and administer oaths, exercising these powers to the "same extent that such powers are possessed by the civil courts of the State." South Carolina created a Board of three members to investigate and to promote agreements in strikes and lockouts at the rate of $10 a day each. Massachusetts amended her law regulating the procuring of strikebreakers.

During the year, seven of the eleven States holding regular legislative sessions passed new or strengthened old laws affecting child labor. Shorter hours, a higher minimum wage, prohibition of night work and exclusion from hazardous employments are the main tendencies. South Carolina raises the minimum work age from twelve to fourteen, while Massachusetts and New Jersey make special provision for pupils who study part time in vocational schools and may then work part time.

The two most significant laws, in the opinion of Dr. John B. Andrews, secretary of the association for the promotion of labor legislation, are the workmen's compensation bill, passed in the interest of federal employees, and the national law prohibiting the shipment of certain products in the preparation of which the labor of children has been employed, the latter regulation applying to interstate and foreign commerce. To these two laws the eight hour railroad legislation must now be added.

A new Catholic organization for boys has recently been founded by the Knights of Columbus at Milwaukee. It is to be national in extent, military in nature, and bears the fair name of Columbus Cadets. Archbishop Messmer has given to it his heartiest approval. "It is an encouraging sight for the Catholic Hierarchy," he says in his letter of recommendation, "when our Catholic laymen come forth in active work for the promotion of the interests of religion and morality among our young Catholic people." For the present the association will embrace all boys from the fifth to the eighth grammar grades inclusive, but it is hoped that the lads will be anxious to remain in their companies after graduation or form senior companies. Thus the society will help to safeguard our Catholic boys during the critical period which follows upon their release from the authority and supervision of the school. The chief organizer of the movement, Mr. Peter F. Murphy, thus describes its purpose and methods:

The purpose of the Columbus Cadets as outlined in the articles of incorporation is "To inspire the rising generation with ideals of loyalty and patriotism, to encourage the study of the history of our country, to teach respect for constituted authority and to inculcate and promote love of God and country." The stability of a republic depends upon the character of its citizens, therefore the moral and religious training given in our schools is patriotic service of the highest order. It is our purpose to extend this work of our schools in the formation of character and the training for citizenship.

As the Columbus Cadets are a military and patriotic organization, military drill supplemented by instruction in United States history, the nature and functions of republican government, and the rights and duties of American citizenship, will constitute a considerable portion of its activities. Athletic sports of course will be promoted, mutual and unselfish service encouraged, and in short every available means employed for the betterment of the boys, so far as this may be done without interfering with the regular school work.

The organization is to be conducted only with the approval of the pastors but permission has already been granted for it in almost all the parishes of Milwaukee. The corporation itself consists of Knights of Columbus who join as active members while the parishioners in general are invited to enroll as associate members, each member paying one dollar a year. Each cadet is to purchase his own uniform and contribute five cents a month to the company treasury. The first number of the official monthly, the *Columbus Cadet,* has appeared and the founders express themselves as gratified with the hearty spirit of cooperation so far displayed.

Is chivalry dead in the South? Was it possible that the outrageous attack upon Southern womanhood implied in the Convent Inspection Bill could become law? Yet that document of abysmal bigotry and ignorance has now been signed by Georgia's Governor and has actually become law. And in the entire State only two non-Catholic gentlemen were brave enough to speak out publicly what many doubtless felt in their hearts. Their names deserve to be recorded. They were the Rev. Ashby Jones, a Baptist minister, and Mr. Thomas Loyless, the editor of the Augusta *Chronicle.* The Catholics of Augusta have determined to print the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Jones together with a foreword by the Bishop of Savannah which is quoted in the Bishop's letter to the *Morning Star* of New Orleans. "Who," he asks, "are the persons affected by the bill?" and his eloquent answer follows:

They are Southern ladies, the sisters and daughters of Georgia men, who have given up home and ties of kindred to nurse the sick, care for the orphans, teach the children. One of these communities of Sisters has a record writ in the story of Savannah's fever-stricken people when it opened its doors to the sick, nursed them and died in the work. And a member of this community, as I stood beside her coffin a few weeks back, had on her breast a medal—which I had never seen before, because her modesty kept it secret—which a grateful city gave to one who offered her life for the yellow fever victims, though a merciful God did not demand the sacrifice.

I have known many of these Sisters as pure girls, whose home life was ideal and whose piety and love of God and mankind for God's sake made them leave their own homes to work for the homeless, and bestow on the children bereft of mothers that loving care which they had received from their own mothers at home. I have seen time and again the orphan boys and girls crowding around these Sisters, and the shining eyes of boys and girls told the story of the loving, devoted care lavished by the Sisters on their charges.

And the Legislature of this State accuses these women not merely of unwomanly conduct, but by implication, of breach of morality! No man worthy of Southern manhood—whether he be Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or of no religion—but feels a blush of shame mount to his cheek at the story of the act of this legislative body.

There will be a sequel to this law which Georgia's legislators have not thought of. Catholics have nothing to fear from publicity, but honest men will come to recognize, as Bishop Keiley well says, the injustice that has been done, and will investigate further into the claims of that Church which has outlived the persecutions of nineteen centuries. They will see the truth and some, we may hope, with the grace of God will embrace it.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The following statement about the difficulty which precipitated the New York car strike was made for AMERICA by a man involved in the trouble.

The New York Car Strike

When the first strike took place this summer, an agreement was drawn up, which invoked the principle of arbitration to settle disputes, and acknowledged the right of the car-men to unionize. This agreement was accepted by the company and the men, and it was signed by the Mayor and Mr. Straus, Chairman of the Public Service Commission, on behalf of the people. The contract directly affected the men employed on the surface lines, known as the "green car system." But the company which controls these lines, also controls the subway and elevated systems, popularly known as the Interborough. Now, though technically the Interborough had no contract with its men recognizing the principle of arbitration and the right to unionize, yet its manager, who is also the manager of the "green cars," admitted that the management of both systems should be uniform. In spite of this the Interborough helped to create a "union" of its own, and those who became members were asked to sign individual contracts which enforced a wage scale for some two years. This was viewed with alarm by the regular union which feared that its men would also be obliged to sign individual contracts. In fact, such contracts were already printed, and no doubt would have been circulated. Believing that the action of the Interborough tended to destroy real unionism the labor leaders demanded that the question of the individual contracts be arbitrated; their request was refused, and thus a strike was precipitated. It is interesting to note that on September 12, the Public Service Commission justified the labor leaders' demand, stating that the question whether or no the contracts are a violation of agreement should be arbitrated.

The War.—The steady advance of the Allies in Picardy continues. They have taken the Mouquet Farm, Courcelette, Martinpuich, all of the Foureaux Wood, Flers, most of the Bouleaux Wood, Le Priez Farm, Hill 145, Bouchavesnes, Marrières Wood, l'Abbé Wood, and Hill 76. In the Trentino the Italians have taken Monte Cauriol and made some slight progress north of Monte Pasubio, and in the Posina Valley; they have also captured San Grado on the Carso and seized some heights on the Voyusa in Albania. Fighting has been taking place along the entire Macedonian front from Banica to the Struma River. As a consequence the Bulgarians west of Lake Ostrovo have retired to the Broda River, and have lost two miles of trenches north of Majadag; the Serbians have occupied Malkanidze; and the British, Nevolyen. The latter crossed the Struma at Neohori, but subsequently withdrew. The Bulgarians have occupied Kavala. In Volhynia and in East Galicia the Russians have been on the offensive, but have not been able to make any permanent gains. In the Carpathians they had some temporary success near Kapul, but later were driven back. In Transylvania the Rumanians have crossed the Toplitsa River, and have advanced west of Csik-Szereda. They have also crossed the Aluta River east of Fogaras, have occupied Schelletberg, near Hermannstadt, and reached a point twelve miles north of Petroseny. The Rumanians and Russian forces are retiring before the advance of the Central Powers in Dobrudja; the Bulgarians have recovered all the territory ceded to Rumania after the second Balkan

Bulletin, Sept. 12, a. m.-Sept. 18, p. m.

war. In Armenia the Turks claim successes in the Ognott region, but they have been obliged to fall back before the Russians at Bana in Persia.

The recent troubles in Greece have resulted in the resignation of M. Zaimis and his Ministry. M. Dimitracopoulos was invited by the King to form a Cabinet, but was unable to do so. Later M. Kalogeropoulos received a similar invitation, and succeeded in forming a tentative Cabinet, the life of which, according to reports, will depend on its attitude towards the Allies.

France.—A book has just been published that throws an interesting light upon the part played by the Catholics of the diocese of Paris in the alleviation of the miseries of war. The work, written by M. Paul Delay, is analyzed in the columns of the Liverpool *Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion.* The first volume treats of the diocese of Paris; the other volumes will show the Catholics at work in the other dioceses of France, at the front, in the territory held by the enemy and in the prison-camps of Germany. The purpose of this Apologia, "Les Catholiques au Service de la France" is to remind a certain section of the French people of the immense services rendered to the country in the hour of its greatest need by the maligned and oppressed Catholics. The author informs his readers that in the years which preceded the war, the Government did its best to substitute "official" for private charity. The tendency still exists, but the tremendous demands created by new circumstances favored the development of individual charitable work suggested and directed by Catholics. Thus, although the French Red Cross Society gratefully acknowledges the assistance rendered it by Protestant and Jewish associations, the majority of its workers are devout and practical Catholics. The seminaries and convents of the diocese of Paris were from the outset of the war put at the disposal of the military and Red Cross authorities for the use of the wounded. M. Delay emphasizes the utter absence of bitterness with which the religious, banished and robbed by the French Government, forgot their grievances. The men eagerly flocked back to serve as soldiers or chaplains, the women with the same generosity took their stand at the bedside of the wounded soldiers.

Catholic Loyalty

M. Delay furnishes some interesting details with regard to the military chaplains. At one time before the war there were four chaplains for an army corps, that is to say, one chaplain for 40,000 men. The presence of 22,000 clerics under the colors in war-time brought a religious element within reach of the troops, but the soldier-priests had military duties to perform, and their apostolate was thereby hampered. In August, 1914, M. Viviani, then President of the Council, yielding to the pressure brought upon him by Count de Mun, consented to permit volunteer chaplains, if approved by the ecclesiastical and military authorities, to proceed to the front. He objected, however, that there was no fund out of which they might be paid. A popular subscription was immediately opened, which in the space of a few days brought in $20,000. Since the death of Count de Mun, his noble work has been carried on by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison, who directs the "bureau" where volunteer chaplains offer their services. Many of these heroes have been mentioned in dispatches and have received the highest military rewards for gallantry. These chaplains are now paid by the Government. By doing so, it has recognized the value of the moral influence that keeps up the soldier's courage and fosters the spirit of sacrifice.

Germany.—Germany is apparently little concerned with the prospect of "war after the war" as threatened by the Allies and discussed in their economic conference at Paris. Her merchants believe that artificial barriers will have to yield to natural demands and advantages. They have therefore developed an enormous activity in their ship-building industry and all the existing yards are crowded with orders for at least two years to come. To the ships now under construction or already completed must be added those in neutral waters which, with the exception of such as are interned in the tropics, are available for immediate service on the return of peace. At the present moment the North German Lloyd, according to the statement made by its director, Herr Heineken, would be able to resume service with virtually the same tonnage as before the war, new construction having balanced the tonnage destroyed or captured. Germany realizes that ships which have been requisitioned for military purposes by the various European governments cannot immediately be ready for ordinary traffic and that companies with tonnage afloat will therefore have an immeasurable advantage. Herr Heineken strongly insists, however, that there is no basis for the apprehension, often expressed in American papers, that Germany might unload large quantites of low-priced goods on the American market. He says:

The Merchant Marine

> Post-bellum traffic will be largely one-way traffic at first. German ships, for example, will be able to load for America a certain amount of potash, dyestuffs and so forth, but this will not counterbalance the cotton, tobacco, copper and other raw materials which will be imported immediately from America. Only after the arrival of these raw materials and the reconversion of our industries to a peace basis will cargoes of manufactured articles be ready for shipment.

Like Germany, all Europe will call upon us for raw materials and seek to replenish its exhausted stock.

Owing to the abundance of the new crops the price of bread has been reduced at Berlin to seventeen cents for a four-pound loaf, a price which the German papers remark, is less than that charged in England. Other reductions have likewise been made. The Overseas News Agency announces:

Fall in Food Prices

> The price of oats has been lowered from 45 pfennigs a pound

retail to 28 pfennigs, and peeled barley from 40 pfennigs to 30 pfennigs. The newspapers report that the price of potatoes will be lowered during the winter, the municipalities having voted considerable funds to this end. The press expresses satisfaction with the measures taken.

Reduction of prices for certain kinds of meat are announced to take place soon.

Hungary.—The Opposition party in the Hungarian Diet is daily losing strength and influence. Its main contention was that Baron von Burian, the Foreign Minister, and Premier Tisza, had neglected their duty in not taking proper military precautions to forestall the Rumanian invasion of Transylvania, and in failing to warn the population in time to save crops and cattle. In answer to the Opposition's interpellation upon this question Count Tisza stated that the Austro-Hungarian Government had been perfectly familiar with the attitude of Bucharest and looked for a declaration of war, but that the action of the Rumanian Government had been precipitated by the Entente before Rumania herself was quite prepared, as developments in Dobrudja had shown. Austria-Hungary had made all possible preparations for Rumania's declaration of war. His masterly defense of the Vienna Foreign Office, the General Staff and of his own party disarmed his opponents. The demands of the Opposition are constantly lessening and it is probable that the storm will pass leaving everything unchanged. The populace is indifferent to the dispute in the Diet and weary of the wrangling of these "patriots in different uniforms."

Opposition to Premier Tisza

Ireland.—A "White Paper" recently issued, giving Irish emigration statistics, shows that the number of emigrants who left Ireland during the year 1915 was the lowest recorded since the collection of emigration returns, which began in 1851. The total number of emigrants during last year was 10,792, viz., 6,671 males and 4,121 females. Of the males 6,567, and of the females 4,092 were natives of Ireland, the total number of these 10,659 being equivalent to a rate of 2.4 per 1,000 of the estimated population, and showing a decrease of 9,655 as compared with the year 1914. Since 1851, 4,309,300 emigrants, natives of Ireland, left Irish ports. The natives of Ireland who left the country last year include 2,905 from Leinster, an increase of 45 over 1914; 1,550 from Munster, a decrease of 4,102; 3,790 from Ulster, a decrease of 2,822; 2,414 from Connaught, a decrease of 2,776. Of the persons who left Ireland last year, 83.6 per cent were between the ages of 15 and 35, compared with 86.6 per cent in 1914. Of the 6,671 male emigrants 759 were described as married or widowers. Some 7,761 of the total emigrants embarked for the British Colonies or foreign countries, and 2,898 for Great Britain, with the intention of settling there. The United States was the destination of 3,681 emigrants in 1915, compared with a yearly average of 19,877 for the four preceding years.

Emigration Statistics

Italy.—The importance of a more vigorous endeavor to intensify all kinds of industrial activity is now keenly felt in Italy, as in almost all European countries. Italian statesmen and economists realize that such an intensification must extend itself to Italy's main source of wealth and revenue, agriculture. In Rome, according to the correspondent of the Dublin *Irish Catholic*, the necessity of efforts in this direction has turned the attention of trained specialists to the vast, thinly inhabited region known as the Roman Campagna, the chief part of which stretches out between Rome, the Sabine hills on one side, and the Alban hills and the sea coast on the other. The greater part of this tract lies untilled in the hands of proprietors who take no pains to render it fruitful. The question is now asked: What is to be done with the Roman Campagna in order to make it yield its quota of agricultural produce? Evidently, it must be put in the hands of those who will work it. To secure that end, State aid seems to be necessary, and the question has arisen as to the manner in which the State should assist. Some have made the rather radical suggestion that the only way is expropriation and the subsequent allotment of the land to small peasant proprietors. The claim is made that as long as it is held by a few rich landowners, the land will remain useless, consequently the only solution is to take it out of their hands and to give it to those who will till it. This solution is meeting with opposition, because it does not appear to meet the difficulty and is considered unfair by more conservative Italians. Many interested in the discussion consider that the present owners are better able to obtain the required result, for a small system of peasant proprietorship is not likely to succeed where there is question of reclaiming such extensive wastes as are to be found in the Campagna. Whatever solution is adopted, Italian statesmen, sociologists and economists and the people at large would welcome any energetic move to make what is now a barren waste, a tolerably productive tract of country.

The Wastes of the Campagna

Mexico.—The Mexican-American Commission is still sitting at New London—as yet nothing else has been accomplished—but the press has finally announced that the Commission is "on the verge of action." Apparently the Mexicans are insisting on the immediate withdrawal of Pershing's troops as a condition of further discussion. Nothing, however, is known for certain, unless credence can be placed in the repeated dispatches from New London to the effect that the American commissioners know nothing about Mexican affairs and are under the tutelage of the Mexican conferees. Mexico itself shows little sign of improvement. Carranza is still

Present Conditions

issuing arbitrary decrees and eight "Chiefs," exclusive of Carranza, are carrying on revolutions in different parts of the unhappy country. "Independence Day" was celebrated on September 16. The dispatches announced that the "First Chief" appeared on the balcony of the palace, the evening before, ringing the independence bell, but he was absent from the celebration itself "on account of a slight cold." He has issued a decree calling for a revision of several articles of the plan of Guadaloupe, drawn up December 12, 1914. The decree also provides for the election of members to Congress, whose first session is announced for October 15. Each State and Territory shall elect a deputy and a sub-deputy for every 70,000 inhabitants, and an additional deputy, if the fraction above 70,000 exceeds two-sevenths of that number. Any State or Territory not having 70,000 inhabitants is entitled to elect one deputy and one sub-deputy. Those who opposed Carranza with arms are not eligible to office. A "Constitutional Assembly," for the reform of the Constitution, will be convoked on November 20, probably at Queretaro. After the reforms have been enacted, a presidential election will be held.

How lawless Mexico really is may be judged from a speech of the Minister of Justice, Roque Estrada, to the newly appointed civil judges of Mexico City. The Minister told the judges there *were no laws in Mexico,* therefore the judges should *use their discretion* in deciding cases, but they should always remember that their *first duty was to carry out the aims of the Carranza régime and the ideals of the revolution.* Villa continues to be a torment. Up to date he has cost the United States over $100,000,000, and one report has it that he is now costing this country $2,000,000 a day. As usual he continues to be surrounded and slain, by Carranza's dispatches. On Friday, September 15, a wire stated that Carranza's "loyal troops were tightening their grip on Villa." On Saturday, September 16, the expectant world was informed that Villa attacked Chihuahua City with 600 men, penetrated part of the city, but was finally driven off. The general value of statements sent out by the Carranzistas can be judged from the subjoined letter:

> The glowing accounts about Carranza's progress, sent out from here amuse us immensely. They give the impression that all is peace and prosperity, whereas in reality Mexico is war-ridden and miserable in the extreme. For good or evil Diaz still continues his triumphal march. He is now master of Chiapas, Tapachula excepted: Oaxaca State is overrun by his troops and he is at present besieging Oaxaca City. Besides this he practically controls Tabasco and the Gulf of Tehuantepec side of the Isthmus, except Salina Cruz. I cannot account for his rapid progress, for he seems to have very little money. However, he has gained the confidence of a large number of our people. Unlike the Carranzistas, his men are not bandits, they do not steal and murder and outrage our women. Moreover, they respect religion: in short they are men, not brutes, and observe the ordinary decencies of life.
>
> But I am wandering from my subject which is Carranza's progress. So, "back to my mutton." Besides Diaz, there are several other "Chiefs" in the field. The Arrieta brothers are still far from conquered; in fact they control one State. In Jalisco there are 2,000 men in arms, under the leadership of a real "fire-brand"; Tampico is completely under the control of Pelayez who is protecting the oil wells, and then there are the Zapata brothers who with their hordes are infesting the hills not far from Mexico City. Such is Carranza's boasted progress, a paper affair invented to impress your new Commission which, by the way, is an object of no little merriment here. Not one of the Americans serving knows our problems, and imagine it! They are to be instructed by three radicals who represent Carranza, the leader of less than two per cent of our people. This is democracy for you; this is the liberty which your intruding statesmen are to give us. Poor Mexico! A heavy heel is on its neck, and peace will not come till that heel is lifted.
>
> Now about our prosperity. It is just as real as the peace which we are enjoying. Our country is bankrupt; factories are deserted, fields and orchards are ruined, people are hungry and sick and oh, so unhappy. Typhus, and we fear yellow fever, are common, and the fault is not ours; all this misery and murder and rape and blasphemy would not have been, but for your interference in our affairs. Pardon my language; my heart is full. Of course here we dare not say a word. Not a syllable may be uttered or printed against the great "First Chief." The firing squad is always ready and willing. No doubt you know that executions still go on merrily. Some sixty Legalistas were shot in Durango not long since. Recently there has been some talk of a constitutional assembly, for the reform of our constitution. You know what that means. If you do not, just look back over Carranza's career and recall that I wrote you not long since that religion is still outraged. . . .

This pathetic letter is in reality not the expression of an individual, but the cry of a nation.

Spain.—According to the statistics gathered by our Consul-General at Barcelona, Carl Bailey Hurst, the Spanish merchant marine comprised on January 1, 1915, 217 sailing vessels, with a total tonnage of 29,118, and 640 steamers with a total tonnage of 875,609. Since 1914 there has been a slight decrease of sailing vessels, but steamers have increased from 628 to 640. During the past five years there has been an increase of ninety in the latter class of vessels. Most of the Spanish steamship companies have also increased their tonnage considerably during the same time, so that on January 1, 1915, the total tonnage of the steamers of the merchant marine amounted to 875,609, compared with 697,928 on January 1, 1910. Over one-third of these vessels are engaged in trans-oceanic navigation, the rest being restricted to the coastwise trade. The number of persons engaged in the merchant marine at present is estimated to be about 5,000 officers, such as captains, engineers, doctors, pursers, and chaplains, and some 25,000 others holding subordinate positions, besides fishermen and longshoremen. Fifteen years ago the Spanish merchant marine occupied the sixth place in comparison with other nations, but in recent years while other nations have increased their merchant marine rapidly, Spanish shipping has fallen in 1914 to the twelfth place on the list.

The Merchant Marine

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Decadence in America

TRAINED as we have been by the spirit of our time to think always of progress, it is difficult to consider decadence as the prime fact of history. Even if ready to accept such a fact we should still be likely to feel that our own time and country must surely be exceptions to the rule.

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton once said, I believe, that the trouble with us is that we do not make of ourselves in relation to time at all. We forget that a scant fifty years hence, our own period will be a past generation to be looked at with pity because it did not live to see the glorious progress of a half century later. Just think for a moment how pathetically we view the folk of the mid-nineteenth century. Yet they thought themselves most wonderful people. Remember there is a generation living which thinks of itself "as twentieth century," and is glad indeed that it did not have to live in that nineteenth century of which you and I thought so much in our earlier years.

Above all we Americans do not like to think seriously that decadence can ever overtake our nation and our people. Decadence may have come in the past, but that was because people lacked the sterling qualities that we possess and did not enjoy the precious heritage of liberty in a great republic so favored by Providence that it has the opportunity to spread untrammeled almost over a whole continent and to carry with it all the blessings of life.

Yet we have in America abundant evidence of the tendency among our people to go down hill rather than up, whenever circumstances are such that the struggle for life takes the place of living for the benefit of others. Recent studies of what has been called Appalachian America have shown elements of disillusion and decay lurking in the midst even of the overflowing life of America with all its apparent incentives to higher things. For there has been among us for nearly two centuries, in the heart of our free America, a people who in spite of all the opportunities afforded them have been in the midst of the most serious decadence.

Appalachian America represents the mountain ends of some seven or eight States, the western parts of Virginia and the Carolinas, the southern and eastern parts of West Virginia, the eastern ends of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama. In this mountain region there is the purest race of Americans to be found in this country. More sons and daughters of the Revolution could be quite legitimately recruited in these mountain regions than in any corresponding area in the country. The ancestors of these mountaineers left the eastern seaboard during the second half of the eighteenth century. They were descendants in the second and third generation of sturdy English, Scotch and Irish pioneers who had come over from the old country, made for themselves a home in the southern States and proudly saw their sons and daughters wander farther west to create homes in the wilderness.

It is natural to expect that with the stern upbringing incidental to pioneer conditions and with the freedom assured by American liberties, these mountaineers would resemble by this time the Swiss in Europe, those hardy people who in the midst of trying physical factors have done so much during the present world-war to keep alive the spirit of humanity in its highest expression. So different, however, has been the actual development in our mountain regions, that Appalachian America only too conclusively shows how easily decadence may affect even a free people.

It is estimated that there are now some 3,000,000 Americans, some estimates put the number as high as 4,000,000, in these mountain regions. The groups have been living to a large extent segregated from each other. It is with difficulty that they succeed in getting a bare existence out of their rugged and not very fertile hillsides. Mountain farming is not encouraging at the best, but it is peculiarly difficult in the districts under discussion. However these farmers have large families and sometimes raise ten or more children in a single-roomed or at most a two-roomed hut or cabin. Their clothing is scant and often home-made, and barely sufficient to cover their nakedness in the summer, or to keep them from freezing in the winter.

Above all, these mountain farmers have had very little social life. Their farms were far apart, their struggle for existence unbroken and exhausting. They worked so hard during the day that there was little time for social intercourse; then too life was too serious a thing to be frittered away in social gatherings, once the irrepressible impetus of youth to seek its pleasures in spite of fatigue and difficulty was passed.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances decadence set in and was very marked. These people lost all interest in the intellectual life. The great majority could not read or write and morality yielded before human passion. Feuds became common and occasionally families were engaged in trying to extirpate each other for some fancied wrong, inflicted a generation before. Sexual morality was a little better conserved, but the conditions of life were such in the crowded family quarters that modesty suffered; the normal promptings of conscience were weakened and vice came gradually to wear a less hideous mien.

These people preserved the old language of the Stuart times in England. A recent writer in *Harper's,* in an article entitled "In Shakespeare's America," has discussed the dialect they used and some of the customs they maintained. Some of the older folk still keep "old Christmas" probably as a remnant of the custom brought from England of celebrating Christmas eleven days later than the

rest of Europe. For the Gregorian reform which dropped ten days out of the calendar was adopted by the Catholic countries of Europe before the end of the sixteenth century, but was not accepted in England until the second half of the eighteenth century. When the ancestors of these mountaineers went into the mountains, they celebrated Christmas day on what was to the rest of the world January 5, and there are remnants of this old custom still to be traced. Their language, pronunciation and old-fashioned customs are, however, not an ignorant degeneration but like the Irish brogue a fine preservation of old things.

These people are not different from the rest of Americans in the intellectual powers they possess; but they have lost the habit of using them. What has happened is that the mountain people from sheer necessity have become so absorbed in taking care of their bodies that they have had no time to care for their minds and their souls. Rome's solicitude for the comfort and the pleasure of the body rather than for the mind was the prime factor of Roman decadence. Here also in America in spite of the safeguards against decay that might seem to exist in a great free country, we have a typical example of decadence. The reason is worth finding: it will not be so easy as many people think.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The War and the English Labor Market

THE great war has been fertile in surprises. During long years before it, there had been many forecasts of what the effects of a European war would be upon employment and labor in England. Economists were unanimous in predicting that one of its earliest effects would be a sudden fall in the demand for industrial labor, and consequent, wide-spread destitution among the workers. It was pointed out that, by a declaration of war against another European power and its allies, some of our best markets would be closed to us, and there would be an immediate falling off not only of imports, but of the manufactured goods exported to pay for them. This would mean the closing down of factories, the working of others on short time and the consequent loss of employment to many thousands engaged in manufacturing goods for export, and to thousands more who are normally employed in handling imports and exports for the countries with which we would be at war. This view was so generally accepted that, within a few days of the declaration of war, the Government issued a circular to all the local authorities urging them to put in hand at once any schemes of public improvement, in contemplation, in order to supply work to the men who had been thrown out of employment. Projects had already been elaborated for a great motor road from West London up the Thames valley. It was announced that this work would be begun at once, and would employ many thousands. But as the event proved, the only work done was the marking out of part of the intended course. Before things went further, it was discovered that the problem would be not to find labor for unemployed people, but to find men enough to deal with work of all kinds on an enormous scale. Instead of unemployment and destitution, there was a temporary dearth of workers and a sudden rise of wages in many trades to an extent that more than compensated the first rise in prices.

This unexpected state of things was produced by several causes. By the end of August, the allied armies in France were in full retreat, and Lord Kitchener had announced that instead of a small expeditionary force, which had been promised and supplied to France, half a million of men must be raised and equipped, as the first instalment of new armies that might eventually enroll millions of soldiers. There was no difficulty about the first enlistments. Men came to the recruiting depots in such crowds that it was hard to equip them.

Thus, hundreds of thousands of men were withdrawn from the labor market, and at the same time large orders were being issued for all kinds of equipments and supplies. But this was not all. In France tens of thousands of men had been sent back from the mobilization centers, because through the neglect of the Government during a long course of years, the proper steps had not been taken to provide equipments for them. France itself could not make good the deficiency. The German invasion had in the first month overrun and taken solid possession of its chief industrial districts. The first orders went to England. To give one instance out of many; Northampton the center of the boot trade, received in a single week orders for half a million pairs of boots.

But this was only the beginning. Before long it was realized that the war was making demands on the factories far in excess of anything that had been anticipated. In former wars, a soldier often went through a year or two of campaigning with the same rifle with which he went to the front. With modern explosives, developing a heat about equal to the melting point of steel, a rifle wears out very rapidly. In the first six months every rifle in the fighting line had to be replaced. The same process had to be carried through with the field artillery. As the armies expanded, hundreds of new guns had to be made, and there was an unexpected demand for enormous quantities of artillery of the heavier types. Then the consumption of ammunition exceeded all anticipation. There have been weeks during the war when between one Sunday and the next more shells have been fired on the British front than were used up during the whole two years of the South African war. There were equally heavy demands for the endless variety of equipments and appliances required by an army in the field. Aeroplanes were all-important, and the test of actual work showed that the life of an aeroplane, apart from accidents, was about three months.

The work of shipyards was also far beyond anything that had been anticipated or provided for. All work on

shipbuilding for commercial purposes had to be suspended almost immediately. The fighting fleets had to be kept in order, warships already under way completed at the utmost speed, and an immense number of ships altered and refitted to convert them into auxiliary cruisers, or to fit them out as transports and hospital ships. The work of repairing the ships of the fleet proved to be very heavy, though months went by without any serious fighting on the sea. The old wooden walls of Nelson's days could be kept in seaworthy order for long months by their own carpenters and riggers. The modern steel warship requires endless minor repairs. This is especially true of the lighter craft. The destroyers, knocking about in wild weather in the North Sea, suffered strains and minor accidents which meant frequent visits to the dockyards to be refitted, and it must be remembered that the work actually done at a dockyard means an immense amount of other work in steelworks and factories all over the country.

Of course much of the material needed was obtained from America and other neutral countries, but it was important to supply as much as possible from British factories. Apart from other considerations, it was more economical to spend money in the country itself than to send it abroad. Thus the position was, that on the one hand the demands on factories of every kind and on the railways and the transport trades were increasing week by week, and at the same time hundreds of thousands of men were ceasing to be industrial workers by incorporation into the army. Under such conditions, there was, of course, a rise in wages. Contract prices were fixed on a liberal and even at times a reckless scale. Employers were competing with each other for the decreased supply of labor. Money was being spent freely by the Government, and though the contractors got the lion's share of it, there was enough left to pay exceptionally high wages. Unemployment and poverty dwindled to a minimum. In the London district, a region of more than a hundred square miles, with a population of 7,000,000, the Poor Law authorities have available about 200,000 beds in workhouses and casual wards, and in peace times in winter all of these are occupied. In the second winter of the war, the number of applicants for places in the casual wards fell below 1,500.

Many middle-class people, with small fixed incomes, found that war times meant financial difficulty. In certain professions, there was a dearth of employment. But the working classes, taken as a whole, were enjoying greater prosperity than had ever been known in the times of peace. Not only was there abundance of employment at good wages, but liberal extra-pay in the form of separation allowances, was given by the War Office to all dependents of soldiers on service. In the first year of the war one heard people saying that "it was too good to last." In places like Birmingham, where the local industries were largely taken up with the supply of arms and equipments, there were stories of the sudden rise to fortune of small employers who had a workshop of any kind, and of the reckless way in which the employees were spending their easily earned money. Food prices at first rose very little. The worker pays no direct taxation. People left entirely out of sight the fact that the flood of money which was being expended upon government contracts was largely borrowed, and would be a charge upon the industry of the nation for many a long year after the war was over. They mostly thought only of the present, and certainly for the first year of the war, instead of a strain upon the working class, there was an easy time of full employment, good wages, and general prosperity. The forecast of hard times had been utterly falsified.

But one cannot understand the industrial condition of the country by going no further than this surplus survey of it. The new conditions meant a complete change of all the labor arrangements of the times of peace. In order to cope with exceptional demands for the rapid production of enormous quantities of all kinds of manufactured goods, there had to be something like a revolution in accepted labor conditions. And as in the case of temperance legislation, a number of daring experiments had to be made, on which even the most revolutionary of politicians could not have ventured in peace time. I shall examine some of these in my next article.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

A Candle to Saint Anne

"LAST night I had an adventure," said Morris, the veteran journalist, who has wandered all over the country, a free lance of the press, now a reporter for some great metropolitan daily, again an editor of a little country weekly, then a special correspondent in war time, or, engaged in gathering material for magazines, a trafficker in words, keen of mind, facile of pen. "Not a strange experience, at least of late, for to me life has become a book of romance; and a sense of adventure is with me constantly, like the smell of the salt sea as you march over the sand dunes of Monterey or the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod. But first of all, I must go back to where we started; to do this is the great secret of all true stories. It is the secret of the story of the human soul, which is the most fascinating romance in the universe.

"I belong to the most romantic of all professions, and the most sordid and material. But that is another side of it. All my life I have sought for adventure, for the enrichment and strengthening of soul that comes from the stimulation of new and vital interests, thrilling events, fresh experiences. I sought the ever-receding, ever-dawning horizon of a life, not static but dynamic. Anything and everything but the otiose, the formal and unchanging! Like an Athenian of old, I was devoured by the thirst for new things, yet despite exceptional opportunities given me by my profession, the skies were growing leaden, the color was washing out of all flowers, the

tedium of existence was upon me, as the tide of time began to break upon the fatal shoals of my fortieth year,"—Morris ran a stubby finger through the graying fringe of hair that rings his bald skull—"and romance began to be a discredited fable, adventure was impossible. Every door I opened, with the hope that on the other side there might be a trail leading toward new lands, shut me within windowless walls; every path I tried ended in a *cul-de-sac*. So it was with the door marked 'Socialism,' which was to have given me entrance into a new life of service and song. So it was with the door bearing the legend, 'Art for Art's Sake.' Within, there were sights and sounds which when their false magic ebbed were not what decent people could safely hear or see. Then too there was the dusky path at the beginning of which was a sign, 'Occultism.' There were indeed many adventures to be found even a short distance adown that trail; but these adventures belong to that book of which some English writer speaks, Arthur Machen, I believe, 'Memoirs to Prove the Existence of the Devil.' I was forced to withdraw from all these paths and doors; at last, as you know, God opened to me the door of His Church.

"Then a strange thing happened; strange I mean to me; not at all to the Church, which for twenty centuries has been opening its door to all sorts and conditions of men, and which is not easy to surprise. This strange thing was that instead of reaching the climax of my adventure in life, as I somehow expected, I had reached only the beginning of a wonderful, living book of romance. New things crowded in on all sides. The tedium of existence faded away. Fresh interests clamored for attention. Instead of settling down into a rut, in place of accepting the cut-and-dried, and becoming a cog in a formal and unchanging mechanism, as so many of my friends assured me would be my fate, all kinds of discoveries and explorations were awaiting me. Perhaps a man who comes late into the Faith has the special blessing given him of returning in part to his childhood, of seeing things with the light of dawn upon them, and he finds all things in his new House splendidly strange, and wondrous and beautiful. To those born and brought up in that great House no doubt matters proceed more calmly; but I know that for me to enter a new church for the first time is a fascinating adventure, or to visit a seminary, a monastery, a chapel in a Catholic cemetery. Shall I ever forget my first retreat in a Jesuit novitiate, or a clothing ceremony among the Carmelites? I hope and trust not; and all these adventures are but types of those inward voyages of adventure which a passage of St. Teresa will open up for the soul, or the words of some liturgical prayer. There is no end to it; of course not, for it is a foretaste of eternity."

"But the candle to Saint Anne?"

"I am coming to it, fast. There is a local shrine, as you are doubtless aware, erected in honor of St. Anne, the mother of Our Lady. It is in a little church out near the sand dunes, not far from the Golden Gate, above which the Franciscan Father Palou began the story of San Francisco with a sign of the cross, like a tale of medieval chivalry, or a prayer, when he planted the Cross on Sutro Heights one hundred and fifty years ago, at a time when Washington was fighting King George on the other side of the unexplored continent. Every year there is a Novena to St. Anne in this church, and at the foot of her image there is a pile of crutches and leg-irons left by children who once were cripples. The church cannot begin to hold the people who throng to the Novena. It is a noble sight. Like the rosary procession of the Dominicans, like the wonderful pilgrimage of the Third Order of St. Francis to the grave of Serra a few years ago, like many another sign, it testifies to the strength of Catholicism in California, a land, I like to dream, that some day will be the Ireland, the France, the Italy of the New World in its frank, abounding testimonies to the Faith. It is also a land of paganism, the new paganism but that is another story.

"I happened to be present on the last night of the Novena. A Dominican Father preached, after the prayers; Benediction was to follow, that ineffably beautiful rite. The church blazed with lights; hundreds of candles were burning on the altars and before the shrine, while electric lights supplemented their golden glow with a white flood of brilliancy. How the people prayed! How they vibrated to the words of the preacher! Faith filled them; faith thrilled them; faith lifted their minds and hearts toward Almighty God. Then, all of a sudden, the electric lights went out, producing a queer, silent shock in all of us, a sense of uneasy surprise, even a sort of fear. For the preacher had told us in heart-born language of the raging world without the sanctuary: the battlefields of Europe and Asia, the desolated and violated holy places of Mexico, the unrest and the poverty and the crime and the ungodliness of our own dear land, and, as he spoke, our thoughts were busy with the horror of a few days before, when the anarchist's bomb exploded in the 'preparedness parade' on Market Street. It was like a sort of omen, this dying of the light. But that feeling quickly fled.

"Had we been in almost any other place than this, we might have been in darkness, plunged in fright, perhaps crushing each other in panic. But the candles to St. Anne, the candles burning before the Lord of St. Anne, our Lord as well, these candles were still burning; these candles, lighted in the catacombs, that had burned down twenty centuries of time before the door to eternity! And how much more beautiful was this light! How much more living! Electric light is cold and unfaltering and unchanging, like death, and selfishness, and pride of intellect; but candles are warm, and quick, and meek, constant as love. They burned in their glory and their golden peace. Fled was the garish artificial glare. Marvelously efficient, no doubt, is electricity; but how dispensable, how uninspiring! How little the Church

really needs it! Now I understand the edict from Rome which banishes it from the altar. How impossible to use an electric light bulb as a figure of sanctity, as a symbol of a soul; but how natural to use candles in imaging the Saints! Mary herself was a candle spent for Christ, a holy woman has written; and the spirits of the just upon earth burn themselves out upon the altar of service to the Lord.

"Then, in the midst of the soft and shimmering beauty of the sacred glow, the *O Salutaris Hostia* was sung and the living God shone upon His adoring worshipers; and I, the wanderer who had found my home, thanked Him as I bowed my head for all His goodness, mindful too that among the candles there burned one for me, in honor of St. Anne, mother of Mary, through whom we reach Christ." Michael Williams.

Mayor Mitchel's "Conspiracy" Collapses

THIS story has three parts. The first tells how on May 23, 1916, Mayor John Purroy Mitchel proclaimed to a startled city his discovery of a "conspiracy." The second relates how on July 17, not the Mayor, but the Mayor's faithful henchman, William J. Doherty, swore that to the best of his knowledge and belief this conspiracy was a reality. The third is a brief statement of Judge Greenbaum's decision of September 15, that the "conspiracy" never existed.

On May 23, fateful day, Mayor Mitchel publicly accused the Catholic Church of attempting to seize the government of the city of New York. (New York *Times,* May 24). This accusation was fitly accompanied by some claptrap oratory, but by no proof. On May 24, the Mayor changed the indictment. "It was not the Catholic Church," he said, "which has so conspired to pervert justice and to obstruct or control government but a small group within the Church. . . . It is this group that I charge with conspiracy." (New York *Tribune,* May 25). Then began the process of "trying the case in the newspapers," now so familiar to every New Yorker. Shaking a sheaf of messages, tapped from the telephone wires of private citizens, before the faces of the Thompson Committee, the Mayor announced that these would "tear things wide open." But the Committee was not impressed. A few days previously, the Mayor had appeared before the Kings County Grand Jury, with a similar sheaf. That body promptly indicted the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities, John A. Kingsbury, and the Commissioner's counsel, William H. Hotchkiss, for felony and misdemeanor. The patient Committee listened as the excited Mayor read his "phonograms." They were not the "originals," nor even a certified copy. The Mayor could not swear that they told the truth. He admitted that they were not legal evidence. At the close of the sitting, Mr. Frank Moss, the Committee's counsel thus expressed himself:

> It is an insult to the intelligence of even a layman, for the graduate of a law school and member of the bar of this city to say that even a yellow dog could be convicted on the evidence the Mayor has submitted to support his charges of conspiracy. (Brooklyn *Standard Union,* May 29.)

On June 14, the Mayor laid a formal complaint before District Attorney Swann. He claimed that "the Government of this city . . . in the course of the discharge of its official duties" in connection with the Charities Investigation, "has developed the evidence of specific breaches of the penal law." In an accompanying letter, Police Commissioner Woods stated the specific charges to be "perjury, conspiracy to publish a criminal libel, criminal libel, conspiracy to obstruct justice and the due administration of the laws." This was very terrifying, but the head of the "conspirators," Monsignor Dunn, Chancellor of the diocese of New York, immediately wrote: "We gladly welcome any investigation that the District Attorney may see fit to make, and we will render him any assistance in our power," (New York *Times,* June 15), and his fellow-conspirator, the Rev. William B. Farrell, all unmindful of his duty as a disciple of the mask and dark lantern, issued a similar statement. Mr. Swann at once undertook to press the case vigorously, and although, on June 22, Chief Justice Clarke appointed Supreme Court Justice Samuel A. Greenbaum to preside at an open hearing of Mayor Mitchel's charges, the case could not be reached until July 17.

It should be remembered that the accusations of perjury, conspiracy and libel had been made and repeated, publicly and with emphasis, by no other person than Mayor Mitchel. It was Mayor Mitchel who had deliberately charged the Catholic Church with conspiracy, and certain of his "coreligionists," a word for which he betrays an unaccountable fondness, with an unhallowed attempt to obstruct the process of justice in New York. It was Mayor Mitchel who received with much complacence the fulsome panegyrics of such publications as the *Evening Post,* its barnacle, the *Nation,* the *Outlook* and the *Survey,* which hailed him as the brave defender of the rights of the State against designing churchmen, and of helpless children in sore bondage to cruel or ignorant keepers. It was to Mayor Mitchel that the Committee of One Hundred, of Twenty-nine and like organizations, addressed their letters in praise of the Mayor's "bold and courageous stand." It was Mayor Mitchel who had sneeringly referred to the sworn statement of God-fearing, hard-working, pure-living men like Monsignor Dunn and Father Farrell, as "what you would expect of men accused of crime." Finally, it was Mayor Mitchel who, after his discovery that conspiracy menaced the peace and dignity of the city of New York, announced that if given the opportunity, he would "tear things wide open."

But it was not Mayor Mitchel, given the opportunity he sought, who appeared before Judge Greenbaum to swear to the truth of the grave accusations contained in his letter and enclosure of June 14. What happened

at the opening of the hearings is thus described by the Brooklyn *Times* of July 17:

"We assume," said Mr. Talley, "that the complaint has been signed by the Mayor." It was at this point that it became known that *the complaint had not been signed even at that time.* . . . It was expected up to the last moment that Mayor Mitchel would sign the complaint, and it was not until 10:10 today, in the court room, and before Judge Greenbaum, that Doherty (Deputy Commissioner of Charities) affixed his signature to the complaint, which is based on information and belief in many of its allegations. Doherty looked pale as he went into the enclosure. He was nervous too, and when he signed the three complaints, the clerk of the court called his attention to the fact that he had omitted his signature to one of the documents.

An editorial comment in the Brooklyn *Standard Union* of July 18, is not without point and interest:

But the Mayor weakened. The erstwhile lion roared as gently as any sucking dove. He could not be induced to swear to any charges of any sort whatever. . . . He had made charges of the most serious kind by word of mouth, and even in writing, but when it came to swearing to and making himself responsible for the charges, Mr. Mitchel prudently stepped to the rear.

Here the "courageous" Mayor, the idol of "Committees" and the bright and guiding star of the *Evening Post* quietly fades from the film, and is seen no more. Bidding adieu to committee bluster and official ravings, our story now takes its color from the hearings before Judge Greenbaum. The informations sworn to by Mr. Doherty are thus stated in Judge Greenbaum's "Dismissal of the Charges":

One against Robert W. Hebberd, Daniel C. Potter, (Rev.) William B. Farrell, and (Rt. Rev.) John J. Dunn, charging them with the commission of a conspiracy in perverting and obstructing justice and the due administration of the laws; three against Farrell, Potter and Dunn for criminal libel by reason of the alleged publication of various pamphlets; one against Hebberd for perjury.

From the outset it was obvious that the "conspirators" demanded and would accept nothing less than a complete and most searching examination. When on July 20, Mr. William Butler refused to answer a question urged by the prosecution, on the ground that since he had been Father Farrell's attorney, their communications were privileged, Father Farrell at once arose to give Mr. Butler "full permission to tell of any communications that passed between us." (Brooklyn *Times,* July 21). Similarly, when the prosecution rested its case, "Alfred J. Talley, for the defendants, announced that he would make no motion to dismiss the complaint. The defense would not even take advantage of its privilege to make a statement immune from cross-examination. The defense wished the charges thoroughly thrashed out." (Brooklyn *Standard Union,* July 24). These certainly are not actions which bespeak guilt. The Mayor clamored for a chance to urge his grievances. He can never complain that he did not get it.

The hearings ended on July 28, when Judge Greenbaum ordered both sides to submit briefs on August 7. The decision was handed down on September 15. As the learned Judge remarks in his "Dismissal," the thoroughness which marked the case was not characteristic of the "customary procedure before committing magistrates." Had the information been sustained, it would have been his duty to direct an action by the Grand Jury, which would then find at its discretion. *But not a single information was held sufficient.* The decision in the charge of conspiracy against Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell, Dr. Potter, (lately deceased) and Mr. R. W. Hebberd, is that: "The evidence being insufficient in law and upon the facts to support an indictment for conspiracy, the information on that behalf must be dismissed." As to the accusation that Commissioner Kingsbury and Mr. Doherty had been criminally libeled by Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell and Dr. Potter, Judge Greenbaum rules " . . . the conclusion is inevitable that the publications were not issued with malice or criminal intent, and hence the information charging them with criminal libel must be dismissed." Finally on the charge of perjury, "The information against Hebberd must be dismissed."

The press reports sent from New York, as published in the Chicago *Tribune,* for instance, say that "their (the priests') counter-accusations against Police Commissioner Woods were also dismissed." This is a serious error. The "Dismissal" states plainly that the charges against Mr. Woods had no connection whatever with the Charities Investigation; they were preferred, moreover, not by "priests," but by a local labor leader, Mr. P. J. Brady.

This is but a sober narrative not calling for comment, yet room may be found for Father Farrell's succinct analysis of the whole affair:

"There was no conspiracy in the Church. There was no conspiracy among the men named in the Mayor's charges. There was no desire to libel any one, and there was no perjury."

Thus is the specter laid of the Church's conspiracy to obstruct justice in the city of New York. It now departs to find a welcome from those controversialists whose chief argument is a sounding lie.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

An Exhibition of Manuscripts and Printed Books

THE exhibition of rare ancient manuscripts and early printed books, now on view in the New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, though small is one of great interest. The main exhibits will have a special interest for Catholics, as they comprise a choice selection of liturgical books, and a copy of the first Catholic English version of the New Testament printed from movable type.

Among the most ancient specimens on exhibition are clay cylinders bearing cuneiform inscriptions. There is a portion of a Babylonian cylinder of about the date

2600 B. C., and a tablet from Nineveh, with an account of King Sardanapalus, which was inscribed between the years 885-860 B. C. Ancient Hebrew scrolls and amulets, Persian and Arabic manuscripts, together with Burmese and Sumatran writings on fan-like books made of bark, represent the literature of varying ages and religious systems.

The collection of illuminated liturgical books, ranging in size from the small sextodecimo to the full folio, shows some of the choicest examples of the splendid work that issued from the scriptoriums of Europe before the coming of the printing-press. It is true the collection does not tend much towards throwing any light on the history or development of the art of illumination, as the books on exhibition are mostly of the fifteenth century. But the manuscripts are notable for two things: they show no traces of the classical influence of the Renaissance, but all reveal the common spirit that seems to have dominated these old Catholic writers and painters. They belong as a rule to the same century, but they are the work of artists living in different countries, who nevertheless all manifest the same spirit in their work.

There is one instance, however, in which the traces of Renaissance influence are unmistakable; it is a folio volume on vellum of illuminations of the life of Christ as described by the Evangelists. The artist was one Giulio Clovio, and he shows in his work none of the air of spiritual seclusion that abounds in the productions of the monastic scribes, rather he revels in the spirit of humanism that was so marked a feature of all the work of the Renaissance artists. The contrast between this folio and the earlier manuscripts is both instructive and interesting.

One of the most interesting of the many books in this collection is an "Apocalpysis Sancti Johannis," an illuminated version of the Apocalypse from the Abbey of Citeaux of which the "Mellifluous Doctor," St. Bernard, was at one time a novice. A Roman Missal dating from 1416-1420, the work of a scribe in the Upper Rhine district, is also a wonderful piece of workmanship.

A manuscript labeled "Latin Psalter" is in reality a Graduale. It is open at the office for All Saints Day, and begins with the familiar Introit, *Gaudeamus omnes.* This is a fine example of fourteenth-century work, and a comparison of the music of the Mass in that century with that in the latest edition of the "Graduale Vaticanum" will show that the modern editors have got back very close to the early text. As a matter of fact, a Catholic musician will find a study of the pieces of chant visible in the glass cases a musical treat that will powerfully arouse his interest in plain song.

Two books of large size, evidently made for the lectern of some monastic choir, are an Antiphonale of the fifteenth century, and a folio Graduale that bears the date 1494. The former of these two books is richly illuminated, and lies open at the pages marking the feast of the Assumption, with the music for the first three antiphons at Lauds. The Graduale has on one page the conclusion of the office for Holy Saturday, and at the top right-hand page begins the Mass of Easter, *Resurrexi et adhuc sum tecum.*

Among the smaller books of devotion and for liturgical use are several Latin prayer books and books of hours. One very interesting book is a "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis" according to the Roman use, and composed in the fifteenth century; it is evidently the book of hours of some private person. In the same case is an Antiphonale that has a fine example of illumination of St. John Baptist. The illustration occupies a full page, but the antiphon below, *Inter natos mulierum,* points to the fact of its being intended for the feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist.

A book that will have a peculiar interest of its own is a quarto volume which is described as a Latin Psalter, occupying the same case as the manuscripts just mentioned. The book is open at what on examination proves to be the Office for the Dead. The large initial letter at the beginning of the Office may have some liturgical significance. It represents a burial. The body is wrapped round and round with bands of linen or some other white material, and is being lowered into the grave by two men, one of whom is clad in bright scarlet. The priest, who is reading the office of burial, and his assistant are wearing surplices that reach down to their feet, and, very curiously, bright blue copes. This may be due to some fantastical idea of the scribe, or, on the other hand, it may have reference to some local use in which bright blue was used as a liturgical color at a funeral. Another thing that is worthy of notice is that the Psalm which follows after the antiphon in the text contains in the second half of the third verse an omission, which may be due either to an oversight on the part of the scribe or may be a peculiar version of the Psalm. The verse of the Psalm is as follows: *Circumdederunt me dolores mortis: et pericula (inferni) invenerunt me.* "The sorrows of death have compassed me: and the perils (of hell) have found me." The word in brackets is omitted in the manuscript version of the Psalm. One of the very latest examples of the work of the scriptorium is a book of Epistles and Gospels that was written in the sixteenth century; this was just before the printing-press did away entirely with the work of the scribes.

The early examples of work done with movable type include what are known as block-books. The "Biblia Pauperum" or "Poor Man's Bible" is one of these. It represents generally the life of Christ in pictures, and there is an explanation in the text. The collection includes one of the oldest European block-books. Each page of the book is engraved from a single block of wood, that is, the text and the illustration were carved on the same block. When the block was ready for printing, the surface was covered with brown ink, and then the sheet of paper taken by hand and pressed on the block, the other side of the sheet being left blank. Some of the block-

books are illustrated in brown cuts, in others the brown ink outline has been colored by hand, a process that looks much like the old chap-books.

Besides the "Poor Man's Bible" there are other interesting block-books. There is an "Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis" that was done in Germany about 1400, a piece of work that looks quite fresh and new today. Among the early Bibles are the famous Mazarin Bible, which was printed in black letter at Mainz in 1453-1455 by Gutenberg and Faust. The initials are hand illuminated. A Latin Bible printed at Strassburg in 1465 by Heinrich Eggestein has the initial letter of each sentence filled in by colored handwork.

In an early edition of the "Meditations of Juan de Torquemada," printed at Rome in 1473, there are some curious woodcuts, which suggest that they have been adapted by the engraver from some older colored illuminations. A curious and interesting book is one entitled "Dat Duytsche Passionail," which has the appearance of being an early edition of the Lives of the Saints in Dutch or Flemish. Two curious woodcuts show St. Felix, wearing a miter and a voluminous surplice, sitting upon a stone seat, with one man holding a large nail to his left breast, which another man is preparing to drive in by means of a mallet which he is swinging. The other cut, which is prefaced by the caption, *Dye legend van sent Anthonius abt ynde monninck,* shows St. Anthony kneeling with his back to a church or hermitage, and being beaten by two demons, one of whom has cloven hoofs and goat's horns; both the demons hold clubs.

There are several examples of early work by Caxton, and an edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, printed at London in 1490. The collection of Bibles includes a copy of the Bishops' Bible, of Cranmer's Bible, and a so-called Wyclif New Testament dating from 1380. This is one of the earliest versions of the Bible in English. There is also a copy of the "Wicked Bible," a version of the Protestant Bible printed in London in 1631 by Robert Parker. It obtained its name because by a printer's error the word "not" was omitted in the fourteenth verse of the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus. There is also a copy of the first Catholic version of the New Testament printed in English. It bears on the title page the imprint, "Printed at Rhemes by John Fogny 1582."

The collection of Americana, which is on exhibition in the same room, is of the greatest historical interest, and should not be missed by any who are able to get to the Public Library.

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Catholic School Agencies Needed

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Granted that a sacred obligation rests on Catholic parents of giving their children a Catholic education, why do not Catholic educational institutions show intelligent interest in securing the enrolment of Catholic students? Twice within my own experience I have found Catholic parents about to send their sons to a non-Catholic university. To prevent this, if possible, I wrote personally to a Catholic university, asking for information. My request was ignored. Recently I was in a position to observe the workings of a most important school agency. I was surprised at the number of well-to-do Catholic parents who apply to this agency for advice as to the schools to which they should send their children. The agency's policy is never to recommend a Catholic school, unless one is insisted upon, in which case only one Catholic school is recommended along with two or three non-Catholic schools. A natural result of this policy is that children of well-to-do Catholic parents are sent to non-Catholic schools. The agency's explanation of its failure to recommend Catholic schools even to Catholic parents is that Catholic schools do not show any capacity for the business of securing students and are devoid of business courtesy.

The number of young men and women from the Spanish-speaking countries of North and South America sent to the United States each year to be "Americanized" is large and constantly growing. Because the parents of these young men and women resort for advice to non-Catholic school agencies, openly profess indifference in matters of religion, and often express a preference for non-Catholic schools, their children, who will form the upper or governing class of their respective countries, are being "Americanized" in non-Catholic schools, without being brought, as a rule,, under the influence of the Catholic Faith, or trained in its practice. The Catholic Church in the United States would do well to establish a Catholic school agency, to be conducted along business lines, and to extend its operations to the Spanish-speaking countries of North and South America.

Montclair, N. J. STEPHEN PLUNKETT.

The Genesis of Barclay Street

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some notes on the evolution of Barclay Street as the national center of the Catholic publishing trade, contributed to AMERICA for August 12, have received the compliment of a very generous reception from your esteemed contemporaries. May I comment on two paragraphs I find printed as far apart as Sacramento, California and London, Canada? In the *Catholic Herald* of the former city, the editor writes:

> AMERICA gives a long list of Catholic publishers in New York and a synopsis of their achievements. To its discredit be it said that the name of Collier's was not found entitled to a place in that record.

The inclusion of the exploiter of the "Five Foot Shelf" in the "list of Catholic publishers" would certainly be an achievement worthy of the ethics of Roaring Camp, Poker Flat and the "glorious climate of California."

The editor of the *Catholic Record* of London, apropos of Barclay Street, devotes two columns of most entertaining notes and comments on pioneer Catholic publishers and their productions, in the course of which he says:

> Mr. Meehan is not altogether correct in placing New York's first Catholic book as in 1807. In 1805 there was printed in Brooklyn, by T. Kirk, for Campbell and Mitchell, a New Testament which bears the imprint: "D. Smith and B. Dornin." Brooklyn was not then included in New York city it is true, but its present status in Greater New York should not exclude its achievements in the book-publishing line.

I am always grateful for correction, but my understanding of this objection is that the Brooklyn Testament was not a Catholic, but the Protestant version. Dornin's name in the imprint means that he was merely a trade agent who sold the

book at his store, one of the few book-shops then in New York. If the editor of the *Record* can show that this assumption is not correct he will make a valuable contribution to our historical data.

New York. THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

"Blest" or "Bless-ed"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am one of many who can hardly acquiesce in the statement made by M. L. S., viz., that "Cardinal Gasquet's letter is authoritative and final." It is neither one nor the other. The correct pronunciation of "blessed" is determined by either of two things, by usage or by the application of grammatical principles. As far as usage is concerned, there appears to be no uniformity. I think that it will be generally conceded that in the invocation "Blessed be God," the word "Blessed" is a past participle. Whether the word should be pronounced as a monosyllable or not depends upon the general principle governing the pronunciation of the suffix *d* or *ed* in those verbs whose past participle is formed by adding the said suffix to the present indicative. Such verbs are of two distinct classes: (1) Those whose present indicative ends with the sound of *d* or *t*. (2) Those verbs whose present indicative ends with a sound other than that of the two aforesaid letters. In the case of the former the suffix is undoubtedly pronounced as a distinct syllable, e. g., *added, wedded, guarded, blasted.* The reason is obvious, namely, that otherwise it would be impossible in conversation for the ear to distinguish between the present indicative and the past participle. In the second class of verbs, the suffix does not constitute a distinct syllable. Take a list of verbs ending in any other sound than that of *d* or *t* and the truth of this principle is immediately apparent. We do not say "trac-ed," or "dragged," or "kill-ed," etc., throughout the whole range of alphabetical sounds. Why then should we say "Bless-ed" be God, any more than "Prais-ed" be God, or "Thank-ed" be God?

The argument which is based on the pronunciation of the word in the expression "Blessed Trinity" is no argument at all, for the simple reason that in this and similar expressions, the word is not a part of the verb, but an adjective.

Your correspondent would seem to contend that Cardinal Gasquet should be regarded as an infallible authority in English Grammar because the Holy Father has selected him to "be at the head" of the Commission for the new English translation of the Vulgate. Such a contention would be about as reasonable as it would be to contend that the Secretary of the Holy Office is infallible in matters of faith and morals.

Nova Scotia. A. R.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In view of the alarm excited in M. L. S. might it not be well to quote exactly what the Oxford Dictionary says about this question? It will be noticed that the Dictionary permits but does not enforce the use of *bless-ed* in liturgy.

> The past tense and past participle are now generally spelt *blessed,* though always pronounced (blest) in modern prose; the past participle may be pronounced (blé séd) in verse or liturgical reading. As an adjective *blessed* (blé séd) is now the regular prose form but the archaic *blest* is frequent in verse and traditional phrases as e. g. "the Isles of the Blest." (The Oxford Dictionary, vol. 1, p. 916.)

The accented past participle is a survival of ancient usage. Liturgy is conservative, and, no doubt, the inverted form which is somewhat archaic too, has helped to keep the accented form in use. Many would say "Blesséd be God," but would surely say, "God be blest." Usage will settle this question, and not authority. The pronunciation "blust" is not due to the omission of the accent. That slovenly pronunciation is just as common with "blusséd." Your readers might be interested in noting an idiomatic use of the word in such phrases as "there is not a blessed egg in the house," a phrase given out once in reading as "blest egg," to the amusement of the listeners.

Worcester. D. F.

Washington's Hint to Irate Subscribers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recent disappearance from the Baltimore Cathedral archives of the autograph letter sent in 1790 by George Washington to his Catholic fellow-citizens, as a reply to their congratulations on his election to the Presidency, recalls the fact that, among the treasures of Holy Cross College, Worcester, is another letter from the pen of the first President. It is addressed to the famous Philadelphia publicist and publisher, Mathew Carey, and was found in Paris by the late Rev. George Goodwin and by him presented to Holy Cross. In it the Father of his Country tells Mr. Carey:

> Mount Vernon, 15th Mar., 1785
>
> SIR: I purposed as soon as I understood you intended to become the publisher of a News Paper in Philadelphia to request that a copy of your weekly production might be sent to me—I was the more pleased with this determination when by a letter by my friend the Marquis de la Fayette, I found he has interested himself in your behalf.
>
> It has so happened, that my Gazettes from Philadelphia, whether from inattention at the Printing or Post offices, or other *causes,* come very irregularly to my hands. Let me pray you therefore to address those you send me, in the appearance of a letter—The common paper, *usually* applied, will do equally well for the cover.—It has sometimes occurred to me, that there are persons who, wishing to read News Papers without being at the expense of paying for them, make free with those which are sent to others; under the garb of a letter it is not presumeable this liberty would be taken.
>
> I am—sir
> Yr. most obedt. servt.
> GO. WASHINGTON.
>
> Mr. Matthew Carey, Printer of the *Eveng. Herald*

There is a salutary hint here for the irate subscriber who feels it his duty to grill the offending publisher whenever "my paper" fails to appear "in the 5.32 mail, every Tuesday" or other evening.

Brooklyn. A. J. D.

"The Audibly Devout"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am not especially partial to the "rattle of the beads," which makes such music for Dr. Parker, and I confess very freely that I am much distracted and annoyed "by the devout whispering or even muttering of those earnest pious souls whose holy God-given faith" he enjoys. But this is only one of those minor mortifications that we must try to bear with good humor. But how could the strongest priest, one even with extraordinarily developed lungs, say Mass in the way that Dr. Parker says is in accord with the rule of the Church, and which he asks for, that his devotion and fervor may be increased? If he remains cold and untouched unless he can hear the words of the Mass-prayers, there is an obvious way of supplying his need. A Missal, in English, or preferably in Latin, will give him ample opportunity for uniting his thoughts to those of the minister at the altar. Surely he would not have the priest, even in those parts of the Holy Sacrifice which are to be spoken aloud, lift his voice in such a way as to make his words distinctly audible by all who are present. He might do so in a chapel, but certainly not in our large churches. It is hard to see how Dr. Parker has "a legitimate complaint."

South Orange. G. R.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Near-Thought in New York

A FIERCE attack recently made by an army of clergymen, university professors, suffragettes, editors and notoriety seekers against a solitary newsdealer, has given point to O. Henry's observation that New York is "a jay town." A "jay town" is a municipality which suffers a number of persons to live within its borders, even though their sense of values is distorted and their sense of humor atrophied or altogether lacking. This newsdealer refused to place a certain monthly magazine on his stands. It offended his artistic sense; besides he deemed it blasphemous and indecent. In this last charge he is joined by the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and, strange though it may seem, by a fair number of decent citizens. But the comment elicited by the newsdealer's action is deeply interesting, since it shows clearly the vaporings that pass for thought in New York.

The army noted above proceeded to announce that a stain had been cast upon the palladium of our sacred liberty by the recalcitrant newsdealer. He had muzzled the freedom of the press and inserted a large cork into the wide mouth of free speech. Mr. Frank P. Walsh, who ought to know better, writes that the newsdealer has dealt "a blow at the onward progress of the race." Miss Helen Keller opines that "such power over the dissemination of knowledge is outrage." Walter Lippmann delivers himself of an argument high in favor with the exponents of modern democracy. It consists in urging the white innocence of your own project by showing that some other project is worse. The excluded magazine, he says, "has never commercialized licentiousness nor prostituted patriotism," as others have done. This high praise will, no doubt, find a place for the magazine in every home in the country. Dr. Fagnani of the Union Theological Seminary "deprecates as fundamentally illegal and un-American any interference other than by due process of law." Warden Kirchwey considers the occurrence an "unpardonable interference with the liberty of the press"; while Dr. Robinson of Columbia gives fair expression to the modern spirit of liberty by saying, "I should heartily sympathize with any measures to *coerce* the company controlling the stands."

In rebuttal the newsdealer remarks that this "is the first time in history in which it is demanded that a merchant should buy and sell an article which he prefers not to handle."

> I have no desire to limit the liberty of anyone, and I cannot conceive that any careful thinker should be so biased as to hold it just that I should be forced to buy, sell and profit by a publication which insults and derides the religion which is not only mine, but was handed down to me by my parents. . . Is it not absurd to accuse me of interfering with the liberty of the press because I personally decline to aid this sheet by selling it? Do I muzzle the editor, stop the press, or hold up the edition? Must Wanamaker sell Ingersoll's books, or Bloomingdale put anti-Semitic publications on his counters?

The newsdealer leaves little to be said. In declining to cater to indecency and vulgarity he has not attacked liberty, but defended it. Putting the matter on its lowest basis, if it is the inalienable right of every American citizen to make a jackass of himself, as Colonel Watterson once wrote, his refusal thus to transform himself is at least equally sacred.

Comparative Patriotism

IT is commonly assumed nowadays in certain quarters that our Southern States, because their white inhabitants are for the most part stanch Protestants and of "pure Anglo-Saxon stock," are consequently the most loyal and patriotic Americans we have. On the other hand, the deplorably "mixed" population of the Northern States, being largely composed of immigrants, the sons of immigrants, or at best the grandsons of immigrants, besides being in numberless instances "benighted Papists," cannot be expected to have a right notion of American citizenship or love of country.

But in the course of a speech made by Senator Lodge during the recent campaign in Maine, he gave some statistics which seem to indicate that however "solid" the South may be in other respects, its patriotism is not strikingly "solid." For most of the very "American" and "Protestant" States below Mason and Dixon's line did not respond last summer to the President's call for troops with anything like the promptness and generosity that distinguished several of the most "mixed" and "Romanized" Northern States. The senior Senator from Massachusetts is reported to have remarked that out of the 100,000 National Guardsmen at the border on July 31, Virginia sent 2,000 men, Louisiana 500, and Texas 3,000, but "the rest of the Southern States had not a single man at the border, while Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania had 42,000 men, 42 per cent of all the troops then present."

In other words the four Northern States which have the largest number of Catholics are actually the ones that have supplied nearly half the troops now on the border. Moreover, Louisiana, one of three lonely Southern States that sent soldiers to the Rio Grande, stands fifth, let it not be forgotten, on the list of the thirty States with a large Catholic population. Why are these "non-Anglo-Saxon" Catholics so full of practical patriotism?

Labor's Revolt

THIS is the happy age which sneers at the past, and boasts its own perfection. It is also the age in which the laborer is forced to fight for his right to live with the decency that befits a man. "It has come to pass," writes the great Leo XIII, after speaking of the decay of religion in modern life, "that workingmen have been surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition."

Let it not be said that these wage-slaves are working under a "free contract." This contention is urged, but what chance has a single, ignorant laborer, to carry his case successfully against a hundred-million-dollar corporation, backed by the most skilful legal practitioners in the community? "If a man isn't satisfied with his wages," the president of just such a corporation wrote last month, "tell him to let me know." Those who "let the president know" were rewarded by a legal argument, but by no increase in wages. Furthermore, no man, however much he may wish to do so, is at liberty to contract for work which conflicts with his duties to God, with the proper care of his family and of his own physical health, or with his obligations as a citizen. The sixteen and eighteen-hour contracts, for instance, were condemned by Cardinal Manning as contrary to the natural law, on the ground that they made the fulfilment of marital and home duties practically impossible.

Nor can it be taken for granted that the contract between a corporation and an individual is always "free." It was the fact that what appear to be "contracts" are frequently forced upon the laboring man, which drew from Leo XIII the following eloquent condemnation:

> There underlies a dictate of natural justice, more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. If through necessity, or fear of worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice.

The root of the evil is not to be sought in the science of economics. It runs deeper. The world today, seeking material success, has rejected God, and in His place adores the "least erected spirit," Mammon. If the world has no reverence for God, there is small reason why it should reverence man, merely God's image. In the eyes of that oppressive and dishonest capitalism which daily grows stronger in this country, man is not a being to whose dignity God Himself does reverence. He is only one of many factors in production. Man has something to sell, his labor, and capitalism strikes the "bargain" precisely as it would for a mass of raw material to be fed into machines. It buys labor in the cheapest market and sells the finished product in the dearest. "It is shameful and inhuman," writes Leo XIII, "to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look on them as so much muscle or physical power." Yet this is the position into which unchecked capitalism is gradually forcing the workingman. It does not regard him as a man, with a man's needs and aspirations, but as something necessary for the conduct of trade and commerce. On its side, it pays as little as it can, and the worker takes what he can get. That is "business." It is also folly and crime; folly, because it is leading to a revolt in which capitalism will suffer severe losses; crime, because it is defrauding the laborer of his just wage.

As the great Pontiff says, this condition of affairs is "shameful and inhuman." It cannot be remedied by eight-hour laws and minimum-wage commissions, valuable as these agencies undoubtedly are. "The main thing needful," we are told by Leo XIII, "is the return to real Christianity, apart from which the plans and devices of the wisest will prove of little avail." The best which modern philosophy has to offer, is that man is a being somewhat above the brute because he can work with his hands. Only Christianity can secure him the measure of reverence which is his due as a being made to the image of God.

Haeckel as a Consoler

ASKED, as he says, by many persons at the front and in hospitals for his way of thinking on the world-war, the high priest of monism, from his tripod at Jena, has written a book which resumes his many pronunciamentos on life, its meaning and its problems, and offers to the victims of the war strange words of comfort. But Mr. Ernst Haeckel has never seemed more hopelessly at variance with the truth than when he undertakes to console the followers of his system. He bids them strive to achieve the proper balance between egoism and altruism, to leave the decision of their fate to blind chance, and to greet death the inevitable as an "eternal sleep." The human soul, he tells them, is "nothing but a function of the brain," the "precious dream of immortality is no more than a beautiful dream, an empty promise with no guarantee of fulfilment." Man is only a glorified ape, and his life is snuffed out at death no less completely than that of his primate ancestors.

How hollow is this gross materialism! How ruthlessly this egotistic dreamer, who has so long posed as one of the prophets of truth, tears out of the heart of man all that it holds most dear! Fortunately for his deluded ad-

mirers, he has spoken at a time and in a manner that must prove his final discrediting with many of them. In the midst of joy and with the cup of pleasure still in their hands, men may scoff at immortality. The present life is so sweet that its siren voice may lull to rest their aspirations towards a future and a better life. Stern truth may be clouded by the mists of passion when the pulse beats steadily and long vistas of untroubled happiness beckon towards primrose paths.

But falsehood and delusion slip away in the presence of death. Soldiers keeping their night watches under starlit skies feel the presence of a personal God, women holding in their tired hands cruel lists of their dear dead cry out in horror against Haeckel's travesty of truth. They know that life does not end utterly with death. To die like an ape is not the meaning and end of human destiny. Their hearts and their heads tell them with certainty that there is another world, that there is a kindly Providence, and a well-founded hope of reunion in the kingdom of God, where life is really life, and death shall be no more. Haeckel is even less felicitous as a consoler than as a philosopher.

Hagiology and Spoon River

IN the unprogressive Middle Ages a saint was a saint, and most people were content to leave it at that, But the coming of free verse and the opening up of the Illinois graveyards has changed things somewhat. No longer are the saints suffered to be joyful in glory: they are called upon to do their share in providing the literary market with a literature having a "strong sex interest."

So long as Mr. Edgar Lee Masters was content to be of the earth earthy, so long as he was content to play the part in life of a solemn Middle-West lawyer with poetic leanings, so long as he was content to find his inspiration for the "Spoon River Anthology," that entertaining volume of sepulchral obstetrics, in the somewhat unsavory and ghoulish explorations of an Illinois graveyard, well, it was his own affair. At any rate, he showed that he was considerably less fastidious than were the sisters of Lazarus when circumstances led them to a burial place.

But the mistake Mr. Masters made was in not confining himself to the graveyards of Illinois. He jumped to the conclusion that having dug a scandal out of a grave along the Spoon River, he could with like facility dig one out of a grave in Umbria. And so he dug out a rather scandalous story about a gentleman whom he calls Antonio, and a lady who is known as St. Clare. And he wrote a ballad about these two, and sold it to a monthly magazine which does not disdain to print stories with a sex interest.

Now the point is that the hagiologist of Spoon River did not dig up this narrative in an Umbrian tomb, he dug it up in his own Middle-Western mind. He probably never stopped to consider whether St. Clare ever had a cousin or a cousin's friend or even a pet dog named Antonio, but just shoved him in with the general idea that all Cisalpine gentlemen are named Antonio. Certainly for an historical ballad Mr. Master's poem has a strong Illinoisian touch, and reads as if it were inspired by some strange exhalation, not from the Lives of the Saints, but from some inadequately deodorised cadaver in his own native Spoon River cemetery. *Pecunia non olet* applies to fees and not to themes.

If poets must write poems about graveyards and obstetrics and other merry topics of that kind, and if editors are willing to pay good money for that sort of thing, well, it is only one of the curiosities of modern commercial life. But let them not talk about the art of poetry, or put any value on the imaginings of creative artists. You cannot restrain a man from living in a charnel house if he wishes to, but you are not bound to accept all his visions as the effects of fresh air.

Republican Government in Georgia

THE successful candidate in the recent Georgia primaries was Mr. Hugh M. Dorsey. Mr. Dorsey won a place in the public eye last year by his prosecution of a man accused of the murder of a child. It is said that he prosecuted the case vigorously. For this no blame can be attached to him. It was his plain duty. But that political capital should have been made of the incident is nothing short of sickening.

For the man he had convicted of murder belonged to a race and to a religion which are not popular in Georgia. He was a Jew. This fact justified an appeal to bigotry. Imagine an editor recommending a candidate for office on the ground that he had successfully prosecuted a Jew, and you have the main phase of the recent campaign in Georgia. Imagine an editor in Chicago or New York recommending a candidate for the governorship of Illinois or of New York, because he had convicted a Methodist, and you have a clearer understanding of this main phase.

Among Mr. Dorsey's most ardent supporters was an editor who has been fitly named by the Augusta *Chronicle*, "the Georgia pole cat." For many years this "pole cat" has held his most sacred and solemn duty to consist in the promulgation of the most abominable calumnies against the Catholic Church. Within recent years, he has added the Jews as equal objects of his stupid hatred. Georgia, one of the most anti-Catholic States in the Union, ranks high in the scale of ignorance and general illiteracy. There is a direct connection between these two facts. They also make Georgia, once "the Empire State of the South," a fruitful field of malicious bigotry and hateful race prejudice.

The principles of the anti-Catholic campaign, which, however, is not confined to Georgia, are admirably illustrated when the people of a State elect to the highest office within their gift, not the man best fitted for ex-

ecutive functions, but the man whose friends can rant most loudly against a race or a religious body. One can not indict a whole people. No doubt good Americans still abide in Georgia. But it is permissible to condole with this humiliated minority, on the collapse of republican government in that once proud State.

LITERATURE

Kathleen Norris

KATHLEEN NORRIS, the author of "Mother," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," "Saturday's Child," "The Story of Julia Page," and "The Heart of Rachael," believes that the American home is more than the chance juxtaposition of four walls and a roof. She views it not as an architectural entity, nor even as a sociological monstrosity, as the writers of "uplift" books are wont to do, but a *focus* in the Latin acceptance of that term. From that point, as Mrs. Norris conceives it, go forth rays of mutual love, of interlacing respect, of hope and kindness toward all men and more especially toward one's kith and kin. Whatever affection may be bestowed without the home, whatever gloom may there be dispelled by kindly thought, is but a faint reflection of that spirit of self-sacrifice, that openness of mutual trust, that inter-depending glory of do-for-others which obtain within the home. The problem of the home, Mrs. Norris announces with the reasonableness of truth, does not exist when genuine love prompts all the comings and goings out of which the activities of the family are builded. These thoughts are most beautifully brought out in "Mother," one of the sweetest and truest stories ever penned on the subject of the American home. Mrs. Norris has her theme thoroughly at heart. Its graciousness and unction stream abundantly through all she has written. Her constant insistence is upon the home, the real home, the true home where foregather real people. She draws a clear line of demarcation between the home and the house; between those who love their own and will sacrifice for them, and those others who love self and sacrifice to it.

Nor is Mrs. Norris content to put only these colors into her picture. The sober tone of duty plays now and again across the face of the picture. She tells us—and it is precisely this that so many of us have forgotten, sometimes intentionally—that no pleasure goes unattended. To enjoyment there is the corollary duty. The one follows the other as the night the day. To some it will appear that Mrs. Norris could scarcely make an interesting, readable story from such homely, every-day thoughts. But the fact remains that she succeeds very well. She is an artist in the mother character. The mothers she has given us should prove both an inspiration and a realization; an inspiration for us to go a step higher in home life; a realization that life is not merely in the living but in the doing for others. Mrs. Norris may fitly be termed "the delineator of the American home."

Our author was recently approached by a supercilious newspaper worker and asked for some of her views on life. This is a standardized method of obtaining news "features." Notables in all walks of life are "interviewed" and the startling pronouncements they make are capitalized into circulation figures. Mrs. Norris in a few, brief, crisp sentences won the attention of the young cynic who had approached her. The Catholic mother and writer explained that she had no longing for mannish attainments; she made it clear that if she were forced to forego her literary career to give proper attention to her child, without compunction all hope of literary eminence would be given up and a mother's career would be circumscribed by her offspring. He would be her world. With such aims in life, with such motherly thoughts, it is not difficult to understand how it is possible for this Catholic novelist to picture the better home.

Perhaps the most quotable of Mrs. Norris' stories is "Saturday's Child." One of the girl characters in this story urges another to prepare for the married state by working where she will be able to observe good, Christian people in their own homes. Thus she advises:

> Your fulfilment will come in some way—some way that they would very probably think extremely unconventional and terrifying and strange. Meanwhile you are learning something every day about women who have babies to care for, about housekeeping as half the women in the world have to regard it. All this is extremely useful, if you want to do anything that touches women . . . . Some day just the use of this will come and then I'll feel quite right when I expected great things of my Sue.

Here is another sententious reflection, brimming with good sense. It refers to the early encounter of a young girl with a not too considerate lover. The girl speaks reminiscently:

> All sentiment has so entirely gone out of the whole thing that it's like looking at a place where you burned your hand years ago, and trying to remember whether the burn hurt worst, or dressing the burn, or curing the burn. I know it was all wrong, but at the time I thought it was only convention that I was against . . . I didn't realize that one of the advantages of laws is that you can follow them blindly when you've lost your moorings. You can't follow your instincts, but you can remember your rule . . .

Here is no silly, mock-brave shattering or contemning of convention. Here is no talk of the freedom of the human soul to do as it wishes. Here is only sound common sense. Stories such as these can come only from a clean heart, can be planned only by the sensible and the clear-headed, can be told only by the straight-forward and the truthful.

In "The Heart of Rachael," (Doubleday, Page) Mrs. Norris's latest story, there is a slight tinge of Catholic atmosphere, though there is never an attempt in Mrs. Norris's novels to sound the Catholic note openly and resonantly. She contents herself with taking a Catholic truth and basing it solely on good sense. So in "The Heart of Rachael" Mrs. Norris shows that the Catholic Church is opposed to divorce on the ground of morality, but her story studies it mainly from the standpoint of logic and results. The heroine, Rachael Fairfax, has passed many years of married life with an insufferable bibbler. She divorces him and marries another to find out what a mistake she has made. Previous to the divorce she found a thousand justifications; the divorce accomplished, her justifications fade and divorce for all, even herself, is hateful. The new husband provides wealth and happiness in splendid quantity, but the shadow of a broken pledge is on her and it follows her through life. The forsaken bibbler thrusts himself into the settlements and judgments of eternity, and yet the heart of Rachael bears the brand of divorce. When another attempts to take her second husband from her, she realizes the heartlessness of divorce, its utter lack of justice, and the payment it demands of those who mistakenly see in it a way to freedom.

A close study of Mrs. Norris's novels demonstrates in general her deep-rooted love of good sense and moderation. Those lovers of the emotional and realistic schools of fiction who maintain that emotion must be overwhelmingly good or evil, must be keyed to the shrillest and most excitable pitch, will find in these stories a partial refutation of their theories.

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, A.B., M.A., Litt.B.

REVIEWS

The Education of Women During the Renaissance: a Dissertation. By MARY AGNES CANNON, M.A. Washington, D. C.

The manifold interests and activities, artistic, literary, social and political, of the Renaissance have invested it with a strange fascination. Whole libraries have been written upon

almost every one of its phases. If the learned women of those eventful days have not been forgotten, as we can judge from the works of Christopher Hare (Mrs. Marian Andrews), they have not yet, perhaps, found a chronicler to do them full justice. In the present dissertation, which was submitted to the Catholic Sisters' College of the Catholic University of America in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the author records the results of an inquiry into the nature and the extent of pedagogical endeavor during the period of the revival of learning, that is, from about 1350 to 1600. The writer herself very briefly and clearly outlines the scope of her monograph. She excludes the question of primary and elementary training and in general all education in which the classics of Greece and Rome were not the basic studies. She naturally begins her investigation with the great revival in Italy and then carries her researches into the history of the movement in all its varied manifestations in Spain and Portugal, England, France, and finally Northern Europe.

It is not the intention of the author to write a finished treatise, with all the large proportion which the subject requires. With no other purpose in view but to set up a few guide-posts for the inquisitive traveler anxious to follow in the same path, she has gathered a great deal of interesting matter and placed it at his disposal for further reference. She has brought to light much hidden lore. A wide acquaintance with the subject enables her to tread with ease and safety into some remote nooks and corners. Miss Cannon has done good service in pointing out the striking work of many noble and gifted Catholic women in the great revival.

J. C. R.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. By HERMAN WEDEWER, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium of Wiesbaden, and JOSEPH MCSORLEY, of the Paulist Fathers. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

The Ancient World, from the Earliest Times to 800 A. D. Part One: Greece and the East. By FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S.J. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.00.

Here are excellent text-books that the teachers in our Catholic high schools and academies ought to welcome joyfully. The first volume is Father McSorley's translation and adaptation of Professor Wedewer's "Grundriss der Kirchengeschichte," the twelfth edition of which was published at Freiburg in 1907. With a view to meeting the needs of our schools, the American adapter explains that he has omitted a considerable portion of the original text and has added new material on the Church's foreign-mission work and on her history down to the death of Pius X. Under the three epochs, Christian Antiquity, the Middle Ages, and Modern Times, epochs which are subdivided into periods, is given in twenty-six chapters a remarkably clear, concise and accurate account of the Church's entire history. Not a name or movement of importance seems to be omitted, controverted questions are fairly discussed, and the sad truth about the Church's darker days, e. g., the tenth century, is told without fear. Particularly valuable are the chapters on the present condition of the Church throughout the world. Father McSorley's pages on the history of Catholicism in this country, with his careful statistics, are especially well done. There is a good index but the work would be improved by the addition of reading lists.

"The Ancient World" is the first half of Father Betten's revision, for Catholic schools, of Professor Willis Mason West's well-known text-book of history. It is interesting to see how that work has gradually been made acceptable to Catholics. When the book first appeared some fifteen years ago, under the title "Ancient History," Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., examined it carefully and published in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* a paper in which he pointed out the passages which he considered historically false and unfair to the Church. The author so profited by the criticisms offered that the subsequent editions of the book were more free from what is objectionable to Catholics, and now Professor West and the publishers have given Father Betten "complete liberty" to make whatever alterations in the text he thinks necessary. The main changes will be found in the early part of the book and consist in the insertion of the Biblical account of man's origin, in supplying some antidotal matter about evolution and in emphasizing the sacred character of the ancient Jewish nation. In other places Father Betten tones down Professor West's eulogies of pagan civilization, omits some of his quotations and pictures, and pays a juster tribute to Aristotle's genius. The following parallel passages from the page describing "The Moral Side of Greek Culture" will indicate the nature of Father Betten's adaptations:

FATHER BETTEN	PROFESSOR WEST
The Greeks accepted a rather unlimited search for pleasures as natural and proper. Self-sacrifice had little place in their moral code. They lacked altogether the Jewish and Christian sense of sin. Even the Babylonians were far ahead of them in this matter. Their chief motive for right conduct, as far as it went, was a certain admiration, based on natural grounds, of moderation and temperance. Individual characters at once lofty and lovable were not numerous. . . .	The Greeks accepted frankly the search for pleasure as natural and proper. Self-sacrifice had little place in their ideal They lacked altogether the Jewish and Christian "sense of sin." They were moved to right conduct, not by the Christian's spiritual love for the beauty of holiness, but by an intellectual admiration for the beauty of moderation and of temperance. Individual characters at once lofty and lovable were not numerous. . . .
At the same time some Greek teachers inculcate morality. They found in themselves the courage to listen to the voice of their conscience and to assert what they saw was right. They may have caught the dim rays of original revelation, or obtained inspiration from the sacred books of the Jews. Yet none of these men in any way reached the Jewish and Christian ideals.	At the same time, a few individuals tower to great heights and a few Greek teachers give us some of the noblest morality of the world. Says Mahaffy, after acknowledging the cruelty and barbarity of Greek life: "Socrates and Plato are far superior to the Jewish moralists; they are superior to the average Christian moralist; it is only in the matchless teaching of Christ himself that we find them surpassed."

As the second portion of "The Ancient World," which is soon to appear, takes up the beginnings of Rome and continues to the year 800, A. D., and must therefore dwell largely on the rise and spread of Christianity and the foundation and development of the Papacy, Father Betten's work of revision will of course be more extensive than it was in this first part of Professor West's book.

W. D.

Life and Living. By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00.

Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor. By BEATRICE CHASE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. $0.35.

Ballads and Lyrics. By ELDRIDGE DENISON. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25.

The House on the Hill. By FREDERICK A. WRIGHT. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.00.

The reviewer can very naturally assemble these four books of verse for a single review notice. In their art and ethics, they are cut from very similar cloth. Spiritual ideals, expressed even in definite religious phrases; spontaneous heart-appeals making for cultured sympathy and love and reverence; and a technique that possesses strength and simplicity, because the

vision was clear and sincere: these constitute a common ground where four poets meet. If, without searching for comparisons, which at times are said to be invidious, one were to arrange the authors as a class at school, he would say that Amelia Josephine Burr goes to the head of the line by reason of the intenser feeling in her work, the passion of which rhetoricians speak; then Beatrice Chase, first in her turn, for touching more intimately many objective truths, those sublime realities about home and God; Eldridge Denison a first for the wider range of subjects, from the lovable homeliness of common things to the subtle glory investing imaginary fields; and Frederick A. Wright to the top of the line for the defter skill in that constructiveness which is one of the high claims of lyric poetry.

Miss Burr shows moods in which the atmosphere is not tranquil; the air is not settled, which means that a seeming perplexity enshrouds the world of her observation and reflection. A little higher up, as others have found, François Coppée, for example, on a day among the Pyrenees or Thomas à Kempis many years in a cloister, there are plains of peace where the sun is shining upon an intelligible world. Again, when Miss Burr goes to canvasses that are of the Catholic tradition, as in her "Mary of Egypt" and "Saint Clara to the Virgin," she appears to have studied her subjects in poor light, or at a wrong angle, or let us say, as one who tries to read a cathedral window from the sidewalk. Looked at from the inside, where they were intended to be observed, how magnificently the illuminated legend falls to the eyes of the spectator. Alfred Tennyson, it will be remembered, confessed that he had not written the entire "Idyls" because he would have had to become a Catholic to understand and interpret "The Death of Sir Lancelot." Yet Miss Burr, like other poets whom the world-war has gifted with clear-sightedness, sounds many a true note as an interpreter of the bitter conditions that are making modern history; this, for example, from "A Prayer of Today"—

> By the stern brotherhood of grief and pain
> Advance Thy reign.
> By honor that shall pave the stricken field
> But will not yield,
> By larger mercy and by love more wide,
> By death defied,
> By faith which looks beyond the hour of loss,
> Burn out our dross. . . .
> And through all bitter blindness, do Thou still
> Work out Thy will.

Children and Ireland are two themes which have won the attention of these same poets. Says Eldridge Denison,—

> The greatest patriots in the world
> The old green isle supplies,
> And Erin's banner is unfurled
> Next every flag that flies.

And while Dartmoor must be grateful to Miss Chase for her sweet songs, children of every corner of the world will do well to have her charming religious songs by heart, as "The Great Gentleman," who is Christ, and this, "The King's Robe":

> Each early morn the King I greet
> Who dwells within my shrine,
> I fain would find Him vesture meet
> Who craves no raiment fine:
> Earth's humblest robes He deems most sweet,
> The robes of Bread and Wine:
> He wears the ivory-white of wheat,
> The amber of the vine.

M. E.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

From Abbot Aelred's letter in the summer *Pax* it is clear that the war has brought the affairs of the Caldey Benedictines to a crisis. He appeals for prayers, and writes: "It is a fact that unless sufficient and sustained assistance comes to Caldey without delay, there will need to be a total reconstruction of the conditions of life, both in the community itself, and on the Island." He then tells about the progress of "St. Joseph's," the little household of working boys which is connected with the monastery. Among the other articles in the number is an interesting inquiry into the claims of "St. Joseph of Arimathea as the apostle of Britain"; "By the Way," John Ayscough's amusing account of a traveling incident; a just appreciation of Mgr. Benson; and an account of A. L. Leach's archeological researches in "Nanna's Cave, Isle of Caldey."

"F. L.," the author of "Pseudo-Scientists *vs.* Catholics," the leading article in the current *Catholic Mind,* is the graduate of a State university in the West, so he can speak from experience of the contempt and hostility shown the Church by his former instructors. He then proves that these "pseudo-scientists" are more dogmatic in their domain than the Church is in hers, and in spite of their vaunted "independence," accept numerous scientific facts solely on the authority of other men, whereas Catholics, in matters of faith and morals, are so proud that they will bow only to the authority of a Divinely instituted, infallible Church. The next article in the number is the address on the war that the Holy Father made to the children of Rome last summer. Then comes Father Blakely's "Scandalizing the Little Ones," a paper which is recommended to the perusal of "devout Catholics" who send their children to pagan schools. The issue ends with a short article answering the question "Why Go to College?" and another proving what an effective "Guardian of Purity" the Church is.

Arthur B. Reeve's "The Social Gangster" (Hearst's International Library, $1.25) is a collection of Craig Kennedy stories which can be recommended to high school and college science classes, for the book may prove an incentive to study, since the author shows how the most astute criminals are powerless against the agents and re-agents of the physical and chemical laboratory. The stories are interesting, but somewhat monotonous for continuous reading. The book appears to be a complete novel but the chapters have no connection with one another except that the hero is always the same.——"The Magnificent Adventure" (Appleton, $1.35) Emerson Hough's latest book, is a historical novel with Meriwether Lewis, of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, as a hero. In the early chapters are good descriptions of life in Washington when Thomas Jefferson was President and the subsequent chapters give a picturesque account of Lewis's journey to the Pacific. But the conspiracy of Aaron Burr and his daughter "Theo" against the young explorer "peters out" weakly and is not skilfully treated. For a "faithful" wife, Theo behaves in a very unconventional fashion.

Father J. S. Hickey, O.Cist. has just given to the public a revised edition of his "Ethica," which is one of the set of books that make up his "Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Adolescentium." This particular volume was reviewed in AMERICA for June 22, 1912, and highly praised for its modern style and methods, its intimate and discriminating knowledge of contemporary science, its citations in the vernacular from recent discussions of old problems, and its crisp and fresh phraseology. The author's revisions of the work have still further added to its claims to a place in the classroom.——The latest number of "The Academy Classics" is "Scott's Ivanhoe, Edited with Notes and Introduction by A. Marion Merrill, Head of the English Department, High School, Somerville, Massachusetts." (Allyn & Bacon, $0.70.) Though there are 671 pages in the book, the paper and the letter-press keep the volume small in size and easy to read. There are original illustrations and the collateral matter is adequate and accurate for the most part but the editors of

text-books really ought to stop making priests "perform mass before" the people.

In "Potential Russia" (Dutton, $1.50) Richard Washburn Child describes how he went throughout the length and breadth of that country, stopping in cities and villages, observing the land and the people, talking to diplomats and peasants, social leaders and merchants, suffragettes and Socialists. The author finds that in spite of the many depressing agencies in Russia, the country is sensing a new nationalism. Owing to the war, her Government is awakening, and everyone, even the women, are beginning to realize the power of her resources. Russia, being the greatest storehouse of mineral and agricultural wealth left to the world, with her 170,000,000 needing every kind of manufactured goods, is America's opportunity. England, France and Germany will seek for Russian trade and Russian investment. Will America let her golden opportunity slip by? We must make friends with Russia, says Mr. Child, and in order to do this we must learn to know her people better, their tastes, their habits and their business customs, which are all different from ours.

The September *Month* opens with a paper on " 'Character' in Catholic Fiction" by Father Herbert Lucas. Taking his illustrations chiefly from the stories of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, John Ayscough and Mgr. Benson, he writes:

> In claiming for our foremost Catholic novelists a definite superiority over the generality of non-Catholic writers of fiction in all that concerns the treatment of character, my meaning is not merely that they are more skilful in the analysis of character than the generality of non-Catholic writers, but that, as a definite result of their Catholic principles, they see more clearly that for each individual man the formation of character,—or, let us say, more explicitly, of the Christ-like character—is the one thing that really matters, even as St. Paul saw this truth when he wrote: "My little children, with whom I am again in labor till Christ be formed in you." Of course all manner of consequences inevitably follow, whether we can detect them or not, from the formation, however imperfectly, of the Christ-like character in any individual man or woman; for no one lives to himself alone, and his acts or omissions cannot but effect others besides himself. But these consequences may safely be left—and are best left—to God's Providence.

Father Lucas maintains that the writings of the average non-Catholic novelist are "concerned with temperament rather than character strictly so-called, or at best with the more superficial aspects of character."

Two recent books bearing on the war are "Some Experiences in Hungary, August, 1914, to January, 1915," (Longman's, $1.25) by Mina MacDonald, and "Serbia in Light and Darkness," (Longmans, $1.20) by Fr. Nicholas Velimirovic. The first tells how an English girl was caught by the war while staying as companion to the daughter of a Hungarian Prince and she gives a lively discription of the days between August and January, when she finally made her "escape." She is, of course, very patriotic, and varied and amusing are the situations her position led her into. There are good pictures of peasant life, and vivid characterizations of the variegated population of the Empire. The impression one carries away from the book is of the extreme goodness and simplicity of the Magyar character.——The other book is in three parts. In the first are four lectures on Serbia, delivered before English audiences by a Serbian (Orthodox) priest. They show a good deal of natural eloquence, and deal with the struggles of the Serbs, especially against the Turk, and contain many touching pictures and stirring anecdotes of suffering and bravery. Then follows a collection of "Fragments of Serbian National Wisdom," aphorisms, in which that language seems particularly to abound. The third part is taken up with selections from the "Serbian Popular Poetry" (in English), of John Bowring, (1827.)

In Theodore Maynard's little book of poetry, "Laughs and Whifts of Song," reviewed in our issue of June 24, are found these discerning stanzas "To Any Saint":

Before the choirs of angels burst to song,
In night and loneliness your way you trod—
O valiant heart, O weary feet and strong,
There are no easy by-paths unto God.

Darkness there was, thick darkness all around;
Nor spoken word, nor hand to touch you knew,
But One who walked the self-same stony ground
And shared your dereliction there with you.

O valiant heart! O fixed, undaunted will!
While all the heavens hung like brass above,
You faltered not, but steadfast journeyed still
Upon the road of sainthood to your Love.

And was not it reward exceeding great
To kiss at last with passionate lips His side,
His hands, His feet? O pomp! O regal state
O crown of life He gives unto His bride!

Lovers there are with roses chapleted,
But more than theirs is your Lord's loveliness;
Your love is crowned with thorns upon His head,
And pain and sorrow woven is His dress.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Atlantic Monthly Co., Boston:
Atlantic Classics. $1.25.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:
Lumen Vitæ, l'Espérance du Salut au Début de l'Ère Chrétienne. Par Adhémar d'Alès. 3 fr. 50; Le Lt.-Colonel Driant, Allocution Prononcée en l'Eglise Notre-Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Barret. 0 fr. 50.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Self-Reliance. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. $1.00.

The Century Co., New York:
Society's Misfits. By Madeleine Z. Doty. Illustrated. $1.25.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York:
The Advance of the English Novel. By William Lyon Phelps. $1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. Illustrations by Tell. $0.60; Julius Le Vallon: an Episode. By Algernon Blackwood. $1.50; The Chevalier De Boufflers: a Romance of the French Revolution. By Nesta H. Webster. $4.00; A Little House in War Time. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

B. Herder, St. Louis:
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The Paulist Press, New York:
The Truth About Christian Science. By George M. Searle. $1.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
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Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago:
The Land of Don't-Want-To. By Lilian Bell. Pictures by Milo Winter. $1.25; The Real Mother Goose. With Pictures by Blanche Fisher Wright.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Shepherd Who Watched by Night. By Thomas Nelson Page. $0.50.

EDUCATION

Julianne and the Valedictory

JULIANNE graduated from her fashionable convent academy, not far from a famous city, early in June, more than a year ago. Part of April and the whole of May were wasted in rehearsals for the great event, during which time the dressmakers saw more of Julianne than did her teachers. Of course we attended the graduation exercises. We attend them as a duty, hoping some day before the grave closes over us to be present at a graduation at which the exercises will be something more solid and serious than the frothy, frivolous and sentimental closings that are the rule in too many so-called institutions of learning today.

THE OPENING

Long after the scheduled time the graduates made their grand entrance. Punctuality seems to be a lost virtue in our fashionable schools. The graduates were preceded and followed by their satellites, although there seemed to be no sufficient reason for the latter, unless to furnish an additional opportunity for a vulgar display of feminine finery. There was not a single face in the crowd that looked natural, not a single graduate that walked naturally, not one who conducted herself naturally. It was all posing, all stagey, all theatrical. Everything seemed artificial, affected, and skin deep, like the rouge and enamel that were too much in evidence on nearly all the graduates there. Why, indeed, should they not paint if their mothers do? The graduates were all dressed in white, but extravagantly so, with flashing jewels at the usual strategic points for such baubles. The simplicity of good taste was conspicuous by its absence. When will our Catholic maidens and matrons learn that money is not synonymous with brains, and that expensive clothes and jewels do not make Catholic women? The girls must have ransacked the greenhouses of a dozen florists for the flowers they carried, the decorations being orchids. Enough money was literally thrown away that evening on excessive floral decorations to have sent a missionary to China to preach the Gospel of the poverty and humility of Christ.

The great evening was finally on. It opened, not with prayer, not with a sacred hymn, not with some choice melody culled from the vast and incomparable garden of Catholic music. No; the music was a sickening modern aria, by an atheistic composer, with a sensuous and seductive swing that turned one's mind away from serious and intellectual things to the grosser pleasures of sense. And they who sang this banal song of passion were the "sweet girl graduates." Then there was an address, the usual salutatory. It was not a simple, dignified, brief, heartfelt welcome, couched in chaste and balanced diction; but, like everything else on the program, it was exaggerated, stilted, and unreal, lacking poise and balance and propriety. Then others of the graduates made addresses, several of them on topics obviously beyond their grasp, and not at all suited for girls, and the manner of their treatment made it quite clear that the essays were not original. Thus are ten-thousand-dollar educations thrown away on ten-dollar girls.

THE FULFILMENT

Then came the farewell, and the "spokesman" of the class told of an anxiety to accomplish wonderful things "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self." As we listened to Julianne's valedictory, we resolved to test her extravagant promises by the results, and this is the sum total of the first year's observation:

Not one of them has been to Mass a single week-morning since graduation, and on Sundays they have frequently come late. They have given up weekly Communion, and many of them have missed the "First Friday." They spend more than an hour every day at the telephone making appointments to waste time, and they go off to play tennis, or skate, or shop, or "joy ride." They talk of nothing but dress and automobiles and dances. Not a single one of them has opened a book, other than a novel, one of the "six best sellers," which deal so largely with matters of sex, and they are all losing their taste for reading, and their ability to be interested in healthy and wholesome literature. As a result they lack the power of sustained thought and the capacity to concentrate their minds. Hence their butterfly dispositions, without depth, without stability, without penetration. And these are the girls who are to become the future mothers of the rising Catholic generation!

Not one of these girls has even entered a Catholic library, or the public library, to get either winter or summer reading of a serious nature to supplement a meager education; not one of them has attended a lecture of any serious character during the year, other than an illustrated travelogue; not one of them has entered class at the university, or at the technical school, or at any of the numerous summer schools; not one of them has gained even a smattering of a single foreign language since her graduation; not one of them has attempted to fit herself for a wider and deeper intellectual outlook on life; not one of them has taken a course in domestic science, or household hygiene, or dressmaking, or millinery, or interior decoration, in order to manage more efficiently her own home when the time comes for her to get married. Not one of them can cook a simple meal; not one of them knows how to wash and iron any of the expensive fabrics she wears, and as a consequence every one of them is tyrannical with the servants, and there is constant friction in the domestic circle, necessitating a continual change of help.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

Not a single one of them has called on her parish priest to inquire if there were any religious or charitable or intellectual work in which she could engage, and thus put out at interest her talents and her expensive education and her God-given privilege of oceans of free time, by doing something worth while "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self," as her valedictorian so ostentatiously proclaimed just a brief year ago. And all the while there were the very poor on the edges of the parish, there were the little tots of girls to whom they might have taught sewing; there were the sick children in the slums, the alleys and back streets, in a stifling atmosphere during the heated term, with no one to take them to the parks for a breath of fresh air, or to see God's glorious green grass or the beautiful flowers that are almost things undreamed of by the children of the poor.

How easy it would be to take along a few of these afflicted poverty-stricken children on one of the perpetual afternoon automobile drives, and thus make them genuine "joy" rides for the children. There were the sick in our crowded city hospitals who would pray until their dying day, and after it in heaven, for those who would visit them occasionally and read to them or speak a kind and consoling word to them; all this time there were God's beautiful children in the outlying districts, just thirsting for the knowledge of Christ, and none to instruct them, although all of these "sweet girl graduates" ride madly through these places every week in their touring cars, and the only thought they give them is to complain of the dust, utterly unmindful that God's little ones are drinking in this dust, raised by the "sweet girl graduates'" own machines. Oh! the pity of it! And a year ago these

same girls promised such great things "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self."

What about that valedictory? Was it all a hollow mockery?

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Ezechiel, Thirty-Four, Six

A WARNING shout, a swift scurry of feet, and the party skidded into Third Street, with a policeman, several dogs, and a flock of children in pursuit. We are peaceful folk here in Harlemville, especially we who dwell on Eighty-fourth Avenue, and such sights are vexing. When all the locks of our oldest inhabitant were raven, the most formidable terror that stalked by night was the prowling goat; but times have changed since the days when Eighty-fourth Avenue was only a country road leading between dusty tangles of brier-roses to old Jan Powlson's Astoria ferry. Now we have "L's" and tenements and push carts and surface lines and rathskellers, and, I fear, rowdies and foolish girls whose street corner laughter makes one remember gratefully the piercing shrill of a subway train rounding a bad curve.

THE NEWSDEALER'S PHILOSOPHY

The policeman came back with an air of triumph and three half-grown boys. I stopped to get the history of the case from my friend the corner newsdealer, an aged Hebrew, a philosopher learned in all the lore of Harlemville. He shook his head as if to rearrange his vocabulary. "It's a good thing," he commented in Manhattanese tinged with Oriental reminiscences. These boys had been "shotting" craps in the hallway, next the undertaker's. Worked at Bloomingdale's. Got, maybe, six dollars a week. Yes, and there was worse. At ten P. M. my friend shelves his wares for the mind, and like a venerable siren lures the late wayfarer with the hiss and bubble of steaming frankfurters. The crap-shooters come back then, and they do not come alone. Those foolish girls come with them. It was doing no good. It was bad for the neighborhood. It was worse for the girls. Now these boys get a week, maybe ten days on the Island. It is good, but the "cops" should have arrested them long ago. I know all about it, said the newsdealer. But it is better sometimes to be in the streets than in the pool rooms, the "movies," the dance halls or the saloons. Sometimes it is best to be in jail. "Do you wan a *'Joynal'* or a *'Woild'?"* he inquired, abandoning philosophy for business.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

My friend limits the boys and girls of our neighborhood to the streets, the "movies," the saloons, the pool rooms, the dance halls and the jail. It is a sorry choice, but truth compels the admission that the enumeration is complete. "Home" does not enter his calculations. He is a practical man, no theorist, and he knows the East Side. Most of us remember a childhood which found an inexhaustible source of amusement under the family roof tree and in the adjacent demesne. We did not have merely a place in which to eat and sleep and shelter ourselves from the heat and the cold, but a home. For many of the poor, especially in the congested districts of our larger cities, what we mean by "home" is a physical impossibility. According to the census of 1910, there were 136,548 persons in New York's eleventh ward, or 697 persons to every acre; in the tenth and thirteenth wards, 604 per acre, and in the seventeenth ward, 520. Walk through the upper East Side of New York, a district by no means the last stand of the abjectly poor, and note the tenements from five to nine stories in height, narrow and forbidding, that closely pack for blocks both sides of the narrow, dirty street. The child of this neighborhood does not know what a "yard" is; he plays in the street, and the smaller ones usually choose the gutter.

SOCIAL LIFE IN A TENEMENT

His older brothers and sisters cannot "have company" in the house after they come home from work. Crowded and constricted, with every available inch used for the animal purposes of living, often poorly lighted and ill-ventilated, "home" is not a very pleasant place. It is surely not adapted for social purposes. Often the head of the house stumbles in at eight or nine, tired out after his long day's toil. He cannot take a father's place in the family. He is so worn out that after his frugal supper, he can do no more than fall into bed, after setting his battered alarm for four or five o'clock. Perhaps, too, the temper of the older people, already tense through toil, ill-health or worry, is easily upset by the "noise" of merrymakers. Yet amusement these young people must have. We cannot do away with a fact by quarreling with it.

Man is a social animal, gregarious and all that, as the psychologists tell us, and in normal young people the social instinct is strong. To them as to you, lights, music, and laughter are attractive. Possibly it would be better were these boys and girls to eschew forever all frivolity, to spend their time in prayer and fasting, but, normally speaking, the generality will never aspire actively after perfection. Besides, I have never heard that either Our Lord or the Church ever frowned upon innocent enjoyment. The frown came in with the sixteenth-century revolt against religion. Monkish mystery plays encouraged our forefathers to laugh at the devil, which is a Christian thing, while fearing him overmuch, as if he could snatch us from the hand of God, is a weakness eminently pleasing to the father of lies. And I find a great deal of satisfaction in the recollection that, long ago, a certain wedding feast among the poor was made very bright and joyous by the kindly presence of the Son of God.

THE "MAGNIFICENT PILE"

After these paragraphs, devoted to the proof of an obvious fact, let us stand in the now deserted hallway next the undertaker's, and glance one block to the north. Your eyes rest on what the local Baedeker describes as a "magnificent pile," a great church administered by the Fathers of a famous Religious Order. I know the zeal with which this foundation is served. Masses are said from early morning until eight or nine and until noon on Sunday; confessions are heard at all hours; thousands throng the Holy Table; there are sermons, instructions, novenas; and all to the untold profit of those pious souls who come to participate in this largesse of spiritual wealth. Its mosaics are glorious harmonies of glowing color framed in gold; marble and silver and bronze and stained glass and tapestries, are brought together to do Him honor who condescends to dwell in this temple reared by faith and love. Only a spirit akin to the lost Apostle carps at the beauty of God's House. But what of the wandering sheep, the lambs straying down Eighty-fourth Avenue to the edge of the desert?

"WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?"

For this church, I am told, has no sodality for boys or for young men, and the Young Ladies' Sodality, owning no age limit, frequently goes by another and, to some, an ominous name. The church has organized no society or club of any kind, which even pretends to interest and protect those who most need its care, the growing boys and girls who, just released from school, find liberty a dangerous gift. It has a fine school building, with auditorium, gymnasium and roof playground; but during the summer, when our foolish young friends are congregating in dark hallways and dangerous dance halls, or roistering on street corners, this building cannot be entered except by a thoroughly

trained burglar. In fact, even during the year, it is open for only a few hours during the day. "She meets them at your very door, the church door" says someone in O. Henry's poignant yet commonplace tragedy, "Brickdust Row." "Where else can I go?" asks the girl, whose East Side surroundings are gradually drawing her into the downward path.

To this question our "magnificent pile" has no answer. The boy can go a few blocks to the west and find a Y. M. C. A. building splendidly equipped with everything to engage his boyish fancy, if he is fond of manly sports and games, and with excellent high-school and technical courses, if he prefers to study. A few blocks further to the west, and he will come across an institution with similar advantages, the Young Men's Hebrew Association. But there seems to be no place for the girl, unless, perhaps, the Lutherans will open their *Jungfrauenbund* to her, or she finds a welcome at an Episcopalian neighborhood house. In any event we Catholics have nothing, either for our boys or our girls, although 15,000 people worship in the building which we have been surveying from the hallway, next to the undertaker's.

A Poor Text

Ezechiel, thirty-four, six, is an ill-chosen text. It is quite easy to tell your spiritual guide what he ought to do for his wandering lambs; but I have noted very often that the lecturers shy off when the pastor asks their help. I sometimes think that the Catholic laity deem themselves not confessors of the Faith merely, but veritable martyrs, when they grudgingly support a parochial school, founded for the sole purpose of saving their children from the snares of the devil. We Catholics have been "resolving" for these many years, and while a good resolution is better than a solemn declaration of intended evil, an elemental willingness to work is preferable to either. We are like a man with a toothache, nursing his courage for a visit to the dentist. How many Catholic societies have laudably "resolved to do something" for our boys and girls? Many. How many have done anything? Some; but one need not invoke a mathematician to compute the number.

A Suggested Meditation

The last Congress gave us some marvelous legislation, but I have not heard that it authorized the clergy to issue legal tender. And we cannot build social centers or neighborhood houses on roseate dreams. Let our wealthy Catholics meditate profoundly on the "right use of creatures," while the rest of us ponder the story of the widow's mite; and a stroll by night through the tenement district, or a talk with the prosecuting attorney, will help to give the meditation form and purpose. Christ died to save these children playing in the hallways of the house of sin. Does this truth mean anything to you?

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Editor of the *Rosary Magazine* refers to the comments recently made by women of prominence upon the decay of chivalry and the noticeable lessening of esteem for their sex even on the part of boys. In seeking to account for this he adverts to the entrance of woman into politics and then adds:

> But even if this entrance of woman into politics were not responsible for the falling off of man's regard for the fair sex, the mode of dress adopted by the women of our day might be looked upon as one of its root causes. Men, as a rule, are not overmuch addicted to blushing. But no respectable man can hope to keep down the mantling blush when he is confronted with some of the Parisian fashions now in vogue.

He rightly refers to the scandal of Catholic women approaching the Holy Table in costumes that are far from modest. The pastorals written upon the modern fashions are sufficient evidence of the seriousness of this evil. It is the duty of Catholic women to set the world an example of Christian decency.

Preparations are under way in Chicago for a memorial to the distinguished surgeon, Dr. John B. Murphy.

> President Reinberg, of the County Board, has appointed a committee to confer with the leading members of the medical profession in regard to the erection and endowment of a Clinical Research Laboratory to be placed on the County Hospital Grounds as a memorial to John B. Murphy, M.D., the famous physician and surgeon who died recently. The building will cost about $100,000; $200,000 will be raised by popular subscription for the maintenance of the work.

It is proposed to specialize in research work along the lines of cancer, pneumonia and infantile paralysis, in which Dr. Murphy was particularly interested.

Here is a campaign method in favor of total abstinence against which no one will object:

> Three beers a day for a year ($54.75) would bring into the home: one barrel of flour; five pounds of sugar; 20 pounds of cornstarch; 10 pounds of macaroni; 10 quarts of beans; four twelve-pound hams; one bushel of sweet potatoes; three bushels of Irish potatoes; 10 pounds of rice; 10 pounds of coffee; 20 pounds of crackers; 100 bars of soap; five quarts of cranberries; 10 bunches of celery; 10 pounds of prunes; three dozen oranges; 20 good beefsteaks. But this is not all; there would be in one pocket of the workingman's trousers a five-dollar bill marked, "A new dress for mother," and in another pocket a five-dollar bill marked, "To buy shoes for the children."

Still higher motives might be added to this list in seeking to promote total abstinence by conviction.

The *Caravel*, published by the Knights of Columbus at Davenport, Iowa, gives the following interesting summary of the reports of the supreme officers at the late convention, showing the growth and the stability of the Order:

> There were 368,135 Knights of Columbus within the jurisdiction of the Order on June 30, 1916, according to Secretary McGinley's report. The financial statement of Supreme Treasurer Callahan showed that $860,406.16 had been paid in death benefits during the year, and that the present assets of the Order, exclusive of special funds, are approximately $7,000,000.00. The healthy manhood of the Knights of Columbus was indicated by the report of Supreme Physician Dr. Buckley. The death rate during the year was but seven per 1,000 members. This mortality list, he said, is the lowest of any fraternal organization of its size or age in the country.

The findings of the "Commission on Religious Prejudice," it was announced, were to be "the most distinctive work ever distributed under the auspices of the Supreme Council."

The Negro Year Book, 1916-1917, gives abundant proof of the progress made by the black race in the United States. It shows the American negro attaining to distinction as painter, sculptor, composer, poet, actor, singer and inventor. It presents him likewise in his capacity as successful business man and banker. According to the census of 1910 the negro population was 9,827,763 and must therefore be very considerably over 10,000,000 at present. It is interesting to notice that the first negro educational fund mentioned is that founded by the Polish General, Thaddeus Kosciusko, May 5, 1798. On the eve of his departure from America he set aside a fund of $16,000 to be devoted to the education of negroes. Thomas Jefferson was made administrator and empowered to employ the whole fund, according to the words of its founder:

> 'In purchasing negroes and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in

the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers, husbands or wives, in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatever may make them happy and useful.

Thomas Jefferson refused to take out administration papers and the heirs of Kosciusko contested the will. No available information exists to indicate the final disposition made of the fund. The active interest of the various sects at the present moment in educational and religious work among the negroes is made sufficiently apparent by the considerable sums which have been devoted by them to this purpose. Recognition is likewise given to the work done by Catholics in the Year Book published at the Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

A complete description of the new Fenwick Club and Boys' Home in Cincinnati, whose immediate construction was recently decided upon, is given in the *Catholic Telegraph* of that city. The building is to consist of six stories, besides two mezzanine floors, a half-basement and a roof garden.

Among the more prominent features embodied in the plans, there is a large gymnasium, complete in the most minute detail, which can be used for hand-ball, basket-ball, indoor baseball and tennis. A standard swimming pool, with the very latest water-heating system, will be electrically illuminated from the bottom, and will be equipped with "safety-first" life guards or rails. Three fine bowling alleys will afford ample accommodations for bowling contests from time to time. Two large billiard and pool rooms and two libraries will be at the disposal of the boys. Three commodious lounging rooms, attractively furnished, will be the center of all social activity of the house. These rooms are so arranged, that they can be thrown into one large assembly room, which will seat more than a thousand people comfortably. A motion-picture booth will be concealed in one of these rooms. The large dining rooms are capable of accommodating three hundred guests, and a magnificent chapel will afford the young men an opportunity of attending divine services in the building. The Fenwick Club will have one hundred and fifty rooms, while the dormitories of the Boys' Home will accommodate about one hundred.

The Fenwick Club membership, we are told, is limited to Catholic young men between the ages of seventeen and thirty, while the Boys' Home admits non-Catholics, though it is strictly Catholic in management. The athletic and educational features will be open to all the Catholic men of the city at a nominal fee. The Fenwick Club was organized in 1915 to offer rooming facilities to homeless Catholic youths, in order to remove them from the danger of contamination, while the Boys' Home has for thirty-two years been "a haven for homeless boys."

A law has recently been passed by the National Assembly of Panama making civil marriage compulsory and giving it precedence over the marriage performed by the Church. Officiating priests or ministers are threatened with fine or imprisonment, or both, if a marriage should be performed in their churches before the civil ceremony. The demonstration which took place in answer to this violation of the most sacred rights of the people is thus described in a letter to AMERICA written from the Canal Zone:

Hand bills announcing the meetings were distributed throughout the city by the thousands. They had the desired effect and fully 5,000 men were present at the demonstrations; the women having been advised not to be present. The Panamanians were thoroughly aroused and Panama City had never witnessed in the past such a demonstration as took place a few nights ago. There were several American Catholics, including myself, present at the meetings. The first meeting was held in Cathedral Park and was addressed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Dr. Rojas, and by Dr. Victoria, Panama's most gifted orator. The people then proceeded to the President's palace where Dr. Teran, accompanied by the Bishop, addressed the President. The President responded, assuring the people that the law would be amended in accordance with their wishes. The people then proceeded to Santa Anna Park where the large crowd was addressed by Dr. Guardia and others. This great demonstration of men has been a consolation to the Catholics here and they have been encouraged to the extent that the next General Assembly will be composed of Catholics; Masonic Jews and Freethinkers being eliminated. The Liberal Paper, *El Diario*, which is supported by the present clique in power, made little of the demonstration. However, nobody pays much attention to it. The editor and manager of this paper is a renegade Spanish Catholic from Spain. The daily papers contain telegrams from all over the country protesting against the law.

This demonstration, the writer adds, ought to prove to the members of the Christian Congress that Panama is not a nation of atheists as Americans are led to believe.

Since 1903 the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has been collecting statistics regarding deaths and injuries resulting from the use of fireworks on the Fourth of July in the United States. The results are:

	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909
Casualties	4,449	4,169	5,176	5,466	4,413	5,623	5,307
Deaths	466	183	182	158	164	163	215
Tetanus Deaths	406	91	87	75	62	55	125
	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916
Casualties	2,923	1,603	988	1,163	1,506	1,165	850
Deaths	131	57	41	32	40	30	30
Tetanus Deaths	67	10	6	3	3	1	0

There were in the fourteen years 1,892 deaths. The total number of injuries that were not mortal was 42,909. Those that lost the sight of both eyes were 144; 654 lost the sight of one eye. The number of deaths is approximately correct, but the injuries recorded are only part of the whole. The *Journal* gives the lists as taken from hospital and police records, but the vast number of those treated at home by physicians who make no public report cannot be known. Among the deaths were 991 from tetanus. The tetanus bacillus is found very commonly in the dust of city streets, and any place where horses or cattle are present; it gets on the hands of children, and when a wound is made by a blank cartridge or other explosive the bacillus is driven into the wound. A deep closed wound is the best culture medium for this micro-organism. The infected person, after a period of incubation, which may be only a few days, or may be prolonged to two weeks, begins to have spasms of the jaw muscles, which end in lockjaw. The spasm spreads to the neck muscles, then to the trunk. Death may be caused by a laryngeal spasm, which suffocates; by a spasm of the diaphragm or other respiratory muscles; by paralysis of the heart; by exhaustion; or by severe fever. The deaths caused by fireworks are, of course, preventable. Hence the civil authorities are morally responsible for these deaths. During the past ten years there were 8,225 persons injured by fireworks in Pennsylvania, which has the worst record in the United States. New York State comes second, with 2,000 less cases. Among the cities Philadelphia has constantly been at the head of the evil list from 1909 to 1916. During the past ten years there were 37 killed and 2,938 injured by Fourth of July fireworks; in New York City 52 were killed and 2,135 injured; in Chicago, 46 killed and 639 injured; in St. Louis, 12 killed and 910 injured; in Boston, 15 killed and 546 injured; in Pittsburgh, 25 killed and 313 injured; in Cincinnati, 13 killed and 396 injured. Attempts have been made in Pennsylvania to have a law passed forbidding the manufacture of fireworks in the State, but the makers' lobby defeated the bills. Even if the making of fireworks were prohibited in a State, the importation of these explosives would be possible. A Federal law is needed to keep down this toll of human lives. The agitation against it begins too late each year.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The Mexican Commission is still sitting at New London, but as yet no conclusions have been reached. Apparently the two sections have been at cross purposes in regard to the problems to be discussed. On September 18, after receiving a wire from Carranza asking if the internal affairs of Mexico had been under review, Luis Cabrera, chairman of the Mexican section, issued this statement: "I authorize a denial that we are considering anything except the withdrawal of the troops and the border situation. I am not empowered to consider anything else."

The United States and Mexico

On the same day Franklin K. Lane, chairman of the American section, insisted that "there was no difference of opinion between the two sections as to the subjects before them." He also affirmed "that the Commission would go ahead with its plan of making a *broad* study of the *problems* of Mexico." While this play was in progress, Villa, or some one inspired by his spirit, entered Chihuahua City in triumph, on Hidalgo Day, September 16. General Bell sent this interesting account of the raid to our Secretary of War:

Evidence increases to show that Villa was completely successful in his attack Saturday upon Chihuahua and accomplished all and more than he said he would do. There is diversity of opinion and statement as to the number of men with which he entered Chihuahua. Some accounts state he had only 500, while others give him 1,700, but all agree he was able to secure possession of the penitentiary, the Governor's palace and the federal buildings, and hold them for several hours, and all this with a Carranza garrison at Chihuahua City which no one places at fewer than 6,000. He liberated over 200 prisoners, secured and carried away more than sixteen automobiles loaded with arms and ammunition and actually took out artillery under an escort of deserting Carranza troops. He left Chihuahua with from 1,000 to 1,500 more men than he entered. Villa retired leisurely and practically without molestation. The firing by Trevino's artillery occurred after Villa's troops had withdrawn.

On September 14, Trevino received a letter from Villa stating that he (Villa) would be in Chihuahua to shake hands with Trevino on September 16: he expressed the hope that Trevino would give him a suitable reception, he said he might be hungry and would like to have something to eat. On September 15 it was reported that Villa personally entered Chihuahua, was seen by many of his friends there and reconnoitered the city. Of course he was in disguise. On the night of September 15, Villa approached Chihuahua from a camp which he had maintained for two days within twenty-two miles of that city.

After Villa's columns had secured possession of the penitentiary, the Governor's palace and the federal buildings, Villa himself went into the Governor's palace, stood on the main balcony and made a short speech, which, in substance, was as follows: "*Viva* Mexico! You have not your liberty. I will give you your liberty, for I am your brother. I am going to return in a few days."

It appears that there had been a banquet attended by most of Trevino's officers, that about two o'clock this banquet was finished and most of the officers of the Carranza garrison were asleep. As soon as Trevino heard of the trouble he started toward the Governor's palace, but his personal escort deserted him and went over to Villa.

The party that attacked the federal building rode into the building on horseback and the guard there deserted to them. It is reported that many of the Carranza troops who were killed were shot by other Carranza troops, probably as a result of artillery firing from Santa Rosa Hill.

Trevino, on hearing this report, pronounced it a "tissue of lies," but the fact remains that a successful raid took place despite Trevino's 6,000 men and Pershing's forces. The latter, it appears, have made no attempt to capture Villa since Carranza forbade their leader to move south, east or west, very many weeks ago. Meantime Mr.

Taft, our sometime President, has given his judgment about Mexico in the October number of the *Yale Review*. After refuting the statement that the present Mexican muddle is a heritage from his administration, Mr. Taft asserts:

The complicity of Huerta in the killing of Madero has not been established. Huerta himself denied it, and there was reason for attributing the act to others who had sufficient motives, to make it a matter of doubt at least. It was amateur diplomacy and statesmanship which led Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan to assume the right to convict Huerta and declare him ineligible to become the President of Mexico. It is difficult in the history of any country to find in the short space of three years such a series of blunders, and of breaches of international law in dealing with a weaker Government as this Administration has exhibited in its treatment of Mexico. No matter what Huerta had done, no matter who he was, it was not for us to prescribe who should not become the head of that independent State.

In order to prevent the United States from being made the feeding ground for revolutions in Mexico, Congress had passed, in 1912, a resolution empowering the President to forbid all exportation of arms into Mexico and countries similarly situated. The last Administration, exercising this power, put an embargo in force. The present Administration, after much vacillation, finally lifted the embargo, avowedly for the purpose of enabling Carranza and Villa, then in partnership, to destroy such power as Huerta had. This was done in the face of the record of Villa as a criminal and murderer. The Administration permitted itself to think that in Villa was the savior of Mexico, although his hands were bloody with his personal homicides, and his life was one long catalogue of robberies and other crimes. We coddled him. We had a personal representative with him. We led him to believe that we would recognize him. On the other hand, we seized every opportunity to embarrass Huerta. We sent to deal with him Mr. Lind, a man of ability and high moral character, but utterly without diplomatic experience, whose chief qualification for appointment was the fact that he had been a Republican who shared Mr. Bryan's views as to the wisdom of the free coinage of silver, and became a supporter of Mr. Bryan thereafter. Mr. Lind had no official status. He was entirely unacquainted with the character of the people with whom he was to deal. He had no knowledge of the language. He was sent there with prepared hostility to Huerta. He found what he was sent there to find—he urged the lifting of the embargo on arms so as to help Carranza and Villa.

Then followed the Tampico incident, in which the arrest of some American sailors and a detention of them for a few hours was made the ground for the demand of an apology and a salute of our Flag. Huerta apologized but did not salute. This mere punctilio was made an excuse for seizing Vera Cruz in order to choke Huerta and take away his source of revenue and to prevent the landing of arms from other countries. In the face of this, Mr. Wilson announced in his Indianapolis speech that the fighting of the factions in Mexico was none of our business and he did not propose to make it our business. The boldness of this statement, in view of his course, is startling. . . .

Had we recognized Huerta or had we recognized no one, we should not have been responsible for any result. As it was, we made it our policy to do everything possible to drive Huerta out of power, and we waged war upon him at Vera Cruz at a cost of valuable American lives and hundreds of Mexican lives. We succeeded. We drove Huerta out of power and then we became responsible for Mexican anarchy. We became responsible for Villa; we became responsible for Carranza. We have recognized Carranza when his power in Mexico is far less confirmed than was Huerta's and after a record of murder and anarchy by his forces that equals anything Mexico has suffered from Villa. We have incurred the enmity of the Mexican people. We have brought on ourselves the invasion of the criminal bandit and murderer Villa by a course that even that outlaw has much ground for claiming to be lacking in good faith. After the Columbus raid, we sent a punitive expedition to capture Villa; and having punished many of his followers, we allowed our troops to remain in Mexico, though all hope of capturing Villa had passed. Because the Administration did not have the moral courage to meet political criticism and withdraw our troops, they were exposed to the slaughter at Carrizal by Carranza's troops. And after all this, we are parleying with Carranza by commission.

This in brief is Mr. Taft's judgment on the present Administration's Mexican policy.

The War.—The fighting in Picardy shows no abatement, although during the week the Germans were more often on the offensive than the Allies. The gains, however, were all on the side of the latter. The British pushed forward between Courcelette and Martinpuich, and the French took Rancourt and Deniecourt. Battles have been reported from the Verdun district at Mort Homme Hill and Hill 304, but no decisive results were obtained. In the Trentino and on the Carso Plateau the situation remains unchanged. Along the Macedonian front many engagements have taken place but the only victories gained have been those of the Serbians who have retaken Florina, crossed the Greek boundary into Serbia, and reached the vicinity of Urbeni. In Volhynia and Galicia the deadlock still continues, but in Bukowina, south of Dorna Watra, the Austrians have had some minor successes. The Rumanians have advanced in Eastern Transylvania from Csik Szereda and captured Szekely Udvarhely, but they met with reverses along the southern boundary of Transylvania, where they lost Petroseny and the Vulcan Pass and retired into Rumania. Conflicting reports make it difficult to locate exactly the positions of the armies in Dobrudja. The Central Powers after taking Cara Orman and Mangalia met the Rumanians and Russians on a line that ran from Maralui through Cobadin to Tusla. The Rumanians and Russians without making very serious resistance then fell back to a line extending from a point southwest of Rasova to the vicinity of Toprai Sari. Here a five-days battle took place, in which both sides claim to have gained the victory. The present battle-line apparently runs from the Danube about nineteen miles south of Cernavoda to the Black Sea about fourteen miles south of Constanza. This would mean that the Bulgarians have occupied about one-half of the Dobrudja.

Bulletin, Sept. 19, a. m.-Sept. 25, p. m.

France.—On September 27, in spite of the immense sums already authorized by Parliament, the Chamber of Deputies unanimously voted war credits for the rest of the year amounting to $1,767,600,000. The Socialist party, with the exception of the three "Kien-

The War Credits

thalist Deputies," Blanc, Raffin-Dugens and Brizon, resolved unanimously at a special meeting to vote for the war credits demanded by the Minister of Finance, M. Ribot. The resolution, while rejecting "any policy of prolonging the war for the sake of conquest," adds: "We are ready to make every effort to insure the territorial integrity of a France which includes Alsace-Lorraine."

The Kienthalist Deputies here referred to gained their title because they attended some time ago at Kienthal, Switzerland, an international conference of Socialists, at which were present Herr Hoffman, a member of the Prussian Diet and editor of *Vorwärts*, and Herr Fliessner, a deputy from Saxony. The presence of the three French delegates at the Kienthal convention caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among men of all parties in France, even among Socialists. Some time after the conference the French Socialist party issued a statement in which it disavowed the action of the Kienthalists and declared that it had not authorized any of its members to act as delegates at the Swiss conference.

Great Britain.—Throughout the country, there has been a revival of interest in the subject of education. A sermon delivered by the Lord Bishop of Nottingham, the Rt. Reverend Dr. Keating, has attracted much attention. The "educationists" of the country, said the Bishop, have controlled the system of education for more than fifty years. Schools have been built everywhere, millions of public money have been expended, in accordance with the theory that mankind was to be regenerated by compulsory education. The results have not justified the theory. The dominant system has no place for the Catholic doctrine that instruction in morality, an indispensable part of true education, must rest upon the immovable foundation of religious belief. The secularist has asked: "What is the use of bothering about religion? Keep the creed out of the schools. What difference does it make to a workingman whether he is a Catholic, a Protestant or an unbeliever? Can he not work as well?" The advocate of undenominational schools, on the other hand, "agreed with the Catholics as to moral teaching, but held that to teach a creed brought confusion into morals. They said: 'Teach morals, but not dogmatic religion, moral lessons, but no religion, just plain, simple morality founded on the plain, simple teachings of the Bible.'" In the meantime, the Church has never faltered from her position that education might easily become a curse, unless the child's training included the lesson of the knowledge and love of God and our neighbor. The fight for religion in the schools has been sharp, but the Bishop believes that as time goes on, the country will realize the justice of the Catholic doctrine on education.

Catholic Education

What Catholic schools have done is well shown by a paragraph from a recent number of the *Tablet*, chronicling the results of the Oxford Local Examinations. "Catholic secondary schools on the evidence are the foremost in the country." The "Catholic Directory" for 1916 estimates the total Catholic population of England and Wales at less than two millions, or about five per cent of the population of the country. But notes the *Tablet*, "the results of the recent examinations in all grades show a grand average for Catholic schools of nearly seventeen per cent of successful candidates, or more than three to one of other schools." These splendid results have been achieved by schools which "have been penalized and handicapped by a public policy of administrative discrimination."

Success of Catholic Schools

Holland.—At the opening session of Parliament, Queen Wilhelmina gave expression to her gratitude that the country had hitherto been kept out of war, but at the same time she warned the belligerents on both sides that Holland was prepared to defend its national rights and would resist any attempts to violate its neutrality. "We will fulfil the duties international law imposes upon neutrals," said the Queen. "At the same time we have strongly decided to defend our independence against any power that may assail it. We are augmenting our army and likewise our supply of war material and munitions." The fleet too is to be strengthened by the addition of three submarines and a mine-layer. The entire budget for the year 1917 amounts to 300,000,000 gulden. A new income tax is to be levied to cover the deficit in current expenses. According to the statements made by the Queen, the Government is to concern itself with providing food for the people, who are daily feeling to a greater extent the economic stress produced by the war.

Queen Wilhelmina's Throne Speech

Hungary.—The friendship of Hungary for the United States was the special subject of discussion in a recent session of the Hungarian Diet. The charge was made that the Austro-Hungarian Government was sulking in its attitude toward the United States and that for this reason Vienna had hitherto failed to appoint a new ambassador to Washington. Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, firmly denied that there was any justification for this charge in the following words:

Friendship for United States

> It would serve no purpose to enter into the details of this question, but I must state that in the relations beween our Minister of Foreign Affairs and the American Ambassador there is nothing that could serve as a reason for such a conclusion. . . . I can assure the honorable House that all the factors concerned in the Monarchy lay the greatest weight upon the relations with the United States; that we are far from sulking and that ultimately ways and means will be found to dispose of this matter.

The statement of the Premier was made in answer to an attack on the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Baron Burian, by the leaders of the Opposition and in particular by Count Apponyi. The latter charged the

Minister with unfitness for his position and gave as one instance the fact that the United States is not yet supplied with an Ambassador. This he characterized as "a great negligence, in view of the fact that it affected the most powerful neutral State, which in the preliminaries of the peace will have weighty words to say." Count Apponyi, it is rumored, would gladly accept in person the mission as Ambassador to Washington and has been seeking to prepare the way for this.

Ireland.—According to the Liverpool *Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion*, the women who recently met at the Dublin Mansion House to consider ways for reducing the death rate among the children in the city could not have discussed a subject of greater importance to the citizens of the Irish capital. Official statistics rate the infant mortality very high. According to Sir Andrew Horne, returns for 1914 show that 134 babies out of every thousand born in Dublin died before they completed their first year, while in County Roscommon the mortality was only 37.7. This high mortality among the children in the capital is due to a variety of causes. Dr. McWeeney's suggestion that arrangements should be made for a municipal dairy farm, with milk depots in different parts of the city to supply good milk to working-class mothers, was considered practical and deserving of immediate consideration. A movement was also suggested for the better instruction of the mothers in the elements of domestic economy. Were the lessons given, all agreed that a great improvement would follow. But according to Miss Harrison, any reduction in infant mortality is improbable while the housing problem is unsolved.

Infant Mortality and Housing Problems

Writing in the Yale *Review* for October on the "Sorrows of Ireland," Lady Aberdeen says that the housing conditions of the cities and towns of Ireland remain "a blot and a menace." According to her, 22.9 per cent of the population of Dublin live in one-room tenements; of this number are 12,042 families, consisting in all of 73,973 persons, thus giving the average number of occupants in each room as 6.1. Dublin, however, adds Lady Aberdeen, has done more to provide new housing in proportion to the number of the population than any other city of the United Kingdom, but its powers are too limited and the task with which it has to deal is "stupendous." The great poverty of the city is indicated by the fact that about half the deaths in Dublin occur in hospitals, workhouses and other public institutions. It is earnestly hoped that the recent meeting at the Mansion House will be productive of beneficial results.

Rome.—The *Osservatore Romano* quoted by *Rome* gives the following proof of the Holy Father's endeavors to mitigate the horrors of war. A Commission of Catholics, belonging to the French northern provinces now occupied by the Germans, entreated Benedict XV to obtain the transportation into Switzerland of the French prisoners from the northern districts who are the fathers of four children respectively, and whose imprisonment dates back to eighteen months ago. The Holy Father willingly listened to the request and immediately opened negotiations with the German authorities. These accepted the proposal and decided to agree to the reception in Switzerland of the French prisoners of eighteen months' standing who were fathers of *three* or *four* children, on condition that the French Government allowed the German prisoners similarly circumstanced to enjoy the same favor. The consent of Germany thus obtained, the French Government was applied to and agreed to the reception in Switzerland of military prisoners of at least eighteen months standing who were fathers of *three* children on condition of reciprocal treatment. There remained to find a place in Switzerland for those guests. The presence already of numerous prisoners and sick people presented some difficulties. Thanks to the good will of the Federal Government there are good hopes that these difficulties will disappear.

Benedict XV and the War Prisoners

Monsignor Tiberghien, Canon of St. John Lateran, has gone unofficially to Switzerland to aid personally in bringing matters to a definite result. By a fortunate coincidence he has met there the French Minister, M. Denys Cochin, who by this will undoubtedly have interposed his influential mediation to obtain the consent of the Federal Council.

The present scheme for the "hospitalization" of fathers of families must not be confused with the other scheme of the Holy Father for the benefit of the *grands blessés* described some time ago in AMERICA.

Spain.—The country is seriously endeavoring to solve its commercial and economic problems. A practical step in this direction has been taken by the establishment near Bilbao of a college of commerce. It is the first of its kind in Spain. The event is significant, for hitherto the fact or even the suspicion of one's ancestors having had anything to do with commerce was a bar to aristocratic honors and distinctions. The new college is not a State institution; it is the result of private initiative. Its foundation and endowment are due to the generosity of D. Pedro and D. Domingo G. de Aguirre, who wish to elevate the standing of commerce "not treating it as an empirical and routine utilitarian practice, but giving it a status as an object of scientific and cultured study." The founders, moreover, do not believe in the possibility of the formation of a noble commercial spirit, unless religion is invoked to this end. Hence, in addition to the purely professional classes, there are to be obligatory courses in ethics and apologetics. The purely commercial courses are to comprise one year's preparatory course and four general courses. This is to be followed by one year's special course, chosen by the student from among the following five courses: industrial, mercantile, consular, naval, and financial.

A New University

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Movement for Large Families in France

AS the first accomplished work of an association lately established in Paris, Association de la Plus Grande Famille, the results of a very interesting contest were announced at a meeting held on June 5, under the presidency of M. Carton de Wiart. This contest was open to parents blessed with at least seven children, and the prize winners were to be those who had the greatest number of sons in actual military service. In less than a fortnight more than 800 applications for prizes flowed in. Out of this number, twenty families were selected and to each of these a prize of 500 francs was awarded. Here are a few samples of typical prize winners: Mme. Augereau, widow: 14 children; 7 sons and 4 sons-in-law in service; Berlioz, a farmer: 18 children; 9 sons and 1 son-in-law in service; Lault, an artisan: 17 children; 11 sons in service; Martin, a peasant: 19 children; 8 sons and 1 son-in-law and 1 grandson in service.

Far more appealing than figures, however eloquent in themselves, were the letters the competitors wrote. They pictured the toil and privations gone through in order to raise their families, and put special stress on their present sorrows and labors increased so much by the departure of their sons for the war. With all this, however, there is a touching fortitude arising from the consciousness of confidence in God and of duty well done.

What havoc birth restriction played in France, especially immediately before the war, is well known. The serious problem of depopulation faced us. What is still more to be regretted is that parents who, in spite of difficulties, courageously raised a large number of children, instead of being encouraged and held in honor, were forced to face many extra difficulties. Taxes were high; the arrangement of tenements was poor; blame and ridicule fell to the parents' lot, even in circles which pride themselves on being conservative and Christian.

Now, however, parents of large families conscious of having paid, even above measure, the war's tax in blood, cherish the hope that when peace is restored, they will be no longer treated with contempt. They feel that their condition will eventually become not only tolerable, but even enviable. This is the aim of the Association de la Plus Grande Famille.

This association, all of whose members are parents of at least five children, and of which M. René Bazin, of the French Academy, is now the honorary President, counts among its members some of the most prominent men of France, manufacturers, land owners, and professional men, such as jurists, sociologists, economists. All of these have contributed considerably to the good cause, not only materially, but through their valuable suggestions based on professional knowledge and observation.

At the meetings interesting papers are read; the chief burden of these can be reduced to two main themes: defense of rights and privileges, and proper education. It is continually suggested that pressure be brought to bear on the authorities, especially through public opinion, in order to obtain favorable laws relating to tax-rates, the ballot, and so on, and plans are discussed for extending education to parents and children. Right methods of farming, apprenticeship, the choice of a calling demanding initiative are some of the topics debated.

The religious note is by no means wanting. At the opening of the first meeting, M. Isaac, the President, who has been of great assistance in many Catholic activities in Lyons, read a letter from his Eminence, Cardinal Amette, attesting his sympathy and encouragement for this Association "founded on Christian principles." M. René Bazin, speaking of the duty of rearing children, based his argument on religion. Finally, it was agreed that the end and aim of the Association could be well expressed by the sentence, *Crescite et multiplicamini.*

Of course the vast majority of those who set this movement on foot are Catholics. A large number of them belong to the great manufacturing districts of the north of France, where strong faith is proverbial and large families are numerous. At a banquet held after one of the meetings, it was found that the fifty-eight present had 422 children.

A very welcome aid to these activities has been given by the establishment of the Lamy Foundation. M. Lamy, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, has lately set aside a fund of 500,000 francs with the view of founding an annual prize for large families. His remarks on the subject are worthy of note:

> Fully convinced that it is for the highest interests of France to restore the fecundity of our race, that the most efficacious guide in this duty is religion, and that every Frenchman ought to hasten the resurrection of our national life, I wish to aid some of those parents who with willing hearts undergo daily privations in order to see the "home rich with children." The annual revenue of this foundation, which amounts to almost 25,000 francs, shall be distributed every year between two of the largest families of French Catholics, chosen from the poorest and most virtuous.

Socialist papers, as might be expected, objected that this foundation should be reserved for Catholic families and laid the blame at M. Lamy's door in a most offensive way. M. Lamy answered in an article of unmistakable strength. We quote a few of his sentences:

> It was not my plan to trap such as might make of their fecundity a vile commerce. My intention is to make life more easy for those who, with the most noble disinterestedness, do their duty. Why has my conviction of the efficacy of practical religious principles been expressed by a preference in favor of Catholic families? It is because Catholicism, through its law of indissoluble marriage, its insistence on purity of conscience and confession of sins appeals to me as the best fitted to protect our national life.

Who will ever gainsay that assertion of M. Lamy?

L. M. DE VAUMAS.

The New Theology

IN an address recently given, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Chicago Divinity School, and published in the current issue of the *American Journal of Theology,* Professor A. C. McGiffert discusses the changes which have come over Protestant theology during the last fifty years. Among the most important of these are, first, the transformation of thought resulting from the acceptance of the theory of evolution; then, the transition from supernaturalism to naturalism, caused to a considerable extent, by the trend and method of Biblical criticism, the discarding of metaphysics as a foundation for theology and the substitution of "experience"; and, lastly, the influence of pragmatism.

The professor, however, neglects to state, that, striking as these changes are in its theology, they are nothing at all compared with the change which has taken place, quite contemporaneously, in Protestantism itself. It requires only a very casual observer to note the fact that in the period above referred to, Protestantism has suffered a steady and continuous decline; and that whereas a half century ago its ministers still possessed authority, its churches were still filled, and it was, in some sense, a power to be reckoned with, today, except in a few isolated localities, it has descended to a mere negligible quantity.

To what extent the changes which have come over its theology have been responsible for the decline of Protestantism in influence, is not within the province of this discussion; but the facts are there. Now, Protestants are perfectly well aware of them, and as a rule, are very ready—I am speaking of the so-called "advanced" school of Protestants—to ascribe the widespread indifference and skepticism of our day to the irrational nature of the old theology which was in vogue before the light of the last half-century began to shine and which still lingers in those corners where that light has not yet penetrated. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should wish to diffuse the new theology by popularizing it, and this they do, very cleverly and very plausibly, and in a multitude of ways, by lectures, by sermons, by literature, and by the popular press.

It is important to note, that the point upon which they seem to lay most stress, is that this new faith of the twentieth century, is primarily, and before all else, rational. The old theology had very definite conceptions of the supernatural, and a very strict view of the authority of the Scriptures. It made a decided draft on faith. The new theology, on the contrary, as Dr. McGiffert has stated, has practically abandoned the supernatural as unessential, and, in a way, superfluous; and it is inclined to view the Scriptures as little more than a mere library of ancient literature. It would eliminate the dogmas of Christianity, yet would most tenaciously preserve its morality, and so, by thus limiting it to a mere scheme of ethics, touched, it may be, here and there by emotion, it would make of it a system so reasonable, that it could not but appeal to those who had rejected or become indifferent to the scheme of the past.

Now one of the most prominent and most popular exponents of this revised and up-to-date religion, is the *Outlook.* Again and again, sometimes editorially, and sometimes through the eloquent pen of Dr. Lyman Abbott, it has expounded and defended it. Its expositions are invariably well written; its scheme of religion presented with such simplicity that a child could almost understand it; and underlying all, seems to be the eternal conviction that this scheme is so self-evident that it need only be expressed, to find a ready and immediate acceptance. It shines in its own light.

So, in its issue of July 19, the *Outlook* was pleased to criticize the Rector of Trinity Church for upholding, in his *Parish Magazine,* the traditional view of religion. In doing this it is, of course, absolutely consistent with its principles and the principles of the new theology; for it makes no attempt to refute Dr. Manning by any appeal to evidence or to fact. It simply prints his statement of his position, which it is unnecessary to repeat here, and then, in sharp contradistinction, its own. This is as follows:

> The other basis for Church union assumes that Jesus of Nazareth inculcated certain fundamental principles of conduct, and by his personal spiritual presence still inspires a spirit of faith and hope and love in those who accept his leadership, and that those who do thus accept his leadership and endeavor to inculcate his principles and conform their own lives to them, constitute the Church of Christ, whatever be their ecclesiastical organization or their theological creed. For this theory assumes that Jesus has left his disciples to frame their varying organizations in accordance with the varying conditions of life, and to interpret their spiritual expression of loyalty and love in creeds accordant with the intellectual habits of the time, and expressed in the language of the time.

Now to many of the *Outlook's* readers, this will probably appear so reasonable and so plausible that only an obscurantist or a reactionary could fail to accept it. Yet, at the risk of being considered either or both, I shall venture to question it, and upon the very ground of that rationality to which it appeals. I shall attempt only a very cursory analysis of it, for, in my opinion, only a cursory analysis is necessary to utterly unmask its surface plausibility, and to disprove its claim to be even seriously considered by men of ordinary intelligence.

First of all, the writer uses the word, "assumes," thus conceding that the whole scheme is an assumption; and later on he amplifies his concession by using the word, "theory." It must then be borne in mind that this up-to-date religion with which we are dealing is not the product of any new light, either from history or from records or from monuments, but is simply a scheme existing in the mind of its author. It is impressionism pure and simple.

But is it rational? Is it rational to suppose, and can the editor of the *Outlook* ask me as a reasoning man to

suppose, that a religion founded twenty centuries ago, with the definitely expressed idea of teaching all nations, and enduring for all time, was intended to have no firmer foundation than assumption and theory? Does he wish me to believe that St. Paul preached and died for a theology which he realized to be but transient and ephemeral, and which would, of necessity, change with habits and language and civilization? Does he mean to tell me that the martyrs who fought in the arena fought for a theory only, and not for principles firm as an unyielding rock? Can he explain how Christianity can possibly have any vital interest for me, much less any positive claim upon me, if it is all and only as he represents it?

The editor of the *Outlook* has frequently expressed his intellectual contempt for the traditional theology, and especially for the theology and scheme of the Catholic Church, because of the drafts it makes upon credulity. But does he make no draft upon credulity? Is it not almost an affront to my intelligence to speak to me of the "message" of Christianity, and then, in the next breath, to concede, as Dr. Lyman Abbott on one occasion did concede, that the contents of that message can never be definitely known to us? Can the editor of the *Outlook* explain what possible significance a religion can have for me, if I can never definitely know it? For if it cannot assure me of its facts, in what way can it assure me of its significance?

The editor of the *Outlook* has more than once made it quite clear that, in his view, the very idea of infallibility is irrational. The truth is, however, that irrationality only begins when we try to construct for ourselves a fallible religion; for a fallible religion invariably ends in subjectivism; and subjectivism in religion is an absurdity too patent to be discussed. It places the important things of life upon the plane of guesswork, and adds the tantalizing disadvantage that no matter how shrewd or clever our guesses may be, yet we can never know whether they are right or wrong. It negatives the life and works of Christ by plunging them in hopeless obscurity, and ourselves in hopeless ignorance.

But the *Outlook* would assure me that Our Lord inculcated certain fundamental rules of conduct. But can he distinguish for me—and assure me that in so doing he is true to the mind of Christ—the fundamental from the transient? Are Protestants, even in moral questions, in absolute agreement? And can it, moreover, be shown that the message of Christ was exclusively a moral one? The *Outlook* often professes its indifference to dogma, but can it show that its indifference was shared by Christ? Was He indifferent when He asked the question, "Whose Son is He?" It is true that Dr. Lyman Abbott on one occasion, declaring his ignorance of the relation of the Father to the Son, said, "The question does not interest me." Considering the difficulty according to his own theory of arriving at any definite knowledge in the matter, his indifference is not surprising. But as Our Lord considered it of some importance for His disciples to know, so I, as a rational man, consider it of some importance for me to know. And I fail to see how any religion can have any claim whatsoever upon my loyalty, which has no power to assure me of such fundamental facts.

But are dogmas, after all, of no value? The *Outlook's* editor seems to draw quite near the point of dogmatizing when he asserts his belief that Our Lord, "by His personal spiritual presence still inspires a spirit of faith and hope and love in those who accept His leadership." This is not particularly explicit; but as clearness of definition generally implies dogmatism, we can perhaps understand the author's vagueness. He seems, however, to admit that in some sort of way Christians do receive some sort of spiritual help from Our Lord. Now this is somewhat akin to the Catholic doctrine of grace, and a very little thought must make perfectly obvious to us the importance of knowing not only the fact of grace, but also the channels of grace. From the point of view of the *Outlook,* it is apparently given to those who "accept His leadership." According to the Catholic Church the main channels are the Sacraments. It makes a great deal of difference which is right; but to a practical man, to *know* which is right is of the utmost importance, and it is all the more important because the very idea of grace stands almost at the point of intersection between creed and action. The *Outlook,* therefore, in first theorizing upon the question, and then expressing its indifference to dogma, is but giving still further proof of its inconsistency.

There can be then but one conclusion as to the value of this new theology for which the *Outlook* stands, and which it preaches so eloquently, even if so inconsistently. Whether or not it represents an intellectual advance upon the older Protestantism, is not for me to say. But as an apology for Christianity, intended to be addressed to thinking men, it is worse than a failure. It sublimates speculation and guesswork to the plane of theology, and degrades theology to the plane of speculation and guesswork. It subtracts from religion all authority and all power. Carried to its ultimate analysis it would deprive us of all certitude, both as to this life and the life to come. That it can ever seriously influence any great number of thinking men is inconceivable, however cleverly it may seek to obscure its intellectual deficiencies by playing to the galleries of skepticism and unbelief.

J. D. TIBBITS.

L—The Young Man and Mining Engineering

MINING engineering is that branch of engineering which pertains to " the operations of extracting useful minerals from the deposits in which they occur." While no very distinct line can be drawn between mining itself and mining engineering, the former may be termed the art and the latter the science of mining. The province of the science comprises testing and valuing

mineral deposits, planning and executing various mining works required to reach the deposit, such as tunneling and shaft-sinking, the choice and application of a suitable method of opening the mine and bringing the ore to the surface, and lastly, the installation of the necessary surface and underground "plant." In addition, therefore, to a knowledge of the theory and practice of the various kinds and methods of mining, the successful pursuit of the profession demands not only a training in mathematics, mechanics, physics, and other fundamental subjects which underlie all technical education, but also an intimate acquaintance with some of the natural sciences, particularly geology, mineralogy and chemistry, and a certain amount of familiarity with the principles of civil, mechanical and electrical engineering. In a well-planned course of professional instruction the scientific studies would preferably come first, but this must be supplemented by a knowledge of the actual practice of mining. Moreover, the arts of metallurgy, ore-dressing and milling are so related to the art of mining that these subjects also, at least in part, must be included in the equipment of the mining engineer.

The functions of the mining engineer cannot be defined in precise terms, because they vary, to a large extent, with local conditions, and the different physical, mineralogical, and chemical characteristics of the ore deposits themselves. There has been, perhaps, a greater tendency toward specialization in mining than in other departments of engineering. The professional field has broadened to such a degree that no one man can hope to cover it all successfully. A sharp distinction exists, for example, between metal mining and coal mining. The distinct modes of deposition of coal and of metalliferous ores and their various geological and physical conditions have necessitated different systems of mining; so that engineering of collieries has become a specialty. The same is true of the metals themselves. Engineers may be led to specialize in the direction of iron, or lead and zinc, or copper, or gold and silver mining. This latter differentiation is not the result of any fundamental diversity in the methods of developing and working the mines, but is due rather to differences in the scale of operation, in the physical characteristics of the deposits themselves, in the treatment of the ores of the various metals and their final disposition.

It frequently happens that the dressing or concentration, and even the smelting, or other processes for the reduction of the ore, are carried on at or near the mine itself, and under the same general management. The mining engineer, therefore, must be something of a metallurgist also, and though he need not be highly skilled in metallurgy, he should at least be able to select the plant and process appropriate to the character of the ore, and to supervise its erection and operation. This statement, however, applies chiefly to the mining and treatment of the non-ferrous metals. The metallurgy of iron and steel forms far too large a field to be included in the range of work of the mining engineer. It requires a special training, and has developed practically into a profession of its own.

Several more or less conventional distinctions are made between the particular branches of work in which a mining engineer may specialize. He may, for instance, devote himself to examining, valuing and reporting on mines, being engaged for such work by prospective sellers or buyers; he may serve in the capacity of consulting engineer for one or more mining companies; or he may be retained by his clients in an advisory capacity similar to that occupied by a counselor-at-law, leaving to others the actual execution of the work or the carrying out of the policy determined upon. On the other hand, a mining engineer who becomes identified with the management of the affairs of a particular company must be a successful organizer and business man; he must possess the ability to make favorable contracts for work, to purchase material and dispose of products, to control men, and not only to plan work, but to know how it should be executed to attain the best economic results. He often combines with his purely professional functions the duties of superintendent or manager; and in general, the smaller the property, the greater, usually, is the variety of responsibility devolving upon the engineer. When in charge of a small or temporarily non-paying mine, especially one situated in a remote region, the engineer may be compelled to serve simultaneously in the capacities of superintendent, foreman, assayer and bookkeeper. He must know enough of chemistry and of civil, mechanical and electrical engineering, to exercise intelligent control in matters relating to these branches, and he should have at least a general knowledge of mining law.

Formerly the profession of mining engineering was less complex and exacting in its requirements than it is at the present time. Great advances have been made during the past forty years in scientific and technical lines and these have brought with them constantly increasing responsibilities. An inspection of the course of study prescribed in mining schools of good standing will show how largely the education of a student in mining engineering lies in the direction of subjects not relating specifically to the art of mining itself. Manual labor has been more and more replaced by mechanical appliances, and the engineer must keep abreast of the times by alertness in availing himself of the numerous innovations which have been introduced. The ever widening applications of electricity and compressed air for the transmission of power, the numerous improvements in the machines and processes for the concentration and reduction of ores, the increase in the knowledge of the relations of geology to the deposition of ores, all these constitute new tools in the hands of the mining engineer, but they unite in demanding a broader and more severe training.

Up to 1870, applications of electricity and compressed

air to mining were practically unknown; now they are employed in nearly all departments of mine work. Compressed-air rock-drills are used everywhere for both surface and underground excavations; electric drills are rapidly gaining in favor; electric and compressed-air locomotives or rope haulage have largely superseded hand tramming and haulage by mules and horses, wherever the quantity of material dealt with is sufficient to warrant the additional first cost of the plant; the greatly increased depths at which mining is carried on in many districts have made necessary the design and erection of enormously powerful and complicated hoisting engines; and finally, the successful and economical operation of such plants requires the maintenance of well-equipped machine and other repair shops.

With the development of the mining industry, and the wider adoption of mechanical appliances and engineering methods in connection with mining operations, the demand for trained engineers has steadily increased until, at the present time, probably no field of engineering affords better opportunities for a young man. It is true that the course of preparatory study is exacting and the life somewhat arduous, but as yet it is one of the few professions which cannot be said to be over-crowded. Formerly, the so-called "practical" man monopolized most of the positions of responsibility and emolument, but the educated engineer has made his way to a degree that has produced an active demand for his service. Mining companies have found that the greater breadth of view resulting from a sound technical education has a direct money value. The trained engineer is acquainted with what is being done in his profession in other regions or countries. He keeps himself informed as to the experiments and discoveries made by others, is quick to utilize improved and more economical methods, and knows not only what to do, but also what to avoid. His competitor who lacks knowledge, and who has at his command only what has come within his own personal experience, is in danger of failure, if circumstances bring him face to face with new conditions and problems, the prompt and efficient solution of which must be based on a familiarity with the principles of engineering practice.

It must be remembered that the young graduate of a mining school is not yet an engineer; he has been grounded in the fundamentals of his profession, has absorbed a multitude of facts relating to its practice, and his powers of observation have been cultivated; but before he is fitted to deal successfully with the diverse problems which sooner or later will confront him, he must in most cases, for some years after graduation, patiently continue his education in the field. His first employment is likely to be that of chemist, assayer, draughtsman, surveyor or assistant to one of the heads of departments in the mine or works. The rapidity of his advancement will depend on his native energy and ability and the efficiency of his preparatory training. Not all young men are fitted by nature to become successful engineers. If the student has no aptitude for such a pursuit, the sooner he finds it out, the better both for himself and his instructors. Unquestionably, an immense amount of time, money and energy is wasted in the attempt to give a scientific and technical education to young men whose bent, if they possess any decided bent, is in some other direction.

EMILE G. PERROT.

All's Well

THE other evening I left a city full of men. The men had worked hard all day. Night found them weltering in a confusion of sin and folly. Saloon-doors swung to the eager push of trembling hands, and burning feet danced to the beat of syncopated music as cabarets called and claimed their own. Senseless women spoiled their pretty wings beneath the candle flames of death, those incandescent beacons on the "Great White Way." Life was at its height.

I left the city. I rode away in a cheap little car to a place where a brook was laughing. It rippled between two quiet farms and cooled the feet of reaching trees. A canyon breeze from peaks of snow soothed one's brow like the touch of a kindly anxious mother. A radiance of silver melted through the trees. The moon streamed on the earth in splendor. Night crooned a lullaby of rest.

There, underneath the whispering leaves, with engine killed, I came to feel the power of God, the Primal Cause of all those things that gently told His glory on that summer's night. I felt that if He could conceive a universe so great; if He could infuse a power so strong; if He could harness that power with easy laws, so that every part should move in silent unison; if He could be kind enough to create men with eyes to see and ears to hear the message of those creature things, no matter how perverse man's will might yet become, some day the story of God's love would reach his heart.

Some day for each individual girl the slippered feet would rest quite still for just a while. Some night each man would sit alone. And in that interval of peace, too strong to break with feeble power, some simple thing would teach them truth. Some day when the firing ceased on the battle-front of greed, the cottage painted white would call the army home. Some time the objects, which in relation to the subject go to make up thought, would be enduring things, not Nineve nor Tyre, and projecting themselves upon that conscious self man calls his soul, through the constancy of their assertive power, so strong proportionately to man's lesser art, would eventually tend to make men good.

The push of progress must be upward, not in a Darwinian sense, not through material growth, but by constant reiteration of living idealism as exemplified in the Maker's handiwork. Little children open their ears to

nature's songs, and hear them, lost in wonder. Mature souls are concerned with the hum of their own industries. Yet their own industries are but copies of a greater plant. The underlying idea of the automobile radiator is fully exemplified in the human anatomy. Steam engines were operating in Yellowstone Park for a number of years before the railroads adopted the system of construction. Lightning brightened the sky before Franklin was even heard of. And the most skilful painting ever spread on canvas could not quite catch the love-light speaking in a mother's eyes.

God has employed the sum-total of His objective universe to teach men a rather simple lesson. While the repellent features of a decadent Grecian art were sinking beneath the quiet sands of effacing time, the still moon bathed the Acropolis in silver. While the arches fell where the Romans played, the grass grew green and tender. Man can create for just a day. Then time and nature both combine to hide his skill and hush his folly.

"Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights, with whom there is no change, nor shadow of alteration." "For the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger." WILLIAM H. LEARY,

Enter, the Bored!

OF all the beasts that roam the fields, the most abused and the most shunned is the bore. Reams of satirical verse have burned, oceans of caustic ink have overflown, armories of glittering pens have flashed, all because of bores. And the race still flourishes, a living example of the survival of the witless. Bores, male and female, probably began when the gates of Eden clanged; they will pass when the portals everlasting swing behind the last of those signed with the sign. Or perhaps his Satanic Majesty in addition to being the prince of liars is also the emperor of bores. If so, bores are everlasting.

The mere presence of bores is enough to account for a host of bored individuals. No bore without someone bored. All of us are bored at sometime and by someone. It is nature's atonement for the boredom we inflict on others. But it is not of the occasionally bored that I sing my dirge. The bored whose entrance I bemoan is the constitutionally, habitually, inevitably bored; the man or woman who is bored by everything, interested in nothing, sated with the thrills of the present, without hope for thrills to come, passive under pleasure, fretful under pain, wearied, tired.

We have all met them, and most of us passionately fly from them into the arms of the bore. The healthy, mentally balanced youth who has developed lockjaw from sucking the silver spoon; the pretty, petted girl who can finish any compliment after the first words are uttered, but has not energy enough to smile; the world-weary man who has come to feel how unutterably dull and flat it all is, and has consequently developed a shell to keep it all out; the woman whose interests have dropped from babies to bridge, who loves cushions because they are so yielding and friends and autos which are noiseless. The types are unnumbered.

To try to amuse them is like tickling the Sphinx to make it smile. In conversation, they act like ice on the sparkling brook, completely freezing it over. Reading is done merely to avoid the tedium of their own thoughts and not for any hope of intellectual pleasure. They drag from life as much sweetness as the bee draws from the violets in milady's garden-hat; their contribution to the joy of life is that of a china egg to the advancement of a fancy breed of poultry.

Legitimate boredom is the result of satiety. The book is *too* long or *too* obvious; the conversation shows a tendency to imitate Tennyson's brook; the play torments one with thoughts of other plays; the music is provokingly reminiscent. Universal boredom is the result of an artificial and often factitious satiety. Increasing material comforts and increasing facilities for amusement naturally cut down one's ability to be surprised and interested. No one blames the reader in the twentieth century for yawning over the "Romance of the Rose," even though it thrilled the readers in the thirteenth. The modern playgoer would drop into a restful slumber after ten minutes of a sixteenth-century masque, and quite naturally. But a heart of stone liquefies in presence of the person who has read so much or so badly that there is no more intellectual thrill; who finds all plays obvious, all persons iterative, all scenery monotonous, all life a dreary waste.

And to one whose mind has the depth of a mirror, this attitude of complete boredom is thought equivalent to a knowledge of men and things that makes Ulysses seem like an habitual stay-at-home. What it really indicates is a gigantic and totally unabashed conceit. The bored youth is the youth who thinks so highly of his own personal gifts that the efforts of others seem pitiably inadequate. The bored girl is one who fancies her charms so superlative that the hyperbolic flights of medieval troubadours would seem like a sad instance of litotes.

Worse still, with deadly accuracy, boredom indicates precisely the opposite of what the bored individual intends. It indicates a shallowness like that of frost. It shows a marked familiarity with only the cheapest books and the least intellectual amusements. Most of all, it manifests all too clearly a complete absence of spiritual ideals.

For no man was ever bored by knowing too much about a subject. On the contrary, there are few enthusiasts like your specialist. He will burn midnight Mazdas and fray to tatters the button-holes of his friends in the interests of his pet subject. To confess weariness with a subject is to admit that the subject is in itself trivial, or that one is intellectually unable to break more than the upper crust. No man ever grew bored by familiarity with books worth knowing. Men have read Hamlet a

thousand times: others have spent whole lives in the company of Dante, or have leaped eagerly from one volume of Dickens to the next. A confession of weariness with books is a clear admission that one is ignorant of books worth knowing and is too closely acquainted with "best sellers" and "movie" magazines.

It is only the man who has lost his spiritual ideals or never had any, and who lives a spiritually hand-to-mouth existence, who is habitually bored. For boredom and paganism always drag along hand in hand. The pagan seeks his ideals in demigods and grows insufferably weary of his creations. He has no ideals, no ambitions beyond earth, and earth grows exasperatingly boring. The history of paganism is the history of a tempestuous crescendo from pleasure to pleasure, from sensuous gratification to sensuous gratification, and through it all the dominant note is a weary sigh of boredom. A pagan could escape from boredom only by plunging himself into some vast work which death would end but not complete, and few pagans, modern or ancient, had mentality or courage sufficient for that.

The bored individual is consequently either a pagan or a Christian whose Christianity is an arduous duty and not, as it should be, an inspiring ideal. As modern paganism grows, the race of the bored becomes more numerous.

But every soul won for Christianity is a soul snatched from the dreadful possibilities of boredom. Earth, taken in itself, is simply a meaningless riddle; and there is nothing more wearisome than a puzzle which has no answer. Earth, in the light of eternal truth, becomes the most delightful and legible of open books. No wind that blew, no flower that raised its tiny head but roused the gentle Francis to enthusiasm. It was not because they were so wonderful in themselves, but because they suggested the tremendous mysteries of God's love and God's beauty and God's omnipotence. To the Saint, God still walks the earth, leaving His impress on the minutest details of landscape and in the secret depths of human souls. Viewed in the light divine, every silent grain of sand, every bursting seed, the meaningful wailings of a new-born babe are lifted from triviality to an importance so tremendous that the human mind finds itself swimming in a sea whose shores are eternity. Once the human mind has grasped the significance of human destiny, and better still, has gained an intimate acquaintance with the God made man, boredom sinks back into the shadows of doubt and half-knowledge from which it sprang, and the soul leaps with a new enthusiasm.

The bored, no doubt, has entered with the intention of remaining. We shall be forced to hurl the shafts of our best wit against impregnable intellects. Our social life will be made now lethargic by their presence, now hectic by the efforts of their paid vendors of amusement. Our best books will gather mold and our best dramas give way to highly spiced sex-plays and dizzy reviews. For as long as paganism keeps a grip, the bored will be always with us.

But for the Christian, an acknowledgment of boredom is an admission that his faith means little or nothing to him. With Catholic ideals and an enthusiasm for Christ, life becomes a period so crammed with interests and realized dreams, that boredom is impossible even in the company of the bored. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

New York's Latin Quarter

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Simeon Strunsky, in an article entitled "Academic Heights" which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for July, calls attention to the points of similarity between the Columbia University section of New York and the famous Latin Quarter of Paris. In an early paragraph occurs the following:

> In a district of not much more than one-fifth of a square mile you will find all the requisites of a Latin Quarter in the precise historical sense I have set down. It is an area of which fully two-thirds are given up to public buildings—educational, religious, and eleemosynary. It has all the necessary furnishings to make not merely a satisfactory parallel with Paris, but an astonishingly complete parallel. It has a great university, very nearly the most populous in the country. It has the seminaries of two theological creeds of which one is the richest and largest plant of its kind in the country. It has the country's greatest cathedral, which will also be the country's most beautiful cathedral if the architects ever decide what it will look like, etc., etc.

The comparisons continue for several pages. They are all most interesting, although sometimes far-fetched. After meditating for a paragraph or two upon the slow process by which the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is being welded into a colossal temple of worship, the reader is served the following choice bit of philosophy:

> Today it very often occurs to me that St. John's in its slow rise, should be a real and visible comfort to a great many people who read newspaper and magazine articles about the swirling tide of change and what is wrong with the Church. If the editorial writer and the special contributors are right—and it cannot be that they are not—the world as we know it today is crumbling to bits. The knell has sounded for institutionalism. The churches are already empty; soon they will be in ruins. How, then, in view of the imminent dissolution of Christianity and its replacement by social welfare, in view of the disappearance of the churches and their replacement by the moving-picture theaters, can sober, successful men of business like the trustees of St. John's be engaged in so speculative a business as putting up a cathedral that may take fifty years to finish? Can it be that after all, when the cathedral is finished, the market will not be dead?

Whether or not the particular brand of Christianity which is expounded in St. John's will be in demand fifty years hence is, of course, problematical. At any rate, the building will be an ornament to the city. However, if Mr. Strunsky were anxious to refute some of the newspaper and magazine statements concerning the decay of Christianity, he could easily do so by visiting the numerous Catholic churches of the metropolis upon Sunday mornings, pleasant or otherwise, at any time between six o'clock and noon. In those institutions the problem is to find seats for those who come, rather than how to fill up the empty pews.

The writer of this communication eagerly read "Academic Heights" to the end and was disappointed to find that the author had missed the most significant connection between the two areas under discussion. Having lived in the Latin Quarter and also upon Academic Heights, it seemed to me that the one

real French element of the latter section is to be found in l'Église de Notre Dame, which crowns Morningside Park. Within this edifice one can listen to the French language minus the American accent, can witness a devotion to Our Lady which would satisfy the most fastidious Parisian, and can assist at the same Sacrifice which has been offered daily for centuries in the greater Notre Dame which dominates the Latin Quarter. There is a French atmosphere upon Academic Heights, and there are many who have no difficulty in finding it.

Utica, N. Y. MARY G. LAWLOR.

Convent-School Training

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What has happened to the usually sunny-tempered Dr. Coakley? To read his clever satire, "Julianne and the Valedictory," one would think that he had lost all confidence in the value of convent-school training. But I am sure he would be the last to assume this position.

Since we are relating "experiences," here is mine. I have a fair acquaintance with probably forty convent schools, scattered over a territory that extends from Nebraska to New York and Boston, and from Michigan to Tennessee. In many of these schools I have given retreats, and in others I have lectured either to the faculty or students. The argument is negative, of course, but is it not at least singular that not once have I encountered a school of the type which has stirred Dr. Coakley to wrath?

On the contrary, I know of no convent school of which I cannot say in all sincerity that I thank God for its existence. I agree with Dr. Coakley that some convent-school graduates are no credit to the Church; but the same is also true of some of our college boys, as we of New York know to our sorrow. In the instances with which I am personally acquainted, I consider this falling away due to the atmosphere of homes, nominally Catholic, but in reality as pagan as Pontius Pilate and as time-serving. I am by no means prepared to attribute the defection to any worldly spirit imbibed at school.

New York. J. R.

Dr. Badé's Book

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Absence from Woodstock and the effort to get into communication with Dr. Badé and Dr. Gayley have caused my delay in answering Father O'Neill's letter to AMERICA, July 15, about Dr. Badé's "The Old Testament in the Light of Today."

The discussion has been whittled down to the meaning of the word *text-book*. My original statement, that the work had been introduced as a *text-book* into the University of California, was made on the authority of the publishers. They relied on the *Pacific* for January 26, 1916, which says that Professor Gayley makes the book "the basis of a series of lectures before one of his classes." University professors rarely use a text-book in the high-school sense of the word. Their text-books are books of reference that form the basis of their lectures. I certainly did not mean that Professor Gayley used Dr. Badé's work as a high-school teacher uses an edition of a Cicero. My meaning was merely that Professor Gayley used the book in question as a work of special reference, and based his lectures in part thereon. That I was quite accurate in my statement now appears from a letter that Professor Gayley wrote me on July 31. He encloses his examination papers for 1912 on "the Literary Study of the Bible." Herein are printed the names of "Texts and Reference Books." He bids me add to this list the work of Badé; and writes that he uses "Badé, because his ethnological treatment throws light upon the gradual development of Hebrew morals." And this is precisely the most objectionable feature of Badé; he throws over all idea of Revelation, and makes Hebrew morals to be the result of a gradual evolution due to ethnological environment.

When, therefore, Father O'Neill publishes the letter in which Mr. Drury, Secretary to the President of the University of California, says that Professor Gayley informs him "the book was not used as a *text*," there must be question of the word *text* in the high-school sense of the word. For Professor Gayley writes to me that he does use the book for his lectures on "the Literary Study of the Bible," "because its ethnological treatment throws light upon the gradual development of Hebrew morals."

This reply to Father O'Neill is due solely to the hope of increasing in priests and parents the realization of the danger to the faith of Catholics in the University of California. As we have already written, the first draft of Dr. Badé's wretched book was published in the *University of California Chronicle*. And now Professor Gayley admits that he uses the work to show the gradual evolution of Hebrew morals due to ethnological conditions. We Catholics believe the Ten Commandments are revealed truth; we cannot look upon them as a moral code gradually evolved because of ethnological conditions. Moreover, the work of Dr. Badé and several other books contained in Professor Gayley's "Texts and Reference Books," are forbidden to Catholics *under pain of excommunication*. And yet, if he attend the lectures of the Professor of English of the University of California, it is necessary for the Catholic student to use such books as reference works in the preparation for examination.

Woodstock, Md. WALTER DRUM, S.J.

The Open Shop

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A careful perusal of the editorial in AMERICA for September 16, "Reflections on Strikes," leads to the plain inference that employers make it their practice to squeeze their employees whenever there is an opportunity. Facts show this to be wide of the mark, a case in point being the records of manufacturers of exports. In 1914 there was such a collapse in these lines that many of the factories were compelled to run short time, in some cases only three days a week with greatly reduced forces, or with alternate shifts of men, giving those idle this week a chance to work next, and so on. Factory employment agencies were daily swamped with applications for work that was not to be had. Here, then, was an ideal opportunity to cut wages! And yet there was not a solitary instance of an employer taking advantage of conditions in which any rate would have been acceptable to the men. I have been an employer for thirty years, and the only thing that would cause me serious alarm would be a suggestion that wages be cut to help tide over a temporary depression. Nothing demoralizes the market so drastically, a five per cent cut in the wages being followed by a fifteen to twenty per cent slump in the price of the finished product. An attempt of the sort has not been made since the panic of 1873. As I feel on the matter, so precisely do all other employers with whom I have come in contact.

Catholic writers dearly love to write about the good old times that prevailed in the days of the gilds. But at that time a manufacturing plant generally consisted of the smith, his son or some other near relative, apprenticed to him, whereas all others were barred. Trades were handed down from generation to generation in the same family, and outsiders were excluded. As for creature comforts, the average sober, industrious workman of today has more of them and sits down to a better table, with a feeling of greater importance and security than the masters enjoyed in the days of the gilds.

Another fallacy common with Catholic writers is the idea

that an employer who is known to have taken the golden rule for his guide will be practically immune from labor troubles. This was one of the hobbies, rudely shocked out of the late John M. Stowell, one time mayor of this city, a man of singularly upright and altruistic character. In 1898 he was disciplined by the Iron Molders' Union and it was at the request of his own molders that his factory was the *first of all the shops* to strike, because, as they said, he had to maintain his reputation of not having had labor troubles in forty years! The result was that I, his successor in that factory, keeping his experience in mind, and learning salutary lessons from a few "union bumps," administered to me personally on the matter of restriction of output, resolved always to pay the highest wages, to provide conditions as sanitary as possible and to run an open shop.

Milwaukee. T. J. NEACY.

One of "Big Six" Protests

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was amazed to read in AMERICA of September 16 that the New York Federation of Labor had indorsed the New York *Call,* and that trade unionists of the Empire State had resolved that the sensational sheet "merits moral and financial support." Are the thousands and thousands of Catholic trade unionists of the State of New York asleep, or are they all moral cowards? Where were the Catholic delegates when the *Call* carried this resolution in the Labor Federation meeting? Did they sneak home to dinner, and leave the convention in possession of a handful of Socialists? Delegates to the central labor body have average intelligence. Catholics among them must know that the *Call* is the organ of a harebrained, alien, political clique, bent upon the destruction of the Government, the destruction of the Christian religion, the destruction of the family and of morality.

The New York *Call* does not represent American trade unionism. It represents an alien cult determined to smash the trade union that has come down from the old Catholic gild of England. For years the Socialist has been boring in, and at a late hour of the union meeting, when the Christian unionist has faded away, the Socialist "puts one over," although numerically he is in a small minority in the organization.

If there be any live Catholics in the trade unions of the State of New York, they had better wake up, or they will soon find their unions run by the imported "comrades," who will glibly talk folly about the materialistic conception of history, economic determinism, and war to the knife against the thrifty, sober man with a dollar. They will tell Catholics, asleep at the switch, that Christ was a tramp in Galilee, that religion is a humbug and morality a "fake." Drowsy Christians should remember that the imported Socialist and anarchist are always keenly active. Union meetings, therefore, should be attended regularly. Catholic members should remain until adjournment and defeat the traitorous Socialistic tactics. As a member of "Big 6," I protest against my dues being used to help support a sheet like the New York *Call.*

Brooklyn. "BIG SIX."

"Blest" or "Blessed"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It has given me great pleasure to see that some one has come forward in the pages of AMERICA to tell its readers the correct pronunciation of the word "blessed" in the invocations after Benediction. Having fought long and valiantly, though vainly, for "bless-ed," I naturally felt much elated to find that in the opinion of another reader of AMERICA, "bless-ed" is the correct pronunciation, whereas "blest" is considered quite wrong.

Many people regard "blessed" in these invocations as a past participle and not as a mere adjective. In fact in one letter it is said expressly that we all grant it to be a past participle. But is it *de facto* a past participle? I think this question can easily be answered in the negative by a reference to the Latin. "Blessed be God" is the English equivalent of *Benedictus sit Deus.* If *Benedictus* is a perfect participle, in this sentence, then necessarily, the verb *benedictus sit* is the perfect passive subjunctive of *benedico,* and must be translated, "May God have been blest" or "God may have been blest." The Latin of "Blest be God" is *Benedicatur Deus,* not *Benedictus sit Deus.*

If *benedictus* is a mere adjective and not a participle the difficulty vanishes. According to this view the verb of the sentence, *Benedictus sit Deus* is *sit* and not *benedictus sit,* i. e., it is the present subjunctive of *sum* and not the perfect passive of *benedico.* The translation of this sentence is necessarily "May God be bless-ed," or "Bless-ed be God."

Baltimore. R. O'CONNOR.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The discussion concerning the pronunciation of the word "blessed," interests me because it seems to touch on the history of words. May not the difference be mainly one of measure, in spite of the difference between the adjective and the participle? The ear seems sometimes to demand the one form and sometimes the other and, though the English language is not like the Latin in this respect, there is a balance of sound observable in correct speaking or writing.

Caldwell, N. J. MARY AGATHA GRAY

An Omission

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA of August 12, there appeared an article entitled "The Genesis of Barclay Street," in which the writer states that there are seventeen publishing firms now located on that street. He mentions sixteen of them by name, but omits "D. P. Murphy, Jr." Being a subscriber and a regular reader of AMERICA, I noticed this omission at the time, and I must confess with a measure of disappointment. However, as we deal almost exclusively with the clergy, and as they probably form but a small proportion of the readers of AMERICA, I did not consider the matter of any great importance. But now, having had my attention called to the omission by several clerical friends, I feel constrained to bring the matter to your notice. The late Daniel P. Murphy, Jr., the founder of the business, opened a printing establishment at 11 Frankfort Street in the year 1873. In 1881 he removed to new quarters at 64 Vesey Street, with an entrance on Barclay Street, and began to specialize in church record books and church supplies. In 1887 the business was moved to 31 Barclay Street (old number), and in Barclay Street the business has flourished ever since. The firm of D. P. Murphy, Jr. has always enjoyed an enviable reputation among the clergy and antedates many of those mentioned in the article.

New York. PAUL D. MURPHY.

"Near-Thought" in New York

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The New York newsdealer who refused to sell a publication which he deemed offensive to religion and morality deserves encouragement. He is a *rara avis,* not precisely characteristic of this age of license. But nothing could be more characteristic of the new "social democracy" so loudly dinned in our ears than the suggestion of the Columbia University professor that the dealer be "coerced" to handle this noisome publication. "Near-Thought" always sounds the depths of stupid intolerance.

St. Louis. L. F. T.

AMERICA
A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Notes on the Greenbaum Decision

THE Greenbaum decision acquitting two well-known priests of the crimes with which the Mayor of New York charged them contains the following significant items:

It is undisputed that at least a few of the press articles and headlines referring to Catholic institutions falsely stated the testimony before the Strong commission. Notably, a newspaper headline, "Orphans and Pigs Fed from Same Bowl," following Commissioner Kingsbury's testimony to the effect that Mr. Doherty had described to him how the children in one of the Catholic institutions—the largest of all—"jumped up in military fashion at the end of the meal, picked up their pails and emptied them in the can from which the soup or stew had been dished and that the same can was later taken out to feed the pigs with." Mr. Doherty denied on the stand that he had ever stated to any one that children and pigs were fed out of the same dish. The actual fact respecting this incident was that the uneaten portions of a meal were given to the pigs.

The only comment necessary is that AMERICA has no intention of accusing either Mr. Kingsbury or Mr. Doherty of swearing to an untruth. They are both remarkable gentlemen and no doubt can reconcile contradictories.

On or about February 14, two days before the Farrell open letter to the Governor was published, one Moree, a social worker and publicity agent and assistant secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, met Commissioner Kingsbury and Mr. Doherty at the City Club, and suggested the idea of the publication of a pamphlet to be made up of various clippings of newspaper articles and editorials for the purpose, as he testified, of "overcoming much of the prejudice that was being created in the public mind by the newspaper statements that were appearing from various sources discrediting the Strong investigation." Mr. Moree had testified before Commissioner Strong that the purpose of his pamphlet, to use his own words, was "to meet entirely the unfair attack, as I considered, which was made by the Farrell pamphlet." Commissioner Kingsbury had also testified to like effect before Commissioner Strong. As a matter of fact neither of them had heard of the Farrell pamphlet until some time after the City Club talk.

In reproducing these words of Judge Greenbaum AMERICA has no desire to impugn the veracity of either Mr. Kingsbury or Mr. Moree. Possibly the circumstance that they swore to a statement objectively false can be explained and justified by some principle of modern materialistic sociology with which mere Christians are unacquainted.

Reference has already been made to the fact that Charity Commissioner Kingsbury, one of the prominent actors in the Strong investigation, had actively participated in the publication of the anonymous Moree pamphlet, which had its inception before the issuance of the Farrell "Open Letter to the Governor." It was also proved and not denied that Homer Folks, Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, during a conversation with the Governor, in which the latter mentioned his intention to designate a commission, had suggested Mr. Strong, among other names, for appointment as commissioner.

Readers of AMERICA should not infer from this item that Mr. Folks was anxious to assure victory for himself by securing the appointment of a man favorable to his cause. He is an "uplifter" most keen on the ethical training of children.

Exit the whole nasty affair, and with the highest credit to Judge Greenbaum who, despite the fact that the atmosphere was charged with hostility to the Catholic cause, through the instrumentality of such newspapers as the bigoted New York *Evening Post,* fearlessly laid down a decision which sustains the highest traditions of the New York courts.

The Following Colleges

WE have all heard of the leading colleges. The expression is suggestive and raises such questions as these: In what are they leaders? Whither are they leading? Out of what are they leading? Whom or what are they leading? The last question being easiest to answer, let us take it first. The leading colleges are leading the following colleges. Perhaps few have heard of the following colleges, for they never call themselves by that name. But they are very numerous. How are they to be known? Why, by the fact that they follow the leading colleges. Don't they do anything else? Not to any great extent, otherwise they might become in an obscure, but very serviceable way, leading colleges themselves. Their glory is to follow the leading colleges and they do it to perfection, if it is perfection to follow a leader, just because he is a leader regardless of whence, whither, how or why he is leading.

Let a professor of one of the leading colleges assert in some rash moment that the Book of Genesis was composed by the first of the Incas and forthwith chairs of Peruvian archeology and comparative religion will appear in such numbers as to suggest a consignment from Grand Rapids. Let one of the leading colleges establish a course on the psychology of mumbling and lo! not a following college but will have one or two professors equipped with case upon case of the requisite apparatus

for exhaustive research in that long neglected field. Builds one of the leading colleges a stadium? The price of cement in twenty rural educational centers across the continent will soar and structural steel will be at a premium. Does Professor Smith, a well-known astronomer in one of our leading colleges, opine that after all we have permitted ourselves to be enslaved by the Copernican tradition? At once the bust of Ptolemy will find a place of honor in a score of the following colleges and the professors of mathematics will open a special course on epicycles. One of the leading colleges discards a certain branch of athletics. At least six of the following colleges will issue disquisitions on the physiological deterioration that the unfortunate game has engendered. One of the leading colleges gives the "Senior Hop" on a Sunday evening. Hop, hop, hop, come the following colleges on every sacred evening for the rest of the year. The leading colleges pooh-pooh the idea of censoring student publications. The following colleges permit their escutcheon to adorn periodicals that can barely pass through the wide gate of our second-class mailing privileges. The cut of clothes, the lilt of songs, the colors, pennants, games, gew-gaws, "frats," hops, cuts and cuttings-up of the leading colleges are a norm to which following colleges must conform or cease to be.

Catholic colleges above all others should be free from this taint, for they are leading colleges. They know whom they are leading: the sacred legions of young manhood; they know whither they are leading them: to useful citizenship in this Republic and "to glory everlasting," as one of our Catholic college-songs so spiritedly puts it. The Catholic college knows full well, by sad witness of the world around her, from what she is leading her cherished and devoted sons. She knows too why and how she is leading them, because she is in reality, as well as name, their Alma Mater.

People's Conference Evenings

SOCIALISM is not dead. The Marxian prophecy, it is true, has proved to be false and economic history has not taken the course that Marx traced out for it. His theories are worthless and have in many instances been relegated to the limbo of futilities even by most ardent propagandists of the Socialist cause. But Socialism is not dead. Under different shapes it will continue to live its chameleon life, assimilating every new form of rationalism and begetting irreligion wherever it finds acceptance. It is a demonstrable fact that men do not remain Catholic once they begin to take an active part in this movement. They are defying the authority of the Church and are proclaiming their wisdom superior to that of the Spirit of God guiding His Holy Church.

Socialism is not dead, and its activity was perhaps never more successful than at the present moment. It has cast off extreme radicalism in order to make itself more acceptable and so has made itself more dangerous, without changing its spirit in any way. Catholic workingmen are exposed to its seduction on every hand. The stirring times of strikes and threats of strikes are an elixir of new life for it. It has cast aside its antagonism to the trade unions and set itself the task of absorbing them. Its spirit of radicalism prepares the way for its entrance into every impetuous labor movement. Men are near-Socialists in the sense of being imbued with its radicalism long before they lower the colors of trade unionism for the red flag of Socialism.

Active, intelligent measures must perforce be taken by the Church if it would stem the evil while there is still time. Christian social instruction must be given to our Catholic workingmen in every section of our towns and cities, nor should our farmer population be neglected. Employers too stand in sore need of Christian instruction.

The People's Conference Evenings, established by Bishop Schrembs in Toledo, are a practical movement in this direction. Since it is impossible to secure for every parish trained and efficient speakers, reliable and perfectly familiar with the social question from the Catholic point of view, the idea has been conceived of dividing the city into districts and thus uniting the groups of adjoining parishes, providing a center for each in which meetings are held. Thus the Cathedral chapel is the center for the Cathedral parish and St. Mary's and St. Agnes', while St. John's College is the center for St. Joseph's, St. Michael's, St. Francis de Sales' and St. Patrick's parishes. Eight centers in all have thus been assigned for the city of Toledo. Each speaker can pass from one district to the other. Discussions will follow the instruction, plans will be formulated for social action and the cooperation of the entire parish will be secured in every instance.

While it is the duty of the priest to aid his people in the study of these important problems and to guide them aright, yet it is impossible for every pastor to have a perfect knowledge of the complicated issues of our day. Specialists, whether lay or clerical, whose heart and soul are in this work must undertake the task of instructing and inspiring our people, of saving them from the dangers of radicalism and of opening to them prospects of true Christian service. The movement begun in Toledo should be suggestive to other cities, in some of which excellent work is already being accomplished, while in others no concerted efforts have yet been made.

Galileo Again

POOR Galileo! Why will they not let him rest in peace? There is never an attack made on the Church but must have him as its champion. He was a friend of the two Popes who disciplined him, and the recipient of their bounty; he esteemed his Catholicism a most precious possession and rather than be separated

from communion with the Church he submitted to the judgment of his superiors and gave up the teaching of his favorite doctrine; he was a stanch Catholic to the end and up to the time of his death edified all who came in contact with him by his faithful observance of Catholic practices; and yet by a strange anomaly he is made the standard-bearer of every assault on the very institution that he loved above fame and wealth and even life. No one was surprised therefore that the *Independent* should have followed the beaten track and prefaced an attack on the Church, filled with the usual absurdities, with the name of the illustrious Pisan. "'It does move,' Galileo said by way of private comment when the Roman Catholic Church compelled him to deny the astronomical truth." When the *Independent* had said this, it felt it had created the proper atmosphere for the rest of its editorial.

Certainly one would expect that a magazine, so exercised over the wrongs of Galileo, would not have wronged him again. But this is exactly what it did. There is no solid historical foundation for the assertion that Galileo ever made such a remark. To attribute it to him is to assert that he was guilty of perjury, for according to the mythical account on which the story is based, the words were uttered immediately after Galileo had signed his abjuration and taken an oath that he did not believe in the reality of the movement of the earth. The writer apparently did not even take the trouble to consult sources, for the words really attributed to Galileo are, in the original version of the affair, *Et pourtant elle tourne,* and besides, the *Independent* has omitted the highly dramatic detail that Galileo stamped his foot as he uttered his protest.

That Galileo never made the statement attributed to him is clear from the fact that he would have been prosecuted for perjury, had he done so. But not only was he not subjected to any such trial, but he was treated with every consideration by his ecclesiastical superiors. Besides, and this is to be noted, the first mention of the incident occurs no less than 119 years after his death. Apparently no one had heard of it before that time. Certainly no record of it is in the details of the process. The fact that it has been constantly repeated since the time of its first appearance gives it no historical value. Nor is it justifiable to besmirch the memory of a great man, without grounds, even in order to make a point against the Catholic Church. For the rest the *Independent's* philosophical and theological views are quite in keeping with its "historical bias."

A Splendid Chance

A LABOR crisis fraught with the gravest danger to the toilers, the employers and the public still holds in its grasp the most populous city in the United States. Under its strain, the wheels of a vast transportation system have slowed down. Traffic, the life blood of the metropolis, has been, if not entirely paralyzed, at least seriously hampered. The crisis is fostering unrest, dissension and class hatred. Disorder and riot have followed in its wake and blood has been shed. From present indications there seems but little prospect of an immediate satisfactory settlement.

Conditions have reached a climax in the City of New York. And in almost every part of the country the two giants, capital and labor, which uphold the economic and industrial fabric of the nation, face each other with angered brows, ready to enter the lists in a fray where there will be no quarter and no mercy.

There must be a remedy for the evil, some honorable method of agreement over which the rivals can shake hands. Society is not so constituted that the enmity between these two must be looked upon as the natural and normal state of things. Statesmen and legislators should find a solution which will satisfy the just demands of both parties and at the same time point out their duties and obligations. They should do so without fear or partiality. This is a social and political mandate which they must perform. If they fail, they will disappoint the legitimate expectations of the people who look to them for relief and help.

In the presence of these threatening symptoms Catholics, and above all Catholic young men, have a serious task set before them. We look to them now to show the mettle of their pasture, their social worth and efficiency. There is a noble part for them to perform in this contest. They cannot remain inactive while the struggle is going on. They too must enter the trenches of this social warfare, and with true and unerring standards to guide them, they must fight for impartial justice to all, for law, for mutual respect, for order, charity and peace.

Before doing so, these champions on whom we rely must study the battlefield, mobilize their forces, drill them and perfect their tactics. If properly trained, they will be crowned with success. For the strategy and the plan of campaign of the Catholic Church, which they will follow, is the only correct one. But the Church needs well-equipped troops and officers to carry its campaign through. Our Catholic young men are not doing their duty if in the presence of this struggle of capital and labor, they let the question severely alone. The question will not down. It faces us everywhere. It frowns upon the educated Catholic young man, the hope of the future, for an answer. He can give it, for the Gospel, Catholic philosophy, the teaching of a long line of Catholic sociologists supply him with the solution. The hour has struck for the educated Catholic young man to bring home to the warring factions, on the platform, in the press, in the laborers' lyceum, in the club of the capitalist, in the gatherings on the crowded street and square, the true principles which alone can settle the question. They are found in the Gospel. They are nobly and largely interpreted in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. Here is a

call for a body of trained men to enter the lists. They must be sound of principle, broad-minded, keen-witted, lovers of justice, haters of iniquity, generous, enthusiastic, fearless and sincere. They must respect authority and love the poor. The call is sounding. It must not remain unanswered.

The Soul and the Solar Plexus

ONCE upon a time theologians used to discuss the seat of the soul. Some located it in one organ, some in another, and then for centuries the matter was dropped. But the Boston *Transcript* has, in a degree, brought the matter up again, and there is every possibility that we shall find that the soul will be discovered somewhere in the neighborhood of the solar plexus; and that the way to reach a man's soul is through his stomach.

In St. Paul's day there were some whose god occupied precisely the same position, and a prominent Anglican, who was exploring Mount Athos some years ago, rediscovered a species of heretic who believes that the soul may be circumscribed by a waist belt. And withdrawing themselves from the world, each pious *gasteroscopos* sought the light of divine illumination *in medio ventris sui.*

Something of the same kind was done in Ireland, where it was called souperism, and something much like it is being done in California, where it is called Methodism. And the good evangelists, so the *Transcript* says, propose to take benighted Mexicans, not by the arm, but by the stomach, and teach them the fear of God by means of that essential organ.

Prosperity and a full belly have, so it would appear, always accompanied Protestantism, and hence it is with an unctuous glibness that the *Transcript* points to the hunger and illiteracy of Mexico, and lays the blame at the door of the Catholic Church. The question our contemporary needs to ask is not what has the Catholic Church been doing in Mexico for four hundred years; the "pathetic relics of monasteries and nunneries"—and schools, and colleges, and hospitals, and libraries—answer that question. The question is what has Mexico been doing to the Catholic Church for the last fifty years? In the answer we shall get some inkling of the reason why it is so easy for prosperous and Protestant gentlemen, on the safe side of the Mexican border, to take advantage of the homeless and hungry peon's wretched state and fill him, first with food, and then with hatred for the Faith which he was taught.

The effect of the Protestant propaganda is immediately apparent. The underfed Papists "on being taught to cook and eat regularly are reported to gain immediately all of the push and go of the up-to-date American," an important contribution to the discussion on gastric animism. The whole point of the *Transcript's* problem seems to be whether Christianity is at all compatible with an empty stomach. This calls to mind the Englishwoman's classic remark: "A family of Hirish peddlers, Sa, and a family of Hitalian horgan-grinders. They are very huntidy, Sa, in their 'abits." And the no less classic remark of the Irishwoman: "Thim English, yer Reverence, they're haythens. They don't go to church, Mass, or meeting. They think of nothing but what they ate and drink." If wisdom maketh a full man, then it appears to be no less apparent that food maketh a pious man, which is good Anglo-Saxon and Protestant doctrine, and very comforting if one happens to be a Mexican refugee.

Do We Need a Censorship?

ON September 9, the showing of a widely advertised moving-picture was forbidden by the New York Commissioner of Licenses, the Honorable George H. Bell, on the ground that it was "not a proper production." As usual, a temporary injunction was secured, and on September 22, Supreme Court Justice Cohalan handed down his decision. It sustained Commissioner Bell on every point.

Two important lessons may be drawn from this decision. The first is the absolute need of adequate legal censorship in New York, for the theater and the moving-picture. Judge Cohalan lays down the admirable principle, which should be insisted upon, that "no depicted film that leads the beholder through such scenes of depravity and degradation can help society."

> I think such a play offends public decency and tends to the injury not only of the young of the community, but of all persons who witness it. . . . There is danger in an appeal to the imagination, and when the suggestion is immoral, the more left to the imagination, the more subtle the influence.

Yet on the very day on which this decision was rendered, the National Association of the Moving-Picture Industry declared its opposition to all censorship, except that of the producer himself, on the ground, reports the *Sun*, that it is "repugnant to art and American institutions." Nor will this declaration remain a mere "resolution." According to the daily press, the Association has already defeated, for renomination to the State Senate, the author of an excellent censorship bill which passed the Legislature but failed to secure the Governor's signature, and is preparing "to defeat a New York Assemblyman who has shown a fondness for censorship."

The situation is serious. The Association, it is said, urges decency upon the film producers; what action it may take if the recommendation is not followed, has not been disclosed. Against the film declared by Judge Cohalan to be "offensive to public decency," and whose producers the District Attorney termed "vice-mongers," the Association, so far as is known, made no protest. Obviously, the censorship advocated by the Association is worthless. As the prosecuting attorney remarked, it forces the courts "to pass judgment upon a self-evident fact," and in the meantime "under cover of a temporary injunction, the manager reaps a rich harvest."

The second lesson to be drawn from Judge Cohalan's decision is of importance to all who are interested in keeping public "amusements" within the bounds of common decency. The successful prosecution in the present instance is due to the energy and fearlessness of Commissioner Bell, but his hands were strengthened by the many private citizens who joined him in protesting against this vile exploitation of unsavory Grand Jury reports. What has been done in New York can be done, more readily perhaps, in every American city. Catholics in particular should feel themselves bound to protest vigorously against the unholy desecration of womanhood which is now occupying so large a place on the stage and in the moving-picture; and these protests should be lodged with the proper city authorities. What is sometimes censured as remissness in public officials, finds its root in the fact that these men, contending against the capitalized vice of the stage, have sought the help of the decent part of the community and have not found it. It is not a bad thing to deplore the evil that flaunts itself on the stage, but a more practical way of removing it is to aid the authorities in the prosecution of their duties. Without the support of public opinion they can do little. With it they may ultimately succeed in replacing the present license of the stage by decency.

LITERATURE

The Works of March Phillipps

WHEN a speculatist attempts any such large general synthesis as shall serve for a chart of navigation on the high seas of thought, it is often his fate to be quoted with unintelligent complacency by fools who make free with his conclusions, although they make no effort to appraise his processes, until their facile simplism discredits his good doctrine.

Probably it was not so much Aristides' justice that the Athenians got tired of as the chatter about it at ladies' luncheon parties. One may be so irritated by the silliness of those who parrot Matthew Arnold's "Hebraic and Hellenic," with too fond acquiescence in the completeness of the solution, as to forget that there remains a good deal of truth in that dichotomy. Mr. March Phillipps might be in the same danger were it not for the curiously irritant effect which his calm, sober and somewhat monumental style produces on particular executants, or particular critics, in one or other of the fine arts comprised in the totality of man's endeavor after beauty; for nothing less is the scope of his survey. Now the architect denounces him for disrespect shown to modern architecture; now the Japonist proclaims him as unsound on color-prints. Their displeasure will save Mr. March Phillipps from the facile flock of human parrots. Perhaps his style also: it rises far above the glorified *Times*-leader volumes of which the clubman says, year after year, "We have all of us lately been reading so and so." But, if I mistake not, he may look for a deeper and longer influence than attends an unopposed return for a safe seat in literature.

Particular artists may deny his competence in this or that department. He makes no assertion of technical competence at all points, but the main principles of his structure are no more affected by petty criticisms than the hull of a ship is injured by knocking away the shores when she is to be launched. All his books have exceptional significance. Travel, continual study of confessed masterpieces, and, especially, deep and thorough reflection: these make up most of his equipment. Apart from surface literary qualities, the characteristic charm of such a book as "Form and Color," (Scribner), and the same thing is true of "The Works of Man," (Holt), is that it represents the mature results, gained by reasoning and meditation, of a singularly well-endowed and well-trained thinker. It is almost a part of good manners now to pretend that one man can think as well as another. But this is just another piece in the great game of pretending, which we have played so gravely for seventy years. You might just as well maintain that all men drew equally well. Let me here coin a word and say that what chiefly recommends Mr. March Phillipps is that he is a fine and accurate thoughtsman. A much better thoughtsman than Ruskin, although no match for him in verbal rainbows. He is perfectly free from jargon or any esoteric pretension; he argues methodically, seldom begging the question by a metaphor; and when he deploys his full researches of vocabulary and composition, you find a passage of uncommonly fine writing. In fact his thesis loses nothing in the exposition of it that a gracefully solemn eloquence and a controlled though not unimpassioned persuasiveness can lend. What is this thesis? It is a thesis and inquiry which his latest volume, "Form and Color," continues and which supplements what was already accomplished in "The Works of Man."

Mr. March Phillipps there taught that architecture is a very true and certain index for estimating the mind of men in the age and country when and where it was produced; and especially, in its more or less of intellectual capacity. The idea was not wholly novel: Boutmy's "Le Parthénon et le génie grec" had sketched it. But Mr. March Phillipps employs his clue on wider historical interpretations. He expounded the fine good sense of the trabeated style, the devout adventure of the pointed; the childish fitfulness of the Arabesque, the pompous torpors of the Egyptian. Using what he had achieved in this first volume and pursuing his advantage he attained in his second volume a much more commanding point of survey.

Art means man expressing his mind in make-believe. Not "If I were King" but "If I were God" is the implied premises of every work of art. And the two main elements of art are form and color: these are coresponsive to two avenues of knowledge, the reasoned apprehension and the emotional perception. Color is the language of the mystic; form, that of the logician. And since mysticism is the Eastern, and reasoning the Western tradition of approach to God, color is to Oriental art what form is to ours. I am paraphrasing Mr. March Phillipps' introduction to "Form and Color." In the familiar medieval symbolism one might say, "Form is Martha, Color is Mary."

This is the governing idea of this, his finest book. It may very probably strike the reader not altogether as a new discovery, but rather as something advanced from the plane of obscure instinct to the focus of explicit discernment. It is no sooner presented to the mind than dozens of facts fall into their places intelligibly: the garishness of Jew and Gypsy; the peculiarly intellectual appeal of black-and-white art; the quality of Doric skylines and Byzantine interiors; the narcotic fatuities of Indian religion, paralyzing and suffocating to the European mind; the agnostic hesitations of modern architecture; the reciprocal struggle between rationalizing West and hypnotizing East; the effect of Alexander the Great's campaign; the historic mission of Venice. The list might be extended far. Here is evidently a key that opens many doors. Mr. March Phillipps avoids the absurdity of riding a hobby to beat the bounds of the two great hemispheres which his antithesis indicates: their elusive confines do not coincide with exact geographical or political divisions, but creep and sway backwards and forwards throughout history. All such great dichotomies involve a debatable country where claims are almost too intricate to disentangle: and it is just in the determination of the mixed cases that the theorist must approve his good sense and liberality of judgment. The

estimate of Japanese art is such a case, where the author finds himself in controversy with other critics under the influence of Oriental color and design.

Nothing in all his books is more interesting than the chapter in "Form and Color" on "The Christian Point of View." Mr. March Phillipps boldly penetrates to the central truth that the Incarnation is as the keystone of an arch uniting East and West. One criticism I would make on his statement in this chapter; that for "Christianity" we should read *passim* "Christendom." After Christendom was shattered by the combined explosion of two forces, a recrudescence of Judaism and a recrudescence of paganism, it is true that the intellectualism that the Church had combined and tempered broke away in the direction of pure materialism; but it is no less true that the Protestant experiment in "Christianity" without Christendom is rapidly under the very eyes of this generation petering out into a merely emotional religion of sentiment. The Anglican dignitary who began his sermon with the words, "I feel a feeling that I feel we must sometimes all feel," spoke typically. On the one hand science, mistaken for a religion, and eventually self-destroying; on the other, nothing but an emotionalism, a religion of "experiences," defenseless against the inroads of superstition in the most morbid forms. But between the two, just as central and reconciling as in the thirteenth century, there still lives and works the one institution which can serve the double function of harnessing the "wild human intellect" in the children of Athens and Florence and of canalizing sanely the vague expansions of Oriental mysticism. It is the religion which evolved the Benedictine rule out of Egyptian monarchism, and which both reared the stones and jeweled the panes of Chartres.

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

REVIEWS

The French Revolution. By LOUIS MADELIN. Translated from the French. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

The literature bearing on the French Revolution is now so vast, complex and unwieldy that the author who can condense the material at his disposal into a readable and reasonable compass, and, without omitting details of importance, or without showing an undue monarchical or republican bias, can give a clear, orderly and fascinating account of the tremendous movement started in 1789, deserves to have his work immortalized. In the book under review M. Madelin has admirably succeeded in producing a book of the above description, and it was crowned as was fitting by the French Academy. In his preface the author remarks:

> I can assert in all sincerity and truth as I put forth this work for the use of the public, that I myself am unable to detect any instance in which I have unfairly apportioned praise or blame. I have approached this thorny subject without any preconceived views of my own; in nine cases out of ten my opinions on the Revolution have altered, in the course of my study of it, in a very remarkable manner.

Fair-minded readers must own that M. Madelin has made his book what he meant it to be, for he has avoided the extreme views of the partisan writers on either side, refrained from dwelling too long on the horrors of the Revolution, and has imbued his history with characteristically French vivacity and lucidity that the translator has preserved. In his description of "The France of 1789" M. Madelin shows how the "philosophers" had undermined old-fashioned respect for tradition and authority, how the bearers of great names were assiduous readers of Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau, how the higher clergy, for the most part. had fallen away from the virtues that became their state, how the army was honeycombed with masonry and insubordination, how the nobility were enervated, and the people ground down by cruel taxation. The old methods of governing the country would no longer work. A revolution had to come and come it did, but unhappily it soon passed out of the control of the well-meaning men who started the movement and it became an orgy of license, murder and irreligion.

The author shows that it was only a few lawless ruffians, and not an enraged population, who were responsible for the seizure of the Bastile, an event the importance of which was subsequently magnified; he believes the Church could have saved herself had she offered the bankrupt Government 400,000,000 *livres,* and he brings out forcibly the fact that the crowning folly of the Constituent Assembly was the decision that none of their members should be eligible for re-election. Consequently the experience in parliamentary procedure gained by these rather moderate men was of no further use and their successors were intellectually and morally their inferiors.

The author's sketches of the royal family, the Rolands, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Marat, the *émigrés,* etc., are excellent and his description of such scenes as the fall of Robespierre and the great *coup* of Napoleon are most vivid. M. Madelin never fails to point out the mistakes made by the leaders of the Revolution in dealing with the Church, and condemns the seizure of ecclesiastical property, the Civil Constitution of the clergy, and the attempt to reorganize the Hierarchy. "The French Revolution," which belongs to the same series as Louis Battifol's "The Century of the Renaissance in France," praised in our issue of September 9, should find many readers among Catholics.

W. D.

Democracy and Education: an Introduction to the Philosophy of Education. By JOHN DEWEY. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.40.

Any book from the pen of Professor Dewey compels attention. Though the Catholic reader will dissent from many of the principles and conclusions in this volume, he cannot but admire the skillful presentation of the author's thought, its ordered method and logical development, the remarkable gift of exposition everywhere apparent, the interest with which the writer vitalizes the most abstract questions. Professor Dewey informs us that his volume embodies an "endeavor to detect and state the ideas implied in a democratic state and to apply these ideas to the problems of the enterprise of education." The main purpose of the author is worked out clearly and consistently. Taken separately many of the writer's ideas will appeal to Catholics; viewed as a whole the educational system which he propounds cannot be accepted. It is good as far as it goes but it does not go far enough. For him, education has done its task, when in its attempt to bring about the adequate realization of the democratic ideal, it thoroughly socializes the individual. For Professor Dewey social efficiency is the end and aim of education. According to him "the measure of the worth of the administration, curriculum, and methods of instruction of the school is the extent to which they are animated by the social spirit." More clearly and positively still he maintains that "the moral and the social quality of conduct are, in the last analysis, identical with each other." It is impossible to subscribe to such a principle. The social and moral quality of conduct are not identical, nor coextensive. The latter quality has a wider reach; the former is but a segment of a much larger whole. And we must maintain that the measure of the worth of any education is the extent to which it is animated, not merely by the social spirit, but by a much higher one, one which while it has due regard for this social aspect in man, embraces also his relations to himself and to God. In leaving out of consideration the last especially of these considerations, the author has constructed a system of education, fair to behold in many respects, but built upon an insecure foundation and shorn of its crown.

J. C. R.

Nearing Jordan, being the Third and Last Volume of Sixty Years in the Wilderness. By SIR HENRY LUCY. With a Frontispiece Specially Drawn by E. T. REED. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

This is a book of pleasant reminiscences by a Parliamentary reporter who for some thirty-five years contributed every week to *Punch* the diary of the dog Toby, elected a "Member from Barks." The author has a wealth of anecdotes and recollections of the men and women who have figured most prominently in the public life of England during the past twenty years. There is a great deal too about *"Punch's* young men" and their solemn meeting each week to determine the leading cartoon of the following issue. The author quotes a very diverting letter sent to him by Mr. Carnegie in which the capitalist owns that "The chief political desire of my life is to bring the two branches of our race together . . . The delegate from Britain to an Imperial Assembly at Washington would reach there as quickly and more pleasantly than the delegate from San Francisco." Particularly interesting are Sir Henry Lucy's reminiscences of such men of letters as Wilde, Tennyson, Swinburne and Browning. He heard the latter tell how a business-like schoolma'am, pointed him out in Hyde Park to some girls she had in charge, and as Browning expressed it they "fluttered down upon me like a flock of doves, were shaking my hands, and with emphatic American accent cooed protestations of admiration and even personal affection."

In a letter Mrs. Craigie wrote from this country to the author she indignantly denied that she was about to "marry George Moore. As I am a Roman Catholic and may never re-marry (during my husband's lifetime), all such reports are peculiarly distressing. I was driven to obtain the divorce in order to get my boy." The numerous witticisms in the volume do not always prosper when set down in cold type. But one of the author's own merry jests, which has been attributed to Lord Sherbrooke, will bear quoting. An exceedingly deaf member of Parliament was making strenuous efforts by the use of an ear-trumpet to hear a speech that a particularly dull colleague was making. "What a wanton sacrifice of natural advantages!" remarked the "Member from Barks." One attractive omission from the present volume is that of all references to the war now raging, though there is a chapter on the Boer War.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "The Chevalier de Boufflers, a Romance of the French Revolution" (Dutton, $4.00) Nesta H. Webster has woven together from fact and fiction an account of a worthless French noble's twenty-years' *liaison* with the Comptesse de Sabran, one of the frail beauties of Marie Antoinette's court. The book seems to give a pretty faithful account of French society during the latter part of the eighteenth century, but the adventures Delphine had while the Terror was raging never happened of course to any one person. The author apparently shares Burke's opinion that just before the Revolution "vice itself lost half of its evil in losing all its grossness."

Under the general heading "Catholic Art in America," a series of papers will soon be begun in these columns. The object of the series will be to indicate, from time to time, both to Catholics at home and to those traveling in the United States, Catholic objects of genuine artistic interest, so that the visitor to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, or any other American city, will know what is worth seeing as worthy examples of Christian art. The papers, which will be critical in a constructive way, are to be contributed by specialists who will point out not only the excellences to be found, but the reason for the excellences. The series will be strictly objective, impersonal and disinterested, and will be wide and catholic in its range, championing no special school of art or architecture, and wedded to no particular style. There will be but one standard of judgment: how best to express the sublimity and beauty of Catholic faith through the medium of the fine arts.

Agnes and Egerton Castle's new book, "A Little House in War-time" (Dutton, $1.50) describes how the authors received and cared for some Belgian refugees, entertained wounded soldiers, and found a little comfort, even in war-time, caring for their flowers and pets. It is worthy of note that English Catholics, for some reason, seem to write more bitterly about the Germans than do other Englishmen. Mr. and Mrs. Castle actually suspect the Kaiser of having been behind the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and believe that English soldiers are spiritualized by this war whereas the Germans are only brutalized. The chapter on "Death in the Little Garden" sets forth admirably the Church's motherly care of her dying and her dead and there are excellent pages of description in other parts of the book.——Jeanne le Guiner's "Letters from France" (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.00) which "H. M. C." has well translated, describe the experiences of a young student of the Sorbonne who passes her vacations nursing the wounded.

Algernon Blackwood's "Julius Le Vallon" (Dutton, $1.50) is quite the equal of the author's other work in style and interest. The story is a wildly imaginative tale, consistently beautiful in expression and description, steeped in mystery, saturated with occultism, weird and preposterous. It is a jumble of almost all the philosophies of the ancient past, but is built mainly on metempsychosis, pantheism and nature-worship. Three persons, living at the present time, committed a crime against the powers of nature a million or more years ago, and in their reincarnated forms they meet and strive to repair it, but fail in the end. The story is powerfully told but is disappointing in the climax. ——"Beef, Iron and Wine", (Doubleday, Page, $1.25), is a volume of short stories dealing for the most part with the underworld of Chicago as studied by Jack Lait, a reporter on the Chicago *Herald.* The "punch" in the tales is far more conspicuous than their "ethical value," for the author seems to be a warm admirer of crooks and rascals.

Catholic social workers will find of great value "A Guide to Books for Social Students and Workers" (The Educational Company of Ireland, 89 Talbot St., Dublin, threepence) which Alfred Rahilly has carefully compiled. Under forty-eight sections, such as Education, Trade Unionism, Women in Industry, etc., he has arranged lists of books with the price, date and publisher of each. As there are more than seventy-five pages of titles the lists must be quite complete. Mr. Rahilly explains that the bibliography was undertaken primarily in connection with the Economic Conferences he and Professor Smiddy have been giving at University College, Cork, a "pioneer movement to bring the National University of Ireland into closer touch with the working classes."——"Family Limitation" (Paulist Press, $0.05) is the title of a useful pamphlet containing a paper on that important subject contributed by Dr. John A. Ryan to the *Ecclesiastical Review,* and in addition his article on "The Church and Birth Control," which appeared originally in AMERICA.

In his excellent paper on "Sincerity and the Modern Drama," with which Thomas J. Gerard begins the October *Catholic World,* after exposing the sophisms of those who clamor for "freedom," he insists that the guiding principle for managers and playwrights should be: "What cannot be presented to the young girl ought not to be presented on the stage at all. . . . What

is bad for her must be bad for mankind." Then follows a Shakespearean paper on "The Two John Wards" by Appleton Morgan; Father Earls has some musical stanzas on "Old Hudson Rovers"; and Mr. Joyce Kilmer offers Our Lady these lines on "The Singing Girl":

There was a little maiden
In blue and silver drest,
She sang to God in Heaven
And God within her breast.

It flooded me with pleasure,
It pierced me like a sword,
When this young maiden sang: "My soul
Doth magnify the Lord."

The stars sing all together
And hear the angels sing,
But they said they had never heard
So beautiful a thing.

Saint Mary and Saint Joseph,
And Saint Elizabeth,
Pray for us poets now
And at the hour of death.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn & Bacon, New York:
The Short Story. By W. Patterson Atkinson, A.M. $0.60.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Illustrated. $1.35.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:
It Came to Pass. By Arthur W. Moulton. $1.00.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Daniel Defoe: How to Know Him. By William P. Trent. $1.25.

Columbia University Press, New York:
Magna Charta and Other Addresses. By William D. Guthrie.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.35; Jim—Unclassified: A Romance. By Robert J. Kelly. $1.35.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
The Triumph of Tim. By Horace Annesley Vachell. $1.40; The Mystery of the Hated Man and Then Some. By James Montgomery Flagg. Illustrations. $1.25.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York:
Book of Garden Plans. By Stephen F. Hamblin. Illustrated. $2.00; Mount Vernon, Washington's Home and the Nation's Shrine. By Paul Wilstach. Illustrated. $2.00; Somewhere in Red Gap. By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated. $1.35; Wit and Wisdom of Woodrow Wilson, with Masterpieces of Eloquence. Compiled and Classified by Richard Linthicum.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage. By Jan Van Ruysbroeck. Edited with an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. $1.75.

D. C. Heath & Co., New York:
Selected Letters of Cicero. By Hubert McNeill Poteat, Ph.D. $1.00.

Hearst's International Library Co., New York:
The Elements of the Great War. By Hilaire Belloc. The Second Phase. Illustrated with Diagrams. $1.50.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Joseph Conrad. By Hugh Walpole. $0.50.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
Apauk, Caller of Buffalo. By James Willard Schultz. With Illustrations. $1.25; The Seven Vagabonds. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With Drawings by Helen Grose. $1.00; Saints' Legends. By Gordon Hall Gerould. $1.50; Problems of Religion: an Introductory Survey. By Durant Drake. $2.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Saints and Their Emblems. By Maurice and Wilfred Drake. Illustrated by 12 Plates. $10.00; Open that Door! By R. Sturgis Ingersoll. $1.00.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Woman Gives. By Owen Johnson. Illustrations. $1.40.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Chemistry in the Service of Man. By Alexander Findlay. $1.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Ideal Catholic Fourth Reader. By a Sister of St. Joseph. $0.45; The Green Alleys. By Eden Phillpotts. $1.50; The Literary History of Spanish America. By Alfred Coester. $2.50.

Outing Publishing Co., New York:
Camping and Woodcraft. By Horace Kephart. Vol. I, Camping. $1.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
1,000 Shorter Ways Around the House. By Mae Savell Croy. $1.50.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
Literature in Ireland. By Thomas MacDonagh. $2.75.

University of California Press, Berkeley:
Prolegomena to History: The Relation of History to Literature, Philosophy and Science. By Frederick J. Teggart. $1.50.

EDUCATION

The Parochial School and the Conscience of the Child

IN his address of welcome to the American Federation of Catholic Societies which met a few weeks ago in New York, Governor Charles S. Whitman spoke the following words:

> Out of an experience as a judge, a district-attorney and governor, I have brought a deep conviction that there is no greater mistake than (the) common belief that people can be made good by law. It is in the individual life that improvement must be made. It is in the soul of man that the great fight must be waged against evil and all uncleanness.

No institution directly engaged in the molding of the character and the conduct of men has been more alive to the principle enunciated by the Governor of New York than the Catholic Church. While she is the stanchest upholder and champion of authority, law and order, she realizes that these mainstays of society can be kept intact only as long as the heart and the soul of the rising generations are soundly and nobly trained. For with her Divine Founder she knows too well that it is in the heart that the evil deed has its birth, it is there that the murderer's victim bleeds even before the knife or the revolver has laid him low. And vain and profitless in her eyes is the outward service no matter how carefully performed, if the heart and the soul do not act in unison with the lip or the hand.

CONSCIENCE DEVELOPED THROUGH RESPONSIBILITY

If the Catholic Church has made such a gallant fight for the privilege of educating her children in the parochial school, and has so generously borne the burden thrust upon her to support that school, it is because she is anxious that the little ones entrusted to her care should be rightly directed and that their hearts should receive the seed of those supernatural truths, which she considers of far greater importance than natural learning. She wants the heart of the child, not to tyrannize over it, but to lift it to the highest ideals and make it responsive to the noblest aspirations.

Even her enemies admit that there is no organization in the world which has such a control over its members as the Catholic Church. That control begins in the school. Some have called it a species of intellectual mesmerism or hypnotization, a thoroughly efficient system of mental enslavement. It is none of these. The secret of her power does not lie here. Were it to consist in this alone, the yoke would have been thrown off long ago. The secret of the hold of the Catholic Church upon the minds and the hearts of her children lies in the fact that owing to her dogmas, ever in accord with reason yet transcending reason, she can appeal to the child's dawning intellect, satisfy its claims, and yet make him realize a world of thought and ideas far above his natural ken. It consists in the all-penetrating power of these teachings. Not a faculty, not an aspiration, not a yearning of the child's nature escapes their wide reach or their potent control. They have a marvelous power of developing conscience. They reach deep down into the very recesses of child-nature, and though in after years, through passion or evil habits, their edge may be blunted, they can be seldom shaken off or thrown aside.

For, among the first lessons which the parochial school inculcates upon its pupils, is the meaning of life, its purpose, its end. As far as their young minds and hearts can understand the lesson, the children are made to feel that they are responsible beings, amenable to the commands of a supreme Lawgiver and Judge. The parochial school develops in its pupils the sense of a moral and personal responsibility, not merely to law, order, and organized society but to a personal Creator, who will reward or punish according as life's record is in harmony with His teaching or in opposition to His laws.

Under the teaching of the Catholic Church the child in the parochial school is made to feel that he is not entirely his own master, that he is not autonomous. His mind, he feels, must bend in humble submission to the law of God and the dictates of that Church and those spiritual superiors, which he has been shown to be the means chosen by God Himself to lead him to his supernatural destiny. The habit of faith grows in the soul. That faith far from degrading the soul lifts it on more daring wings.

WIDE RANGE OF THIS RESPONSIBILITY

But this sense of responsibility goes further. The child is made to realize that not only must his mind submit to a higher law, he is taught that his every faculty and power, his body, his soul, his entire being belongs to the Creator to whom he owes his existence, that God has a right to command his services, to restrict his pleasures, to impose His will. Taught that God is all-wise and just, and holy, the child feels that he must obey. The reasonableness of the order he has been made to understand, and the rights of the authority which imposes it he has been taught to respect. The sanction of the disregarded law, he has fully realized. The beauty of the virtue enjoined he has been made to love. The foulness of the prohibited vice he has been made to detest and its punishment to dread. He can, it is true, trample on these promptings of his better nature. But there is a wrenching and a dislocation of his whole moral being as he does so. The trained conscience rebels. At every transgression it registers its indignant protest. And the protest remains engraven in the heart and again and again presents its accusing record to the culprit's gaze. If he is not dead to all sense of right and wrong, remorse gives him no rest. And remorse is so unwelcome a visitant in the soul that often the culprit, thank God, finds but one remedy: to atone sincerely and whole-heartedly for the faults and the sins of the past by a generous repentance.

IT LEADS TO PURITY OF HEART

The whole atmosphere of the parochial school develops this sense of responsibility. No lesson is more insisted upon in its classrooms than that of God's supreme dominion over the lives and the destinies of man. The lesson may be forgotten in other schools, or so faintly emphasized that it is practically lost on the pupil. In the Catholic school it holds the place of honor. While it does not neglect other subjects, and can give to them all the right solution, two things in the parochial school are of paramount importance: God and the individual soul. Surely an institution which inculcates this important lesson is doing its share towards the betterment of humanity and the true welfare of the country. For if we seek the Kingdom of God, the rest shall be added unto us.

God's purposes to be fulfilled above all things, His will to be done at all times, His love and His goodness to be the supreme object of the child's affection, His displeasure to be dreaded more than that of father or mother, His punishments to be feared more than earthly sorrows or woe, His rewards to be yearned for with all the confiding hope and trust of loving children, such are the lessons which are taught in the parochial school. Is it not plain that such an education develops conscience in the highest degree? For it makes it sensitive to the least moral transgression. It makes the child live in the ever-abiding presence of God. It instills into his heart the fear of offending Him, because He is lovable in Himself, because sin degrades his nature and because the punishments of sin in this world and in the next are in proportion to God's power and the gravity of the offense. Not only is conscience developed with a delicacy and refinement which we look for in vain in other systems, but as a consequence, the child gains that noblest of gifts, of more priceless value than the dower of beauty on the maiden's brow, or the wreath of victory engarlanding the hero's sword, purity of heart.

This is the one lesson on which the parochial school insists. A heart free from sin, a heart dowered with the grace and the friendship of God. For this is the one thing necessary. It teaches the pupil how to obtain it and how to preserve it. If the child should have the misfortune to tarnish the luster of the purity of its heart, it teaches him that there is in one of the Sacraments a sure way and means to restore innocence to the soul. The Tribunal of Penance to purify the heart of the child from its stains, the Banquet Table of the Body and Blood of Christ to strengthen the soul with heavenly manna for the journey and the battle of life, teach the weakness and the glory of human nature. The child who uses them aright cannot but have his conscience enlightened and purified.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Is the Sympathetic Strike Justifiable?

RECENT circumstances have brought the sympathetic strike into prominence. The term itself is sufficiently descriptive and hardly calls for any definition. A sympathetic strike is declared when laborers, without personal cause against their employer, suspend work in approval and support of other workers who are striking. The fact that no personal grievance exists, naturally suggests the question in how far such a strike can be justified. The answer can best be given by means of a few practical illustrations.

THE ORIGINAL STRIKE

A strike, we shall suppose, has been declared in one of the various branches of labor controlled by a single large firm. It is a strike waged in self-defense against real and not against fancied injustice on the part of the employers. The men are needlessly overburdened, or they are compelled to labor on the Lord's Day without strict necessity, or they have arbitrarily been refused a wage sufficient to support themselves and their families as far as right reason demands. In this instance there is no question of mere betterment of conditions which are reasonably good, or of a farther increase in wages that are already adequate, when evidently both parties might be in the right in maintaining their positions, the laborers in demanding a fuller, though not excessive, share in the profits, and the employers in contenting themselves with fulfilling strict obligations. Such a strike might be entirely justified. However, we are not concerned with such conditions, but rather with a strike in simple defense. The laborers, we suppose, have tried all other means of redress in vain, and industrial war has been declared as the last resort, with reasonable hopes of success.

FIRST FORM OF SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

Clearly these men are deserving of all possible support that can rightfully be given them. They have failed to receive justice at the hands of their employers, the State has equally failed to come to their assistance or has been impotent to aid them, nothing therefore remains but the weapon of the strike. As the strike proceeds appeal is made by the workmen to their fellow-laborers in other departments of the same firm. Though justly treated, these employees are not indifferent to the struggle of their less fortunate fellows. Representations are made by them to the firm, but without effect, and a sympathetic strike is at last declared against the common employers. Is the strike justified?

No personal grievance is alleged by these latter artisans, but their continuance at work would help the firm to pursue its course of injustice towards the oppressed section of employees.

Clearly there are no obligations arising from the nature of the case to bind those who entered upon the sympathetic strike to labor under the stated conditions. Their interference on the side of their weaker brethren is entirely reasonable and their sympathetic strike is justified. The firm has equivalently made itself the unjust aggressor by enslaving a section of its men, forced by poverty to accept a contract which in itself is null and void, and the sympathetic strikers have come to the rescue. It is on this same principle that all righteous interference in the cause of the oppressed is justified.

SECOND FORM OF SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

In the preceding case the sympathetic strike was against the offending firm against which the original strike had been declared. A new supposition must now be made in which the oppressed workers appeal for help, not to the men in different branches of the same firm, but to laborers under an entirely different employer. The latter has been just to his men but is unintentionally assisting the unjust firm in its oppressive methods by continuing to extend his patronage to them after the strike has been declared. Are his employees justified in declaring a sympathetic strike against him, unless these business relations are interrupted?

The answer is that ordinarily workmen are not justified in such a course. They cannot oblige their employer to discontinue his purchases, which he finds suitable and advantageous, in order that he may help to bring about the defeat of the unjust firm. Yet circumstances may arise which can make such a strike righteous. But it is impossible to lay down one principle that would cover all circumstances. Each case must be investigated and judged on its merits.

THIRD FORM OF SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

If justification can rarely be found for the latter form of the sympathetic strike, it will be far more difficult to find it for the extreme case in which a sympathetic strike is enforced against employers who are in nowise connected with the unjust firm. Such a course would inflict the greatest loss and hardship upon entirely innocent employers who have no means of conciliating their men since the latter are suffering no wrongs. The unoffending public suffers equally with the employers and the strikers' families bear perhaps the heaviest burden of the misery and woe entailed.

The harm thus inflicted upon countless helpless and innocent sufferers is likely to be out of all proportion to the good that may be gained. Nor may we overlook the moral evils that are certain to follow and the radicalism that runs riot on such occasions and embitters the hearts of men for years to come, and perhaps throughout a lifetime. When such a strike is general, as in principle it must always be to a greater or less extent, since the reason of striking against one innocent employer holds good for all, we are then faced with one of the most extreme issues that can develop in labor conflicts.

THE GENERAL SYMPATHETIC STRIKE

It may be well to quote authorities upon this subject. Dr. John A. Ryan, dealing with the question in the various aspects considered, briefly says of the general sympathetic strike: "While we cannot be certain that a general strike is never justified, we can safely say that there is against it an overwhelming presumption." Father Henry Koch, S.J., a leading economic authority in Germany, expresses himself in even stronger terms, though the strike he evidently has in mind is the political and not the sympathetic general strike. "Because of the great danger," he says, "which in a general strike threatens the entire people as well as the State itself, this form of strike appears to be altogether objectionable from the standpoint of morality."

If we recall with what deep concern Pope Leo XIII spoke of the dangers attending even the ordinary strike, we shall not hurriedly justify so terrible a state of internecine war as the general strike, an industrial conflict destructive of the spiritual no less than of the temporal welfare of men.

FACING THE ISSUE

The evil to be feared in a general strike is therefore beyond calculation and the good to be obtained would have to be no less great in proportion. Yet for all that many would doubtless hesitate to say that a justification can never, under any circumstances, be found for the general sympathetic strike. Naturally, the less serious the foreseen consequences, the less grave likewise would be the objections against it, but these can never be treated lightly.

The most menacing danger of our day is that men do not weigh moral reasons, but only the chances of success. To the liberalistic view sufficiently common in the capitalism of our day, correspond the deep strains of radicalism prominent in the labor movement. The State must therefore do what lies in its power to prevent the calamity of a general strike by seeking to secure justice for labor and capital alike. There is one power which can bring order out of chaos, and that is the Church. It is the duty of the State therefore to cooperate to the best of its ability with her efforts for mankind. Here is the true solution of the difficulties that beset us.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The profits of the Ford Motor Company have been called "the romance of industrial history." The latest statistics more than confirm this impression:

> According to its annual statement, recently issued, the Ford Motor Company made a profit of $59,994,118 in the fiscal year ending July 31, or more than $1,000,000 a week. If the company had sold forty-six more cars its profits would have passed the $60,000,000 mark. As it was, it manufactured more than 509,000 automobiles, and did a gross business of $206,867,347.47. Of the 49,870 employees of the Ford Company throughout the world, 74 per cent shared in the profits.

Even Americans, who have been accustomed to beholding large fortunes growing up in the past like Jack's bean stalk, gasp with surprise at these figures.

The Fourth National Conference of Catholic Charities closed a most successful session in Washington on September 20. Practically every phase of Catholic activity in the work of relief and prevention was either discussed or suggested during the proceedings; and as the delegates were drawn from every part of the country, the exchange of views at the conferences, formal and informal, was of great value. As was fitting, the true basis of Christian charity was emphasized, and the need of personal service insisted upon as a condition of efficient and lasting results. At the meeting on September 18, the project of founding a monthly magazine to serve as the official organ of the Conference was discussed and approved. The first number of this new journal, which will probably be called *Catholic Charities*, will be issued in January, 1917. Its standing as an authoritative exponent of sound views is guaranteed by the fact that it will be under the editorial control of the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., Professor of Economics at the Catholic University.

On September 20, at a meeting of the Superior Council of the United States, of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Honorable George J. Gillespie, of New York, was chosen president in succession to the late beloved Thomas M. Mulry. Mr. Gillespie was born in New York City in 1870. After pursuing his preliminary studies at St. Francis Xavier College, he studied law at New

York University, receiving his degree in 1893. Mr. Gillespie, a busy practising lawyer, has ever found time for the exercise of charity in the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul. For eighteen years he has been president of the Cathedral Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, and for fourteen years has served on the board of managers of the Catholic Orphan Asylum. He was appointed to the finance committee of the Particular Council of New York by Mr. Mulry, and for five years has been its treasurer. Since 1906 Mr. Gillespie has been a member of the Board of Education of the City of New York, and in 1916 was made a member of the State Board of Charities by Governor Whitman. In addition to these offices, he is vice-president and trustee of the Catholic Summer School and president of the New York Cottage Association. There was never a time when a vigorous manifestation of the true spirit of that great leader in Catholic charitable work, St. Vincent de Paul, was more imperatively needed. Zealous, energetic and practical, Mr. Gillespie will make a splendid leader, and under his direction it is hoped that the influence of this great Society will soon make itself felt in every Catholic parish in the country.

A correspondent in the New York *Evening Sun* expresses himself as rather surprised, in view of the revolting revelations recently made regarding the white slave traffic, that no one suggested the remedy which was found so efficacious in England a few years ago. He would have the odious crime made an offense punishable by flogging.

> The faddists and cranks of the anti-death penalty and anti-flogging type need not agitate their gentle souls about the degradation of physical punishment for those ghouls who batten on the proceeds of their unfortunate victims' immorality, as I am sure that the results of the passing of such a law would be similar to those in England. For a few weeks before the act dealing with these loathsome pests came into operation the trains to the Continent were crowded with the vermin hurrying to more congenial climes. They could scarcely run away fast enough from the danger of the only punishment they really feared.

The suggestion might very properly be acted upon by our legislators. The bestial crime deserves the treatment, nor are its perpetrators sensitive to gentler methods. There is no sentiment to be wasted upon foul harpies of this type.

That feminism has entered even into the strongholds of Mohammedanism is evident from a story told in the *Quarterly Review* by Lord Cromer. In Surah xxvii of the Koran it is stated that Solomon on a certain occasion visited the valley of ants where one of the little inhabitants at once gave the following warning of the great King's approach: "Oh, ye ants, enter your dwellings, lest Solomon and his army crush ye and know it not." This text, it appears, suggested a serious difficulty to the modern Mohammedan mind. It was discussed whether the ant that had uttered this sage counsel was of the male or of the female sex. A storm of controversy arose and the problem was referred to a Sheikh at Cairo whose outward manifestations of piety were so excessive that he would not walk the streets without having stopped his ears with wax, lest any unbecoming word might fall upon them. Unfortunately for the feminist party he decided in favor of the male sex. Only the most superior kind of an ant, he argued, would have dared to speak in the presence of Solomon, and the superiority of the male over the female ant required no demonstration. This was adding insult to injury. The question was consequently carried from one to another of the most famous doctors of the Koran, from Cairo to Samarkand. The leading champion of the female ants was a Tunisian Pundit whose ardor for his cause waxed so intense that serious consequences were feared and it became necessary for common friends to interfere in the controversy that ensued between himself and the Sheikh at Cairo. The tremendous question still remains officially unsolved, though Mohammedan feminists have no doubt about the only right solution.

Just before the war broke out, says the business editor of *Current Opinion,* men believed that international finance would make a world-war impossible. When the war actually came to pass, "the wise ones" predicted that it could not last beyond Christmas of 1914. Sufficient money did not exist to pay the cost. "This was said when the cost was figured at $5,000,000 a day. The war has lasted over two years and the cost is now $103,000,000 a day." Yet this sum in cash represents only a part of the loss of the war. To it must be added, from a purely financial point of view, the productive value of the millions of men killed or incapacitated, not to mention the boundless ruin caused. Can it last much longer? we naturally ask. "The nations of the world," we are again told on expert testimony, "are simply not going to have coin or credit to pursue this war much beyond next March." By June the national debt of the Allies had already risen to $44,736,000,000 and that of the Central Powers to $21,902,000,000. Nobody apparently regards the cost. At a single position near Verdun, shells were fired at the rate of 200 a minute, says *Current Opinion,* which represented a cost of $5,000 each. Francis W. Hirst, the editor of the London *Economist,* would seem justified therefore in saying that within a few months it will no longer be possible to disguise the bankrupt condition of several of the great nations. That the end of the war will be brought about by economic exhaustion is not improbable. Yet who can foretell when this is to take place, or where the strain will first become so excessive that it must lead to utter collapse, when so many predictions have already proved false in the past? We can only pray to the best of our power and confidently trust in Divine Providence.

Interesting statistics concerning the newspapers of the United States are given by the Census Bureau for the year 1914. A total of 2,580 dailies is reported, with an aggregate circulation of 28,436,030. It is found that the number of dailies has actually decreased since 1909, but the circulation has increased 17.4 per cent. This is at least partly due to the fact that in several instances dailies have consolidated, in other instances they retired into the weekly field whence they had come or simply disappeared altogether. The number of Sunday papers was 570 as compared with 520 in 1909. Their combined circulation was 16,445,820, representing an increase of 23.2 per cent over the corresponding figures of the earlier year. The number of weekly newspapers and periodicals, 15,166, likewise shows a slight increase while their circulation increased no less than 23.6 per cent. It was 50,454,738 for the year 1914.

> There were also reported for this year 84 tri-weekly papers with an aggregate circulation of 549,495, representing an increase of 15.1 per cent in the number of papers and of 63.8 per cent in their circulation as compared with 1909. There were furthermore 538 semi-weekly papers, with a circulation of 2,483,629, representing a decrease of 8.2 per cent in number, together with an increase of 7.4 per cent in circulation; 2,820 monthly publications, with a circulation of 79,190,838, the percentages of increase in number and circulation being 13.2 and 25.1, respectively; 500 quarterly publications, with a circulation of 18,852,401, representing increases amounting to 38.5 per cent and 17.4 per cent, respectively; and 442 other periodicals, with a circulation of 8,946,567, the percentages of increase during the five-year period being 21.4 and 118.5, respectively.

Of the 31,612 establishments in the entire industry, 4,159 were located in New York; 2,538 in Illinois; 2,352 in Pennsylvania; 1,685 in Ohio; 1,457 in California; 1,293 in Missouri; 1,206 in Massachusetts; 1,182 in Texas; 1,067 in Michigan; 1,058 in Iowa. The remaining States had each less than 1,000.

AMERICA

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CHRONICLE

The War.—Only on the Somme and Transylvania fronts has anything of military importance been accomplished; elsewhere the situation remains practically unchanged. Of the operations in the former district circumstantial reports have been published; of the developments in Transylvania little beyond the bare facts have been chronicled.

Bulletin, Sept. 26, a. m.-Oct. 2, p. m.

The capture of Combles by the Allies was effected on September 26. Advancing from the Bois de Bouleaux, north of the town, in a northeasterly direction, the British took Morval and Les Bœufs; at the same time the French, who were south of the town, pushed forward along the Rancourt-Sailly road and occupied Fregicourt. Having thus reached points a mile northeast and east of Combles, the British and French swept the intervening gap, which was about a mile and a half in width, with a continuous artillery fire. Further advances by the French northeast of Fregicourt threatened the garrison with immediate investment. At last both armies poured into the village simultaneously. After about three hours of fighting the western half of it was in the hands of the Allies. The Germans, however, continued to resist, but as they were by this time completely surrounded in consequence of the fact that the British and French had joined forces at Morval, they were eventually overpowered. Comparatively few prisoners were taken alive; but guns, ammunition and other supplies in great quantities were captured.

Before the Germans had recovered from the shock of the Allied attack at Combles, the British rushed forward both north and south of Thiepval, surrounded the place, and captured it together with the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Meanwhile the British center had taken Gueudecourt, about three miles south of Bapaume.

The Rumanians have met with a serious reverse. Taking the offensive, they attacked the Central Powers along the southeastern and southern frontiers of Transylvania, and the battle which resulted, beginning in the Goerzeny Mountains, gradually spread to the districts of Fogaras and Hermannstadt. Near Szekely-Udvarhely and Fogaras the Rumanians were able to hold their own, but further west they were not only repulsed, near Hermannstadt, but were driven back to Rumanian soil. For a time they were in great danger, for the Rothenthurm Pass, which constituted their line of retreat, had already been occupied by the Central Powers. In the end some of them were able, though not without severe loss in men, ammunition and supplies, to cut their way through. Others retreated to the Rumanian army at Fogaras.

Armenia.—The President of the United States has issued a proclamation designating October 21 and 22 as "Armenian and Syrian Relief Days." The distress in Armenia is particularly acute. The inhabitants of the territory northwest of Aleppo have fled before the fury of the Turks, and the American consul at Damascus estimates that 500,000 people, mostly women and children, are now in the vilayets of Aleppo and Damascus, victims of hunger and disease. A report written by German missionary agents of the "American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief Work" declares:

Untold Misery

> In every tent there are sick and dying. Any one who cannot manage to get a piece of bread by begging, eats grass raw and without salt. Many hundreds of the sick are without any tent and covering, in the open, under a glowing sun. I saw desperate ones throw themselves in grave trenches and beg gravediggers to bury them.

At another place there is no grass; the locusts have consumed everything. The people were gathering locusts and eating them raw. Others were looking for roots of grasses. They catch stray dogs and like savages pounce upon dead animals, whose flesh they eat eagerly without cooking.

A German missionary relates that at Der-Zor a kindly Turkish officer was caring for a number of women and children, when suddenly he was superseded by a wretch who sent these unfortunate people south, "where they must die of starvation." The same statement declares that 6,000 helpless people were driven southward from Sepka. Some of the less harrowing letters written from the doomed land and published by the American Committee are as follows:

(1) There are here many hundreds of miserable, abandoned children, women and men, who, weakened by hunger and illness, wander about the tents, looking very pitiful. Many families have eaten nothing for several days and do not have the courage to beg. What will be the end? If it goes on like this all the greater part of the people, perhaps all, will perish with hunger and misery. Such horrible things we see daily and can do nothing but implore God for help and mercy. We beseech you for Christ's sake to come in some way to the aid of this poor, miserable people to save it from horrible starvation.

(2) With this letter I come to you as the representative of many prayers and cries of need. I ask for a crowd of more than 2,500 miserable, hungry people and dried up to skeletons. Many are dying with hunger every day. The grave-diggers are always busy. The groans and lamentations in the market place, in the streets, and out in the quiet desert give our hearts no rest. The children on the dung-hills! Ah! What am I trying to describe? The pen fails me. I beg for them for help, for mercy.

At the outbreak of the war there were 2,000,000 Armenians; according to one estimate 750,000 of these have perished, leaving 1,250,000 victims of untold misery.

Germany.—In a speech full of confidence and vigor the German Chancellor has again announced the sole object of Germany's struggle to be the right to life and liberty. The avowed object of the Entente Allies he described on the contrary as the lust of conquest. "Their purpose is territorial covetousness and our destruction. They propose to give Constantinople to the Russians, Alsace-Lorraine to the French, Trentino to the Italians and Transylvania to the Rumanians." The attitude of Rumania he pictured as a policy of piracy and a violation of treaty obligations; but in England he saw the bitterest foe; who had scattered international rights to the wind. The British aims were thus summed up by him:

The Chancellor's Speech

What Great Britain wants to make of Germany is shown by the British without any possibility of doubt. They want to destroy our national life. The Germany that England wishes to lay at her feet is a country without military defense, a country crushed economically, boycotted by the entire world, and sentenced to lasting economic infirmity. When this German competition shall have been eliminated, when France has lost all her blood, when all her allies of war must toil as England's slaves in the financial life, when the neutral world of Europe must follow each English command and submit to every British blacklist, then will England build on devastated Germany her dream of English world dominion.

Today, more than ever, the Chancellor continued, there was for Germany one watchword only, "Persevere and win!" The year's harvest had made the country more secure than ever. The fighters behind the front were ready to give all their available money to support the gigantic work of the fighters in the field. "With clenched fists but open hearts we will stand behind them, one man and one people. We shall win!" Though desirous of peace from the first, Germany could not now build any hopes upon it. "She will not be permitted to think of peace while her house is burning." His strong words, that "a German statesman who would refrain from using against England every effective means of warfare capable of shortening the war should be hanged," do not apparently refer to a reopening of the submarine warfare as opposed by the United States. It is, on the contrary, stated by competent authority that no new decision has been reached in this matter.

The firm hope of victory expressed by the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag is based not merely upon the abundant food supply, but likewise upon the reserve troops which have not yet been called into action. The German army, says the *Vossische Zeitung,* is not obliged to go back even to the years 1898 and 1899 for its recruits, while the Imperial Chancellor recently stated that the raising of the age limit above forty-five years has not hitherto been considered. The reserve battalions and the recruiting stations are always completely supplied. Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, referring to the Allies' offensive on the Somme, said:

The German Reserve Troops

We have a reserve, constituted of trained officers and trained men, which has not yet been drawn upon. We are not like the Entente generals, forced to throw raw, untrained recruits into the very front of the fighting. Whether this will be the last effort we cannot know. We have taken the measure of their strength at its maximum tide and are prepared for anything they can deliver. For the sake of the thousands whom new attacks will slay in vain we hope they have learned a lesson. So far as the interests of the Fatherland are concerned, we are indifferent; indeed, inclined to welcome any further folly they may indulge in.

Germany therefore expresses no concern for the ultimate outcome, but lays upon the Allies the responsibility for "the daily growing mountain of the slain."

Great Britain.—When Sir William Henry Dunn takes up his official residence at the Mansion House in November, London will have installed its third Catholic Lord Mayor within the last quarter-century. The late Sir Stuart Knill held the office in 1893, and his son the present Baronet, Sir John Knill, in 1910. Like Sir John, the new Lord Mayor is a Vincentian, a sufficient indication

The Catholic Lord Mayor

of his genuine interest in every practical work of charity. For some years he has been trustee and treasurer of the Alton Home for Cripples; he is also treasurer of the committee for the relief of Belgian prisoners in Germany, honorary Colonel in several military organizations, Knight of the Legion of Honor, of the Rising Sun, (Japan), of St. Olaf (Norway), and member of the Danish Order of the Dannesbrog. Sir William has taken an active interest in the civic affairs of London, and at the conclusion of his term as Sheriff of the City of London in 1907, was knighted. In 1910, he was elected to Parliament by the Unionists of Southwark.

The Cost of War

Two reports recently issued show the great expenditures in men and money made during the last six months. During this time the daily financial expenditures were $53,000,000, while the losses of men in the month of September were more than 3,800 daily. The Exchequer balance-sheet covering the last six months of the fiscal year, shows that the total receipts were $9,800,000,000, and the issue $9,710,000,000, an increase of nearly $5,000,000,000 over the corresponding months of last year.

Ireland.—In the presence of some 15,000 people, the new Irish Nation League was inaugurated a few days ago at a great open-air meeting in the Nine Acres, Phœnix Park, Dublin. According to the *Irish Weekly Independent,* considerable enthusiasm prevailed, and the speakers, especially those from Ulster, received a cordial welcome. The following resolutions embodying the purposes of the League were adopted by the meeting:

The Irish Nation League

(1) That we demand the instant release of all Irish political prisoners, and the immediate cessation of martial law. (2) That we declare our determined opposition to conscription, and will resist it by every means in our power. (3) That we hereby demand full and complete self-government for all Ireland, with control of all affairs of the Irish Nation, including legislation, administration, justice, finance, and commerce with countries abroad, and that the Government of Ireland Act, 1914, be amended accordingly. (4) That we emphatically condemn any division, or attempted division, of our country, and will refuse to submit to any such division, and, further, we call upon all Irish M. P.'s who have agreed to the partition of Ireland to resign their seats forthwith, and allow the electors to elect representatives who will give expression to their opinions. (5) That, as the margin of Ireland's total income available for taxation, as estimated by the Financial Relations Commission, has been absorbed by recent war imposts, and the minimum allowance set apart for the subsistence of the people is being seriously encroached upon, showing that Ireland's taxable capacity has been exceeded, we call upon the Government, pending the satisfaction of our demand for full self-government, to apply to Ireland the special treatment to which she is entitled under the Act of Union, wherein it is clearly stipulated that under no circumstances shall Ireland, at any time, be taxed beyond her relative taxable capacity. (6) That, in order to organize the national movement on a sound basis, we resolve to assist in the formation of branches of the Irish Nation League in the city and country.

Commenting editorially upon the meeting and its purposes, the Liverpool *Catholic Times* says that the wisdom of starting the new Irish Nation League not only as a means of guarding against an exclusion project, but also as an instrument for combating and therefore weakening or destroynig the Nationalist Party, is "very questionable." Unity, it continues, is strength; division means helplessness. What prospect, it further asks, is there that the Irish League will supplant the Nationalist Party? It concludes with these words: "This much is certain, that nothing will please the enemies of Home Rule more than to see its advocates quarreling among themselves."

Japan.—On Septmber 16, America chronicled the demands made on China by Japan. Since that time the latter has made the following new requests, as the Japanese are pleased to call them:

Japan's New Policy

(1) A reduction of the Chinese forces stationed in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, with a view to preventing further complications. (2) More Japanese police officers to be employed by Chinese authorities in South Manchuria. (3) Japanese officers to be attached to Chinese forces stationed in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. (4) Japanese officers to be employed at military schools. (5) The Chinese Governor of Mukden to make in person formal apologies to the Japanese Governor at Dairen and the Japanese Consul at Mukden for the attack by Chinese soldiers on Japanese soldiers.

If China yields these points Japan, now firmly seated in Korea and Manchuria, will gain a dominating influence in Mongolia, on the north. Naturally this will eventually be detrimental to Great Britain, whose financial interests in China far outweigh those of Japan. In a recent interview Rentaro Kayahara, editor of *Nippon Hyoron,* a Japanese monthly review, declared that if hostilities break out between the United States and Japan, an unlikely event, the cause will be Japan's desire to "resist unnecessary and unreasonable interference on the part of the United States in the affairs of China." His country, he declared, would respect America's Monroe Doctrine in the West and the United States must respect Japan's Monroe Doctrine in the Far East. Mr. Kayahara looks forward to an alliance between Japan and Germany after the war.

We need the skill and precision of the Teutonic mind. The two countries have much in common commercially and must develop their trade relations along similar lines. It will be best for us to have a friendly understanding with the Kaiser's Government, rather than to have the great Central Power as a competitor. Japan's present administration is entirely too pro-British. The time has come when Japan should stand more firmly on her own feet and not be guided in her movements by English dictation. Unless the pro-British attitude of our Government is changed the future of Japan will be menaced seriously. The alliance of Japan with Great Britain has lasted too long. There is nothing further to be gained by a continuance of it. Most of the advantages of the present agreement with Great Britain are on the side of the English.

Thus the problem in the Far East, already complicated enough, grows more complex each year.

Mexico.—As far as the public knows the joint Commission, which has moved from New London to Atlantic City, has made no substantial progress towards the solution of difficulties. On September 29 the New York *World* announced that Mr. Lane, Chairman of the American section, delivered an address in which "he discussed the school system of various countries, laying stress upon the advantages of the Swiss, German and American methods. He pointed out that in Switzerland *the schoolmaster takes the place formerly held in many countries by the village priest.*" There is little or no change in the condition of Mexico. Carranza is still amending the Constitution by decrees. The last decree, issued September 30, reduces the presidential term from six to four years, forbids the President to hold office for two consecutive terms and provides for an emergency election of a President by a two-thirds vote of Congress. If Congress is not in session when the need of such an election arises, a permanent commission will name the President, but Congress is to convene as soon as possible and proceed to a choice without delay. The man selected is to retain office till his successor is chosen by a general election, but the person who held office by the choice of Congress may not offer his name as a candidate at this general election. Inauguration day is fixed for the first day of December following the election. The President may resign for grave cause only and with the approval of Congress: furthermore he may not leave Mexico during his term of office without the permission of Congress. Finally the office of Vice-President is abolished. Meantime, despite Carranza's numerous documents, faction is fighting faction, the Felicistas and the Cedullistas, as it appears, are making great progress. The following letter written by a Frenchman resident in Mexico, gives one plausible reason for the progress of the former:

The Commission; Internal Affairs

> The absence of communications has prevented me from writing you oftener. . . . Here we had gone from bad to worse up to within the last few weeks, when it would seem God had mercy on us. You already know to what an extent I have suffered at the hands of the revolutionists who from time to time have visited my ranches and carried away everything they could find with no other formality than that of extending receipts which the Chiefs would afterwards refuse to recognize. I have presented to our Minister in the Mexican City claims for over $28,000, an amount which represents practically all my capital, but I have obtained nothing. Just a fortnight ago, three well-armed men turned up at my ranch . . . at about 11 a. m. I saw they were revolutionists and prepared for the worst. These men told me they belong to the "National Reorganizing Army" whose head, General Feliz Diaz, was at that very moment camping with his forces some two miles away, that they required three oxen to feed the soldiers, that they had come to ask me for these oxen and to pay for them, if the price suited them. I answered them I had no oxen left, which was the truth, as the other rebels had driven away all I had, but that I had a few old cows which they could have for the taking and need not trouble about giving me a receipt for them. They answered that their orders were to pay for them in silver, if the price suited. I showed them the cows, they chose the three fattest which I agreed to sell for $35.00 each. They paid for them with good half peso coins, a thing we had not seen for a long time. Surprised at the manner of acting I asked to accompany them, in order to help them lead the cows and to see their Chief. We arrived near the village of . . . where I saw four or five hundred men camping in the open, their horses grazing near by. One of my companions offered to take me before his Chief, General Diaz, who was in a small hut, and I was soon in his presence. I knew him by name and from his photographs only. As I entered, he arose from a rude bench in front of a table on which was a map of the Republic, a soldierly man, of good stature, dark complexion, dark hair, with small penetrating dark eyes. He appeared to me to be of a somewhat cold, though courteous demeanor, with rather an imperious voice and gesture, possessing all the characteristics of a military chief. I told him I had come to see the first revolutionary leader who paid for what he took and I related my experiences with his predecessors. "That is right," he said smiling. "The difference is: they came to rob and we come to punish the robbers." Just then he was informed that the cows had been slaughtered and, after inviting me to stay for lunch, he went out to see that the meat was distributed fairly to the soldiers. Only after this was accomplished did he sit down to a frugal meal with me and some of his officers, all young men, between twenty-eight and thirty-five, showing the greatest respect for their Chief. I conversed with them in regard to the success they had met with in that section. They confirmed what I had already heard, that their army is increasing daily and now reaches over 4,000 men; that they have routed the Carranzistas in every encounter they have had with them and that they now control the whole Isthmus with the exception of some of the larger towns which they have refrained from attacking in order to save their ammunition. The General does not smoke, nor does he drink anything stronger than water and he treats his subordinates with the greatest affection. After the meal I ventured to broach the subject of my claims for damages to my property, going so far as to question him regarding what in his opinion would be the attitude of an honest government, when such was established in Mexico, towards the claims of foreigners. He replied that a good many claims would not be considered, because they would be made by people who have voluntarily assisted one or other of the groups of bandits with supplies in the hope of seeing them triumphant. When this hope was shattered, they declared that they had been robbed and began to put in claims. Other claims are enormous and are not justified, and still others come from people who have bought them in order to speculate with them or else have trumped up the evidence of fabulous losses with a view to truly illicit profits. This is an old story in weak countries like ours. Fortunately there exists an international tribunal to whose verdict Mexico has already submitted a well-known case, the Hague Tribunal. Before that Tribunal the Government which will be established will discuss the justice of the claims and will abide by its verdict however hard and however great the sacrifices it may imply. Mexico must resume the honorable position it once held amongst civilized nations and in order to do that it must respect the rights of nations and submit to the decisions of courts of arbitration, be they of the Hague or any other court which may be selected by the nations making claims. To set forth these principles and put them into execution must be one of the first tasks of the new Government.

This letter is of vital interest, coming, as it does, from one who never took part in Mexican politics.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The "Wire-Tappers"

JUDGE GREENBAUM'S "Dismissal" has found many commentators. Few, however, appear to have read that now famous document; fewer, to have subjected it to analysis and study. An impression, carefully fostered by certain "uplift" magazines and newspapers, is that a great strife arose some months ago, when Mayor Mitchel, a Sir Galahad whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure, accused certain clergymen of conspiracy and libel. It is a matter of legal record that the Mayor made no charges at all, since at the crucial moment, he "sought to hide," in the picturesque language of Alfred J. Talley, "behind the coat-tails of a Second Deputy Commissioner," one Doherty, by name. But this fact does not affect the vitality of the legend. It proceeds to relate how these caitiff clergymen, not having the fear of God before their eyes, and in utter disregard of the fatherly advice of the patronizing *Evening Post* which, without judge, jury or benefit of clergy, forthwith adjudged them guilty, struck a felon blow at their "coreligionist," the Mayor, through his Police Commissioner, Mr. Arthur Woods, whom they charged with "wire-tapping." Finally, thus the myth concludes, Judge Greenbaum, aweary of the whole sordid mess, threw the grimy case out of court.

So runs the legend, but the current of facts sets the other way. On September 15, Judge Greenbaum quietly assigned the conspiracy charges against Monsignor Dunn and Father Farrell, to the shelf marked "fiction," next to "Baron Münchausen" and the "Mysteries of Udolpho." But during the Greenbaum hearings, so it fell out, Mr. P. J. Brady, a labor-union official, preferred charges alleging that Police Commissioner Woods had unlawfully tapped the telephone wires of the International Garment Workers Union, and of other similar organizations. This complaint was heard by Judge Greenbaum after the hearings into the charges against Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell, Dr. Potter and Mr. Hebberd *had been concluded.* The learned Justice held that the evidence was insufficient, and accordingly dismissed the charge.

This is a simple story. The Brady-Woods case had no connection whatever, as Judge Greenbaum plainly states in the opening paragraph of the "Dismissal," with the charges against Monsignor Dunn and Father Farrell. Even newspaper reporters can read; yet in the following manner did the bright young men of the New York press synopsize the Greenbaum "Dismissal." To begin with the impeccable *Evening Post:*

> Justice Greenbaum, of the Supreme Court, sitting as a committing magistrate in an investigation of charges made . . . in the wire-tapping cases growing out of the Strong investigation into the charities dispute, filed today a decision dismissing all the charges and *counter-charges.*

To begin with, Judge Greenbaum was not sitting to investigate the "wire-tapping cases." In the next place, Judge Greenbaum dismissed no "counter-charges," because none had been presented. To conclude, the one correct statement in the *Post's* account is that "all the charges" made against the clergymen were dismissed.

Mr. Hearst's *Journal* sustains the fiction of "counter-charges":

> Mayor Mitchel's charges growing out of the wire-tapping scandal . . . and *counter-charges* made in their [Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell, Mr. Hebberd and Dr. Potter] behalf against Police Commissioner Woods were today dismissed by Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum.

The *Globe,* now in its one hundred and twenty-third year, may, perhaps, be pardoned for reading the "Dismissal" with one drooping and one watery eye:

> Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum in a decision handed down today, dismissed all charges and *counter-charges* that arose in the dispute between Mayor Mitchel, etc.

Finally the *Mail,* cautious in the opening sentence, flings accuracy to the winds in the conclusion:

> Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum today dismissed all the charges made by Mayor Mitchel's administration against Father William Farrell, the late Dr. Potter, Mons. John J. Dunn, and R. W. Hebberd. He also threw out *counter-charges of wire-tapping, brought by these four* against Police Commissioner Woods.

The Chicago *Tribune* may serve to illustrate the manner in which the news was "doctored" for out-of-town consumption:

> The charges made by Mayor Mitchel against a number of priests (are two "a number"?) together with *their counter-charges* against Police Commissioner Woods arising out of disclosures of telephone wire-tapping by the police, were dismissed today by Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum.

Is this misrepresentation of a plain fact, the result of ignorance or of dishonest purpose?

On the other hand, the May presentments of the Kings County (Brooklyn) Grand Jury tell plainly who the "wire-tappers" are, and what is their present condition. The "wire-tappers" are the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities, John A. Kingsbury, with his counsel, W. H. Hotchkiss. They are now held under bonds to await the action of the Kings County Court. The statement of the Grand Jury is dated May 23, 1916. It relates that on April 27, a complaint had been signed, "charging certain police officers with violations of Sec. 552 and Sec. 1423 of the Penal Law."

> In almost continuous daily sessions, this Grand Jury has given patient and full consideration to every phase of the subject of wire-tapping, so-called . . . It has heard every available witness, including the complainants herein (Dr. Potter, Mr. Dean Potter, and Father Farrell), the city officials and their subordinates, including his Honor, the Mayor, Police Commissioner Woods, Charities Commissioner Kingsbury, and his counsel, William H. Hotchkiss.

The Jury then gives the practical result of this "patient and full consideration":

This body, mindful of its duty to find indictments only when all the evidence before it taken together is such as would, if uncontradicted and unexplained, warrant a trial jury in convicting a defendant, has found indictments charging John A. Kingsbury and William H. Hotchkiss with violations of subdivisions 1 of section 552, and sub-division 6 of section 1423, of the Penal Law.

These sections refer, in part, to "wire-tapping" and unlawfully divulging telephone messages. Three indictments charging felony and misdemeanor were returned. As to Mayor Mitchel and his Police Commissioner, the Jury remarks, after stating that the evidence did not warrant an indictment:

. . . but if, as does appear, they approved of the conduct of those who were responsible for the tapping of the wires in question, for no other purpose than to furnish counsel in private and personal litigation with information, and to gratify private curiosity, and not for the detection or prevention of crime, the conduct of the Mayor and the Police Commissioner merits most severe condemnation. . . . This Grand Jury condemns those officials who, in violation of their oaths, arbitrarily intrude by means of tapping telephone wires, into the private affairs of law-abiding citizens. . . .

It would be highly improper to forecast the action of the Court before which Messrs. Kingsbury and Hotchkiss will be arraigned. Two facts, however, may be properly set forth and emphasized. First, Judge Greenbaum's "Dismissal" does not exonerate the "wire-tappers." Second, in the eyes of the law, the only "genuine and original wire-tappers" are the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities, Mr. John A. Kingsbury, and his counsel, Mr. William H. Hotchkiss, now under indictment for felony and misdemeanor.

Confessedly, there is a weariness in this round of legal procedure, and the end is not yet, for the soul of the dependent Catholic child is the gage of battle. Timid voices ask, "Why all this strife?" and gently counsel "compromise." We are fighting to bring each little waif into his Father's house, that he may sit at the King's Table, know the fostering love of Mary, his tender Mother, and enter into his glorious heritage, the companionship of the Angels and the Saints of God. Compromise? We are fighting to put into the heart of every child a realization of his privileges and duties as one destined for heaven, that he may not deem mere temporal success the ultimate goal of human endeavor, but set his gaze upon his lasting resting-place in the home of God his Father. Compromise? We cannot compromise. On Calvary, the Son of God gave up His life for that child. The least that we can do, shall do, is to give the best that is in us, that these so great sufferings be not spent in vain. Compromise, too often a fair word for a foul deed, we know not. It finds no place in our minds in these days when the campaign of calumny against the Catholic institutions, sinking to a disgraceful close, brands with yet deeper ignominy, the craven crew that with "liberty" for a watchword and tyranny for a guide, sought to take Christ from the heart of the helpless Catholic child.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

From Luther to Marx

THE famous Pan-American Congress imbued Protestants with the idea that the scattered sections of Christendom could be brought and kept together by a common enterprise. The thought, however, proved more flattering than substantial. The great convention indeed brought many sects together; but when all had had their little, and more or less noisy, say, they quietly fell apart as before and returned to the North as denominational as when they went down. Why was this?

Unwilling to relinquish the belief that common interest alone can produce unity in Christianity, and thrice unwilling to accept the Roman idea that the ecclesiastical body can never be one until its members are united in faith under one head, sectarian thinkers have taken pains to indicate that the failure of their theory at Panama was not due to its falsity, but to the pernicious hold which the archaic idea of organization still exercises on the churches. The best Christianity, they aver, knows no hierarchies; it is intensely spiritual, not a whit material; it is as free as the air to all, not in the least tied to bishops; some churches recognize this; others are blind. Herein is the cause of disunity; it must be removed before the remedy, viz., common enterprise, can be profitably applied. So long as sects differ as to what their Church really is—a ritual, a hierarchy, a code of beliefs, an art of life, or a spiritual consolation and direction—their Church must continue to be a quivering mass of mutilation.

If so, it would certainly appear that the best opinion to adopt is that which the Roman Catholic Church has always taught: Christianity is, not one, but all of the aforesaid items; each of them is only a characteristic of Christianity.

But oblivious to the doctrine of a teacher whose first pupils happened to live in the first, and not in the sixteenth, century, the advocates of unity rant against the supporters of external Christianity, vehemently prescribe the purely internal brand, and consequently increase the confusion which they would dispel. They forget that every one has a visible body as well as an invisible soul, and that religion, worth the name, should embrace the whole man.

Nolan R. Best, editor of the *Continent*, a Chicago Presbyterian paper, is a good representative. His rather remarkable editorial, "Jesus Not Tied to Bishops," is interestingly significant of one trend of present-day Protestant thought. He informs us that ecclesiastical pride is not now the agent which keeps the torn ligaments of Christendom from netting together. Differences in doctrine no longer arouse much interest or heat; they simply have gone by the board and ceased to be discussed. Our practical-minded century favors such a question as church organization far more keenly than transubstantiation. Not dogma, but hierarchy, is the wedge which keeps the house of Christ divided. The

Roman and Greek churches, the Protestant Episcopal Church and kindred communities, like the Church of England, defy the rest of Christendom with a dignified array of prelates, who are esteemed as religious rulers and ministers *par excellence*. God is presumed to be "not satisfied with any administration of Sacraments in His Church unless the man administering them was ordained to his ministerial office by a bishop." But a large remnant of the Christian world does not and cannot see affairs in this light. True, the Methodist Episcopal Church has its "bishops," but they are merely superintendents, and not episcopal in the technical sense. These and other good Protestant anti-organizationists believe that they have "grace direct from God regardless of all the bishops on earth."

Mr. Best, then, sees Christendom split in twain; episcopal and non-episcopal. Naturally, as a Presbyterian, he defends the latter section against the former.

The non-episcopals, according to Mr. Best, believe that Christ was too much immersed in spiritual realities to have bothered about "choosing officers for an organization and drafting a constitution and such other formalism." Yet it is a matter of record that he selected twelve officers, minutely instructed them, charged them to teach all nations, which they in person manifestly could not do in their own limited lifetime, and promised to be with them "all days even to the consummation of the world." From this it is clear that the Apostles were to have successors who would carry on their mission, power and work, and be approved in this great responsibility by the overshadowing presence of Christ himself. Such was the belief of the centuries that preceded Martin Luther. The non-episcopal churches ram themselves against a bulwark of solid tradition.

To Christ, they think, Christianity was a life, "a vital, self-perpetuating force which must scatter through the world spiritual seed to reproduce after its kind wherever it fell on good ground." But seeds require sowers. Dropped haphazard, they result only in wild, profitless growth or no growth at all. Carefully planted and cultivated, they yield a harvest pleasing to the Lord. Again, that Christ considered His religion a life is no evidence that He wished it to be unruled. Law and life are not incompossible; on the contrary, the latter without the former drifts as helplessly and hopelessly as even the most noble ship without a rudder.

But, say they, Christ did not care how His Church grew, "if only the life was still the life that truly came from him. Housed in one form of church or other—what could that signify, provided only men were being made new creatures in Himself?" Yet this is to accuse the Saviour of having less concern for His Church than the farmer has for his vegetables. The latter does not merely throw seed into the ground in spring and let it take care of itself until autumn. He hires men to oversee the field, eliminate all obstacles to growth, and apply all aids. Could Christ do less for what is infinitely greater? "Yes" is a gross insult to His wisdom, providence and beneficence.

But, objects Mr. Best, He ought not to be assumed to have placed material limits to spiritual forces. He did not inaugurate on earth "a monopoly of grace." His grace was for all men without slight.

The contentious editor does not appear to realize that it is also an axiom of Catholic theology: *Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat gratiam*, or that the Church of Rome duly condemned the proposition of Jansenius, who held it heresy to say that Christ died for all men. There is really as much democracy in the Catholic Church's doctrine *de gratia* as even Mr. Best could reasonably want.

As for bishops monopolizing grace, the gentleman would have to search long to find such a teaching in St. Thomas or any other Catholic theologian. The bishops are indeed the ordinary ministers of the Sacraments of Confirmation and Holy Orders, and priests, ordained by bishops, the ordinary ministers of the remainder of the seven, Matrimony excepted, in which, of course, the parties to the contract are the ministers, the priest being only the necessary and official witness. But it is the Sacrament, not the minister, that gives the grace; and it is Christ, not the minister, who gives the Sacrament the power to produce the grace. Imagination alone can detect a "monopoly" here. Nor does the Church deny that grace is given directly in response to prayer.

Mr. Best deems it wrong to consider Christ as "hooped around with ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies." His complaint, then, is with human nature. Made of body and soul, man cannot be satisfied with a religion which appeals to only half of him. Just as a cult of mere external worship snubbing the spirit, would fail to equal his requirements, so would a religion of the spirit which totally ignored his body. His composition is not angelic. And so long as he is what he is, his worship must be in accord with his nature. Christ could only have respected human nature and treated man as man. Mr. Best might advantageously ponder a little on the "ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies" of the Catholic Church, which have satisfied the cravings of her children's bodies for religious expression and devotion, reacted on the fervor of their souls, and helped to keep them a solid unit, "one fold and one shepherd." But a great tendency outside of Catholicism has undeniably been to separate the soul and body in religion, and to give the former to God and the latter to Mammon, with the result that neither gift has been acceptable to either. Modern men have experienced the evangelical lesson that they cannot serve two masters: and this explains why so many, whose spirit was originally of Christ and whom a few "ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies" might have kept clasped to the Saviour's heart, have gone over wholly to the world.

In conclusion, the impression which one derives from Mr. Best's editorial is that the leaven of Socialistic thought

is busy working through Protestant theology. He seems to picture Christ as impatient of rulers and desirous of cutting down His Church to a dead level, without spires or gables. Would it be extreme to infer that Protestantism, no longer actively interested in dogma, but absorbed in questions of ecclesiastical unity and equality, is largely drifting from theology to sociology? May the movement which began with Luther end with Marx?

EDMUND E. SINCLAIR.

The War and the English Labor Market

WHEN England went to war with Germany the expectation was that her part in the conflict would be, first, the use of the predominant power of her navy to sweep the enemy's commerce from the seas and shut up the German fleet in its fortified harbors, and secondly, that she would have to supply, as a support to the French army, an expeditionary force of three army corps and a cavalry division, in all about 160,000 men. This was what had been agreed upon in conferences with the French staff before the war. It would not have been a serious effort for the British army; in fact, the whole of this force was mobilized within a fortnight after the declaration of war, and most of it was actually in France at this date, the rest being on the way.

But in the last days of August, it became evident that a much larger effort would be required. To put the matter quite plainly, neither France nor Russia had been able to mobilize the effective forces on which they had counted, and the German army had put in the field a much larger force than had been anticipated. Further, the French arsenals and mobilization stores had proved to be lamentably deficient in their supplies. The British factories were called upon to make good this deficiency, and at the same time it was decided to raise and equip a huge army in Great Britain and Ireland, with the help of colonial contingents.

The raising of the new army resulted in the withdrawal of ever-increasing numbers of men from industrial life. At the same time the demands for arms, equipments, ammunition, supplies of all kinds from the factories rose steadily week by week. To take one item only, the consumption of ammunition and the wear and tear of armaments and equipments were far beyond anything that had been foreseen. The navy was also being expanded, and the shipyards were busy, adapting existing ships for combatant or transport purposes, and building new units. England was becoming an arsenal, not only for Britain, but for her allies. And each week saw an expansion of the work to be done.

Numbers of new factories were erected, numbers of existing factories were devoted entirely to war work, but it was impossible to turn the whole industrial energy of the country to supplying the direct needs of the war. Much of the ordinary industrial activity had to be maintained, not merely for supplying the daily needs of the civil population, but also in order to keep up as much as possible of the previously existing export trade, in order to supply the means of paying for imports.

It was an industrial crisis, such as no one had ever foreseen. The problem that faced the country was to increase its industrial output on an enormous scale, to do this as rapidly as possible, to divert much of the manufacturing power to new purposes, and to do this at a time when millions of men were being withdrawn from the labor market. Obviously, instead of there being a deficiency of employment, there was more work to be done than there were hands to do it, and much of the work required more or less skilled labor.

The chief employer, directly or indirectly, was the Government. The greater part of the goods required were not for the market. They were not to be produced in order to be exported and exchanged for imports, thus creating wealth; they were being made to be rapidly used up, or almost immediately destroyed under the strain of war. They had to be paid for out of the public funds, and no revenue produced by taxation could possibly be adequate for this. A series of war loans supplied the necessary money, and as usual under war conditions, high prices had to be paid, both for material and for labor. In fact, at first prices were fixed rather recklessly, and the rate of payment for labor engaged on Government work rose very rapidly. An artificial prosperity was created among the working classes, all the more marked, because in the first months of the war there was no great rise in prices. That came later; the buying power of the sovereign, or twenty shillings, gradually falling more than thirty per cent, judged by its power of buying food and other necessaries. The rise in prices was not widely felt, because in so many occupations there had been a still greater rise in wages. Very few realized that all this apparent prosperity of the workingman was due to the lavish expenditure of borrowed money and that the future was being mortgaged for the lifetime of at least a generation.

In dealing with the question of temperance legislation during the war in a previous article, I have pointed out that the interest of the present situation in England, from the social point of view, arises from the fact that under the stress of war social experiments have been made on a vast scale. This is especially true in regard to labor, in which the abnormal state of things which I have described, has produced, for the time being, something like a revolution.

The great problem was to produce an enormously increased output side by side with a continual diminution of available man-power in the shipyards and factories, and even in the fields. Various expedients were resorted to. The first and most obvious of these was to lengthen the hours of labor and give up not only the existing Saturday half-holiday, but also the Sunday rest. It was soon found, however, that this was a policy which did not give the results expected. Continuous work,

without a break, for long hours on seven days of the week, soon began to tell upon the workers. In skilled trades there was often inefficiency and a large increase of work that had to be scrapped because it was inaccurate, large numbers of men were disabled by sickness, and there was a steady rise in the number of accidents reported. The regulation of the drink trade had hardly yet begun and overworked and exhausted men, who had recourse to stimulants, broke down only the more rapidly. Very early in the war it was discovered that there was no real gain in trying to get men to work seven days in the week, that the Sunday rest was a practical necessity, and if work had to be continued on that day, it must be done by men who had some other day for rest. Finally, it was found that overtime must be strictly regulated. There must be a maximum of work, which should never be normally exceeded.

But in two other directions steps were successfully taken to increase the possible output. These were the temporary suspension of a large number of trades union rules and customs that tend to limit the output, and further the introduction of an enormous proportion of unskilled or partly trained labor, largely that of women and young people, even in what had hitherto been classed as highly skilled trades. This was not carried through without a considerable amount of friction with the workers. In a state of peace it could never have been effected, any more than the drastic temperance legislation at the time. What made it possible was the state of war, the one argument that silenced all objections was that at any cost arms, munitions and equipment must be found for the men who were fighting at the front, and the new armies that were preparing to reinforce them. In presence of the new situation, the workers patriotically waived, for the time being, long-established customs and privileges that had been won during a long course of years. But an examination of the changed situation thus produced must be reserved for another article.

A. Hilliard Atteridge.

More Daylight Life

EUROPEAN nations at war have agreed to the scheme of saving daylight by advancing their clocks one hour. Thus, people who used to get up at eight o'clock will still rise at that time, so far as the clock is concerned, though in reality they will leave their beds at seven o'clock, and the "six o'clock scholars" if there are any left will get up at five. This adds an hour of daylight every day, and in the course of a year it will save the millions of dollars which are ordinarily expended for artificial light. It has taken the great needs of war-time and the strong-hearted solidarity which war has effected, to secure this simple and desirable reform. If it is valuable for the nations at war it is just as valuable for those at peace. Here in America, where we are much farther south than most of the European nations, such a change of time would not mean much in the summer months but would mean a good deal in winter.

If we cannot bring about this desirable change collectively we may be brought to realize individually how valuable from many standpoints it would be to have one hour more of time in the early morning daylight and an hour less in the evening by artificial light. There are a good many other reasons for this earlier rising than the mere economic benefit which seems to have persuaded the warring nations. Physicians are agreed that the living far on into the night, now so common especially in our large cities, is not only eminently undesirable for ethical reasons, but above all, distinctly detrimental to good health, from a purely physical standpoint. There are certain phases in the vitality of man during the twenty-four hours of each day which serve to show clearly that human life and indeed probably all animal life runs through a definite cycle each day.

Man's temperature is lowest and his pulse rate feeblest in the early morning hours usually between three and five. During the night the pulse rate probably drops at least ten beats, so that the heart is doing one seventh as much work as before, and the temperature drops nearly two degrees from its daily climax. For there is a daily temperature range, from ninety-seven, or even a little below that in phlegmatic individuals, up to about ninety-nine. When the first symptom of disturbance of temperature because of the presence and growth of the tubercle bacillus anywhere in the body is sought, it can be found only by examining a chart recording the temperature at certain intervals for twenty-four hours and thus determining whether the temperature range is more than two degrees. If it is, there is probably some fever present.

The temperature is highest and the pulse rate usually most rapid during the late afternoon hours from three until six o'clock. The pulse temperature ratio is rather constant, that is, there is at all times, a definite relation between the height of the temperature and the pulse count. Any disturbance here is sure to attract a physician's attention and set him looking for the cause.

It will be noted that the temperature and pulse rate begin to rise shortly after the advent of daylight. It is probable that the irritation produced by light on the system, represents the principal reason why this heightening of vitality occurs. Man is, to some extent at least, like the plants. As a result he has a tendency to fold up as it were and go to sleep, to lessen his vital activities for recuperation purposes when the light is lessening, and to open up and expand his activities with the coming of daylight, and to reach the maximum of his vitality with its gradual increase.

It is during this time of heightened functional activity and expansion that man can do his work best. He may by a special effort of the will accomplish it during the darker hours. But it requires the exertion of more energy to do the same amount of work at this time than

during the daylight hours and as a result fatigue, followed eventually by exhaustion of power, comes sooner.

Now a curious thing has happened with the increase of our ability to produce artificial light. Our waking hours have been pushed farther and farther into the day, so that there are now for most people many hours of night-life. As nature imperiously demands sleep and will have it, the hour for getting up has been growing later and later with the consequent waste of the precious morning hours. In the cities particularly many people now do not get up until well after seven o'clock, not a few until eight or even later. Those who have been out at the theater the night before, especially if they have gone to a supper afterwards, cannot expect to rise before eight o'clock, if they are to have the absolutely necessary seven hours in bed, and they must rest till half-past eight or even later, if they are to spend, as most people should for health reasons, about eight hours in a reclining position.

The average time of rising is over two hours later now than a hundred years ago and probably three hours later than three hundred years ago. In Shakespeare's school at Stratford the boys had to be at their desks by six o'clock in the morning. This seems to many a heartless custom, probably due to the thoughtlessness of old-time folk. But as all the family got up at five, and as, in the summer-time, sunrise in England is very early, there was no hardship in this. Everybody went to bed before nine, and it would have been difficult to keep the young folk in bed after six, when they had already had nine hours of rest.

While these precious morning hours of daylight are wasted the artificial night-light is much harder on the eyes than sunlight, so that eye affections are much more common than formerly. For study purposes particularly, the early morning hours are declared by a long and authoritative tradition the best possible period. Besides early rising enables the student to spend several hours at intellectual work before putting food into his stomach. The presence of food and the process of digestion invite a large quantity of blood to the abdominal region and this hampers that circulation to the brain which is necessary, particularly for memory work. Memory work is one form of intellectual labor that we know to be associated with brain activity. It is not surprising therefore to find an old-time tradition that if some memory task is gone over quietly, without too determined an effort shortly before bed-time and its serious study taken up immediately on rising, it will be comparatively easy to master it thoroughly.

If these morning hours are spent at quiet intellectual work with a short walk in the open air before breakfast, the human system comes to the first meal of the day much better prepared than if breakfast follows rising almost immediately. The difference between a great many thin people and the generality of mankind is that thin folk, as a rule, do not eat breakfast. Sometimes they take an apology for a breakfast in the shape of a cup of coffee, a piece of toast or a roll. But nearly always those who are under weight eat entirely too little for breakfast. As a consequence they try to do the principal work of the day, all that comes before noon, on nutrition taken from twelve to eighteen hours before. This is not a natural process. They would eat their breakfast with much better appetite if they could wait for it a couple of hours after getting up. Early rising would conduce to this.

Members of Religious Orders have kept the old-fashioned custom of early rising because their rules require it. In so doing they are living in accord with nature. Generally they rise at five o'clock or earlier, and usually do not have breakfast until seven or a little later. They retire at ten o'clock or a little earlier and so they use the artificial light of the darker hours of the day much less than other people. Here is a case where the old-fashioned way is much more healthy than the new-fangled, and where to be out of the fashion is likely to keep one in the world much longer than to be fashionable.

Our modern night-life is one of those sophistications sometimes called progress which proves to be anything but progress when analyzed carefully. We pride ourselves on the magnificent quality of the artificial light that we can produce. Instead of always doing good, this light has a definite tendency to do harm, for it tempts mankind to replace nature's beneficence by inventions. I am thoroughly in accord with Sancho Panza in his fervent prayer: "God bless the man who first invented sleep" and with our own John G. Saxe who added "and bless him, too, for not having kept his invention to himself by patent right." But I am a firm believer in the idea, that it would be much better for man to sleep longer in the darker hours and not invade the night. The night-life of cities in the war-area has been much improved. City night-life everywhere needs improvement. Earlier rising as a habit that would compel earlier retiring would be a good thing for humanity, morally and physically.

James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

"As Those Who Won't See"

YOU may divide men into two clear categories, those to whom the truth seems important and those to whom it does not. Between these two camps the line is a real and hard one. It is the best because it is the clearest and most important of all divisions.

As with men so with their institutions and their philosophies. There is the institution that is founded upon truth, or attempts to found itself upon truth; and the institution which carefully avoids any such difficult and creative task. There is the system of philosophy which attempts to arrive at a conclusion and to solve the riddles; there is the system which is attempting nothing of the sort, but attempting at the best only to restate, or at the worst to show off. To the first, Aristotle, St.

Thomas, Descartes, Spinoza, Huxley, manifestly belong; all the men, great or small, of clear abstract system; all the men of honest and tangible physical research; all the men who ask questions which we all understand and who attempt to answer them in the clearest language. To the second, anyone you like of those modern phantoms which have succeeded each other in the pale field of the northern Germanies, and their still more ephemeral imitators outside Europe.

Now when the fixed convictions of a civilization, whatever they may have been, are in temporary or permanent dissolution, then is the time to discover the division between men most clearly. We are in such a time today. The fixed standard, the map upon which we all depended, is become a matter not of reference, but of controversy. That it will be restored, rediscovered, redemonstrated, reestablished, I conclude to be certain, when I consider Europe as a whole and in particular the central chances of the fight in modern France. But that it is no longer a common platform is much more certain and, I repeat, in that dissolution of a fixed creed, the test between the two kinds of men can be more sharply applied. Nor let anyone contest either the universality or the suddenness of this dissolution. The formulæ upon which European society reposed have been intellectually discussed continually: that was one matter. Between the speculation of intellectuals and the positive manifestation of society, there is all the difference between sleeping and waking, or between play-actors in a tragedy and a man himself standing upon the scaffold.

The reason that these moments during which the foundations fail reveal most sharply the difference between the two kinds of men, is that, in normal times, when society reposes upon a common platform, the large minority to whom truth is indifferent none the less appears to respect it, because that minority accepts supinely a number of unquestioned things. But once all things are questioned then may you easily discover, separate from their fellows, those men who will not rest until once more first principles shall be defined, their consequences thought out, and the whole mental process tested by experiment upon the complex organism of mankind.

Now though it were demonstrably true, that the rediscovery of first principles, the renewed process of deduction from them, and especially the test of actual experience upon human society, would soon restore our ancient attitude toward certitude—I could support that contention, had I the space, or were that my subject, by plentiful historical analogy—yet I am here concerned with another subject.

We have in England a number of men actively occupied in this deduction, this discussion, this experiment, but we are singular among all the provinces of European civilization in that no one of these men stands ranged upon the reactionary side, that is, no one of them has so far rediscovered in any fulness the original writing beneath the palimpsest. Almost in proportion to their sincerity, do these modern English writers ignore or neglect traditional truth. The first man, standing out from them all, is Mr. H. G. Wells.

There is an old quarrel whether a writer excels through his matter or his manner. It is a futile discussion, for in the greatest writers and the best, the one has produced the other as surely as light and shade upon a surface are produced by its relief. Or, to speak more accurately, both the matter chosen and the manner of expression proceed, in those who excel, from a common motive, and are two sides of one thing.

It must none the less be granted that since Mr. Wells's manner has illuminated in so uncommon a way the common discussion of our times, it is the style which merits the greater praise. But whether it be the inquiry which he is certainly pursuing, or the words and their order in which he communicates his results to others, he excels not only as a writer but as a man determined upon certitude, and therefore upon discovery.

I dealt recently with one of his philosophical attempts which he entitled "First and Last Things." Now I wish to deal with a selection of his stories which he published not so long since under the title of the "Country of the Blind." The phrase is an excellent peg on which to hang another judgment of his work and its effect. Mr. Wells possesses that quality in his work which marked and marks the high tides of energy in past societies and in contemporary men. It is the quality of fertility: production at once rapid and manifold. It is the rarest quality in our time, but it has the distinguishing quality of the virile generations in which at intervals of centuries Europe renewed herself. The Renaissance had it, and the twelfth century. He has written, I think, everything but verse; at least, collected verse in a book. For he has written philosophy, he has written advice, he has written comedy, and he has known how to play upon all of these from that external circle of information which is the expender and animator of good work upon such a scale. He has physics and mathematics, travel, and a knowledge of his fellow-citizens, which plumbs as well as stretches and which can give you section as well as drift. In this he is quite alone in England, and is therefore, alone of modern English writers, European. History, which is the prime stuff of judgment, he possesses, perhaps by an intuition of men more than by a recollection of record. His work would be yet stronger if each of these adjuncts of research were present to help the other. Very possibly he deliberately suppresses the one believing rather in the other. But, at any rate, the result is exceedingly strong. Now let us see what the result may be.

These stories—I choose them for their typical value—are chosen from the work of many years, and the first impression they convey is an impression of distance traveled; but it is not of distance traveled from a starting-point. There is a negation of final conclusion. Certain conclusions are, however, apparent in the process,

and one of them is this: That the chief faculty lacking to modern men is positive knowledge. Mr. Wells seems almost to despair, or at any rate to weary, of the hope that by knowledge mankind may be saved. Yet it is evident that knowledge is for him the key. If men did but possess a sufficient view, these evils which seem in his judgment to be principally the clashings of ignorance would be resolved and would disappear.

The very story which gives a title to the volume, "The Country of the Blind," is a precise expression of this, the more precise because it is ironic. A man who can see, finding himself among men who know nothing of sight, is disbelieved, thought false or mad, and so far from persuading, is at last himself brought to the level of the blind in action. It should be observed that this conclusion, at least in a form less mournful, was the conclusion of all that generation, not yet passed, which began in our time the rediscovery of truth.

Well, the philosophy upon which the pursuit of mere accumulated knowledge is based is a false philosophy. It is almost demonstrably false. To accumulate experience upon experience and to coordinate ascertainment with ascertainment is to proceed outward along the radii from the center; it is to expand, so far as the individual is concerned, the field of knowledge. It enlarges a man. But so far from presenting an ultimate basis for judgment, so far from refounding something common and necessary to all, so far, in a word, from enlarging society, the method is the very negation of all such attempts. If it be true, as many still suppose, that any common basis accepted by all men in a state, that is, a religion, must necessarily be either insignificant or false, then all quest for truth is futile. Yet even a mind of this caliber is compelled and driven to that quest.

Let me put the matter conversely. It must be admitted that society will rediscover and at least readopt a basis. If it be true that any such basis can only be conventional and therefore a lie, what is the meaning of the hunger for truth which separates men in action from men neutral or negative? This it is which Mr. Wells does not answer, and it is the prime question of all.

Most of us who engage today, whether occasionally or with hesitation, or, as the millions do, daily and for their living, upon this dull business of criticism, concern ourselves only with the power of presentation; we ask whether an author has been "an artist," whether he has "studied character" aright, whether he has "interpreted" vividly. It would be a waste of my time and of the reader's eyes to praise once more Mr. Wells's power in this regard. But in the very texture of the telling there stands apparent that quest for truth which cannot be withdrawn from vital expression: that demand for a standard without which expression is chaos. Yet no standard is arrived at, and there is often enough the admitted lapse of any conclusion at all.

So pain, or horror, or delight attempts in these stories to stand absolute. But these manifestations of mankind in its relation to all else are not absolute. They propose a question perpetually and as perpetually demand an answer. Such stories as "The Country of the Blind" provide no answer. Hilaire Belloc.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

The New York Car Strike

To the Editor of America:

In your edition of September 23 the article concerning the strike in New York is somewhat surprising. Your informant either was not aware of the true conditions or else he suppressed them. There was no agreement by the Interborough to recognize an outside alien union. There was no agreement by the Interborough to be bound by anything done by the New York Railways Co. Mr. Hedley stated as his own personal opinion that he thought the management of both systems should be uniform. The contract between the Interborough and its men was gotten up, after the men chose their own committee, by that committee and representatives of the company. It contains a clause by which all difficulties arising between the company and its employees, that cannot be settled by mutual agreement, are to be referred to arbitrators chosen in the usual manner. This strike has not been caused by this action, although for campaign purposes much noise is made about "master and servant" in an effort to deceive union men. The strike has taken place because a union agitator from the West has lost the graft that would come from "organizing" ten or fifteen thousand men. He is fighting to compel men already organized, perfectly contented and faithful to their trust and to their company, to join his union and to disrupt their own.

One labor leader told the strikers that the strike could be won only in the way the Buffalo strike was won. It was tried, but New York and Buffalo police seem to be different. There is no mention in the article that the Public Service Commission also stated that the employees of the New York Railways Co. and of the Third Avenue Railroad had violated their agreements, though those companies had kept faith with their employees.

New York. E. B. B.

An Answer

To the Editor of America:

I thank you for sending me a copy of E. B. B.'s letter. For the sake of clearness and brevity, I shall take up his pertinent points in order. (1) I neither said nor insinuated that there was "any agreement by the Interborough to recognize an outside alien union." The fact is that I do not even know what the expression "outside alien union" means. (2) I admitted that "technically the Interborough had no contract with its men recognizing the principle of arbitration and the right to unionize" but I believe with Mr. Hedley that the treatment of the carmen should be uniform. And it would be, were not the company intent on crippling the union, despite the agreement of August 6. (3) Of course Mr. Hedley's opinion was personal. And precisely in that lies its value. Mr. Hedley, the manager, agrees with the men in denouncing the vicious principle which ultimately precipitated the strike. His words are:

> I am the manager of the railways [green cars] and I am the manager for the Interborough. I do not see under God's heavens how they [the directors] can give me one set of morals to live up to and orders to live up to on the railways and another set for the Interborough.

Mr. Hedley talks like a striker; he may join us yet.

(4) E. B. B. should not have touched upon point 4. Either he is ignorant of facts or he is suppressing the truth. The case is this. The Interborough, seeing that a union was inevitable, formed its own private union, managed the election and by means not wholly commendable got the men to sign individual contracts which tied the workers up for two years. Moreover similar contracts had been made ready for the "green car" men. All this was in direct violation of the spirit of the pact of August 6. Much worse might be said of the action, but let that pass. (5) I have no idea who the grafter from the West is, nor do I know anything about the graft. E. B. B. should take courage: an interview with Mr. Shonts might relieve his conscience and settle the strike. At any rate both the company and the union would be glad to get the information locked in E. B. B.'s heart. (6) I did not mention the violation referred to, because it was not precisely pertinent to the final issue under discussion. Moreover, even though two blacks do not make a white, it may be well to remind E. B. B. that the company first acted against the spirit of the agreement of August 6. Finally as a simple worker trying to make an honest living I salute E. B. B.

New York. L. M.

A Forceful Canvasser

To the Editor of America:

I have just finished reading the pamphlet "America in the Classroom." It has let me into a deeper understanding of the great variety of subjects that are treated in your review, and their moral and civil import. My appreciation for America has been intensified, and I have no doubt that others who read the pamphlet will have a similar experience. Aside from the very marked stimulus which it can scarcely fail to exert even on the lethargic teacher, it should prove valuable for the general reader also. While its purpose is mainly pedagogical, it has a still wider scope, in that it explains the unity of aim which controls America's policy, and at the same time furnishes the key for a sympathetic and enlightened reading of its columns. The pamphlet should prove a forceful canvasser, if widely circulated.

Hamilton, Ont. A. V.

An Omission

To the Editor of America:

Permit me to call attention to the omission by Father L. A. Lilly, S.J., of the Law Department of the University of Santa Clara in his article on "The Catholic Law School," published in America for September 16, 1916.

San José, Cal. H. E. Wilcox.

Professor West's History

To the Editor of America:

In your issue of September 23, in a notice of Father Betten's "The Ancient World," it is stated by your reviewer that I criticized Professor West's "The Ancient World," in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. This is a mistake. In that article I especially criticized Professor Ephraim Emerton of Harvard and took some few exceptions to Professor Robinson's "Medieval Europe," but nowhere spoke of Professor West. Professor Robinson had already corrected the points I mentioned, as he courteously informed me in a letter. I am not aware that Professor Emerton made any correction of his serious errors, which were also severely and justly handled in a pamphlet published several years ago by a professor of Boston College who was recently a well-known mission Father. I may add that I had a private correspondence with Professor West and found him fair and courteous and quite prompt to change some statements which he had made through reliance upon what he considered good authority. A reference to original documents disclosed the mistake.

Worcester, Mass. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

Apathy and Indifference

To the Editor of America:

Mr. F. M. Field-McNally's letter in America of September 16 rings true. It is imperative that Catholic organization be effected immediately. Those nominal Catholic leaders who will not grasp and act upon this truth are criminally negligent.

I live in a parish, once a great Irish-Catholic stronghold, which still has over fifteen hundred male parishioners. A Jewish Socialist holds forth nightly on a corner adjoining the parish church, and in absolute safety derides the Catholic Faith and the Catholic priesthood. Aged Catholics say that this would not have been tolerated by the Catholics of fifty years ago, that they would have arisen and effectively used physical force. The healthy and virile Catholic spirit of those days has evidently departed.

Stage and moving-picture, exploited by men upon whom a ray of Christianity has never fallen, are debauching the faith and morals of our Catholic children and young men and young women. We do not unite to fight this evil, though it is undoing the work of Catholic education. A sort of sleeping-sickness has possession of us.

The public library of this borough maintains an expensive department of Sociology whose "official version" of the recent "Charities Investigation" is that presented by the New York *Evening Post*, the special champion of Mayor Mitchel and his "uplifters." The Catholic side of the controversy is deemed simply unworthy of presentation. I have striven, without success, to have these publicly supported library sociologists include a copy of your powerful publication entitled "A Campaign of Calumny." Apathy and indifference on our part mean inevitable defeat and hasten the approaching era of persecution.

Brooklyn. Mathias D. Ruckel.

What Is an Episcopalian?

To the Editor of America:

"F. L. B.," in a communication to America some weeks ago, essayed the herculean task of answering the question, "What is an Episcopalian?" He ended by giving a broad, descriptive definition of the Protestant Episcopal Church, rather than an answer to his question. But for this I do not criticize him. An answer which will fit every case is, in my opinion, an impossibility, for the simple reason that the individual Episcopalian, like every other Protestant, reserves the right to accept or reject the teachings of his own communion, since none of these teachings makes any claim whatever to infallibility. His tolerated "eclecticism" is well illustrated by the following paragraph quoted from the *Christian World* by a local Methodist weekly:

> Dr. Maclure, dean of Manchester, who died ten years ago at the age of seventy-three, was perhaps an enigma to many conventional church people. "I wish you to understand," he observed once, "that I am not a Papist, nor a Ritualist. I am a downright, good, high, low, broad, Catholic, Protestant, Evangelical Churchman.

Dr. Maclure recalls the eccentric gentleman who wished his friends to understand that he was a rubber band, incapable of being stretched to a breaking-point. He also recalls the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which his comprehensive spirit would have been an ornament.

Cincinnati. G. R. T.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916

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Speak Up!

DOES any decent man or woman in New York believe that the officials of any Protestant or Jewish institution for children in this city, live in luxury on money stolen from helpless orphans?

A film, whose initial private showing was graced by the presence of Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty, "Charity" Commissioners, makes this accusation.

Does any decent man or woman in New York believe that the officials of any Protestant or Jewish institution for children in this city, shamelessly sell young orphan girls into a life of prostitution?

The film whose initial showing was graced by the presence of Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty, "Charity" Commissioners, makes this fearful, almost unbelievable, accusation.

If you are men, Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty, and not mere salaried "uplifters," speak up! You saw these vile charges depicted on the screen. It was upon your reports, William J. Doherty, child of a Catholic orphan asylum, and yours, John A. Kingsbury, that the producers claim to base these vile accusations. Are they true? If they are, you are bound, not to view them on a screen, but to affirm them on oath before the city authorities. Not for one day can we leave the dependent child in the hands of thieves and panders. If they are not, speak up like men, Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty! Denounce these vile calumnies against devoted men and women trained in the synagogues, and in the institutions of the Protestant Church, who give their lives, without thought of recompense, to thousands of destitute children in this great city.

Is there decency left in New York? If there is, the first public showing of this vile film which classes the officers of Protestant and Jewish institutions for children, with white slavers and embezzlers, will be its last.

Speak up, Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty!

"Cultivating Their Individuality"

A GENTLE satirist of "Montessori Mothers" who contributes to the October *Scribner's* some observations on the system, considers that the greatest obstacle which faces the conscientious Montessorian is the difficulty of changing the "mother-by-chance" into the "mother-by-choice." "We must not be irritable or unjust or unintelligent—not even once," is the admirable advice offered mothers who would become successful Montessorians. The question at once arises however: Suppose a mother-by-chance is a model of patience and kindness, but naturally stupid and dull, is she to be permitted to bring up her own children? In a properly regulated State, the offspring would of course be handed over to the care of a mother-by-choice, but as that admirable remedy, owing to the benighted condition of the "civilized" world today, is generally impracticable, nothing should be left undone that will turn mothers-by-chance into mothers-by-choice.

Unquestionably every Montessori mother is a mother-by-choice and some notion may be had of the superhuman requirements of her office if we recall that according to the rules of this new system of pedagogy, little boys and girls must be taught to play for hours and hours "undirectedly," and "when the children are undirectedly playing the mother must be near enough to be alert to the possibility of naughtiness, so as gently to lead the naughty child, as a little invalid, to the restful and calming bed for which he is to learn to plead when he feels naughtiness coming on." But most self-styled Montessori mothers are not likely to be such martyrs to duty as that.

> Some of them just sit back and let the children do as they like, and call it the Montessori method. It is such a relief not to enforce commands, and such a comfort to believe that the easiest way for themselves is the best way for the children. Their children are not spoiled! Good Heavens, no! They are only cultivating their individuality.

There are certain old-fashioned folk who suspect that this indolence and carelessness of the mother-by-chance are largely responsible for the vogue that the Montessori system has had. True, in the eyes of some, such folk are reactionaries and no attention should be paid them. For after all if little Muriel's growing habit of sulking and fibbing is really a gratifying sign that she is cultivating her individuality, why should her mother feel worried? If young Arthur's increasingly frequent displays of a selfish, quarrelsome disposition merely indicate that his precious individuality is finding more perfect expression, why should his father have any misgivings? Nevertheless those "reactionaries" believe that such unamiable and annoying manifestations of "individuality" should be systematically suppressed in froward and unruly boys and girls by the use of old-time methods. The Italian schoolma'am who has given her name to this new system of pedadogy must have had charge of a singularly angelic flock of children.

Hunting Souls on the Border

THE life of the United States soldiers on the Mexican border is, as the phrase goes, just one thing after another. Day and night, both morn and even, the rattlesnakes bite and the mosquitoes sting, and now the Baptists are after the militiaman's soul. The Catholic soldier is, after his kind, a sinner, and the Episcopalian soldier is, after his kind, a miserable sinner—according to the Prayer Book—and the remainder of them are predestined or unregenerate sinners according to the particular brand of divided Protestantism which they favor.

But to General Funston all sinners are alike, and when the Baptist General Convention of Texas proposed getting after the military sinner, as a specially vicious and foreordained vessel of wrath, the General thought it time to call a halt in the game. The ministers might, he said, hold their services in the camps. But they were not to single out the boys serving under his command to hold them up to reprobation as a more iniquitous species of sinner than all other sinners; moreover, he saw no reason for believing that men in the army stood in greater need of this particular kind of devotional *katharsis* than any other men. Cattlemen or professional men, he mentioned as being quite as much in need of regeneration as the militiamen, among whom are some ten thousand or more Catholics. Nor would he, in the interests of military discipline, permit any righteous orgies such as a revival or two.

In holy anger and pious grief the corresponding secretary of the Texas Baptists turned his cheek to the smiter and said something like this: "The Baptists of Texas will go to the ends of the earth to set aside the order of General Frederick Funston that preachers may preach to the soldiers on the Mexican border, provided they do not tell them they are lost."

General Funston has taken an admirable stand, and one that must meet with the approval of every person who has the least glimmerings of religious toleration. There is in the world a particularly nasty-minded type of person, not only in this country but in other countries also, who does not hesitate to ascribe to soldiers and sailors—and probably to policemen and subway guards—a proclivity for the seven deadly sins, that manifests itself as a sort of urge as soon as the uniform is put on. In putting his foot down on this sort of rot General Funston has done something that will gain him the affectionate respect of every English-speaking enlisted man throughout the world.

But it would have been interesting if a clergyman of some other religious body had gone round the camps, and preached a little sermon that begins *Quicunque vult salvus esse,* and ends with *salvus esse non poterit;* it would have been interesting if the same clergyman had made the same *faux pas* with General Funston; it would have been very, very interesting to have heard what the Texas Baptists would have had to say to that, and whether they would, in that case, have allowed an appeal to the President to permit religious predilections to elbow military discipline out of the way.

A New School of Social Service

DUQUESNE University, Pittsburgh, is among the latest of our Catholic institutions of higher learning to throw open its doors to students of social questions. Bishop Canevin, with his wonted foresight and quiet determination, has made himself sponsor for the new movement and earnestly exhorts young men and women of intelligence to avail themselves of the opportunity. He gives it as his firm conviction that no one is prepared to fulfil properly the duties of any kind of active charitable or social service among the people without study and knowledge of the subjects and problems discussed in our Catholic schools of sociology. He goes still further and earnestly exhorts his priests, and in particular the younger clergy, to attend these courses. Here in particular he is displaying practical wisdom.

A primary idea of Catholic social service is that it should everywhere be under the intelligent guidance of the Church, through her clergy. This is impossible if the latter are unacquainted with the scientific methods of our day and perhaps even with the very nature of the delicate problems that confront us. Social science is not to replace Christian charity, but Christian charity is to transform and transfigure all that is best in the social science of our day. This is precisely the object of the Catholic schools of social service. The closer they come to this ideal the more perfectly will they answer the purpose of their institution.

Social science is at present made the conveyor of every form of rationalism and radicalism. It is difficult to select books dealing with social topics that are not tinged or perhaps even strongly saturated with principles and theories that are un-Catholic and un-Christian. Yet these problems must be studied. And the greatest care must be taken to guide our young men and women through these studies that they may not, like so many others, be lost in a labyrinth of error. The Church, it is true, was not instituted to teach social science, but she was instituted to save souls, and the study of social science from a Catholic point of view is one of the most necessary means to compass this end, in our day. By this study souls will be saved from the contagious and all-pervasive influences of modern radicalism, which ultimately means godlessness. Catholic schools of social science are an imperative necessity of our times.

A Voice from Mexico

THE enemies of the Catholic Church are constantly charging her with systematic neglect of the Indians of Mexico. The miserable condition of millions of these unfortunate natives is attributed directly to her indifference, her ambition and her greed. She was too busy,

they say, in amassing wealth and in furthering political schemes to attend to the social or religious training of the Aztec peons who had been terrified into submission by the sword of the first conquerors.

Such is the indictment. It is absolutely contrary to the truth. If as a race the Indians live today and have not been exterminated from their mountains and forests, it is due to the unceasing efforts of the Catholic Church which has ever fought for their outraged rights. If ten millions of men and women of Indian blood are alive in Mexico today, it is because the Catholic Church has preserved them there. Had she not thrown around them the mantle of her protection, they would have been swept from their native soil and but a few lonely tribesmen would have been left to tell the awful tragedy of their extermination.

But the Catholic Church not only preserved the Indian race in Mexico, she tried generously at all times, on many occasions with rare success, to educate the millions but recently wrenched from the depths of idolatry and cruelty. Facts and documents speak for themselves. The Third Ecclesiastical Council was the most important ever held in the newly organized Spanish colony. It was held in the City of Mexico in 1585 under the presidency of Archbishop Pedro Moya y Contreras. In several of its decrees it issues stern and stringent orders to priests and ecclesiastics to watch over the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indians. In the section on Christian doctrine, it devotes the whole of the fifth article to the education of the Indians. The parish-priests who have charge of the natives are ordered to use every care and diligence in the matter. They are to see that in the towns, villages and hamlets in which they reside *"schools be erected where Indian children may learn to read and write, and where they may be taught the Spanish language."* Nothing could be more explicit. That one official decree from the Acts of the Third Mexican Council is an eloquent refutation of the charge so often brought against the Church by those who never trouble to look facts in the face and have the talent of passing over the authentic sources from which the truth might be derived. The decree of the Third Council is by no means the only place in the official legislation of the Catholic Church, where the interests of the Indian are safeguarded. When in 1769 Archbishop Lorenzana edited the First and Second Mexican Councils, he added for the use of all parish priests an admirable collection of practical rules for their guidance. Above all things the priest is told to *love* the Indians who, the Archbishop says, are the younger "and well loved Benjamins" of the family entrusted to their care. Owing to the constant opposition of the Liberals the Catholic Church could not always succeed in her labors in behalf of the natives, but she generously tried at least to lift them from the degradation and misery which were their lot. The poor Indian has not forgotten it. Even today, when not led astray by unscrupulous and revolutionary leaders, he knows that the padre is his best friend.

Ignorance or Malice?

AMONG those who speak contemptuously of the Church there are undoubtedly a few who are sincere, at least to the extent that they are ignorant; the opinions of such, because of their evident folly, influence no one and do little harm. Others are actuated by malice, they speak from bad faith, and having a knowledge of facts are able to cloak their language with a semblance of truth. To which class does the writer of the following lines, taken from the *Independent,* belong?

> As long as it can, the Church will teach belief in a realm where things happen and are done not in conformity to law, but by miracle; and unhappily this realm is one in which refusal to accept the results of scientific investigation has consequences of physical misery and unnecessarily high death rates.

The writer, as is clear from the context, is referring to Catholicism. Heretofore it has been persistently dinned into our ears that the Church stands too much for law, that she is preeminently the lawgiver, the forger of iron laws. Why then this sudden change of front? It is Lourdes, perhaps, with its miracles that is in the back of the writer's head. But the miracles of Lourdes have been demonstrated with scientific exactness. They are facts, nor is their stubborn character of actuality swept away by a scornful remark. Why not be honest, and face them? The Church has authenticated records of miracles, open to inspection by all who care to consult them. M. Bertrin's book for instance, is easily accessible. Lourdes is not a closed preserve. Anyone who wishes to do so may visit it and be an eye-witness of the cures that take place in its waters.

And then the unfairness of the words that follow: "And unhappily this realm is one in which refusal to accept the results of scientific investigation has consequences of physical misery and unnecessarily high death rates." The implication is irresistible, that the Church has been guilty of such a refusal. But it is entirely without foundation. The Church has always fostered the study and practice of medicine, her children have been among the most eminent fathers of the different branches of healing, a large portion of her activities are devoted to the cure of the sick, her hospitals dot every civilized land, and they are models of efficiency. Dr. James J. Walsh has written a whole series of books which prove from first-hand and first-class authorities that all down the centuries the Church has been no less the friend of medicine and of science in general than of literature and the fine arts. Is the *Independent* aware of this? It would seem not. So far from being opposed to science, the Church is and has always been, although this is not her special province, the undoubted and enthusiastic friend and promoter of science and particularly of medicine. In this matter, as in every other, she is willing to abide by the "results of the scientific investigation" of facts. Reiterated assertions of the contrary no longer deceive any one.

LITERATURE

Poetry for Children

"AFTER the advantage of being thoroughly grounded in my religion," a successful business man once remarked, "the most precious and enduring possession that I gained from my course at St. Simon's High School was the quantity of excellent poetry that I committed to memory while there. As I was not, I regret to say, a strikingly docile and attentive boy, I was often kept after school as a punishment. Then my teacher, who was an enthusiastic and discerning lover of poetry, used to make me learn a dozen stanzas of a masterpiece or two before he restored me to freedom. At the time, of course, I hated the task, for he would insist upon my reciting the lines not only without a slip, but even with intelligence and feeling. With maddening deliberateness he would point out to me the varied 'beauties' of the poem, call my unwilling attention to the metrical perfection of its lines, or ask me with great concern if I perceived why the author chose this word instead of that.

"The teacher was thoroughly aware, of course, that as the other boys were waiting for me meantime on the ball field, I was in no mood for appreciating poetry. Nevertheless till the task assigned me had been done to his satisfaction, there was no escape. As I was fortunate enough to have that same teacher during my whole four years at the high school, by the time I had been graduated I was a veritable 'Golden Treasury' of English lyrics, for I forgot very little of the poetry I then made my own. I could not now tell you offhand, I fear, the principal parts of *tithemi*, and I am not sure under just what highly interesting circumstances *priusquam* is followed by the subjunctive, but I remember so well almost all the poems I learned after school, some twenty years ago, that I could recite them now. Better still, those penal hours I passed with the poets, *suadente magistro*, gradually gave me such correct taste I could tell the difference between poets and poetasters, between real poetry and mere verse. But best of all I learned how to avoid attempting to write poetry myself, an accomplishment which won me hosts of friends. My one regret is, however, that I was not taught good poetry from my very cradle instead of waiting, as I did, till my high-school days."

But whether our poetical business man's last suggestion is altogether practicable may be prudently doubted. Tennyson indeed is said to have taught his little grandchildren to lisp Horace's *O Fons Bandusiæ* even before they learned to recite "What does little birdie say?" and we are credibly informed that a professor of Greek in one of our universities compels his five-year-old daughter to commit to memory an ode of Pindar each day before she is allowed to have her morning porridge. But such early introductions as these to the purest of Pierian springs are not common, for the rhymes that first greet, as a rule, the conscious ears of little children are jingles that are not only lamentably deficient in loftiness of theme, coherence of thought, and nobility of diction, but even violate seriously the elementary laws of assonance, rhythm and meter. The opening quatrain, for instance, of the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," for metrical regularity, poetical phrasing and uplifting sentiment, leaves much to be desired, yet perhaps there is no jingle more often heard in our nurseries than that. Need we marvel then at the world's dearth of great poets?

Though a good number of children's anthologies are already on the market, there is room of course for others, provided they are made with the requisite literary discernment. Perhaps the best-known book of the kind is the "Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry" so well edited by Francis Palgrave, which contains most of the English lyrics "every child should know," as publishers say. But what we need now is an anthology for Catholic children's use, which would contain, besides the best poetry in the other anthologies, a selection of suitable poems from Catholic writers of times past and of today. In such a volume would be found a due proportion of flowers from the poetry gardens, for example, of Southwell, Crashaw, Pope, Dryden, Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, Aubrey De Vere, Father Tabb, Alice Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney and Katharine Tynan.

The latest endeavor to furnish little boys and girls with a suitable anthology has been made by Kenneth Grahame, of "Golden Age" renown, who has compiled "The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children" (Putnam). His purpose, as he explains, in the preface, is to "set up a wicket-gate giving attractive admission to that wide domain [of English poetry], with its woodland glades, its pasture and arable, its walled and scented gardens here and there, and so to its sunlit, and sometimes misty mountain-tops—all to be more fully explored later by those who are tempted on by the first glimpse."

Mr. Grahame excludes from his collection of flowers drama and blank verse, leaving all that for older children, and out of reverence for the spelling-book, poems in dialect and in archaic language too. Writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are sparsely represented, and poets who sing of death are ruthlessly barred. "I have turned off this mournful tap of tears as far as possible," he remarks, "preferring that children should read of the joy of life." But thereby the compiler has excluded from his book some of the finest lyrics in the language. That "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought" is a poet's commonplace. Verse for children "which is merely verse and nothing more," and poems written *about* children rather than *for* children have also been omitted. Consequently Mr. Grahame's anthology is for the most part lyrical. But that is another of the book's perfections, for even in their cradles children are lyrical, though their songs are unintelligible to all save mothers and angels.

The selections in the volume are well arranged. They begin with rhymes and jingles "For the Very Smallest Ones," continue with real poems "For Those a Little Older," and end with masterpieces "For Those Still Older." In the first section will be found, for example, Amy Lowell's "The Sea Shell," lines happily innocent of free verse:

> Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
> Sing me a song, O please!
> A song of ships and sailor-men,
> Of parrots and tropical trees:
> Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
> Which no man ever may see again,
> Of fishes and corals under the waves,
> And sea-horses stabled in great green caves.

In the second section can be found these beautiful lines of H. N. Maugham, on "The Knight of Bethlehem":

> There was a Knight of Bethlehem,
> Whose wealth was tears and sorrows;
> His men-at-arms were little lambs,
> His trumpeters were sparrows.
> His castle was a wooden cross,
> On which He hung so high;
> His helmet was a crown of thorns,
> Whose crest did touch the sky.

And in the third section such fine lyrics as Richard Hovey's "The Sea Gypsy":

> I am fever'd with the sunset,
> I am fretful with the bay,
> For the wander-thirst is on me
> And my soul is in Cathay.
>
> There's a schooner in the offing,
> With her topsails shot with fire,
> And my heart has gone aboard her
> For the Islands of Desire.

There are numerous martial pieces in the volume. Macaulay's "Horatius" is given entire, and to show "the other side of it," Browning's "It was roses, roses all the way" is not omitted. It is good to find Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" among the "story-poems," and G. W. Thornbury's picturesque description of the days when knights were bold, which contains such lines as these:

As in merry guise we went
Riding to the tournament,
There were abbots fat and sleek,
Nuns in couples, pale and meek,
Jugglers tossing cups and knives,
Yeomen with their buxom wives,
Pages playing with the curls
Of the rosy village girls,
Grizzly knights with faces scarred
Staring through their vizors barred.

As Mr. Grahame, with excellent judgment, has filled the 282 pages of his anthology brim full of real poetry that ought to have a progressively strong appeal to children who have in their souls a little love for "the music-makers," parents would do well to place the book in the library of their boys and girls beside the "Children's Golden Treasury" Mr. Palgrave edited. On the same shelf might well be placed Francis Martin's "The Poet's Hour," Coventry Patmore's "The Children's Garland from the Best Poets," "Golden Numbers" the title of Mrs. Wiggins's book of verse for the young, and Lewis Carroll's masterpieces, particularly "The Hunting of the Snark."

Nearby should also be found Alice Meynell's "The Flower of the Mind," Robert Bridges' "The Spirit of Man," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse," Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," (first and second series), Father Connolly's "English Reader," and a well-edited selection of Shakespeare's best plays. If the children can then be induced to thumb those volumes well, be taught to listen appreciatively to poems that are read to them, and particularly if they are well rewarded for committing to memory numerous passages from the poets, those boys and girls will learn unconsciously what true poetry is, thus cultivating their taste, and by storing their impressionable minds with a wealth of high thoughts and beautiful images, will do much to make their after years rich in happiness.

Walter Dwight, sj.

REVIEWS

The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and Their Movements: Wycliffe, Wesley, Newman. By S. Parkes Cadman, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

This volume contains three monographs of considerable length embracing matter delivered as lectures at the Brooklyn Institute. Regarding the essay on Wyclif no Catholic can of course respond to the author's desire to draw readers into closer intimacy and sympathy with the heresiarch who denied the dogma of transubstantiation and taught subversive social theories. Dr. Cadman's vague talk of a larger freedom reached by rising superior to dogmas, shows that he is incapable of being fair to a Church whose claims are based on the emphatically dogmatic teachings of Christ. For Hildebrand, dying after a truceless war on evils which were the fertile cause of clerical decay, the author has faint praise, but glosses over Wyclif's anarchical tenets on dominion.

Dr. Cadman gives a good description of Wesley's unwearied zeal, the hardships of his preaching campaigns and the remarkable fruit of his labors among those who, in that lifeless period of the Established Church, were not reached by their nominal pastors. The essay on Newman, amid much that is biographical, deals with his religious advance as detailed in the "Apologia." The author does not share Newman's unqualified admiration for Hurrell Froude and he has enough of the Kingsley cast of mind to side with those who, despite the assertions of Cardinal Newman, cannot free themselves from the belief that the workings of the great Oratorian's intellect are tortuous. The author's tendency to minimize dogmatic differences makes him approve of Hampden's view that Unitarians and Anglicans can work together in harmony notwithstanding their differences on so fundamental a tenet as is that of Christ's Divinity. "Much ado about nothing" seems to be Dr. Cadman's opinion of the Hampden controversy. "The Essay on the Development," he thinks, is cogent, for those who accept Newman's premises. But Dr. Cadman seems to stand at the opposite pole from Newman when there is question of the importance of dogmatic teaching.

A. J. McC.

Criminality and Modern Economic Conditions. By William Adrian Bonger. Translated by Henry P. Horton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.50.

The chief objection which the serious student will urge against this volume is its utter lack of the scientific method. When will our "advanced thinkers" learn that assertion is not proof, that you cannot hang a positive conclusion on a premise merely probable, that generalizations based upon particular and isolated instances are perilous? A phrase in favor with Dr. Bonger, "the author nowhere proves his contention," may be turned with fatal and almost literal exactness upon Dr. Bonger himself. This must not be taken to deny that with great industry the Dutch jurist has brought together a vast mass of curious and out-of-the-way information; moreover, certain issues, subsidiary to the main thesis, are discussed with accuracy and commendable reserve. Dr. Bonger has little patience with the tribe of eugenists who, having hastily scanned the history of the Jukes, propose sterilization as a panacea; and his conclusion that of itself education does not lessen crime, while true, has been a commonplace with the scholastics these many centuries.

But what validity can attach to an argument resting upon disputed premises, which the author blandly but firmly refuses to discuss? Dr. Bonger, ascribing this method to writers of the "spiritualistic school," rightly regards it with contempt; in point of fact, however, it is his own method. Marx and Kautsky are not authorities before whom the world bows down in adoration, yet it is upon the philosophy of these men that Dr. Bonger bases his conclusion: "It is society that prepares the crime." "According to some criticisms of my book," he writes in a note to the present translation, "it should have been my task not only to give a sketch of the economic theory of Marx, but also to prove it *in extenso* . . . since it is not universally accepted." With a naïveté almost disarming, Dr. Bonger declines the task. It is like asking a biologist, he says, to prove that the theories of Darwin are conclusive. But this is precisely what modern inquiry is doing. Science, unless it wishes to merit the prefix "pseudo," cannot be permitted to assume its conclusions, and while denying the infinite wisdom of God, premise the infinite wisdom of Darwin.

P. L. B.

Duty and Other Irish Comedies. By Seumas O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

The five comedies which make up this book contain an abundance of wit and humor, both in the "situations" and in the bright, merry dialogues. Though there are bar-room and court-room settings, they are devoid of grossness and the far-fetched antics of that impossible biped of other days, the "stage Irishman." The scintillating play of Irish repartee is done with artistic proportionateness. It is not boisterous banter, though in the staging of the scenes a manager, searching after grotesque farcicalities, and misinterpreting the purport of these comedies might be tempted to turn the characters into rollicking buffoons. The satire, even when directed towards social oddities, is keen, but not bludgeon-like. To use an Irishism, it is

"dry and droll enough." In "Jurisprudence" the situations are most ludicrous and the flashes of wit constant. "Mr. Fennell," says the pompous lawyer, "was what we might call a model husband. Everything that his wife told him to do was done, and done to her satisfaction, whether he liked the doing of it or no." Mrs. Fennell had ten children, "six resting in the little churchyard at Ennisbeg, and four resting in the Royal Irish Constabulary." A hundred instances of sprightly innuendo occur. For instance, in a rejoinder upon "hereafters" Padna muses "If the Protestants will be as well treated in the next world as they are in this, I wouldn't mind goin' with 'em meself." M. E.

Our Eastern Question: America's Contact with the Orient and the Trend of Relations with China and Japan. By THOMAS F. MILLARD. Illustrated with Photographs and Maps. $3.00; **Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras.** By HARRY A. FRANCK. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

When Japan entered the present war, Count Okuma, the Mikado's Prime Minister, issued the following statement to allay the misgivings of those Americans who felt that the integrity of China was menaced: "As Premier of Japan I have stated and I now again state to the people of America and of the world, that Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of depriving China or other peoples of anything which they now possess." The purpose of Mr. Millard's 543-page book is to prove the worthlessness of that promise. He first gives a clear account of the rise and progress of the Chinese revolution and describes how Japan got a new hold on China when she took the German leased territory of Kiaochou, "with a view," as was naively explained, "to the eventual restoration of the same to China." The author believes that Japan means to retain not only that conquest, but intends to absorb, by the time the war ends, a great deal more of China, and that the Mikado's Government has no intention of respecting the commercial principle of the open door in any portion of China that is brought under Japanese control. "What are you going to do about it?" the author then asks the United States. Are we ready to stand by our treaty obligations and protect the integrity of China? If we are, Mr. Millard bids us prepare for war with Japan. That ambitious people, he holds, has started on a career of conquest that will not be limited by the confines of China, so let the consuls see that the State take no harm. The volume is provided with forty illustrations, good maps, and voluminous appendixes.

Harry A. Franck's "Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras" is a disappointing book. The author touches but the surface of the life he sees, writes without dignity of thought or style, and misunderstands and misrepresents the Catholic Church and clergy. W. D.

Songs and Ballads from Over the Seas. Compiled by E. A. HELPS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Anthologies are arbitrary things. To judge them aright we must know the *quid?* and the *cur?* and the *quomodo?* of their being, and hence let it be said that "Songs and Ballads from Over the Sea" are poems summoned forth from the ends of the earth to portray life in the bush and on the farms of Australia and New Zealand and depict the trapping and lumber-life of Canada, to hint the vastness, the mystery and the fascination of the South African veld and sing the legend and lure of India and the Crown Colonies. The compiler's motives are more for England than for art. He wishes to bring these colonies into closer sympathy with each other and the motherland, to help pay England's debt to her worthy colonists and to broaden her children's vision. He hopes, too, to interest older worlds in the virility and variety of a new world verse. How far he succeeds is best seen by a glance into the 150 pages devoted to such Canadian celebrities as Drummond, Pickthall, Roberts, Service and F. G. Scott, into one hundred pages given over to Domett, Kendall, Mackellar and others of Australian and New Zealand fame, into fifty pages of such poets from South Africa as Pringle, Runcie and Scully and into forty pages allotted the singers of the East and West Indies, Jamaica and Ceylon.

An additional asset of this anthology is the arrangement of selections by country and subject-matter. Despite the compiler's determined omission of poems professedly passionate and spiritual, who can overlook the high spiritual note in "A Sister of Charity" by F. G. Scott, who is already well known to literature by his "Van Elsen" and his excellent quatrain "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," and in Miss Pickthall's "The Shepherd Boy" and "The Immortal"? Adverse criticism is disarmed by the compiler's honest admission that verse not entirely flawless is to be found in his volume since he trusts that defects of form will be compensated for by freshness of theme and virility of treatment. On the whole this compilation is a worthy augment to the ever-growing library of anthologies.

C. L. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In the *Catholic Mind* for October 8 is a very interesting paper by Father Henri Fouqueray, S.J., entitled "An Eighteenth-Century Social Work." From documents discovered in the city library of Caen, France, and bearing dates ranging from 1699 to 1738, the author shows that there was then in practical operation in that city a sodality of gentlemen that for effective and intelligent social work among the poor might well be a model for the sodalities of today. The detailed description of how the Caen organization was managed, how it gathered and distributed alms, and relieved the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor is highly edifying and instructive. The second article in the number, "Labor's Achievements," is the speech Archbishop Hanna delivered last Labor Day before the San Francisco trades unions. The issue ends with Father Donnelly's profitable reflections on the query, "Are you Doing It Yourself?"

August's "best sellers," which were: "When a Man's a Man," Wright; "The Heart of Rachael," Norris; "Seventeen," Tarkington; "Tish," Rinehart; "The Girl Philippa," Chambers; and "Just David," Porter, have all been reviewed in AMERICA with the exception of Mr. Chambers's novel. "The Girl Philippa" is a feverish "movie" story with the present war as a setting, written of course in that author's "popular" manner. A writer who has been several times in succession among the envied "six," can scarcely avoid, it would seem, gaining that distinction for every book he produces.

As the study of European history seems to have been generally neglected in the lower grades of our schools, Jennie Hall's "Our Ancestors in Europe" (Silver, Burdett) aims to put before the pupil the main facts of ancient and medieval times as the story of our ancestors. A successful effort has been made to combine historical accuracy with attractive style and adaptation to the understanding of children. The brevity of the book, of course, precludes any possibility of a full and complete treatment of a vast subject, but it will give the pupil some idea of a great past which has been a vague story for younger pupils. The author seems to be very fair in those chapters which deal with the Church, especially in the chapter on "Religion in the Middle Ages."——"Good English in Good Form" (Sturgis & Walton, $1.00), by Dora Knowlton Ranous, is a useful book of reference for the student who wishes to find out many facts about English that are not treated in the ordinary school courses. The second

part of the book deals at length with etymology and could have been shortened. Grown-ups who write considerably would find the hints on spelling, punctuation, paragraphing and the niceties of correspondence rather acceptable in these days of syncopated letter-writing.

"A French Mother in War Time," (Longmans, $1.00) which is the title of Grace E. Bevir's excellent translation of Madame Edouard Drumont's journal, reflects admirably the spirit shown by the Catholic women of France during the present conflict. A mother whose only child, Paul, belongs to the aviation corps, tells how anxious she is from day to day for his safety, describes with great literary skill the behavior of the French people while their country is being invaded and makes the reader intimately acquainted with some very amiable people, particularly with "Muncho," Paul's intended wife. The young aviator's letters to his mother show how worthy of her he is, and the following words written by a sister to a brother who is off for the front, indicate her spirit: "They have taken them all from us—out of eleven who were fighting, eight are dead. My dear brother, do your duty—that is all we ask of you. God gave you your life, and He has the right to take it back again, mother says."

T. J. Burnett's "The Essentials of Teaching" (Longmans, $1.20) is based on a series of lectures delivered to the non-professional teachers engaged in teaching practical subjects in the continuation classes of the Edinburgh School Board. Hence the lectures have in view an audience whose teaching sphere is entirely practical, and their object is to help in some degree in forming trained trade teachers. The author's psychological views are often awry, following as he does only too often the theories of James. In speaking of the moral aim in education Mr. Burnett tells his readers that "we are not born moral beings but only as the result of a long and complex training we may become moral beings." He differentiates between the moral and religious aim in education. So in the religious phase, the teacher must adopt "an attitude of detachment, and education in its exercise of a wise and wide tolerance" must play the part of the soul in Tennyson's "Palace of Art." I "sit as God holding no form of creed but contemplating all." It is regrettable that Mr. Burnett left the safe path of practical points for practical teachers, and indulged in page after page of flimsy psychology. The chapters on preparation and on classroom management are especially good.

R. P. Dumas's "Introduction à l'Union intime avec Dieu," (Téqui, 3 francs) is a scientific exposition of the "Imitation of Christ," not according to a well-defined plan as is found in the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," but developed according to the natural order consequent upon the main idea of A Kempis's "l'Union intime avec Dieu." This idea is the guide through that "lovable labyrinth of piety." The divisions correspond to the four books of the Imitation: The Spiritual Life, the Interior Life, the Unitive Life, the Holy Eucharist. Explanations and meditations furnish a wealth of material for devout reflection or for spiritual conferences and exhortations. One of the episcopal approbations calls the work "a veritable treatise on ascetic theology, with none of the coldness of the classic manuals; an exposition full of warmth and life."

Among the pamphlets worthy of note that have lately reached us is "A Catechism on Catholic Foreign Missions (Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 25 Granby St., Boston, $0.10). Its author, Dr. Joseph F. McGlinchey, has arranged in the form of questions and answers a great deal of valuable information about the foreign missions, and suggests the motives that should lead American Catholics to support generously with men and means a holy work which the European war is threatening with disaster.——"Of the Chivalry of Christ" (Aldine Press, Pittsburgh, $0.25) is the title of a neat brochure containing John O'Connor's excellent sketch of Brother Joseph Dutton, the American convert and Civil War veteran, who is continuing in the Leper Asylum in Molokai the heroic work that the renowned Father Damien began. Such men's lives prove the Church's holiness.——The Rev. Richard E. Power of the Church of the Holy Name, Springfield, Mass., has prepared an attractively bound and printed "vest-pocket" prayer-book which sells for twenty-five cents and contains all the devotions that a busy man is likely to need, particularly when at Mass or when preparing to receive the Sacraments.——Mr. Joseph P. Gorayeb, S.J., of Canisius High School, Buffalo, has made a good translation of the beautiful "Maronite Liturgy, or the Holy Sacrifice in the Syriac-Maronite Rite." The Rev. Francis Shemalie, who contributes the preface, is publishing the pamphlet for the benefit of St. John Maron's School, Buffalo. Its price is twenty-five cents.

Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, has placed in parallel columns in "The Spirit of Man" his excellent anthology, the following translations. The first is ascribed to Posidippus, who seems to have been a chronic pessimist belonging to the Alexandrine school of the second century, B. C. The other passage is from Metrodorus, his contemporary, who took, it is clear, a more cheerful view of life:

What path of life may one hold? In the market-place are strifes and hard dealings, in the house cares; in the country labor enough, and at sea terror; and abroad, if thou hast aught, fear, and if thou art in poverty, vexation. Art married? thou wilt not be without anxieties; unmarried? thy life is yet lonelier. Children are troubles; a childless life is a crippled one. Youth is foolish, and grey hairs again feeble. In the end then the choice is of one of these two, either never to be born, or, as soon as born, to die.

Hold every path of life. In the market-place are honors and prudent dealings, in the house rest; in the country the charm of nature, and at sea gain; and abroad, if thou hast aught, glory, and if thou art in poverty, thou alone knowest it. Art married? so will thine household be best; unmarried? thy life is yet lighter. Children are darlings; a childless life is an unanxious one; youth is strong, and grey hairs again reverend. The choice is not then of one of the two, either never to be born or to die; for all things are good in life.

One of the lyrics in "The Book of Sorrow," Andrew Macphail's recent anthology, is Thomas Ashe's touching lines on "A Machine Hand."

My little milliner has slipp'd
The doctors, with their drugs and ways,
Her years were only twenty-two,
Though long enough her working days.

At eight she went through wet and snow,
Nor dallied for the sun to shine,
And walk'd an hour to work, and home,
Content if she was in by nine.

She had a little gloomy room,
Up stair on stair, within the roof;
Where hung her pictures on the wall
Wherever it was weather-proof.

She held her head erect and proud,
Nor ask'd of man or woman aid,
And struggled, till the last; and died
But of the parish pit afraid.

Jennie, lie still! The hair you loved
You wraps, unclipp'd, if you but knew!
We by a quiet churchyard wall,
For love and pity buried you!

EDUCATION

The Winona Plan for Parochial Schools

UNDER the title of the "Winona Plan," announcements were sent out last spring by the Right Reverend Patrick Richard Heffron to all the parochial schools in the diocese of Winona, outlining the proposed method of bringing all the parochial elementary and high schools in the diocese up to a high standard of uniform excellence. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that the cause of Catholic education at the present time, is the most vital of Catholic interests. Into its service must be brought every agency that can contribute anything of value in making the Catholic schools thoroughly efficient in the training given in the secular branches of learning, as well as in Catholic culture, morals and religion. If the needs of the time demand that men and women be expertly trained in mathematics and science, the Catholic cause will be furthered by providing this training adequately, in the safe and beautiful environment of culture and religion that is inseparable from the Catholic school.

PURPOSE AND CONDITIONS OF PLAN

Every year, for one reason or another, great numbers of Catholic students enter non-Catholic technical and professional colleges. If they are admitted "without condition" on the strength of the known excellence of their high-school courses, the Catholic cause is strengthened by just that prestige which the standard high-school course has won. If on the other hand, students are "conditioned" owing to deficiencies which by a little effort could be remedied, the cause of Catholic education suffers. Just as the graduates of Catholic high schools pass yearly into non-Catholic colleges, so do graduates of Catholic elementary schools pass up into the public high schools. While the Catholic High School movement is growing rapidly, yet there are hundreds of communities in which there is no Catholic high school. If the Catholic elementary schools are so thorough in their teaching of the secular branches, that Catholic pupils may enter the public high school without condition or without examination, one rarely finds in these communities *a single Catholic child in the public elementary schools.* Best of all, every Catholic elementary school child is receiving his training in the priceless heritage of his faith, while studying to excellent advantage the rudiments of a general education.

The Winona Plan proposes the following conditions: (1) Certification of teachers in elementary and high schools. (2) General uniformity of content in the subjects within the curricula. (3) General uniformity in methods of instruction. (4) General uniformity in the keeping of school records. (5) General uniformity of text-books as far as may be feasible or advisable.

It happens that in Minnesota the rulings of the State Department of Education with reference to the standardization of schools are definite, comprehensive, judicious and sane. The rulings cover (1) training of teachers; (2) courses of study; (3) school buildings and (4) equipment. The Winona Plan for Parochial Schools proposed to take the rulings of the State Department and adapt them as far as advisable to the parochial schools of the diocese.

TRAINING OF TEACHERS

With reference to the training of teachers the State requires for elementary-school teachers a high-school course supplemented by two years of normal work. For high-school teachers the requirement is a degree from a university or college endorsed by the State Department. No teacher may hold her position unless her training has been endorsed by the State Department's certificate. The certificate for elementary-school teachers is granted to all who pass successful State examinations in the common branches, in ten high-school branches—mathematics, two courses; science, three courses; history, three courses; English, two courses—and in four professional branches, pedagogy, psychology, history of education, school organization and law. The certificate for high-school teachers is granted without examination to applicants who hold a liberal-arts degree from an approved institution.

The Winona Plan for Parochial Schools provides that every teacher in the parochial schools of the diocese earn the special certificate required for the grade of work she is teaching.

SUMMER SCHOOL FOR SISTERS

In the Summer School conducted for the Sisters of the diocese at the College of St. Teresa, provision was made for reviewing the various branches preparatory to taking the State examinations. A representative of the State Department of Education came at the close of the Summer Session and conducted the examinations for three days. One hundred and forty-nine Sisters took the examinations for State certificates.

At the close of the Summer Session all the Sisters teaching in the diocesan schools, and all the pastors conducting parochial schools, were present at the Institute directed by the Right Reverend Bishop. The various points in the Plan were submitted to the assembly for thorough discussion. The recommendations in the Plan were enthusiastically endorsed by pastors and Sisters. In order to insure the successful inception of points II, III, and V, uniformity of course content, methods and text-books, the Right Reverend Bishop appointed an advisory committee under whose direction these points will be worked out gradually in the various schools with the least possible violence to existing conditions. The uniform record books were presented by the Bishop to the principals of the various schools. The uniform record books were prepared for the diocesan schools during the past year. Each set consists of three books, one for daily marks, loose-leaf, for the elementary school; one for monthly marks, loose-leaf, for the high school; and a bound book for recording semester standings and final examination marks. The blanks are very simple but they are planned to convey readily an accurate statement of the kind and quality of work done by the pupils in the course of the week, month or year. Each school will have a system of "open marks" which may be consulted by any one at any time.

THE SESSION AT ST. TERESA'S

The discussion of the Winona Plan would not be complete without reference to the Diocesan Summer School which is held at the College of St. Teresa. The session is six weeks in length. The work is divided into three sections, the college section in which courses taken are counted toward a degree; the normal section in which the work is counted toward meeting the professional training requirement for grade teachers; and the certificate section in which reviews are conducted preparatory to the State examinations for State certificates. The amount of work that may be taken in the college and normal sections is strictly limited. No student is permitted to take more than two three-point-semester courses in the college section. In the normal section no student is permitted to take more than the equivalent of two high-school or normal-school semester credits. The classes meet on double periods daily so that the same ground is covered and covered as thoroughly as if the work were taken in the regular session of the college year. No credit is given in any course if a student is absent from three meetings of the class, or if she fails to pass the final examination. No hearers are admitted in any course. The lecture plan is very little used. The students are made to master the various subjects thoroughly. Such mastery has been found to be practically impossible under the lecture plan in the Summer School.

The summer courses are arranged in such a way as to give

the student continuous work in the consecutive summer sessions. The courses offered in one session alternate with courses offered the following summer. The idea is to encourage students to plan for continuous study without the fear of marking time by duplication of work. The plan aims also at concentration of energy and time along given lines until some definite course or courses are completed in such a way that they may count toward an advanced diploma or toward a bachelor's degree. There is no reason for the failure of any work to "count for credit" if it is planned advisedly and taken in accordance with academic legislation.

Perhaps the feature that contributes most to the success and thoroughness of the work is the fact that Summer Session students are classified and registered for their courses wholly on the basis of academic work successfully completed. For example, no one is permitted to register for a junior elective in English or Latin unless the thirty units of credit prescribed for freshmen and sophomores have been earned. Besides language, these thirty units include mathematics, science and history. The reason for this is to keep the student's work as a whole balanced properly so that the student may eventually qualify for a standard diploma or State certificate. It has been the experience of all summer-school instructors and directors that students have been admitted to courses for which no adequate foundation had been laid. The inflation and the lack of stability that results from such laxity is pathetic.

Success of the Plan

The Winona Plan for Parochial Schools is winning the endorsement of those best qualified to test it, namely, the pastors who are conducting parochial schools and the Sisters who are directing the schools in accordance with its recommendations. During the past seven years various parts of the Plan have been tried successfully in different sections of the diocese. The only new feature is the application of all its recommendations to all sections of the diocese. Another valuable test of its efficiency is the fact that wherever a parochial school is conducted in the diocese, Catholic parents send their children to it not as a result of persuasion, not to mention coercion, but because the Catholic people are thoroughly satisfied with their schools and speak of them proudly as "standard schools" in which the instruction is so thorough, the courses of study so stable and the equipment so adequate that the Catholic parochial schools of the diocese can meet successfully the most critical inspection of any official of Church or State. The parents realize that the Catholic schools of the diocese offer opportunities that Catholic children cannot afford to miss.

M. A. Molloy, A.M., Ph.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Miss Doty Writes a Book

IN fact, she has written it, and the publishers call it "a series of poignant human documents." That, however, is not its real name; it is only what the Century Company calls it. Its real name, as the White Knight might say, is "Society's Misfits," and it costs one dollar and a quarter. It has an impressionist cover, and an introduction by the Warden of Sing Sing. "This book," observes Mr. Osborne, as one who pleads for mercy, "is one of those books which the author could not help writing." Let this excuse be the lady's complete exoneration. Even Rhadamanthus would admit duress as a valid plea in exculpation.

Were "Society's Misfits" offered as a summer novel, it might be dismissed by recommending it to all who love a weepy, saccharine tale, done in the best style of the gifted authoress of "A Shop Girl's Revenge." But Miss Doty does not so offer her volume. She seems to take it seriously, and so do the publishers who have advertised it widely. With the story of Miss Doty's experiences as a voluntary prisoner at Auburn, I have no quarrel. These experiences were personal, and she describes them, no doubt, as they appealed to her. But when, in the second and larger part of her book, leaving the matter of prison-reform, she states the thesis ". . . reformatories don't reform," and follows it by charges such as "two-thirds of the men in State's prisons have been in children's institutions," I am justified in demanding facts and a rigid proof.

I am not satisfied with sentimental musings upon the "soft brown eyes" of a male convict at Auburn, "the beautiful eyes of a startled fawn." Inherently improbable stories of fearful cruelties, inflicted upon nameless boys, in unnamed institutions, leave me cold. Unverified tales, narrated by convicts who were invited by Miss Doty to tell "what was wrong with institutions" for children, are absolutely worthless as proof. If we are to solve any social evil, the sooner we leave this atmosphere supercharged with sickly sentimentality, the nearer we shall be to the facts necessary for a suitable adjustment of our ideals to life's actualities. But Miss Doty prattles about "curly brown hair" and "dancing blue eyes," and "soft little arms," and "sobbing in the night," until we wonder whether we are reading the journal of some love-sick schoolgirl, or a sober volume intended to substantiate the thesis "reformatories don't reform." Perhaps they don't, but weeping and wild wailing prove nothing.

The "Argument" Submitted

Miss Doty is not noted for clear thinking, but it would seem that "reformatories don't reform" (p. 115) states her thesis fairly. Her argument is "two-thirds of the prisoners [at Sing Sing and Auburn] have been in reformatories as children" (p. 112). Later, (p. 162) this argument is amplified to include *all* prisons and *all* institutions of whatever kind, for boys, "Two-thirds of the men in State's prisons have been in children's institutions."

I premise that this argument does not conclude, unless Miss Doty shows that the actual sojourn of these men "in children's institutions" is the cause, and their actual incarceration is the result. Proof lies first in establishing the facts and then in showing the connection between them. Miss Doty has nowhere done this. Shall we argue against the value of education by alleging that some convicts are university men, or that most convicts can read and write? The case is not closed by stating that these convicts were once inmates of instiutions for children. It is only opened. Detailed statements of fact must follow. Was the institution a State or a private, a religious or a non-sectarian, establishment? How long did the child stay in the institution? What was his condition at dismissal? Was his subsequent wrong-doing the result of lack of training at the institution, or in spite of an excellent training and adequate after-care? Any man of common sense can see the pertinence of these questions. Each case must be studied individually. The black sheep cannot be allowed to hold the love and wisdom, that sought to guide him aright, responsible for his iniquity. It is not clear that an institution may be scored when an alumnus goes astray, while the private family is held exempt. But this is expatiating on the obvious. To assert that institutions for children are worthless because "two-thirds of the men in State's prisons have been in children's institutions," even if the latter statement were a fact, is an absurdity both in logic and common sense.

"Strong Arms and the Vision"

Leaving this general criticism, it is interesting to note the source of Miss Doty's alleged "arguments." They rest upon "stories" written at her request by convicts at Sing Sing and Auburn. Miss Doty tells how she first addressed the men at

Auburn. Her "heart was heavy" and "love in the world seemed dead" because of the war in Europe. "Yet as I looked at those faces [i. e., in Auburn, not Europe] scarred and torn with emotions I read tenderness and human understanding. Suddenly I knew what to say." It was to this effect.

> My woman's heart has seen the vision, but I need your strong arms for the fight. Help me to save little children. Tell me what is wrong with the reformatories. What has wrecked and broken your lives? (p. 106)

They told her, for "the Divine spark in each answered the call"; told her with "chin set firmly, shoulders squared" and, of course, "eyes moist with emotion." Surely Mr. Mantalini would find this book, "dem'd damp" with tears, and I forbear the suggestion that several kinds of emotion may be indicated by wet eyes. "That is why I know the stories told of reformatory life," says the easily satisfied Miss Doty, "are true." The tears did it. The prisoners disclaimed such trifles as murder, porch-climbing, thuggism, white slavery, embezzlement or rapine, as the contributory causes of their several visits to Auburn and Sing Sing. They knew just what they ought to say to the nice, kind lady, who made such beautiful speeches to them. So amid their tears, they blamed it all on "the institution for children." This sounds like a burlesque, but you will find it on pages 106 to 110 of "Society's Misfits." You will also find something else just at the foot of page 106, and the head of following page. Miss Doty here gives her whole case away.

A Two per Cent Truth-Solution

After the above and similar heart-rending scenes, the literary activity of the convicts was so stimulated that they turned out two hundred "stories" for the good lady. To these Miss Doty added "1700 records," making nineteen hundred "human documents" on the iniquities of the institutions for children. Doubting Thomas here bobs up to inquire how many of these "human documents" were verified. Even a tearful, Osbornized convict, he argues, may sometimes violate the Divine command against lying. This is Miss Doty's answer: *"Fifty cases, taken at haphazard, I verified."* That is, Miss Doty has given us a two per cent plus solution of truth, and asks us to accept the whole bottle as genuine. The attention of Mr. Alfred McCann is respectfully directed to this amazing evasion of the pure truth laws.

Miss Doty who usually fishes with a melancholy bait, becomes pleasantly constructive on page 151 and tells us how to reform institutions for children:

> Open your reformatories and orphan asylums to all visitors the way Thomas Mott Osborne has thrown open Sing Sing. . . . This is the greatest safeguard against evil administration. (p. 151.) Sing Sing has been transformed by inspiring men with the ideals of mutual welfare. . . . The men discipline themselves. (p. 199.)

Sed contra est, as St. Thomas says, a letter from the State Superintendent of Prisons, J. M. Carter, dated September 21, by which that official, as the New York *Journal* remarks, "placed his official arm across the portal of super-indulgence." Thirty-five convicts had escaped since March from five penetentiaries, and only thirteen either loved honor more than liberty, or were caught and brutally returned.

> . . . . The number of recent escapes proves conclusively that greater restrictions must be placed on the inmates. . . . . It has been my desire to see the experiments tested before submitting a decision, but I have now come to the definite conclusion that ***either the new ideas are not workable, or that lax methods are employed in their development.***

With this definite conclusion, we may bid adieu to Miss Doty and her two per cent plus truth-solution. P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Considerable interest has been aroused by the Jewish charities campaign in New York City, organized to collect $2,000,000 annually to be handed over to the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies. Balls, bazaars or any entertainments for which tickets are sold are not permitted among the societies admitted to the Federation. A peculiarity of the organization is that workers for the fund are divided according to the trades in which they are engaged. Thus there are special solicitors for dentists, brewers, brokers and for employees of each of the various branches of business and factory work. Each trade has its own committee. The plan has already been successfully tried in Chicago and other cities. The organization is to be made a clearing house for a hundred institutions which now receive annual contributions of approximately $1,500,000. Individuals may designate distinct societies in their donations. Wherever this is not done the contributions will be distributed by the board of trustees.

Some of our papers have been reporting that Li Yuan-Hung, the new President of China, is a Catholic. But in a paper recently contributed to the *Outlook* Jeremiah W. Jenks, of the Far Eastern Bureau, writes as follows about Li Yuan-Hung's religious beliefs:

> From the American point of view, Li makes little pretense to any formal religion. He takes the religious teachings of his people as they are taught in the classics. He is not a Christian, but at the same time he has always been friendly toward the missionaries, and especially toward the Young Men's Christian Association. I recall the admiring tone of a librarian of one of the mission colleges, who spoke of Li's attitude at the time of the revolution in the region about Wuchang. Whether he was Christian in profession or not, she felt there could be no doubt that he was Christian in spirit, a brave, noble, unselfish, patriotic man.

The late Yuan Shi-kai, says Professor Jenks, "called attention more than once, with admiration, to Li's modesty, kindness and honesty, as well as to his great ability."

The Anti-Nuisance League of Staten Island has inaugurated a campaign which will receive at least moral support from many a harassed spirit. It is to wage systematic war upon the noise nuisance, and is directed against the needless blare, shrieking, whistling and bell-ringing of engines, automobiles and a thousand other sources of the inharmonious sounds that make night hideous and ruthlessly drive sleep away from "tired eyelids." The legal aspect of the case is thus discussed in the Syracuse *Journal*:

> It is not certain that the law affords effective remedy against unnecessary noise. But the Staten Island league is determined not only to find out what the law is, but to have it made just as strong as the constitution will permit. One New York judge has held that the law does not recognize the right to quiet as it does the right to light and air. But in England an appellate tribunal has upheld the doctrine that all excessive noise, even in industrial and business districts of a noisy city, is a nuisance that the law will abate. The reasonableness of this position is apparent, and when people begin to protest loudly against the reckless making of needless noises the courts and the legislatures will find the law to help the movement along. And plenty of noise will be found to be needless.

The writer is not a believer in the notion that civilization is measured by the amount of noise that is made but holds that it can more correctly be measured by the absence of noises that are needless.

That twenty-four cents will purchase enough food for one man for one day is the conclusion arrived at by Emma A. Winslow in her study of 500 food orders issued by the New York

Charity Society and by other social agencies in that city. The great number of these orders were satisfactorily filled at the cost of only twenty-two cents in a city where food prices are extraordinarily high. Nor was there question of wholesale rates, since the purchases were made from the ordinary retail dealers in the neighborhood of the families to whom relief was brought. The food orders on which this study was based had been a subject of careful consideration, and no less than ninety-five different varieties of food were represented. Great stress indeed is placed upon variety by expert social workers in this field. It is likewise to be noted that meat, butter and eggs were not excluded. All the nutritive requirements are said to have been perfectly fulfilled by these orders, though usually they did not exceed the minimum of the "Chaplin Standard," which is twenty-two cents. Special formulas for standard food orders have been carefully drawn up. It is acknowledged, of course, that this system is only a makeshift, taking the place of a regular allowance which would enable the family to do its own purchasing. In many instances the orders are intended only to supplement the family's purchasing possibilities, in which case a different plan is suggested. In all cases the food order is simply an emergency measure. It will be well for Catholic relief organizations to give careful study to this highly practical phase of charity, while not neglecting to supernaturalize their work and thus to make it doubly effective, even from a natural point of view.

The following card, which was freely circulated in Houston, Texas, by a minister who wished to announce a series of "lecture-sermons," comes from a Houston correspondent:

A DECK OF CARDS
A Schooner of Beer, A Hawk and A Shot Gun
Will be found in the Pulpit of the
FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
Corner of Main and Clay, SUNDAY NIGHT

H. D. Knickerbocker, the Pastor, says "I'm going to use them all in the livest, warmest, lightning-strikingest sermon I've preached in Houston; I'll also give a $2.50 gold piece to any young man and lady that will give a demonstration of the 'stranglehold' of the modern dance in my pulpit. This is a bona fide offer!"

All the above is in the series of Lecture-Sermons on
"This Is the Life"
Electric fans, big windows, great music.
At 11 a. m. Subject; "The Shadow of Sin."

At the same place on another Sunday "a cold welcome" was extended to all who would come to a "snow and ice service," the invitation announcing that the church would be "decorated with flowers in blocks of ice, snow mounds, etc.," and that "hundreds of bricks of Irvin's delicious ice-cream would be given to the audience." Our readers will doubtless agree that for consummate "evangelical simplicity" the Methodists of Houston bear away the palm.

The popular misconception regarding the proportional difference in muscular strength between man and the insects is made the subject of a special discussion by Leo Robida, whose conclusions are reproduced in the Washington *Star*. The muscular force of insects is usually estimated by a comparison with their size. Thus the statement is made that a flea can leap so many times its own length, or that an ant can drag so many times its own weight, and calculations then follow as to how many rods a man would be able to leap or how many tons he would be able to lift were his muscles equally strong in proportion to his size and weight. The scientist finds the answer to these misleading deductions in what is known as "the conflict of squares and cubes," a law briefly expressed by saying that volumes decrease in more rapid ratio than surfaces.

The force that a muscle can exert depends on its section—that is, on a surface—although its capacity for doing work depends on its volume, as is logical. Here is the explanation of the astonishing strength of insects. As example, compare two muscles, that of a man and that of an insect, the latter 100 times shorter than the former. It is evident that the insect's muscle will be 1,000,000 times lighter than the man's while its section, and consequently the force it can exert, will be only 10,000 times less. The conclusion is that since a man can lift 62 pounds the insect will lift 10,000 times less, or 154 grains, and one gets the impressive spectacle of an insect lifting more than 100 times its weight. In fact, the smaller the insect is the more it will astonish us by an appearance of extraordinary strength.

But it is no longer the same if one examines the mechanical work effected. The muscle of the insect, supposed to be one one-hundredth of a man's in linear dimensions, furnishes, when it contracts, a force 10,000 times less than the human muscle exerted, through a space 100 times smaller; the work produced will thus be 1,000,000 times smaller, which re-establishes the proportion between weight and strength.

Moreover, it seems, just as with machines, where the smaller are proportionally weaker, as if the insect's muscle, instead of surpassing man's infinitely, is notably inferior to it in quality. Take the flea's jump, for instance. By its muscular contraction it gives to its mass a movement capable of raising it twelve inches. Man can raise his own weight about five feet by leaping. For equal weight the human muscle thus furnishes five times more work than that of the flea in a single contraction, since the work is the product of the weight by the height to which it is raised.

Thus while man cannot boast of his superiority in physical strength or agility over the entire animal kingdom he is at least not inferior in proportional muscular strength to the flea!

The first annual report of the Board of Child Welfare for New York City has been submitted to the Mayor. According to it allowances were granted to 1,084 widows, with a total of 3,315 children. These represent fifty-five out of the completed investigations, the others being unfavorably acted upon, either because there was thought to be no apparent need for aid, or because other conditions of the law were not fulfilled. The requirements are citizenship on the part of the husband and residence in the State at the time of his death, while on the part of the woman, a two years' residence in the city, before the date of her application, is demanded. The following summary of various items in the report is given by the *Survey*:

> The average monthly allowance granted per family has been $22.80, making a total monthly pay-roll on August 1, 1916 (i. e. for one year) of $24,164.86. Out of the total number of families aided, fifteen received less than $10 a month and thirty-four received the maximum amount which is between $50 and $60, the majority receiving between $30 and $50. Almost three hundred of these thousand mothers do no outside work at all. Among the rest some do clerical work, or nursing, some factory work, some sewing or taking in lodgers, and the greater number do cleaning or janitress work.
>
> The cost for fuel and light is fixed at $3.25 a month for the year round. For the clothing $2 a month is allowed for each member of the family. Carfare is given if a ride to work is necessary.

The experience of the investigators is that there has been a steady improvement in the homes thus relieved and a decided physical improvement in the health of both mothers and children. The certainty of the assistance and its regularity removes anxiety from the mother's mind. There is a hint in the report at the impracticability of private institutions undertaking this work. Since religious assistance is of the greatest importance in all these cases in which widow's pensions are distributed, it would seem that no more perfect solution could be found, even from an economic standpoint, than to allow the charities to be properly dispensed through the medium of the social institutions of the denomination to which the mother belongs. However, such a plan we know is not likely to recommend itself at present. The reasons are obvious.

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